

LINCOLN COUNTY NEWS

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CARRIZOZO, NEW MEXICO, FRIDAY, DEC. 21, 1934

NUMBER 30

Kelsey-Huffman

Mr. James Lloyd Kelsey, son of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Kelsey and Miss Dorothy Huffman of Ventura, California were united in marriage at Yuma, Arizona on Thursday, Dec. 6th. The bride is a pretty and popular girl of Ventura and is an only child. The groom was born in Carrizozo and spent his boyhood here.

He is a graduate of the Carrizozo High School, class of '28. Mr. Kelsey and his bride will make their home in Ventura, where he holds a responsible position.

Carrizozo Wins

The first basket ball game of the season was played at the Community Hall last night, between Carrizozo and Hondo High Schools. Both teams showed plenty of aggressiveness and sportsmanship. The result of this game was as follows: Hondo 12, Carrizozo 29.

The next event of the evening was a game between Carrizozo town team and Ft. Stanton town team. This game proved to be exciting as the first. The final score was 43 to 27 in favor of Carrizozo. The ones who missed these two games, missed some wonderful entertainment and excitement. Come out for our next game Dec. 28th. We play the "Terrible Swedes".

Ancho Items

The Woman's Club entertained their husbands and friends with a lovely Christmas party Saturday evening, Dec. 15th, at the home of Mr. Belknap. The house was decorated with the Christmas motif and in the center of the dining room was a beautiful Christmas tree loaded with gifts for all. After a series of Christmas games were played, Santa Claus came rushing in and gave everyone a good laugh with his frolics and jokes then he passed out the gifts. Refreshments were served to a large crowd.

The Christmas tree for the school will be all loaded with gifts for the school children Friday evening at the school house. The teachers have a nice program arranged for the evening and they hope a large crowd will be out for the affair.

The Ancho Sunday School will have a Christmas program Sunday morning Dec. 23rd. After the program Mr. Sherman of Roswell will conduct his regular preaching service.

The Woman's Club will have an all day meeting at Mrs. M. R. Hendrix Saturday Dec. 22nd. Let's see how many members can get in hand for this meeting.

Mr. T. J. Straley has returned home from El Paso where he has been visiting Mrs. Straley. While there the couple celebrated their Golden wedding anniversary.

Clyde Tingley Receiving Splendid Co-operation

Clayton—"Governor-elect Clyde Tingley is working hard to give the state an administration rich in useful achievement," Raymond Huff, one of the state's educators, said here on return from attending of the new governor's advisory board.

"He is seeking the ideas of leaders of every interest in the state," Mr. Huff stated, and is receiving splendid co-operation from all groups. From those ideas he will make up his program for the legislature. It looks like a great deal of lost motion will be avoided and that much good will be accomplished."

Mr. Huff's reaction to the initiative of Mr. Tingley in naming committees to draft legislation in advance of the legislature, is the same as that of many other leaders in various branches of government activity.

LYRIC THEATER

Thursday, Friday and Saturday

"Little Miss Marker"

with Adolph Menjou, Dorothy Dell, Charles Blakford and Shirley Temple. A load of laughter, salted with a tear or two, characterizes the excellent entertainment submitted for nothing less than your enthusiastic approval. As effective a film drama as "Lady For A Day." A good comedy with it.

Sunday, Monday and Tuesday Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell

"Change Of Heart"

with James Dunn and Ginger Rogers. All of them in this dramatic romance from Kathleen Norris' Manhattan Love Song. A story of modern youth defying life. Yearning desperately for all the joys their new world has to offer.

A Terryteen and Sport Reel also.

P. T. A. Meeting

The regular monthly meeting of the P. T. A. will be held in the Hondo High School building Thursday afternoon Dec. 20th at 2 o'clock. All parents and patrons of the school are urged to be present.—Mrs. J. E. Wagner, Publicity Chr.

BASKET BALL

The Lincoln County All Stars VS The Terrible Swedes
Fri. Dec. 28 8:00 P. M.
at the Community Hall
Admission 20, 35, and 45c

Celebrated "Last Words" of Some Famous People

Here is a list of famous "last words," some may really have been said by the people to whom they are attributed, others are traditional, but all of them are interesting.

Cardinal Beaumont—What! Is there no escaping death?
Henry Ward Beecher—Now comes the mystery.

Beethoven (who was deaf)—I shall hear in heaven.
Anne Boleyn—The executioner is, I believe, very expert; and my neck is very slender.

Lord Byron—I must sleep now.
Julius Caesar—Et tu, Brute? (To Brutus, his most intimate friend, when he stabbed him.)
Charlemagne, Columbus and Lady Jane Grey—Lord, into Thy hands I commend my spirit.

Queen Elizabeth—All my possessions for a moment of time.
Benjamin Franklin—A dying man can do nothing easily.

Goethe—Light; more light!
Horace Greoley—It is done.
Henry VIII—All is lost! Monks, monks, monks!

Washington Irving—I must arrange my pillows for another weary night.
Napoleon III. (to his doctor)—Were you at Sedan?
Edgar Allan Poe—Lord, help my soul!

Sir Joshua Reynolds—I know that all things on earth must have an end, and now I am come to mine.

Mme. Roland—Oh liberty! What crimes are committed in thy name!
Schiller—Many things are growing plain and clear to my understanding.
Socrates—Crito, we owe a cock to Aesculapius.

Thoreau—I leave this world without a regret.
John Ziska—Make my skin into drumheads for the Bohemian cause.

Official Birds Adopted by the Various States

Tradition or legislative action have given official birds to all of the states except Connecticut, Iowa, New Jersey and Tennessee. By tradition the bald eagle is the official bird for the United States.

The others are: Alabama, flicker; Arizona, cactus hen; Arkansas, Florida, Mississippi, mockingbird; California, valley quail; Colorado, lark bunting; Delaware, Illinois, Kentucky, cardinal; District of Columbia, wood thrush; Georgia, brown thrasher; Idaho, Nevada, mountain bluebird; Indiana, eastern cardinal; Kansas, Montana, Nebraska, North Dakota, Oregon, South Dakota, Wyoming, western meadowlark; Louisiana, brown pelican; Maine, chickadee; Maryland, Baltimore, oriole; Massachusetts, veery; Michigan, robin; Minnesota, goldfinch; New Mexico, road runner; North Carolina, Carolina chickadee; Ohio, house wren; Oklahoma, ruffed grouse; South Carolina, Carolina wren; Texas, western mockingbird; Utah, California, gull; Vermont, hermit thrush; Virginia, Wisconsin, robin; Washington, willow goldfinch; West Virginia, tufted titmouse.

Sacred Lake Manasarovar

The sacred lake Manasarovar, theme of ancient Hindoo hymns, lies dreaming between Himalaya and Transhimalaya. Pilgrims from India travel to its shores to bathe in the crystal-like water. "He who bathes in its waves will reach Brahma's paradise," it is said, "and he who drinks its water shall enter Siva's heaven and be saved from the sins of a hundred births." The Tibetans believe this lake is sacred. They come from near and far, circle the round lake and worship their gods in eight temples that adorn the shore like gems set in a bracelet. On the southern shore the twin-peaked mountain Gurlu-mandaya rises to a height of 25,840 feet and on the northern shore Kailas towers 21,800 feet above sea level. No scenery on earth can rival this in magnificent beauty, an explorer says.

1,000,000 Miles a Day!

Sirius is estimated to be 70,000,000,000 miles distant, yet it is the brightest star visible in our hemisphere. It is what we commonly call a "fixed" star, but it moves apparently about an inch a century. Even that microscopical movement, to be calculable at such an immense distance, means a speed of 1,000,000 miles a day. The light by which, tonight, one may easily see Sirius left that star 80 years ago. Compared with Sirius, our sun is a mere infant beside a giant. If the two were to exchange places our sun would be barely discernible without the aid of a telescope, whereas Sirius would consume the earth as quickly and completely as a blast furnace would a nut, for it would take 400 suns to make Sirius.—Tit-Bits Magazine.

MEN WANTED for Raleigh Route of 800 families. Write today Raleigh Co., Dept. N.M.K. 16 SA, Denver, Colo.

Married

By Rev. L. D. Jordan here Dec. 15, 1934—Jack Robinson, of Oscura, and Gladys Gathings, of Tularosa.

KINGSTON-McCLELLAN
Mr. Robert Kingston, of Capitan, and Mrs. Maudie McClellan, of Alto were married Dec. 18, 1934.

NOTICE

Postmaster Herman Kelt announces that the Parcel Post windows will be kept open Sunday, Dec. 23rd, from 7:30 a. m. to 9:00 a. m.

Every one of the Carrizozo merchants have up-to-date stocks of Christmas toys and in a very ready-to-wear bargain. A shopping excursion around your own home town will pay you.

The freshman class gave a party at the High School building last Tuesday night, with about 50 guests present. Refreshments were lemonade, sandwiches, milk nickels and cake.

Carrizozo's city park located on Alamogordo Avenue, opposite the Lyric Theater is nearing realization. Ground is being broken, the lots levelled, and rocks are being hauled to the site by FERA labor.

Give your wife or sweetheart a membership card in the Carrizozo Rental Library.

Miss Ruth Kelley, who has been attending the vocational school in El Paso is at home to spend the holidays with her parents. Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Kelley.

Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Collier will leave tonight for Pasadena, California, for a ten days visit to Mr. Collier's sisters.

Mrs. Dink Myers of White Oaks was in town Tuesday.

Mr. L. E. Hunt of White Oaks was in town Tuesday.

Mr. L. D. Merchant was a business visitor here last Friday.

Mr. L. P. Hall of Ancho was in town last Saturday.

Two more shopping days until Christmas.

Mr. Sager Received The Following Letter

Los Angeles, Calif.
Dec 17, 1934.

Mr. Frank J Sager
Carrizozo, N. Mex.

Dear Mr. Sager:
We thank you for your letter of December twelfth, and are grateful for the completed petitions which you were good enough to mail in to us. We also appreciate the list of the executive of your club.

We assure you that we appreciate your kind cooperation in extending the Townsend Plan in this manner and wish to thank you and your club members very sincerely.

Yours Truly,
Old Age Revolving Pensions, Ltd
Dr. F. Dyer.

The Missionary Society held their rummage sale yesterday. It was successful. Those in charge were Mesdames Brack Sloan, J. V. Taylor and Jack Cleghorn. Money will be used for the church. Mrs. Charlie Smith was awarded the box of candy.

The Woman's Club bazaar was held at Community Hall last Saturday. The committee in charge report a successful sale of gifts and novelties.

Rustin-McCracken

Mr. Jet Rustin of Carrizozo and Miss Jewell McCracken of Beeville, Texas were united in marriage at the Baptist parsonage last Wednesday morning at 11:00 o'clock, by the Rev. L. D. Jordan.

The groom has resided here for years and during all the time of his residence here has been employed at the Bar-W ranch.

The bride is a lovely, attractive girl, who came here recently with her parents from Beeville. They have been making their home near Coyote. Congratulations and good wishes are extended by their many friends.

Attention Stars

Comet Chapter No. 29 O. E. S. will hold a banquet at the Carrizozo Eating House Thursday evening, Jan. 3, 1935 at 6:30 for Stars and members of their families. Plates 65 cents per person. Please make your reservation with the Secretary, Mrs. M. L. Blaney as early as possible, and not later than Dec. 30, 1934. After the banquet members of the Eastern Star will repair to the Masonic Temple for work. It will not be convenient to have a public installation at this time as previously planned.

The two cent government tax on bank checks will be a thing of the past after Jan. 1st 1935.



SANTA

- IS -
MAKING HIS
Headquarters

- AT -
Carrizozo

Hardware
Company
Store

This year as Usual and has a complete Line of
TOYS
and Wheel goods
For your Inspection

come
In And
Look
Them Over

Keep the family together during the holiday season by

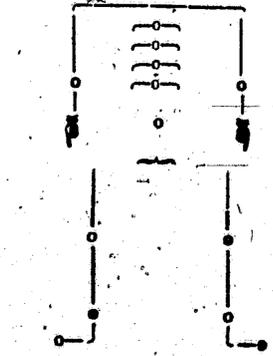
Telephone

Those in other cities will thrill to hear your voice!

