

WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE'S

To Ride the River With

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CHAPTER XI—Continued

The marshal put him through an exhaustive quiz. As Gray had already suspected, Curly and one or two others were rustlers but not bandits. Reynolds was not really one of the gang, but he assisted them with horses. Young Howard contradicted himself frequently, twisted this way and that, made futile explanations of his lies. But before his inquisitor had finished with him, the facts were clear. Gray nodded to Frank. "That's all," he said.

Young Chiswick took his prisoner away.

The officer stood before the table absorbed in thought. A light, hurried step sounded in the passage. Gray looked up, to see Ruth at his elbow.

"You're not going to Tail Holt—alone!" she broke out.

He frowned at her, slowly dragging back his thoughts to meet the interruption. "Yes, why not?"

"Father told me so. You can't do that. Don't you see you can't? Sperm Howard knows it was you who told Father about the Live Oak expedition. He must know, since he's not a fool. You won't last there an hour."

It surprised Gray that he did not resent her impulsive entrance into his affairs. Indeed, the distress of the girl sent a warm glow through him.

"Sperm Howard may be a bad man," he told her quietly. "But I'm leaving a hostage here at the ranch. He can't hurt me if he thinks yore father would retaliate on his son."

"I don't know anything about that!" she cried wildly. "Maybe some of his men would shoot you without waiting to ask him. Can't you see how dangerous it is?"

"Most things aren't dangerous if you walk straight up to them," he explained. "It's when you run away from them they get you."

"Father will let you have some of his men as a guard," she insisted.

"That will be fine. By and by I'll need them, but not yet."

"You haven't any right to throw your life away. Haven't you a mother—or sisters?"

"No, I'm a lone wolf."

"There must be a woman somewhere who—cares."

He flung away discretion and caught her in his arms. "I wonder about that," he said, and looked into her deep, lustrous eyes.

They told him, plainer far than words, that she was sealed to him for all time.

He kissed her lips, pushed her away abruptly, and strode out of the room.

CHAPTER XII

"Now why did I do that?" Gray asked himself reproachfully as he rode to town. "Here I've watched my step all these years so as not to get tied up with a girl, and then I go to acting like a kid because she is pretty as a painted wagon and is made to be loved. I don't aim to get married. I'm a lone wolf and I figure on traveling alone. So there won't be any more nonsense from you, Jeff Gray."

It was all very well to decide this, but it was quite another thing to banish Ruth from his mind.

As he drew nearer Tail Holt, he brought his attention back strictly to the business of the hour. While he was in the ballwick of the enemy there must not be any dreaming. To survive he would have to keep his senses focused upon the immediate present.

It was growing dark, but there was still too much light for his purpose. He drew aside from the road and guided his horse through the mesquite and the prickly pears until he came to a more open space where Spanish bayonets were scattered. Here he rested until stars began to prick through the sky roof.

He remounted, but did not return to the road. Winding in and out among the brush, he came to a barbed-wire fence and followed it to a gate. Through this he passed into a large pasture. At the far side of this he stopped and looked down upon the lights of the town. He unsaddled, then picketed the horse. The saddle he hid in a clump of mesquite.

His approach to the village brought him to the rear of Ma Prensall's boarding-house. The chances were that the man he wanted to speak with first was staying there, but it was important to make sure.

For several minutes he watched the house. There were lights in two of the bedroom windows upstairs.

He slipped through the back door into a hall. From the kitchen he heard the clatter of dishes. The Mexican flunky was washing those that had been used for supper. Jeff took the narrow stairway to the second story. He placed his feet on the treads softly, to make as little noise as possible. On the land-

ing he waited a moment listening for sounds to guide him. Two of the rooms had someone in them probably, since it was not usual to leave without blowing out the lamp.

Out of one of the rooms a man walked. There was no light in the hall. The man walked toward the front stairs. Jeff called a question after him.

"Say, which is Curly's room?"

The lodger stopped. "The one on yore right," he said.