THIS MAN SENT OFF FOR HIS PRINTING

o o o

o o o



AND HE GOT SKINNED!

HILLTOPS CLEAR

By EMILIE LORING

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WNU Service.

SYNOPSIS

Prudence Schuyler comes from New York to Prosperity Farm, inherited from her uncle, to make a new life for herself and her brother, David, whose health has been broken by tragedy.

CHAPTER I—Continued

The legacy had providentially answered the on to the country problem. Now that the strain was eased, she had but a confused remembrance of the days during which she had cleared and sub-leased the apartment. At the last moment, Jane Mack had begged to go with her. Her eyes were giving out for sewing, she had said, but she knew almost everything there was to know about a house—she had been trained by a New England mother. Prudence had hugged her in her relief. Jane Mack might be grim and a confirmed pessimist but she could cook, while she herself farmed and, if opportunity and time allowed, worked at her craft.

Could she afford to keep Si Puffer as helper on the place? her thoughts ran on. She couldn't afford not to at present. Already he had stood like a guardian angel between her and the voice in the fog; how he had growled the name, "Len Calloway!" What had the man wanted? Something in his demand had antagonized her. "Tomorrow" was almost here. Soon she would know.

The muslin hangings swung into the room like two frail, transparent wings. "And the wind changed?"

She ran to the window. The fog had cleared as if by magic. With a surge of indefinable longing, the girl looked up at the star-punctured heavens. With a shaky laugh at her own absurdity, she flung out her hands toward the man in the moon. "Your excellency, I thank you for this royal welcome! Prue of Prosperity farm salutes you!"

CHAPTER II

Prudence stopped settling her possessions the next day at noon long enough to inspect the outside of her inheritance. Her tour of inspection ended at the long weather-stained barn.

With a frenzied "cut-cut-cut cad-a-kut!" a black hen flew down from the topmost loft. Prudence watched her switch and cackle and flap through the open doorway, before her eyes returned to the spot from which she had descended. Had she been stealing a nest? Could she find it? What fun!

She tugged a light ladder into place, and with excited agility mounted. Past the first row. Up to the highest, almost touching the roof. That black hen hadn't been sitting up here to see the soldiers go by, she must have left a nest. She touched warm feathers. A sharp peck from a yellow beak stamped her lashes but she held her determination. She shut her eyes tight and grabbed. She flung the squawking fowl to an adjacent mound of hay where it made the rafters ring with its outraged cackle.

Prudence sat back on her heels and counted. Eight eggs!

"Si! Oh, Si!"

The cherry call came from below. A man's voice. Not the voice in the fog. That had appeared in person early this morning. Who could it be? Prudence cautiously placed the eggs in her white skirt, gathered up the front of it, and leaned too far over. The hay slid. Struggling to retard her progress, she went with it, down, down into the arms of a man.

"Boy! That was a narrow squeak!" Prudence had closed her lids tight when she felt herself going. She opened them wide, looked up into the deepest bluest eyes she ever had seen. Her glance traveled on to light hair which had an engaging kink at the temple, then back to the face. Its expression sent a ripple along her nerves. Who was he? The muscles of his jaws were set, his arms still gripped her.

"Seems idiotic to say just 'Thank you' when you really—" Her smile was tremulous, her voice shaken. She shivered.

"Don't think about it. I was the man for the moment, all right. What possessed you to lean over that hay-mow?"

Prudence freed herself and stepped back. She resented the dictatorial question.

"Don't lose your temper. That's my usual one-two-three-get method of descending from haymows. Rather original—if you get what I mean." Now that his color had returned, the curve of his sensitive mouth set her on the defensive. It was so darn boyish for a man his age; he must be about thirty.

"Okay with me. Every morn a picture. But in this method of transporting eggs this original with you?" He glanced at her white skirt which she still gripped with one hand. From the side a stream of egg yolks was dripping. "My word!" She looked from her skirt to his perfectly tailored gray

sports suit. It was liberally splotted with yellow which had not been part of the weaver's design. The slight squint her eyes and voice clean of assumed indifference.

"I'm sorry! I'm terribly sorry. I've made you look like an omelette." His eyes deepened as they met hers contritely appealing. His lips tightened. Was he furiously angry because she had spoiled his clothes?

"Truly, I'm sorry. I haven't even thanked you for saving me from a horrid fall—I'd loathe being mushed—forgive me for being flippant. I am on my knees in apology for the damage to your clothes. Come into the house and Jane Mack will take off the spots. She's a demon cleanser."

"No, thank you, my man will do it." "If you scorn our help, you will let me say 'Thank you, won't you?'" She held out her hand. "I am Prudence Schuyler of Prosperity farm."

"Don't apologize for the damage, which amounts to nothing, or the snub which I deserved. I am—"

"Well, Rod, here you are!" Si Puffer in work-stained blue overalls extended a knob-jointed hand. "What you doin' here? Thought you left High Ledges last week. Whatta men in, didn't know you and Miss Prue was acquainted."

So this was the glamorous Rodney Gerard! The playboy whom she had planned to treat with superb disdain when or if they met! Life certainly had a nice sense of humor to fling her into his arms. Prudence decoratively answered the question in Si Puffer's slate-color eyes.

"We aren't—that is, we weren't, but quite suddenly I took the quickest way down from the haymow, Mr. Man-of-the-Moment caught me—and look!" She held out her skirt.

"Well, I'll be darned—and eggs forty cents a dozen! You'd better chuck the mess an' get that skirt cleaned."

"I'm going. Good morning, Mr.—Mr. Rod, and thank you again." Prudence smiled and nodded to the two men watching her, as she left the barn.

"Pretty as a movie star and smart as a steel trap," Si Puffer commented. "Who is she? What is she doing here?"

"Haven't you heard? Austin Schuyler left all his holdings here to that ally of a girl. He up an' died, just after he'd paid a lot of money for an annuity, too. Can you beat it! Miss Prue came last night with a batch-faced woman who's going to be the housekeeper. She's come to the farm to see if she can get her brother David's health back. They say he had an income enough to live on—his was a lawyer—besides his practice till the crash came. Two years ago his wife walked out on him with his sister Julie's husband."

"Schuyler! Is that the family! That rotten scandal staggered even the most hard-boiled people I know. This Miss Schuyler's sister Julie was charming but too domestic for the man she married. Her husband wanted a woman who would make other men stop, look, listen. His wife's sister-in-law was that type, so he stepped up and took her. He didn't have her long. Mrs. David Schuyler was smashed up in an automobile accident a week after she ran away."

"Gorry-me. Makes me think of them words in the Bible, 'an' the wages of sin is death.' Folks say David Schuyler put in all his spare time helping the down-an'-out at a rescue mission. Miss Prue's got grit. Whatta mean in, last night when I brought them in, the road was so thick with fog you could cut it. Once when I looked round I could see tears glistening in her eyes, but she kept her voice like music. I'll bet she sings."

"So she intends to farm! Haven't they any money?" "Lost it; investments wiped out as quick and as clean as you can wipe writing from a slate. Whatta mean in, they lost their money, that's the talk in the village. She can get their living all right from the place if—only she will stick it out. In spite of radios an' movies, I guess 't won't seem much like the city. Thought you'd gone. Rod. Don't you usually go flying or playing polo or visiting this time of year?"

Rodney Gerard looked quickly at Puffer's inscrutable face. "You're not crazy about me as a solid citizen, are you, Si? I was going, but Len Calloway held me up. He wants my decision on the timber now so that he can make his contracts for the increase in his cut."

Puffer rubbed his hand up and down his unshaven cheek. He drawled:

"I'll donate one piece of advice, Rod. Don't trust Calloway. Whatta mean in, that old trouble between you two is only smolderin'. Len's always been a queer mixture of terrible temper and a sense of justice. When he gets mad he sees blood-red."

"He's all right now, Si. He has been mighty fair and agreeable."

"Hmp. That's because he wants something. Better wouldn't meet in his mouth when he aims to please. Just the same, don't let him have that timber."

Rodney Gerard paused in the act of applying a lighter to a cigarette. "What's the idea? You told me yourself that a lot of big stuff ought to

come out for the good of the forest." "I did. There's thousands of feet of standing timber that's no longer growing, more than half of it decayin' an' likely to be destroyed by the first storm. I told you something else too—that you ought to have a forester here to mark every tree that was to come out, not leave it to the judgment of any man who can swing an ax, and that you ought to be here yourself when the cutting was done to see it was done right."

"I haven't forgotten, but, Si, they cut trees when the snow is on the ground. What would I do here in winter?"

"Folks have lived here through a winter, Rod, and slept and et like human beings. I calculate 't wouldn't hurt you none."

With a boyish shout of laughter, Rodney Gerard flung his arm about Puffer's shoulders.

"Don't you go back on me. I bank on you to stand by me as you have



"I've Made You Look Like an Omelette."

ever since you taught me to hold a gun. As to Len Calloway, I'll say 'nothing doing' to him now, and when I get around to it I'll have a forester give us a report on the trees."

"All right, Roddy. When you get the forester here, have him look over that wood lot of Miss Prue's. There's about five hundred acres along the rise that Austin Schuyler bought of Len Calloway's father. That stretch called The Hundreds between the highway an' the sky line. You an' I have been shooting over it year after year. It's the best stand of spruce and pine in the county. Ought to bring that spunky little girl a nice bunch of cash; but I'm afraid if Len Calloway gets hold of Miss Prue before she knows its value, he'll make a sharp trade with her. He's the kind of chap girls and women fall for—only the Lord knows why and he ain't telling—kinder mesmerizes them, I guess. He held me up in the fog last evening to ask when she was comin'. I didn't let on I had her in the back seat that very minute. Didn't want him to get in a lick till I'd warned her to watch her step. But he beat me to it. He's been to see her this mornin'."

"This mornin'?" "Gorry-me, Rod, what's there in that to get so excited about? Every unmarried man in the county—I wouldn't put it past some of the married ones—will come buzzin' round the red brick house like bees around a honey pot, now that girl is there."

Rodney Gerard thoughtfully regarded a fish hawk sailing high above him. He was looking at a different world from the world he had known as he entered the old barn. The sky seemed bluer, the air more sparkling; his blood raced through his veins. He had the sense of a new beginning, as if again, as in his ardent boyhood, he set his compass by a shining star. Of course he had given to charities—money, not his time. Spending for a round of amusement seemed flat, when you saw a girl taking life in both hands and forcing a living from it. He colored as his glance came back to the quizzical eyes watching him.

"Look here, Si, don't let Miss Schuyler sign up with Calloway. She will listen to you. I'll have a forester here within a month if I have to buy one. I was going to New York tonight—but I'll cut out the social stuff this autumn, stay here and attend to the timber."

Puffer strode after him as he left the barn. "Do you mean to say, Roddy, that you'll winter along with us and get out the logs? Mebbe I kin see you doing it?" The not too thinly veiled taunt sent the blood in a red tide to Gerard's fair hair. He sprang into the low, long roadster, which had not a touch of color to relieve its shining blackness. He slammed the door and jumped the car forward.

"Mebbe, Mr. Puffer, you don't know as much about me as you think you do!" he flung over his shoulder. Si Puffer's faded eyes were warm

with affection as he watched the roadster skid round the curve.

"Got him mad, gorry-me, got him mad. Guess I went to work the right way to wake that young feller up." He chuckled, prodded thoughtfully with the straw, before he reflected aloud:

"I wonder, though, how much I really had to do with his stayin'."

Dusk and Mrs. Puffer appeared simultaneously at the red brick house. Prudence was placing a fresh blotter on her brother's desk in the living room when the massive woman waddled in and set a crisp golden brown loaf on the table.

"That's for luck. My grandmother, who was Welsh, always carried along a loaf when she went visitin'. She claimed it brought good fortune."

"It smells marvelous! Raisins—hundreds of them! I'm going to eat that crusty end this minute."