"Obliged," Gray told him, and watched the other go downstairs.

Again the officer listened. There was no murmur of voices inside the room indicated. He opened the door, walked in, and pushed the bolt home.

Curly was in bed reading by the light of a lamp beside him. He looked up, marking with a finger the place in the book where he had been interrupted. His eyes gleamed.

"Mr. Jeff Gray made a short visit to Tail Holt Tuesday," he said in the singsong voice of an uneducated man reading from a newspaper.

"The boys were certainly glad to see him and gave him a warm welcome. The obsequies will be at Boot Hill this afternoon."

"Which one of the boys are you interring?" Gray asked.

"I wouldn't know who else beside you," Curly answered. "You're



The man circled the house.

a cool customer, Jeff. Don't you know this town is mighty unhealthy for you?"

"It doesn't seem to have been healthy for you either, Curly. How's yore wound getting along?"

"Fine and dandy. Morg was in some hurry when he handed me this pill, and didn't plant it where he wanted."

"He sent one to my address, too, a few days earlier, but I wasn't where he mailed it."

"How come you to let the rattlesnake get away when you had him under yore heel?" Curly asked.

Gray told him the circumstances. The wounded man meditated over the strange ways of women.

"Funny the way they act," he said. "All day she had been scared to death of the hell-hound, don't you reckon? Yet she butts in and prevents you from killing him."

"Yes. She couldn't stand any more bloodshed."

"He didn't harm her any, did he?"

"No," Gray asked a question.

"Know where Norris is, Curly?"

The black-haired man shook his head. "If I knew I'd tell you. Maybe he's clear out the country. While he was in town he held up Sperm Howard and took five hundred dollars from him."

"That distresses me," Jeff said dryly.

Curly grinned. "I thought it might. The scalawag was just lighting out when we bumped into him."

"Sperm done any talking about me?" Gray asked casually.

The man in the bed looked at him. "You're sure a cool cuss. Yes, he's talked considerable, and that's all I aim to tell you—except that Tail Holt is a good place for you to be an absentee from." The face of Curly had taken on a stiff harshness. "I'm no sidekick of yours, fellow. I'll throw in with you or anyone else to stomp out that villain Morg Norris. Then I'm through. Understand? I've got no information for you—or any other government man. You came here to us with a lie, claiming to be Clint Duke. That washes you up with me."

"How do you know I'm not Clint Duke?" the officer queried.

"Because Clint Duke—"

Abruptly Connor broke off what he had started to say. He remembered that he was talking to a man said to be a deputy United States marshal.

"Don't get excited, Curly. You wouldn't want to start a fever. If

I'm a government man, as you say, I didn't come here to get you."

"There's nothing you can get me for," Curly answered hardily.

"What you came to see me for was to get me to throw down my friends. Nothing doing. I'll tell you another thing. Some of the boys usually drop in during the evening. Better not let them find you here."

"That's good medicine," Gray said, and reached for his hat. "Only you're wrong about why I came. I thought there was a chance you might tell me where Morgan Norris is hiding, if he hasn't slipped across the border yet. I had another reason too. Sperm Howard's day is over. Don't let him draw you into any of his schemes deeper than you are now. He's coming to the end of the trail."

Footsteps sounded in the hall. Someone tried the door-handle and found the door bolted.

Curly drew a long blue-nosed revolver from beneath his pillow. He looked at Gray. The narrowed eyes of the detective were like half-scabbered steel. In them shone a cold, fierce wariness. His lithe body was crouched, the tense muscles catlike.

"Don't start anything," Curly warned, a rasp in his low command.

"Better tell yore friends that," Gray said, almost in a murmur, his gaze fixed on the door.

A fist thumped on a panel. "Do we get in—or don't we?" a cheerful voice demanded. "What's the idea of bolting us out, unless—?"

Through the door came a jovial chuckle.

"Who's with you, Mile High?" Curly asked.

"Sperm Howard. Let us in, fellow, and give us a knockdown to her."

"Might as well let them in," Gray said quietly.

"All right, but don't you go reaching for yore gun. I'll be watching you every minute."

Gray trod softly to the door and drew back the bolt, then stepped across to a far corner.

"Come in," Curly said.

Howard waddled in, Mile High at his heels. They stared blankly at Gray. The fingers of Mile High's right hand closed spasmodically, but his arm did not move toward the weapon at his side. It was not time for that yet. Gray had not drawn a gun.

"Keep yore shirts on, boys," Curly snapped. "I don't aim for you to have any Fourth of July in here." One of his hands was under the sheet.

The opaque eyes of Howard shifted to the man in the bed. "What does this mean, Curly? You throwing in with this spy?"

"No, Sperm. He says he's dropped in to ask me where is Morg. And don't make any more cracks like that. There's dynamite in them. It's liable to go off and blow someone up. It might be you," Curly spoke softly, but his mouth was a thin straight line not reassuring.

"Don't get on the prod, Curly," answered Howard crustily. "When I find you locked in a room with this fellow who is here trying to make us trouble, I'm entitled to ask questions."

"Sure, but ask 'em gentle, Sperm."

The lank cowpuncher flung out abrupt inquiries. "When did this bird come to town, Curly? What's he doing here? I'll say he can't get away with any such shenanigan. He tipped off Lee Chiswick about the Live Oak business, and he can't tell me anything different."

"Blame yoreself and Sperm and Morg for that, Mile High," said Curly. "You rode out asking for trouble."

The blank eyes of Howard rested on the marshal. "Nothing to that, Curly. The boys were attacked by

these smugglers while riding peacefully through the canyon. I don't know whether Lee Chiswick incited that or not, but he was right there to cut off the retreat of our friends. Looks to me like he was in with the greasers to fix up the ambush. This fellow Gray too. We don't know a thing about him even now. He has lied about himself and abused our kindness from the start. But we're not looking for trouble. Come on, Mile High. We'll go where we are welcome. I'm disappointed in Curly."

His manner of reproachful resignation annoyed the wounded man. "Don't pull that line, Sperm. You knew all along where I stood about these holdups. I stayed out of them, and I'm still doing that. I'm not thrown in with this fellow here, whoever he is, but I'm not going to let Uncle Sam jump me for what I didn't do. You nor nobody else can pass the buck to me."

"There's no buck to pass, Curly, and if there was you ought to know me better than that," Howard said, shaking his head sadly, a picture of a good man misunderstood. "Let's go, Mile High."

He reached for the doorknob.

"One moment, Howard," interposed the crook-nosed man. "Get this right. I'm here on a little visit, and yore son Lou is at the L C on one. Think that over carefully."

The fat hand of Sperm Howard made a gesture repudiating any lawless intent. "I'm not lookin' for trouble," he said again mildly.

But for an instant, before he vanished from sight, the curtain lifted in front of the blank eyes, to show a venomous glare behind which the lust of murder lay crouched.

Gray laughed mockingly. "Too bad to misjudge such a fine upstanding citizen."

Curly did not laugh. "Fellow, you're in a tight," he said acridly. "Don't let him fool you."

"He's not foolin' me a minute," the officer replied. "Mr. Howard means to blast me soon as it is safe."

Gray said good-by to Curly and walked out of the room. He tipped down the same back stairway up which he had come a short time earlier. Slipping round the house, he crossed the road to the cottonwood grove opposite. At the other side of the clump of trees was a path which angled back to a small adobe house built on the edge of a creek. Through a window he saw a man in his stacking feet sitting at a table reading a newspaper. The man wore spectacles. He was past fifty, a heavy-set, tough-looking customer whose arm muscles bulged beneath the shirt-sleeves.

The man outside circled the house and knocked on the front door.

"Evening, Hank," he said a moment later, smiling at the blacksmith. "Can I stay with you for a while?"