"Glad you like it; knew you wouldn't have time to cook today, so left some things in the kitchen for your supper. I wanted to come up and help, but Si said you had everything planned so fine that the moving went as if 'twas on greased wheels. He thinks you're a wonder. Don't know but what I'll get jealous." Her small brown eyes, flecked with green, disappeared in rolls of flesh when she laughed.

Prudence dropped to a floor cushion beside the chair. She swallowed an especially plummy mouthful.

"Jealous! A woman who can make bread like this! You don't have to worry about keeping your men folk off the street. I'll wager they are on time for every meal."

"Mrs. Puffer's eyes filled, her lips quivered. "Si is all the men in the family now—we had one boy." She touched a tiny gold star pinned on the breast of her gown. "This stands for a white cross in France."

Prudence laid her hand on the plump fingers. "Dear Mrs. Puffer. I can understand your heartache. I wasn't very old when David went across, but I remember Mother's eyes when the doorbell or the phone rang. They seemed to knife through my heart even when she smiled and talked in her beautiful voice. She had such gay courage!"

"Gay courage! That's the sort. Most folks talk of grim courage. I guess that idea came from our Puritan ancestors. But your brother came back safe, dearie. They told me in the village that he wears ten bars on his Victory medal."

"Yes, for carrying ammunition to the front of the front in ten campaigns."

"They tell me, too, that isn't all you have to be proud of him for." She resolutely cleared her voice. "We're getting kind of solemn in the freight. You look real handsome in that dress, it's just the color of the shine in your hair, 'tain't red an' 'tain't yellow, it's like some of my prize sifflins—and those wax beads around your neck are awful pretty!"

"Wax beads! Julie's pearls! What would Mrs. Puffer say if she knew their value?"

"What sort of man is Mr. Calloway, Mrs. Puffer? Somethin' of an exhibitionist, isn't he?"

The stout woman's placidity was slightly shaken. "Dearie, you gave me a start. Si told me I must warn you about Len, and I was thinking how I'd best begin when you up and ask the question. Don't trust him."

Prudence chuckled. Mrs. Puffer's portentous voice was so out of character with her personality.

"Has he always lived here?" "He was born in this house."

"Here?" "Lors, Miss Prue, before you've lived here a month you'll think every person in the United States had a relative who was born in this house, or one who died here. Folks is everlastingly stoppin' to ask if they may look around because someone who belonged to them once lived here."

"Sort of a combination of maternity hospital and detention house for heaven, wasn't it? It is almost dark. Let's have a light." She applied a match to the wick in the lamp on the table. "It's out! I'm clumsy. Wonder why Uncle Austin didn't have electricity put in. There! It's lighted!" She adjusted the green shade.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Oregon's Forests
Names of historic national forest landmarks in Oregon reveal records of human history and migration. Typically historic names are Mount David Douglas, in the Willamette national forest, named in honor of the famous Scottish botanist who, in 1826, first classified the Douglas fir tree for science. Tomahawk Island in Multnomah county marks the vicinity where Captain Clark's pipe tomahawk was stolen by Indians in 1855. Snoqualmie national forest is from the Indian tribal name, "Sdok-kwalk-blah" or moon people.

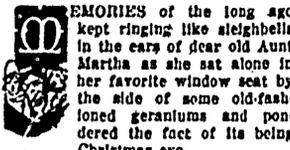
Men Had to Sew
It was considered improper among the ancient Aymara Indians for women to wash or sew any article of clothing. These duties being more suitable to men.

SANTA COMES



Aunt Martha's Christmas

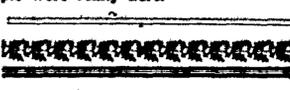
By Alice B. Palmer



MEMORIES of the long ago kept ringing like sleighbells in the ears of dear old Aunt Martha as she sat alone in her favorite window seat by the side of some old-fashioned geraniums and pondered the fact of its being Christmas eve.

She looked outside beyond the icicles which hung like grim sentinels toward the snow-coated trees and heavy drifts heaped high by the wayside and she was reminded of the beautiful story of "Snowbound." But in that home

there had been people—people and people, gentle and boisterous voices, everywhere. "This will never do," suddenly spoke Martha Graham, rousing herself and trying to shake off the haunting memories. "I must prepare for a joyous, Merry Christmas just as if those people were really here."



A Christmas Introduction

By Florence Harris Wells

PETER MANLEY, the mail carrier, looked at the gay red letter he was delivering at the door of Miss Waters' apartment two days before Christmas. Miss Waters had requested that Peter leave her mail on the table by her

door. Peter did so. He silently adored the trim, competent little seamstress. Peter couldn't help but read what was on letters and this time it was so surprising Peter fairly gasped; for there in a plain, capable hand were the words, "From P. Manley." This was an opportunity Peter was quick to seize. He knocked briskly on the door. No response. All was perfectly still within. Peter hastily drew an arrow on the envelope pointing to the name and wrote, "This is my name," and signed it, "Your mail carrier." Peter was hopeful it might lead to closer acquaintance; just how he had not exactly figured out.

The next morning Peter ascended the steps to Miss Waters' apartment, his mind full of Christmas letters and his hand and heart eagerly anticipating something, though he didn't know what. But even Peter was unprepared for the door of the apartment being flung open and the little seamstress eagerly confronting him: "Are you Peter Manley?"

"I'm sure not anybody else," Peter answered breathlessly. "Were you in the war and did you have a twin brother, Porter?" the little seamstress questioned.

"I sure did," Peter was startled, but

With a spirit of youthfulness beyond ordinary endurance, Aunt Martha dashed kitchenward, every fibre of her being enlivened by the Christmas spirit. The next moment she was busily engaged in preparation of all the holiday delicacies which she thought these people would like.

Soon delicious odors of sizzling doughnuts and soft sour milk cookies, such as only Aunt Martha could make, were in evidence.

When all was completed, together with a pitcher of steaming hot chocolate, Aunt Martha sat down and realized that there were no people to partake of her carefully prepared delicacies.

With a start, she realized that she heard voices, real voices, not visionary ones, but loud wild shouts coming from without. She could scarcely see through the blinding snowstorm.

Now she actually heard footsteps! "It must be true!" thought Aunt Martha, as she threw open the door. Sure enough there they were, her imaginary "Snowbound" people for whom she had been preparing the Yule-tide feast.

"Twas the joyous carol singers. They had become lost in the snowstorm and were almost frozen.

"Come in! Come in!" cried dear old Aunt Martha.

Then followed such a Christmas welcome and greeting as they had never received before. Aunt Martha, their hostess, sat at the head of the table smiling and beaming, passing her Christmas goodies and pouring out the steaming hot chocolate. She secretly rejoiced as she accepted the carol singers as an answer to her loving thought of service on Christmas eve.

Western Newspaper Union.

he managed to stammer that Porter had been killed in that war.

"But he wasn't killed," Miss Waters insisted. "He was just reported killed. He's married to my sister and he's been trying to find you for years. And here you were bringing my mail all the time. I'm going there for Christmas tomorrow. You must go, too, Peter—Mr. Manley. I'll wire them you are coming;" then she blushed crimson. The little seamstress had allowed her enthusiasm to run away with her for once. But Peter was equal to the occasion!

"I'd be glad to take you in my car, if you'll go, Miss Waters?"

And Miss Waters, who really was very careful of her pennies, murmured: "That would be fine."

All the rest of his route Peter kept saying to himself:

"Two brothers married two sisters and they all were together first on Christmas day," and every one that met Peter that day was hailed with such a "Merry Christmas" as Peter had never shouted at them before.

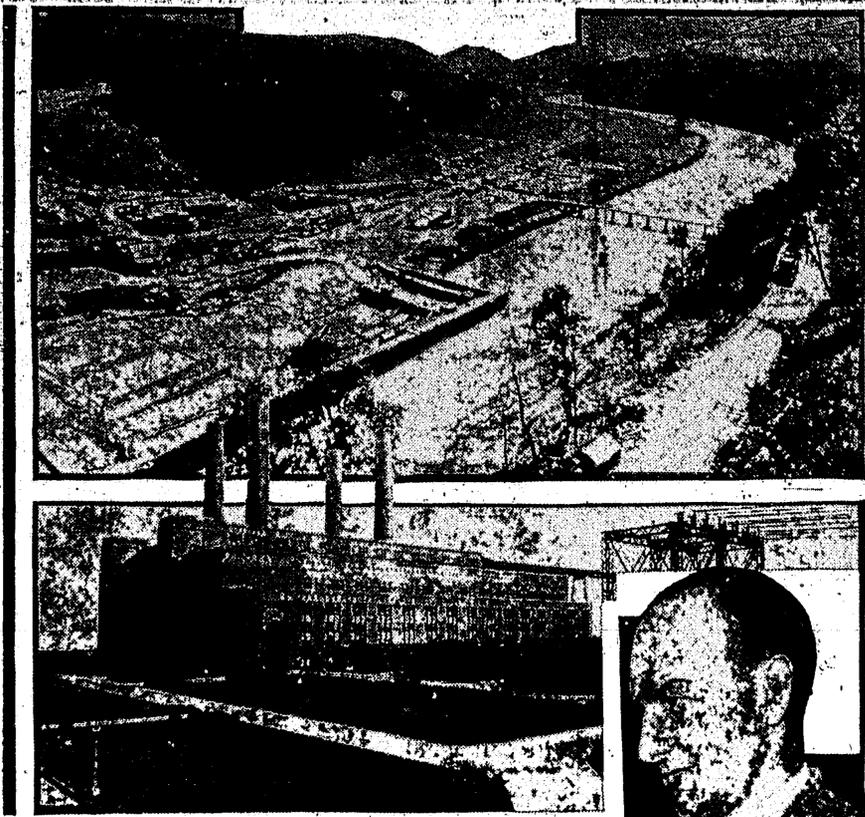
Western Newspaper Union.

Cheese Rind for Birds

In a recent discussion of the best way of feeding birds in the garden, one experimenter put forward the rind of a Stilton cheese as the supreme Christmas fare! Birds of many sorts, especially the robin, are greedily fond of it. They have a desire for fat and the cheese provides this in association with other virtues. If we feed birds for the sake of watching them as well as comforting them, the rind, if preserved in more or less unbroken form, has the advantage that it cannot be carried away and attracts five or six species of bird if no mors—London Spectator.

A Colorful Set of Bowls

No modern kitchen is complete without a set of bowls in a color corresponding to the color scheme of the kitchen. If you know of a person without this delightful kitchen help, it might be a suggestion for a Christmas or birthday gift.



Above: Aerial View of the Huge Norris Dam Project. Below: State Line Station, at the Illinois-Indiana Line, Most Modern of Steam Generating Plants.

"More Power to You," Is Aim of Administration

Government Becomes Frank Competitor of Private Enterprise in Generating, Distributing and Selling Electric Energy.

By WILLIAM C. UTLEY
ELECTRICITY is in the air over the valley of the Tennessee river. Energy—pick-swinging, ditch-digging, back-sweating energy—bristles out of slopes where semi-primitive mountaineers have lagged behind the times. "More Power to You" is the slogan that seems almost to furnish a rhythm for the laboring actions of the ten thousand workers who have but lately come there, and whose rank is soon to be increased by another ten thousand. For power is the watchword of the New Deal, as it is applied to the Tennessee valley authority.

The TVA, as it is alphabetically shortened for the accommodation of breath and tongue, was created to supply jobs, to improve navigation, to control floods, to reclaim thousands of acres of undeveloped natural resources, and what has come to be regarded as most important of all, to create, distribute and sell electric power at the lowest possible cost. It has been authorized to use federal funds; it will complete an expenditure of more than a billion dollars on Tennessee river projects.

To be sure, it is by no means all of what appears to be the largest scale attempt ever made by the federal government to get into the electric power industry. Along the Colorado river \$165,000,000 is going into dams and reservoirs and power plants; the Columbia river's strength is being harnessed to the tune of \$711,000,000; \$257,000,000 is being spent on projects along the St. Lawrence (although about two-thirds of that amount is for navigation improvements), and more projects are under way at other points throughout the land.

Tennessee Development.
But at the moment it is the Tennessee development that is holding the attention of every person and industry whose annual budget must make allowances for the payment of bills for electrical energy. For the administration has openly declared that it intends to offer the TVA projects as a "yardstick" for the measurement of electric rates charged by municipal plants and privately-owned electric light and power companies everywhere. With that in mind, the TVA is blossoming forth as a frank, out-and-out competitor of private enterprise in generating, distributing and selling electric energy to municipalities, homes, farms and industries.

If it reaches its ultimate goal it will bid fair to effect other major changes in the industry than lowering of rates. It will mark the first serious challenge for supremacy of falling water over steam at high pressure as a force for turning generator turbines.

Private utilities have for years favored the steam generating plant over the hydro plant.
Reasons for the favor of the steam turbine are sound enough. The best sources of hydro-electric power are, in most cases, far removed from the big load centers—that is, the areas where consumption is most highly concentrated.

Plan for 200 Dams.
Another difficulty with hydro plants is that, in order to supply a demand that is fairly consistent, the flow of rivers upon which the plants are situated must be constant.
To insure perfectly controlled flow

of the river at any point on the system, the plans of the TVA include no less than 200 dams, all operated from a central control house. Thus, over a vast area, man will be able to control nature by the push of a button.
More difficult for the TVA to overcome will be the lack of a market in the territory where it is to generate. There are only 2,000,000 inhabitants of the Tennessee valley, although the TVA, when completed, will be generating 25,000,000,000 kilowatt-hours a year, almost a third of the total amount required to supply the needs of the entire United States in 1932, when 70,000,000,000 kilowatt-hours were generated.

By supplying power that is much cheaper than that which the valleys are using now, encouraging them to use more and more electricity, heating and air-conditioning their homes with it, and making it do in home, farm and industry every conceivable labor to which electric power may be applied, the TVA hopes to increase the load to a large degree. The directors have opened a subsidiary organization, the EHFA (Electric Home and Farm Authority), whose chief functions have been to finance customers in their purchase of appliances of all kinds.

This still does not help to centralize the load in the area. Fifty per cent of the inhabitants live on farms, 20 per cent in cities and the remainder in small towns. The average yearly income is but \$145. This income is expected to be improved by the reforestation and flood-prevention measure, which will increase the value of the farmlands; by the operation of cheap fertilizer plants to aid the farmers in restoring the productivity of much soil that would ordinarily be good, but has been burned out, and by educational work among the farm people.

To Build Up Industry.
Through the national exploitation of the low power rates and the re-making of the area into a country of model homes and homelands, the TVA will endeavor to promote wholesale exodus of industries and home-owners into the Tennessee valley, building up a much greater prospective load than now exists there. All of these moves have already begun to spur the private companies in the Tennessee valley to similar efforts. They have reduced rates 20 to 25 per cent and have succeeded in increasing usage among their customers.

It is easy enough to determine what has to be done to make the TVA a success, but the actual accomplishments are a gargantuan task. Right now the private plants in the area have capacity 33 1/2 per cent in excess of the maximum load. All of the load centers the TVA plans to serve are already served by two independent sources.

Low rates, of course, are the big talking point. The TVA, which, according to the United States district engineer, can generate electricity at a cost of 4.23 mills a kilowatt-hour and transmit it 250 miles for 1.274 mills a kilowatt-hour (based on a 50 per cent load factor); should the factor drop to 80 per cent, the transmission cost would double, estimates that it can sell power wholesale to municipalities at seven mills a kilowatt-hour. These in turn can retail it at three cents for the first block of the rate, two cents for the second, then one cent and then



David E. Lillenthal.

four mills. For normal residential use this would be about 2 1/2 cents per kilowatt-hour. For a fully-electrified home, using 2,500 kilowatt-hours a year, it would be only about seven mills. Some of the municipal plants in the area have balked at contracting to supply service at such rates, claiming that they cannot break even.

New Light Bills Please.

Much publicity has been given the bills for the first month of service after the city of Tupelo, Miss., began buying electricity wholesale from the TVA on March 1, 1934. Among the examples cited were that of Reed Bros., who paid \$210.25 for 6,550 kilowatt-hours in January, and, under the new rate were able to buy 10,210 kilowatt-hours in March for \$145.88; the McLoran Ice Cream company, who used nearly 27 per cent more electricity in March than in January, yet paid a bill approximately \$30 less in March; and the Tupelo Cotton Mill, which paid \$1,810.40 in March for 20 per cent more current than it paid \$3,181.33 for in January.

Residential customers were pleased with similar slashes in their bills.

According to Dr. Arthur E. Morgan, engineer, college president and educator, who is the chairman of the board of three directors appointed to manage the TVA projects, the rates are "considered sufficiently low to constitute an economically feasible and desirable project whenever the demand is such that the market is present which will absorb such large quantities over the hours of the day."

Therein lies the success or failure of TVA; and therein lies the answer to what relation the publicly-owned power and light plant will bear to the privately-operated central station company of the future. The market will have to be found or created.

Before cheap power can mean anything, and before it can attract any consumers to the area in large numbers, erosion of the soil by flood must be checked and farms must be fertilized.

Preparing the fertilizer plants at Muscle Shoals and elsewhere, to supply the farmer with fertilizer that he can afford, to rejuvenate his soil to a point where it will begin to produce, are forces under the direction of Dr. Harcourt A. Morgan (no relation to the other Dr. Morgan), who is a co-ordinator of agriculture and industry on the TVA directorate. The third member is the youthful David E. Lillenthal, who is power director of the project. He is a writer, a legal authority on public utilities and a former member of the Wisconsin power commission.

Important Questions.

What they are going to do about the harm that may come to other sections of the country if large industries and home-folks are persuaded to move in masses into the TVA territory, the directors haven't explained. Also the question arises, will the government attempt to build up the loads at the other hydro-electric projects in the same manner? The Columbia river project alone, when completed, will have a capacity more than four-fifths that of the total of all the hydro-electric stations in the country two years ago. The combined completed capacity of the Tennessee, Boulder Dam, Columbia river and St. Lawrence river projects will be nearly 100 per cent of the entire nation's 1932 electrical output, both steam and hydro.

There are more than \$17,000,000,000 invested in privately-owned electric station companies in the United States. They have millions of stockholders. How these will be affected by government competition with private industry will depend largely on the success or failure of the TVA.

By Western Newspaper Union.

Southwestern Briefs

Dr. John G. Moeur, son of Gov. B. B. Moeur, died at a Phoenix hospital November 30, following a long illness. He was 34 years old.

Fire December 5 destroyed an entire block of business buildings in Las Cruces, New Mexico. Damage was estimated at more than \$100,000.

Development in the San Juan Basin oil field, which has been taking a nap for the past two months, is once again showing signs of activity.

John Bingham, state bank examiner, has resigned, to take a place in the field division of the federal housing administration, with headquarters in Santa Fe.

New Mexico university's new administration building, to cost \$173,497, largest project in history of the institution, will be completed before next winter.

To make the building more convenient and modern, plumbing works are being installed in the Grenville, New Mexico, high school building, with FERA workers doing the work.

Concluding a ten-year campaign by Raton, New Mexico, business men, bids have been opened for remodeling the Raton postoffice to include space for federal court rooms and offices.

The federal emergency relief administration has allotted \$645,265 to New Mexico for December relief. Officials said the state probably would receive another \$100,000 for cattle purchases.

As the result of steadily rising market prices, bean growers in Coconino county, Arizona, will profit to the extent of \$125,000 from the sale of this year's crop, it was estimated by C. G. Luaker, agricultural agent.

Although there have been over 400 fires during the past summer in the Coconino forest, quick action by rangers prevented any extensive losses, according to E. G. Miller, forest supervisor. "Probably not more than 1,000 acres were burned," he said.

The federal emergency educational program in Arizona has employed 208 teachers drawing federal funds of \$6,607.19 monthly. State Superintendent Edward O'Reilly reported recently to Herman E. Hendrix, state superintendent of public instruction.

Major General Leon B. Kromer, chief of cavalry of the United States army, recently inspected the troops of the University of Arizona R. O. T. C. corps as they drilled under the direction of Colonel A. W. Holderness and Cadet Colonel Charles M. Cochran.

It was announced in Tucson recently that publication of the "Arizona Historical Review," a quarterly magazine dedicated to the preservation of Arizona's history, would be resumed January 1. In the future, the magazine will be an official publication of the University of Arizona.

Alfredo R. Martinez, county treasurer's office, Las Vegas, New Mexico, is the authorized representative in San Miguel county for the new cooperative farm credit organization, the Springs Production Credit Association, and is assisting farmers and stockmen in preparing the necessary papers to apply for loans.

Governor-elect Clyde Tingley of New Mexico urges the establishment of federal emergency relief administration schools for farmers. He suggested the establishment of night schools in farming communities to give instruction in farming methods, rural economics, cooperative marketing and similar problems.

The last of the sheep trailed down to their desert winter ranges when the Sawyer and Otondo Sheep Company moved 4,800 sheep from southwest to Winslow. Approximately 200,000 sheep are moved semi-annually from their summer ranges to the winter ones, according to E. G. Miller, Coconino national forest supervisor.

Opportunity is being offered by the Normal University in New Mexico, through the FERA, to two groups of students, those who have not finished high school and those who wish to make college entrance credit by correspondence and those who have graduated from high school but are unable to attend college.

The University of Arizona's Gold Placer Course, which opened at the Prescott transient camp November 1, has been brought to a close, when members of the class had an opportunity to have their gold cleaned for sale or souvenir purposes. The total enrollment for the thirty-day period included 192 transients and a number of residents of Prescott and vicinity.

The eastbound mail plane is again stopping at Douglas, Ariz. The new schedule calls for shorter stops at Phoenix, Tucson, El Paso and Big Springs, Texas, by the ship and instead of being on the ground eight or ten minutes they are scheduled to land and take off within the period of five minutes. The time on the ground at Douglas has likewise been shortened thus making up a total of about the time required for the landing at Douglas.

Three New Mexico writers are given recognition in a prose and poetry series just published, as basal texts for high school English. D. Maitland Bushby, formerly of New Mexico, has a story, "Three to One," in Prose and Poetry for Appreciation, and an essay, "The Dance of the Snake," in Prose and Poetry for Entertainment. Witter Bynner's "A Farmer Remembers Lincoln," is included in Prose and Poetry of America. S. Omar Barker's verses, "The White-Mustang," "Code of the Cow Country," and "Some Call Him Brave," are in one volume.



JUST IN TIME

The aerodrome was crowded with spectators who had come to witness the finish of the big air race. Great was their astonishment when the winning aeroplane landed and an unknown airman stepped out.

"Wonderful! Wonderful!" said an official, coming forward to greet him. "You've broken the record for the race. How did you do it?"

The airman wiped his perspiring brow.

"To tell you the truth," he modestly explained, "I think luck had a lot to do with it. I didn't find out until five minutes ago how to stop the engine.—Answers.

Complete Replacement

Blinks—I'll soon have a new car.

Blinks—You're lucky.

Blinks—Hardly. You see I'm simply kept busy replacing the worn-out parts on the old one, and a couple more bumps and it will even have the streamline effect.

A Respectful Skeptic

"Do you believe George Washington always told the uncompromising truth?"

"No, sir," answered Senator Sorghum, with emphasis. "To hold such an opinion would be to cast aspersions on his indisputable attainments as a statesman and a diplomat."

Evolution Two Ways?

"Do you believe in evolution?"

"Forward and backward," answered Senator Sorghum, "although I'll never believe it's as easy to make a man out of a monkey as it is for a man to make a monkey out of himself."

ANTICIPATED



Miss Wife—I'm glad you've bought a new car, but I haven't a thing to wear and I'd be ashamed to be seen in it with these old rags.

Titus Tightwad—I thought of that so I bought a closed car. You can draw the curtains.

Proclivities

"We are told of the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

"Those are the very words," answered Senator Sorghum. "But they don't apply to persons who can't enjoy themselves unless they are playing rough with machine guns."

Going to Extremes

"Our cook is terribly temperamental."

"So's ours. We never know whether it'll be angel cake or devil's food."

Ouch!

Pompous Man—They told me that if I didn't quit reading dime novels I wouldn't amount to anything.

Cheerful Puncturer—Well, why didn't you quit?

Important Item

Chaufeur—Why, ma'am, the axel is sprung, the mud guards bent, and your husband's neck is broke!

Woman (a bit interested)—And how about those brand-new lamps?

Reminder

"So you enjoy talking over the radio?"

"Very much," answered Senator Sorghum. "I have a positive affection for a microphone. It's appearance reminds me of earlier oratory, as it suggests the facial expression of some of my dumbest listeners."

Considerate Hospitality

"Is it considerate for a lady who has sent out invitations to remain absent from her own reception?"

"Perfectly proper," answered Miss Cayenne. "It prevents any embarrassment if the guests feel like criticizing the furniture and the house-keeping."

So Sorry

Traffic Officer—What's the matter with you?
Driver—I'm well, thanks; but my engine's dead.

Tailored Frock for Little Lady.

Pattern 2041

This is the type of simple but smart dress which any little girl would love. Almost every detail that goes into the making of a well-bred little girl's dress is "just right," the long, slightly full sleeves, with their narrow cuffs are very practical for cool weather, or if you prefer, the frock may be made with little puffed short sleeves such as all girls adore. The tailored effect is carried out very well by means of the closed pleats running all the way from the



cunning half-yoke and opening near the hem. Notice the belt, tying in a bow in the back. And a word to mothers—it's very simple to make! Pattern 2041 is available only in sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, and 12. Size 10 takes 3 1/2 yards 30 inch fabric and 1/4 yard contrasting. Illustrated step-by-step sewing instructions included.

Send FIFTEEN CENTS (15c) in coins or stamps (coins preferred) for this pattern. Write plainly name, address and style number. Be SURE TO STATE size.

Address orders to Sewing Circle Pattern Department, 245 West Seventeenth Street, New York City.

MIXED

At a political gathering an orator waxed indignant and exclaimed: "To ridicule the idea is to follow the example of the camel, which buries its head in the sand when an enemy approaches."

"The rival speaker rose and retorted: "Surely the gentleman, in giving utterance to this remark, must have meant to refer to the ostrich, which, in those circumstances, has a habit of putting its eye through a needle."—Ludlow Advertiser.

POOR INVESTMENT



The Nature Lover—You ought to put a few bird houses in your trees.

Titus Canby—Bird houses? What nonsense! How'd a man go about it to collect the rent?

Personal Viewpoint

"What are you going to do about the coming election?"

"Not much, I'm afraid," said Senator Sorghum. "The question in my mind is what the coming election is going to do about me."

Consideration

"Has your horse a good disposition?"

"Yes," answered Farmer Cornusel. "But he wouldn't have if I worried him as much as he does me."

WRIGLEY'S
SPEARMINT
GUM
The Flavor Lasts

Lincoln County News

Published Every Friday
 Entered as second-class matter July 29, 1924, at the post office at Carrizozo, New Mexico, under the Act of March 3, 1879.
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 FRIDAY, DEC. 21, 1934
 Mrs. Mrs. B. Smith, Editor and Publisher

"Some Ancient History"

(ERA B. SMITH)
 Speaking of back grounds, predecessors, and the life I do not believe a weekly paper in the commonwealth of New Mexico can produce any more lengthy and historical line of files than can the Lincoln County News.
 For more than eighty years this publication under various names, and in different localities has disseminated news, both local and national. As can be plainly seen from the editorial columns of these old papers, now yellowed with age, it has always enjoyed the confidence of the public; as can be seen from the ads. it has always been well supported and respected. Today its publication in Lincoln County dates back to 1880. It is one of the oldest concerns in the county. It is more than a business—it is an institution that has outlived generations, an institution that has chronicled Lincoln County history for 50 years, an institution that will be here many, many more years. It has always been a reliable, fair-minded paper, fighting for what it thought right and just. As in the past it has hosts of friends who stand steadfast today. Its influence is still strongly felt; its support is still most liberal. And we will strive to maintain the high ideals and standards of honesty that editors and publishers of other days have set. These old files have many things that would be interesting to read now. I will copy a few lines from files, of each year until it reaches the first publication in White Oaks, Lincoln county in 1880. Then the extracts will become longer, especially about the people that are best known in this county and have made their influence felt in a business, educational or professional way. I have before me now a copy of the Sterling Gazette published in Sterling, Ill., under date of July 4, 1854. "Liberty and Union, Now and Forever, One and Inseparable," across the masthead; "William Caffrey, editor." That was 78 years ago.
 In the issue of Saturday, Feb. 27th, 1859, we read where the "Old Settlers" held a festival in honor of Washington's birthday: "As pursuant to notice, a large concourse of 'Old Settlers' assembled at Wallace Hall on last Monday to renew former acquaintances, recount past adventures and to have a good time generally. Large delegations came from the country in cars, and in private conveyances, the most attractive of which was that of the Coes, who appeared in our streets seated in a large six-wheeled sleigh. The sleigh was covered like an emigrant wagon and contained a spinning wheel, kettles, and everything that is needed by western emigrants. The sleigh was drawn by six fine horses, with saddle and driver on the near wheel horse. The Coes never do anything by halves. As they passed through our streets on Monday last, they were loudly cheered."
 Then at 4 p. m. the meeting was organized. According to the account: John Stokes, Esq., of Prophatowns, was appointed president; Simon Coe, Esq., of Jordan, was chosen secretary; Nelson Mason, Esq., chairman of arrangements committee; R. L. Wilton, Esq., Marshal and a long list of esquires for other minor offices. The account contains a seven column, twenty-three inches long and 15 cms wide, giving flowery speeches made by the "esquires."
 (To Be Continued.)

044689 Notice For Publication

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
 GENERAL LAND OFFICE at Las Cruces, New Mex., Nov. 21 1934.
 NOTICE is hereby given that Nicolas Magg, of Ancho, N. Mex., who, on October 6, 1931, made homestead entry, No. 044689, for N $\frac{1}{2}$ Section 14, Township 5 S., Range 11 E., N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make 3 year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Frank J. Sager, U. S. Commissioner, at Carrizozo, N. Mex., on the 4 day of January, 1935.
 Claimant names as witnesses:
 Lonnie Ray,
 Frank Goodson,
 Vicente Aragon,
 Ramon Padilla, all of Ancho, N. Mex.
 Paul A. Roach,
 Register.
 N. 30.—Dec. 28.

041910 Notice For Publication

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
 GENERAL LAND OFFICE at Las Cruces, New Mex., Nov. 21, 1934.
 NOTICE is hereby given that Robert W. Ferguson, of Ancho, N. Mex., who, on May 26, 1930, made homestead entry, No. 041910, for Lot 4, E $\frac{1}{2}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$, SE $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 7, Lots 1, 2, E $\frac{1}{2}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$, W $\frac{1}{2}$ NE $\frac{1}{4}$, NE $\frac{1}{4}$ NE $\frac{1}{4}$ SW $\frac{1}{2}$, NW $\frac{1}{2}$ SE $\frac{1}{2}$, Section 18, Township 5 S., Range 11 E., N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make 3 year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Frank J. Sager, U. S. Commissioner, at Carrizozo, N. Mex., on the 5th day of January, 1935.
 Claimant names as witnesses:
 A. L. Harkey,
 F. J. Gresham, both of Ancho, New Mexico.
 William Kelt,
 Walter Burnett, both of Carrizozo.
 Paul A. Roach,
 Register.
 N. 30.—Dec. 28.

Notice of Hearing of Final Report and Account

In the Probate Court of Lincoln County, State of New Mexico
 In the Matter of the Estate of L. E. Cobb, Deceased. No. 305
 To T. E. Kelley, Administrator; S. E. Cobb, Zephyr, Texas; H. E. Cobb, Zephyr, Texas; M. L. Cobb, Brownwood, Texas; Julia Cole, Valentine, 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 T. E. Kelley, Administrator of the Estate of L. E. Cobb, deceased, has filed in the above entitled Court his final report and account as such Administrator, and the Court has appointed Monday, the 7th day of January, 1935, at the hour of 4 o'clock P. 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 T. E. Kelley as such Administrator, and at the hour on the day named, the Probate Court will proceed to determine the heirship of said decedent, the ownership of his said estate and the interest of each respective claimant thereto and therein and the persons entitled to the distribution thereof.
 The name and post office address of the attorney for the Administrator is John E. Hall, Carrizozo, New Mexico.
 Ernest Key,
 Clerk.
 By Frances R. Aguayo,
 Deputy.

043037 Notice for Publication

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
 General Land Office at Las Cruces, New Mexico,
 November 16, 1934.
 Notice is hereby given that Ruthie Walker, of Ancho, N. Mex., who, on December 4, 1931, made homestead application, No. 043037, for All, Section 35, Township 3 S., Range 10 E., N.M.P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make 3 year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Frank J. Sager, U. S. Commissioner, at Carrizozo, N. Mex., on the 28 day of December, 1934.
 Claimant names as witnesses:
 Elijah Lacey, John J. Dale, Henry Dale, Homer Winn, all of Ancho, N. Mex.
 Paul A. Roach
 Register
 11-23—12-21
Otto Prehm, Notary Public, Prehm's Bargain House.
 JOHN E. HALL
 Attorney and Counselor at Law
 Carrizozo Hardware Building—
 Upstairs
 CARRIZOZO, NEW MEXICO

NOTICE OF HEARING OF FINAL REPORT AND ACCOUNT

In the Probate Court of Lincoln County
 State of New Mexico
 No. 323
 In the Matter of the Last Will and Testament of Allen A. Lane, Deceased.
 To Lillian L. Lane, Executrix; Edwards Morgan Lane, San Bernardino, Calif.; Allene Lane, Los Angeles, Calif.; Vivian Lane, El Paso, Tex.; Helen Larue Lane and Sara Lee Lane, Minors, White Oaks, New Mex.; and E. M. Barber, Guardian ad litem for said Minors, 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 Lillian L. Lane, Executrix of Last Will and Testament of Allen A. Lane, deceased, has filed in the above entitled Court her final report and account as such Executrix, and the Court has appointed Monday, the 7th day of January, 1935, at the hour of 3 o'clock p. m., as the hour and day for hearing objections, if any there be, to the approval and settlement of said final report and account, and the discharge of the said Lillian L. Lane as such Executrix, and at the hour on the day named, the Probate Court will proceed to determine the heirship of said decedent, the ownership of his said estate and the interest of each respective claimant thereto and therein and the persons entitled to the distribution thereof.
 The name and post office address of the attorney for the Executrix is John E. Hall, Carrizozo, New Mexico.
 Witness the honorable Manuel Corona, Judge of the said Court, and the seal thereof, this 7th day of November, 1934.
 Ernest Key,
 Clerk.
 By Frances R. Aguayo,
 Deputy.
 044813—046508
Notice for Publication
 DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
 General Land Office at Las Cruces, New Mexico.
 November 16, 1934.
 Notice is hereby given that Oscar J. Snow, of Carrizozo, N. Mex., who, on October 26, 1931, made original homestead application, No. 044813, and on November 1, 1932, made additional homestead application, for E $\frac{1}{2}$ Sec. 33, T. 5S., R. 10 E., NE $\frac{1}{4}$ E $\frac{1}{2}$, Section 17, Township 8 S., Range 10 E., N.M.P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make 3 year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Frank J. Sager, U. S. Commissioner, at Carrizozo, N. Mex., on the 28 day of December, 1934.
 Claimant names as witnesses:
 John Blackshere, Jesse Blackshere, Chas. A. Snow, all of Carrizozo, N. Mex., Vern Mosier, of Capitan, N. Mex.
 Paul A. Roach
 Register
 11 23—12 21

NOTICE OF HEARING OF FINAL REPORT AND ACCOUNT

In the Probate Court of Lincoln County
 State of New Mexico
 No. 348
 In the Matter of the Last Will and Testament of Amanda E. Foreman, Deceased.
 To Georgia A. Davis, Executrix; Mrs. Alice Roberts, Carrizozo, N. M.; Mrs. Emma Morris, El Paso, Tex.; Mrs. Margaret Boone, El Paso, Tex.; Mr. Ben B. Parker, Richmond, California; Mrs. Gertrude Dillard, Manhattan, Nev.; Mrs. Edith Blackburn, Grand Island, Neb.; Mr. George D. Forbes, Address unknown; Mrs. Mamie Harmon, address unknown; Mr. William P. Forbes, address unknown, 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 Georgia A. Davis, Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Amanda E. Foreman, deceased, has filed in the above entitled Court her final report and account as such Executrix, and the Court has appointed Tuesday, the 8th day of January, 1935, 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 Georgia A. Davis as such Executrix, 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 post office address of the attorney for the Executrix is John E. Hall, Carrizozo, New Mexico.
 Witness the honorable Manuel Corona, Judge of the said Court, and the seal thereof, this 8th day of November, 1934.
 Ernest Key,
 Clerk.
 By Frances R. Aguayo,
 Deputy.
 Dec. 7-28

El Cibola Hotel

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 Beautiful, Airy Rooms
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 LINCOLN COUNTY NEWS

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are cheap in the end—but "cheap" shoes are seldom good.
Cheap Shoes stick you—
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U. S. COMMISSIONER
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 Carrizozo, N. M.

T. E. KELLEY

Funeral Director and
 Licensed Embalmer
 Phone 33
 Carrizozo N. M.

Placer, Lode and Proof of Labor blanks for sale at the News office.

LOST—Ladies' wrist watch on Highway 3 miles east of Capitan ROAD, Carrizozo Eating House

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 Work Called For and Delivered
All Work Guaranteed
 Phone 50 Carrizozo, N. M.

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 Dinner Parties our Specialty
 Business Men's Lunch, 11 45 to 2:00 o'clock
50c
 NIGHT and DAY SERVICE

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 Price List

Whippingcream	Table Cream	Sweet Milk
Per qt. .85	Per qt. .70	Per Gal. .50
" pt. .45	" pt. .35	" 1 qt. .13
" 1/2 pt. .25	" 1/2 pt. .20	" 2 qt. .25
		" pt. .08

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Dolls	Cigars	Comb and Brush Sets
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Games	Magazines	Perfumes
Candy	Books	Novelties

Wood and Coal

Delivered in any quantity
PRICES RIGHT

John Ellison

Residence opposite
Court House

Bargain Day

The Missionary Society will have a big day Thursday Dec. 20 in Morgan's law office. There will be new things, used articles, delicious foods and many other items. Suitable Christmas gifts will be found in every department.

Come see what we have

The Titworth Company's store in Capitan carries a wide range of goods of every description. With every \$ purchase they give a chance on a Cedar Chest, Lounge chair, or a kitchen cabinet, plus \$10. The drawing will take place Sat. Dec. 22nd.

DIVORCE IN MEXICO. Final in a few days; no residence; no publicity. Write: Atty. Box 86, Mexicali, B. C. Mexico. 10c stamp.

042147

Notice For Publication

Department of the Interior

GENERAL LAND OFFICE at Las Cruces, N. Mex., December 5, 1934.

NOTICE is hereby given that Everett Martin, of 1303 W. 2nd St., Roswell, N. Mex., who, on August 29, 1930, made homestead entry, No. 042147, for W $\frac{1}{2}$ Sec. 29, SW $\frac{1}{4}$, N $\frac{1}{2}$ E $\frac{1}{2}$ Sec. 20, W $\frac{1}{2}$ SW $\frac{1}{2}$ Section 21, Township 6 S., Range 18 E., N.M.P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make 3 year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Eunice P. Hal, U. S. Commissioner, at Capitan, N. Mex., on the 18 day of January, 1935.

Claimant names as witnesses: M. L. Purcella, Win McLouca, both of Tinnie, N. Mex., Choopla Roberts, Newt Jackson, both of Capitan (Spindie Route), N. Mex.

12-14-J-11

Paul A. Roach,
Register.

061241

Notice For Publication

Department of the Interior

U. S. Land Office at Santa Fe, N. M., Dec. 3, 1934.

Notice is hereby given that William A. Cape, of Lon, N. M., who, on Apr. 9, 1930, made Homestead entry, No. 061241, for Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, S $\frac{1}{2}$ N $\frac{1}{2}$, S $\frac{1}{2}$, Section 4, Township 2S, Range 17E, N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make three year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before U. S. Commissioner, at Corona, N. M., on the 14th day of Jan., 1935.

Claimant names as witnesses: F. E. Cape, R. A. Wilson, G. R. Wilson, Ray Moseley, all of Lon, N. M.

Frank L. Wood,
Acting Register.

12-14-J-11

059629

Notice for Publication

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
U. S. Land Office at Santa Fe, N. M., Dec. 3, 1934.

Notice is hereby given that George H. Foster, of Roswell, N. M., who, on Dec. 17, 1929, made homestead entry, No. 059629, for SE $\frac{1}{4}$, Sec. 24; E $\frac{1}{2}$, S $\frac{1}{2}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$, Sec. 24; T. 3S., R. 16E., Lot 4, Sec. 20, Lot 1, Section 31, Township 3S, Range 17E, N.M.P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make three year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before U. S. Commissioner, at Corona, N. M., on the 14th day of Jan., 1935.

Claimant names as witnesses: F. Harvey Armstrong, Adolph G. Sultemeier, William L. McDonald, all of Corona, N. M., Josue Lueras, of Roswell, N. M.

Frank L. Wood,
Acting Register.

12-14-J-11

Branum's Grocery Store is giving away chances on a nice little radio with every dollar purchase made at their store. The drawing will be Saturday December 22nd. Be sure to get your tickets—you might win a radio

Additional Local

Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Boughner will entertain Mr. and Mrs. Ben S. Burns to dinner Christmas day.

Messrs. Ernest Blood of Alto and Hugh Grafton of Angus were in town last Monday.

Mrs. Wm. McPherson of Alamogordo arrived last Sunday and will visit the Riley McPherson family for two or three weeks.

Mr. Ike Wingfield of Ruidoso was a business visitor here Monday.

Mr. Riley McPherson is in El Paso this week.

Messrs. Melvin Franks of Corona, and Larry Gomez of Picacho were in town last Monday attending a meeting of the County Commissioners.

Mrs. C. S. Henning of El Paso, who has been the guest of her niece, Mrs. Ben S. Burns for the past ten days left for her home last Monday.

Mrs. Mabel Hale and little son, Jerry Clymer are at home from Apache, Arizona, where they visited Jerry's grand parents. Mr. and Mrs. Clymer.

Dr. F. H. Johnson was a business visitor in El Paso this week. Mr. F. J. Sager has been ill since last Sunday.

Thursday of last week Mrs. Ben S. Burns gave a birthday party for her husband at the Carrizozo Eating House. The table was centered with a large cake with candles, decorations were in Christmas colors. The guests played cards until a late hour. Mrs. Henning of El Paso was an out-of-town guest.

Constipated 30 Years. Aided by Old Remedy

"For thirty years I had constipation. Souring food from stomach choked me. Since taking Adierke I am a new person. Constipation is a thing of the past."—Alice Burns.

Rolland's Drug Store. — In Corona by DuBois Drug Store.

Civil Service Examination

The United States Civil Service Commission has announced an open competitive examination as follows:

Master mechanic, aircraft-engine manufacture, \$11.04 to \$17.04 a day. Naval Aircraft Factory, Philadelphia, Pa. Specified experience required. Closing date, January 5, 1935.

The salaries named are subject to a deduction of not to exceed 5 percent during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1935, as a measure of economy, and also to a deduction of 3 1/2 percent toward a retirement annuity.

Full information may be obtained from the Secretary of the United Civil Service Board of Examiners at the post office, or customhouse in any city which has a post office of the first or the second class, or from the United States Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C.

New Mexico Tuberculosis Association

You have contributed to the various social agencies—but until you have bought Tuberculosis Christmas Seals you have not fulfilled your full obligation of social citizenship.

The Seals are sold by your county Tuberculosis Association or Committee to secure funds to carry on that very necessary work of fighting the disease. The recent Health Survey, has proven that we have a serious Tuberculosis problem here in New Mexico.

Buy Christmas Seals and help the State Tuberculosis Association to "Follow up the Survey."—Bulletin.

Service Charge on Accounts Dropped from Bankers' Code

The provision in the banking code for fixing uniform service charges by banks for all types of services has been suspended by the code authority, according to announcement by the National Recovery Administration.

The attempt by banks last year to draw up uniform schedules of service charges under this section resulted in such widespread disapproval as to lead to temporary suspension of the entire code. More recently, at the time of the American Bankers' Association convention in Washington, the code committee petitioned the code authority for suspension, stating that while the principle of charging for services rendered was sound, the practical difficulties of putting the provision into effect were too difficult to be overcome.

The action leaves the remainder of the banking code in force and regional banking groups who can make private agreements for service charges are left free to do so, but such agreements will lack the authority of NRA enforcement.

A small amount invested in Christmas Health Seals by each of many people will mean that several children can have eye glasses, which are so badly needed. Your money will be well spent, and will be a lasting gift. Buy Christmas Seals and help remove a handicap from the life of some Lincoln county child.

Foreign Trade Favorable. Balance Best in 4 Years

For the third successive month the value of American exports to foreign countries was a greater than in the corresponding month of each of the last three succeeding years. Total exports were valued at \$206,382,000 compared with \$191,691,000 in the previous month and \$193,069,000 in October, 1933. For the first 10 months of 1934 the total value of exports was \$1,767,697,000, which was 36 per cent more than during the first 10 months of 1933 and larger than for the entire 12 months of 1932.

Total value of imports for the first 10 months of 1934 was \$1,371,871,000 about 16 per cent larger than in the corresponding period of 1933. The merchandise export balance in October totaled \$77,000,000 compared with \$60,000,000 in September, 1934, and \$42,000,000 in October, 1933. This was the largest excess of merchandise exports over imports since November, 1930.

Lon Locals

The Library was a great success, there were 74 present. The next meeting will be Jan 4.

G. W. and O. F. Patrick called at the J. W. Robinson home Monday evening.

Mmes. Myers, Robinson, Fry, Harris, Stafford and Misses Beulah and Winnie Armantrout spent the day at Mrs. Bill Elliott's home Monday.

They are bunching some cattle at Frank Billings' Gallo ranch, to sell to the government.

Bill Philipps was at Roswell and Corona the first of the week. Paul Walker called at the J. W. Robinson home Wednesday.

There are a few new cases of chicken pox. The patients are getting along fine.

Mrs. Roamy Mosley was in Corona Monday.

Marion Coan and Mr. Kuykendall were at Capitan Tuesday.

Mr. A. A. Rainey is doing some plowing for Roamy Moseley.

Mr. Lindsey was at Lon store filling out Questionnaire Farm Area Study, Thursday in the interest of the Taylor Grazing Act.

Mr. Paul Walker tried cutting Sasquecha grass with a Silage cutter and reported it a success.

Wonders of Science and Invention

OVER 400 PICTURES

Pictures tell the story. The articles are short, concise, and fascinating. Here are a few subjects covered:
Astronomy—Automobile Repairing—Aviation—Boat Building—Care of Tools—Chemistry—Electricity—Home Made Furniture—Hunting, Fishing—Ideas to Make Money in Spare Time—Jigsaw Work—Metal Working—Model Making—Motion Pictures—Radio—Toys—Wood Turning.
"Written So You Can Understand It!"

Told In Simple Language

Would you like to keep posted on all the new developments in this remarkable world of ours? The new inventions—the latest Scientific Discoveries—the amazing Engineering Feats—the progress made in Aviation—Radio—Electricity—Chemistry—Physics—Photography, etc.? These and many other fascinating subjects are brought to you each month through the pages of POPULAR MECHANICS MAGAZINE.

Something for Everyone!

Special departments are devoted to the home craftsman and practical shopman. The radio enthusiast has a large section filled with new and helpful information on construction and maintenance of both transmitting and receiving sets. For the housewife, there are scores of hints to lighten her daily tasks. It's the one magazine everyone in your family will enjoy.

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Stop at your favorite newsstand and look over the current issue. If your newsdealer is sold out, order direct. POPULAR MECHANICS, 200 E. Ontario St. Dept. N. Chicago



For Sale by
Rolland's Drug Store

Ramon Items

Floyd Beagle and Bell Bryant have returned from Las Cruces where they have been working for several months.

J. H. Tate, Jack Sims and D. B. Kennedy were in Roswell last Thursday and Friday.

C. C. Harbert spent several days last week in Santa Fe.

Hugh Bunch has returned home from Pond Creek, Oklahoma. He reports the wheat looking fine in that country.

Chas. Mosteller and B. Johnston were in Roswell last Saturday visiting Lewis Johnston who is taking treatments from Dr. Worthington.

E. C. Bruce attended teacher's meeting in Corona last Saturday.

Roy Hawkins came up from Bovina, Texas last Monday to spend a few days at his place

north of Ramon.

Ollis Rose and wife left last week for Belleville, Arkansas where they expect to make their home.

Dub. Kennedy and mother have returned to their home at Ramon after spending several months at Kilgore, Texas. A good many of the young people from this community attended the dance at the Wood's Ranch last Saturday night and all report a good time.

J. H. Tate, W. G. Davis and D. B. Kennedy were in Carrizozo last Saturday.

Albert Beagle and wife have moved from Dexter to their home south of Ramon.

Mr. Wm. Humphrey has gone to El Paso to spend the holiday season with his sisters, Mrs. Lewis and Miss Humphrey.

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(Daily Except Sunday)

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Don't let a sudden cold snap catch you unprepared. A Magnolia Winter-Proof Job means freedom from winter driving worries. Your motor will start instantly. You'll save gas, oil and repair bills.

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Phone 107

Wishing you a CALIFORNIA CHRISTMAS

If you're planning to spend the holidays in California or anywhere on the Pacific Coast, go by train! It's the swiftest, surest, most comfortable way to go. We're offering special reductions in the prices of tickets good in coaches and tourist sleeping cars. Tickets good in standard Pullmans are low in cost, too.

EXAMPLE OF HOLIDAY ROUNDTrips TO LOS ANGELES

Good on any train leaving Dec. 13 to Jan. 1. Be back by midnight Jan. 15

Roundtrip in coaches . . . \$14.80
Roundtrip in tourist sleeping cars (berth extra) . . . 19 19
Roundtrip in standard Pullmans (berth extra) . . . 38 00

Similar low fares to all points.

Low fares East, too!

Southern Pacific
C. P. Huppertz, Phone 57

QUESTION BOX

by ED WYNN, The Perfect Fool

Dear Mr. Wynn: I have just been convicted and sentenced to jail for twenty years. I understand a prisoner has his choice of jobs when he is sent to prison. Twenty years is a long time. Can you tell me what position I should pick out?

Yours truly,
A. ITZKOFF.

Answer: When the warden asks you what you want to do tell him you want to be a sailor.

Dear Mr. Wynn: I am troubled with insomnia. I can't seem to sleep at night. It worries me very much. What remedy do you suggest to stop me worrying?

Sincerely,
IKE ANTSJEEP.

Answer: Jump on a train and go to Virginia, get some of that corn whisky they make down there, take 3 drinks of it and you won't care a rap if you sleep or not.

Dear Mr. Wynn: Can you tell me why a giraffe's neck is so long?

Yours truly,
ARCH OLOGIST.

Answer: My dear chap, the reason a giraffe's neck is so long is merely because its head is so far away from its body.

Dear Mr. Wynn: A friend of mine whom I haven't seen for three years came into my office yesterday. I always thought he

was tall, but yesterday he looked short to me. He told me he had just gotten married. Could that have anything to do with his looking shorter than before?

Sincerely,
I. GLASS.

Answer: That is the whole story in a nutshell. He used to be tall, but since he married he probably settled down.

Dear Mr. Wynn: I own a cafe which only does a small business. I can't afford a cabaret (and do not know how to entertain my customers. Can you suggest any way of me giving my customers some enjoyment while dining?

Yours truly,
E. TINGPLAGE.

Answer: Serve them some waffles and alphabet soup and they can make up their own crossword puzzles.

Barbados Has Clean Record

Of all the land in the western hemisphere, no part of it has a cleaner early history than Barbados, observes a writer in the Detroit News. The island was uninhabited when the crew of the Olive Blossom took possession of it in 1633, and it was still without inhabitants when it was settled by Englishmen in 1627. Thus no one was dispossessed in Barbados, and the island has had a peaceful record under the British flag ever since it was first unfolded.

Bedtime Story for Children

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

A WONDERFUL SWIMMER

IN THE moonlight on the bank of the Big River Peter Rabbit sat gossiping with Honker the Goose. Suddenly they were interrupted by a wild, strange cry from the middle of the Big River. It was like crazy laughter. Peter jumped at the sound, but Honker merely chuckled.

"It's Dippy the Loon," said Honker. "He spends the summer in the Far North not far from us and started south just before we did."

"I wish he would come in here so that I could get a good look at him and make his acquaintance," said Peter.

"He may, but I doubt it," replied Honker. "You know Dippy practically lives on the water and rarely comes ashore. He's about the most awkward fellow on land of anyone I know of."

"Why should he be any more awkward on land than you?" asked Peter.

"Because," replied Honker, "Old Mother Nature has given him very short legs and has placed them so far back on his body that he can't keep his balance to walk and has to use his wings and bill to help him over the ground. On shore he is about the most helpless thing you ever have seen. On water he is altogether another fellow. He's just as much at home under water as on top. My, how that fellow can dive! When he sees the flash of a gun he will get under water before the shot can reach him. That's where he has the advantage of

us geese. You know, we can't dive. He could swim clear across this river if he wanted to. And he can swim so fast under water that he can catch fish. It is because his legs have been placed so far back that he can swim so fast. His feet are nothing but big paddles. Another funny thing is that he can sink right down in the water when he wants to, with nothing but his head out. I envy him that. It would be a lot easier for us geese to escape the hunters if we could sink down that way."

"Has he got a bill like yours?" asked Peter innocently.

"How do you suppose he would hold on to a slippery fish if he had a bill like mine?" demanded Honker. "His bill is stout, straight and sharp-pointed. He is pretty nearly as big as I and his back, wings, tail and neck are black, with bluish or greenish appearance in the sun. His back and wings are spotted with white and there are streaks of white on his throat and on the sides of his neck. On his breast and below he is all white. You certainly ought to get acquainted with Dippy, Peter."

"I'd like to," replied Peter, "but I guess I'll have to be content to know him just by his voice. It's about as crazy sounding as the voice of Old Man Coyote and that is saying a great deal."

Seeing that Honker was very tired, Peter bade him good night and left him in peace on the sandy bar in the Big River.

© T. W. Burgess.—WNU Service.

In Rumania



Wedding Procession in Rural Rumania.

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

IN RUMANIA, east and west are so interwoven that it is difficult to determine where one leaves off and the other begins.

Some historians attribute the strange blending of the Orient and the Occident within the Rumanian borders to countless invasions. Each invader, whether Roman, Hun, or Turk, left his strong imprint on the nature of the people.

Though Paris may be France, Bucharest is hardly Rumania. This capital has almost nothing in common with the country. It is a gay, cosmopolitan city, often, if not aptly, called the Little Paris of the Balkans.

Its streets are crowded with smartly dressed women, officers resplendent in their colorful uniforms and gold braid, and men and women of the foreign colonies, who contrast strikingly with peasants in native dresses and gypsies in rags and tatters. Its restaurants and coffee houses, always famous for good food, are abuzz with the latest political rumors and gossip.

The opening, in the autumn, of parliament by the king is a brilliant event. For several blocks and for hours the palace guards in their bright uniforms, high patent leather jack boots, shining helmets with white horsehair plumes, stand smartly at attention until the members of parliament, the diplomatic corps, the army, generals, and the king have passed.

The great moments are the arrival and the departure of the king, in an open landau. Footmen in satin breeches, long coats of brocade, and three-cornered hats, and a ferocious coachman cracking his whip at six milk-white or coal-black stallions, on whose backs ride postillions in bright red hunting costumes, add to the striking medieval picture.

Sleighride in Bucharest.

It is fun in winter to hire an open sleigh drawn by horses bedecked with bells and red ribbons, and driven by a coachman in a high fur caucula (cachoula), a tall astrakhan cap, long velvet coat, and wide girdle of metal.

There are still a few coachmen living in Bucharest who belong to a curious alien sect called Scopiti, now almost extinct. The men were allowed to marry, but at the birth of the first child they were made sterile. One sees them often driving open carriages. They are fat and their skin is like yellow parchment.

The wide avenue leading up to the Arc de Triomphe, past a pretty little race course and the golf links of the Country club, is a miniature suggestion of the Champs Elysees in the French capital. Many stately palaces and homes line its streets. Rumania has gone modern in her new houses and apartments.

There is much music other than in the cafes. Bucharest boasts of rather good opera during the winter and a really fine symphony orchestra plays modern music. The National temple is well patronized and plays by Rumanian and foreign authors are given. Once ornate, the building is now shabby, although an air of faded elegance still pervades the place.

The parliament buildings and the Rumanian Orthodox church stand on the summit of the only hill in Bucharest. Bucharest is a city of churches. From everywhere can be seen rising the rounded domes of the Rumanian Orthodox church. The people are religious, but matter-of-fact about it. Despite the Slav influence, there is no mysticism here. Religion is simply a part of everyday life. The church is like a protective father, and they respond with simple faith.

Down by the banks of the Dambovita, which Eddle Cantor made famous in one of his songs, is the great market, where flowers, fruit, food, household goods, and Rumanian handwork are sold in the open booths of peasants and petty tradespeople. Because so many peasants are unable to read, signs on many stores and shops are illustrated with pictures of the articles for sale within.

Among the Peasants.

Around Bucharest the country is not unlike the agricultural state of Kansas. Here is a tremendous wheat and corn region. Visitors enjoy going through the villages in this fertile district. Crazy little Rube Goldberg houses, whose white-washed walls are painted in soft pastel shades and decorated with borders of flowers or animals, present an amusingly shabby aspect along the streets. Rumania is one of the few countries now left in Europe whose peasants usually dress in native costume.

The Rumanian peasant is lovable. Always gracious, courteous, and good-natured, he is industrious, yet some-

what inefficient. He works hard in his fields and forest, but always in a primitive manner, using the crude tools of his forefathers.

Many residents of Bucharest spend their summers in Focseal, at the top of the Carpathian Pass, on the boundary line between the "Old Kingdom" and Transylvania. During their holidays they have many opportunities to observe the ancient methods of work followed by the peasants.

One is particularly impressed with the native manner of washing clothes. The laundress builds a fire in the yard beneath a large iron pot, in which she puts the clothes to boil. Then, in a large wooden trough hewn from a log, she rubs and washes the garments with her hands, without even the aid of a washboard. Next, she wrings out the heavy linen with her own hands. Back-breaking work it is, but the clothes emerge spotlessly white.

Gypsies Are Numerous.

In the Danube Delta country, during the spring and summer, many gypsy camps are found. The gypsies carve out of wood huge water troughs, all variety and manner of cooking utensils, washing equipment, etc. With their wild animal eyes, scraggly black locks, wretchedly dirty, and clad in rags, gypsies are a proof of the disintegration of reality.

Who has not conjured up some gay, romantic picture of gypsy life from afar? Yet how distressing when one meets it at close quarters! But gypsy music is beautiful. Almost at every street corner in Bucharest one encounters an urchin with his violin, ready to play for a few lei.

Winters in Bucharest are bitterly cold. Often one is distressed to see gypsy boys, half naked and shivering, begging at the street corners.

The delta country covers a tremendous area spreading between the three branches of the Danube. Most important of Danube channels is the Sullna, which carries most of the river traffic coming from far-off Germany, Austria, Hungary, Jugoslavia, and Czechoslovakia.

The European commission of the Danube, which assures free navigation of the river, struggles constantly to keep the silt washed down from half of Europe, from clogging up this artery to the Black sea.

On the Danube's banks are two important ports, Galati and Braila, which receive vessels of ocean draft. Principal exports are wheat, corn, barley, lumber and some oil.

Valcov is interesting.

Valcov, Rumania, is more Russian than Russia. The men all wear full beards and are dressed in long velvet coats buttoned very smartly up the front, while the women in their full skirts and heads covered with bright scarfs, make a gay picture. Children are everywhere chewing sunflower seeds, the Russian substitute for gum and peanuts.

Valcov is like a tiny Venice, with its canals serving as main thoroughfares through the town. Both in the fishermen's houses and in the market places, the traveler always finds at least one lovely lkon.

Entering first an immense storage building, one sees where the fish are cleaned, sorted, packed in ice for shipment to Bucharest and other consuming centers, and smoked or salted for export. There is a great variety of salt-and-fresh-water fish, including some strange Danubian species. At the back of the storage house is a deep cave topped by an earthen mound, where hundreds of tons of ice, cut from the river and canals in winter, are stored against the summer heat.

Crossing the main canal by an arched wooden bridge, which recalls the Rialto, the traveler arrives at the large open market. Here the fishermen bring their daily catch to be sold under the supervision of the state fisheries. They go out in groups of five or six to each sturdy boat made watertight and blackened by tar. The boats set-out in time to reach the fishing grounds by daylight; the fishermen say they must catch the wary sturgeon while she is still asleep.

The fishing ground varies with the seasons; sometimes it is the Black sea and sometimes the Danube and the channels of the delta, where the sturgeon come to spawn. The boats return about noon, are unloaded, the fish weighed, and the caviar extracted.

The sturgeon are put up for auction and the buyers must be very expert to judge the amount of caviar in the fish before it is opened. These were the most famous and richest of Russia's caviar fisheries before Bessarabia became a component part of Rumania in 1918.

Jimmy Walker Now Is a "Country Gentleman"



JAMES J. WALKER, former mayor of New York, is now living the life of a country gentleman in England. Our illustration shows "The Thatch," in Surrey, built by Mrs. Walker's mother, where he and his wife reside; and Jimmy himself with Jock, his pet Scotty.

DADA KNOWS—



"Pop, what is nature?"
"First theatrical producer."
© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

THE DAYS THAT USED TO BE

By ANNE CAMPBELL

THE happy days that used to be
Trail green paths of allure,
The little home that sheltered me—
A nest warm and secure—
Sends up its smoke against the sky
Of memory. . . . Once more
I see the golden sun climb high
Above my cottage door.

There never were such dawn as
those—
So fragrant and so clean;
The dew that sparkled on the rose,
The morning's silver sheen,
Shed over all of us the grace
Of the beginning day . . .
It was the early morning face
Of God that turned our way.

So simple were the hours we spent,
So tranquil were our days,
It is small wonder that content
Adorned our humble ways,
And something of that beauty clings
To bless us still, and blind
The present to the happy Springs
That we have left behind.

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Through A WOMAN'S EYES

by JEAN NEWTON

VANITY, THY NAME IS—?

"VANITY, thy name is woman!" There are men the authors of that quotation did not know. One of them, a motion picture actor, killed himself the other day because he had got too old to play romantic parts.

There were other circumstances contributing to his dependency, of course. There had been illness and financial loss. But the man's best friend at the time of his death said it was the prospect of playing "bit" parts with others in the romantic roles that was the real cause of his giving up. "His chief pride," it was said, "was his unwavering faith in himself as 'the perfect lover'—and when he could no longer be that he did not care to live.

It is a tragedy that we used to connect with women, that desperate battle with the years, that inability to grow old gracefully. Particularly women on the stage, whose survival

in their profession was thought to depend on their physical charms, were assumed to live in dread of the creeping up of inevitable time. And yet today we see more and more popular actresses outwitting that enemy. They do it by the simple process of going along with time, instead of trying to fight it. Mary Pickford gives up sweet sixteen parts and grows up in pictures; such a still gloriously beautiful actress as Judith Anderson plays the modern mother of a grown son. Even on the stage a woman can be forty-five and still beautiful; she can be sixty and still interesting; but she cannot, as a former generation allowed Sarah Bernhardt, play acceptably a part that is half her age. And she has discovered that her alternative need not be oblivion.

It may be the modern demand for realism that has led actresses—as well as women in private life—to adapt themselves more frankly to the dictates of the years, to try to use them for whatever their advantages, rather than be defeated by them. Whatever the reason, it is uncommon today to find a woman who does not know when to leave the ingenuous role for one in character. So we are spared many of the ghastly exhibitions that were familiar when women thought they had to remain young or die.

And if those were tragic on the part of women, how much more pitiable to find a man who tries to hang on to youth and physical glamour, how much more—at the risk of sounding hard—inexcusable! In every day life, of course, most of us find it distasteful for a man to put much weight on his physical attractiveness. And on the stage there are so many character parts that a man can play, it should be far easier than for a woman to make the transition from romantic roles before he finds himself dropped, with no recourse but the poor "bits" which naturally fall to the lot of a "has been."

If vanity's name is woman, it is becoming hyphenated with Common Sense. And men who are going to adopt it had better follow, suit with the latter, too.

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"A person who turns to the paper for the weather report," says ironic Irene, "can't have much faith in their corns."
WNU Service.

New Members of La Guardia Family



HERE are the two foster children of Mayor and Mrs. La Guardia of New York. Jean, aged six, and Eric, four years old. They have now been legally adopted. Jean is a niece of the mayor's first wife, who died in 1921, and Eric was an orphan.

WITTY KITTY

By NINA WILCOX PUTNAM



The girl whom says if people feared exposure to the sun as they do exposure to ridicule, there would be no beach of sunbathers.

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 A NICE DRESSED
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Rev. Edgar H. Johnson, Pastor
 Mrs. F. L. Boughner S. S. Supt.

Sunday School 10:00 A. M.
 Preaching Service 11:00 A. M.
 Xmas Tree Program 7:30 P. M.
 The Sunday School and Church
 is vitally important in communi-
 ty welfare; for as the homes are,
 so are the states and the nation.
 And the purpose of the Sunday
 School and the church is better
 people, and better homes with
 which to build better states and
 a better nation.—Come.

Christmas Eve Party

Mrs. B. D. Garner of El Cibola
 hotel extends a cordial invitation
 to all children under fourteen
 years of age to attend a party at
 the hotel at 5 p. m., Dec. 24th.
 Santa Claus will be present and
 suitable favors will be given each
 little guest. Mrs. Garner enter-
 tains the children Christmas Eve
 of each year, and those who at-
 tend always pronounce these
 parties the season's best.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

The many friends of Mr. Gus
 Schwartz, freight conductor in
 the employ of the Southern Pa-
 cific, were grieved to learn of his
 death last Monday at Tucson,
 where he had gone for his health.
 Mr. Schwartz entered the employ
 of the S. P. in 1907, and was held
 in high esteem by his employers.

Truman A. Spencer, Jr., son
 of Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Spencer,
 and James V. Taylor, Jr., son of
 Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Taylor of
 Carrizozo, arrived home this week
 and will spend the holidays with
 their parents. These young men
 are among the one hundred re-
 d-twent boys from New Mexico
 enrolled at the New Mexico Mil-
 itary Institute, Roswell, this year.

Mr. and Mrs. Murph Muirhead
 of El Paso will spend the Christ-
 mas holidays here with Mrs.
 Muirhead's mother and sister,
 Meses Sweet and Lee.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. McCam-
 mon and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur
 Amick of El Paso were in Carr-
 izozo last Wednesday enroute
 home from Ruidoso. They also
 visited Mr. and Mrs. Bert Tar-
 bert at Capitan while here.

Mrs. G. L. Strauss and chil-
 dren left Tuesday night for
 Watsonville, California on ac-
 count of the serious illness of
 Mrs. Strauss' mother.

Miss Sharp, who is a teacher
 in the Carrizozo school and her
 sister who teaches at Capitan will
 go to Dexter, N. Mex. for the
 holidays. Mr. Ansel Swearingen
 and his mother will drive over
 with them next Saturday.

Dep't. of The Interior

United States Land Office
 Las Cruces, New Mexico
 December 10th, 1934

Notice Is Hereby Given, That
 on January 14, 1935, 10 o'clock
 A. M. in Albuquerque, New Mex-
 ico, a hearing for the State of
 New Mexico, will be held for the
 purpose of considering the estab-
 lishment of grazing districts
 under The Taylor Grazing Act
 of June 28 1934. The Depart-
 ment of The Interior will conduct
 said hearing.

The meeting will be open to
 the attendance of State officials
 and all who are interested in the
 grazing use of the public domain
 in this State.

Paul A. Roach,
 Register.

Mr. Sayers Crockett has just
 returned from Los Lunas where
 he visited his son, Bob, for a few
 days.

Santa Fe, Dec. 20.—Action to
 protect the rights of New Mexico
 to waters of the Rio Grande
 River were taken here last week
 by Tom McClure, state engineer,
 and Frank Patton, attorney gen-
 eral-elect, during a conference of
 representatives of the tri state
 Rio Grande river compact com-
 mittee.

The states of Texas, New Mex-
 ico, and Colorado met in 1928 and
 signed a compact under which
 there would be no allocation of
 the waters of the stream among
 the states before 1935. The com-
 pact expires this coming summer
 and the compact will have to be
 extended or the waters of the
 river allocated.

At the original hearing several
 years ago Colorado did not want
 the waters allocated until the
 closed basin in Colorado was
 drained. It was problematical at
 that time if and when the money
 would be obtained for this pur-
 pose.

The government has now ad-
 vanced funds for this purpose
 and the sump drain can be con-
 structed.

Colorado now wants to allocate
 the waters before the drain is
 completed, but both New Mexico
 and Texas object. Their inter-
 ests in this question are almost
 identical. These lower states
 are willing to give Colorado an
 equal amount of water as that
 which will be returned to the
 stream through the sump drain.
 This amount can't be determined,
 however, until the drain is con-
 structed.

The New Mexico representa-
 tives have made it plain that
 they do not intend to permit Col-
 orado to obtain more than its fair
 share of water in any allocation
 agreement which may be reached.

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 Sets, Handbags, Stationery, Gloves,
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 ers, Suede Coats, Stetson Hats,
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"The Roosevelt administration
 is doing exactly what the pream-
 ble to the Constitution suggests.
 It is endeavoring to promote the
 general welfare and secure the
 blessings of liberty to ourselves
 and our posterity."—Springfield,
 Ill., Register. (Ind. Dem.)

Read the ads this week.

Re-Sale Bargains!

8 over—Radios—Dishes
 Utensils—Furniture—
 Rugs—Men's Coats Guns
Petty's Re Sale Store

**Otto Prehm, Notary Pub-
 lic, Prehm's Bargain House.**

The Titsworth Company

Have Just Received

A large and well assorted stock of Christmas goods
 and Christmas toys. Gifts for every member of
 the family.

Here Are A Few

—FOR THE GROWN UPS—
 Nice, Warm Wool Blankets
 Electric Lamps
 Vases—Pictures—Dishes—
 Casseroles, etc.



—FOR THE KIDDIES—

Little Red Wagons, different sizes. Me-
 chanical Toys, all kinds—Beautiful dolls,
 all sizes and prices—Doll Buggies, Er-
 ector sets etc.

And, just lots of things—too many to mention, for
 all the family. We invite you to visit our store be-
 fore you buy elsewhere. Our prices are even
 lower on most things than the catalogues'.

And, REMEMBER, we are giving tickets, with each
 dollar's purchase on some lovely premiums which
 we will give away on December 22nd.

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 vice.**

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