Ransom stared at him in surprise. "Lord love ye, man, where did you blow from?" the old soldier asked. "Come in and rest your weary bones."

Gray walked in and closed the door. "I came from having a talk with Sperm Howard, Mile High, and Curly," he said.

"And they didn't shoot you into a rag doll? Man, don't you know Tail Holt is plain poison for you?"

"So Curly says. Sperm doesn't want any trouble, he claims."

"Where did you leave your horse?"

"In Mack Willard's pasture."

"I'd better rope it and turn it loose outside, so they won't know you haven't left town."

Gray told him where he had left the saddle, and Ransom led to recover it and free the horse.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Tung Oil Used for Centuries in Orient Before Western World Knew of Its Value

Tung oil was used for centuries in the Orient to waterproof wood, paper and cloth before the western world became aware of its value. By 1922, however, the United States was importing 79,089,293 pounds of tung oil; the next year the figure rose to nearly 96,000,000 pounds—valued at \$14,000,000 and constituting 85 per cent of China's export of the oil. In 1928, 107,356,971 pounds were imported, and by 1936 annual consumption was 127,000,000 pounds.

In addition to its primary use in paint manufacturing, notes a correspondent in the New York Herald Tribune, tung oil was adapted to other industries—in insulating compounds, brake linings and gaskets on pumps and engines. But the conditions of the trade in China were such as to hinder further expansion, and to cause anxiety to American consumers.

Production of tung oil in China is a comparatively simple process. With proper climatic conditions—for they are susceptible to spring frosts—tungy trees require little care after reaching maturity. The fruit—brown, and the size and shape of

Weekly News Review Modern 'Holy War' Threatens Over Domination of Palestine

By Joseph W. LaBine

Races

Tiny Palestine is far smaller than the average American state, yet its city of Jerusalem is a religious shrine for Christians, Jews, Arabs. From a Biblical start, Christianity spread over the earth, largely deserting its birthplace. Hebrews also left, driven by the hated Arabs who later fell under Turkey's yoke. Not until the World War was this yoke thrown off with Great Britain's aid. If Arabs expected Great Britain to hand them Palestine on a silver platter, Lord Balfour outfoxed them. In November, 1917, the foresighted foreign secretary saw Russia persecuting the Jews, possibly foreseeing a coming European revolution against them. So Palestine was favored as a national home for the wandering Jew and in 1923 Great Britain was granted a mandate over the land.

Had Lord Balfour's foresight included Jew-hating Adolf Hitler, he might have been less anxious to guide Palestine's destiny. Since 1923, Holy Land Jews have jumped from 75,000 to 375,000, Arabic population meanwhile standing at 325,000. Led by a Zionist world organization, zealous Hebrews have fostered such projects as Tel Aviv, all-Jewish city just outside Arabic Jaffa.

In 1929, Arab resentment boiled over into riot, again in 1936. This time worried Britain investigated, finally decided to place Jews on one side of the River Jordan, Arabs on the other. Since Arabs got the biggest share and Jews the most fertile, neither was happy. Upshot was a new series of riots, starting early last July and continuing unbroken ever since. Last week, as harried British troops swept up after Jaffa's latest bombing, the world wondered how peace could ever come back to the Holy Land.

Jews recall that when Moses led their ancestors into the "promised land," some stayed on one side of the Jordan, some on the other. Thus they want more land, yet insist—publicly, at least—that Arabs remain. Arabs recall the Holy Land has been their home 1,300 years, stolidly threaten to fight unto death protecting their heritage.

Politics

What they lack at Washington, D. C., Republicans made up during a week-end of blistering heat and fried chicken at Washington, Ind. Their host was Homer E. Capehart, vice president of Buffalo's Rudolph Wurlitzer company, whose farm was covered with tents until it looked like a circus. Attending were Republicans from 11 states.

Day before, G. O. P. "strategists" met in Indianapolis behind closed doors, emerged with no comment except that they expected 70 more seats in congress after next November's election. Then, headed by Chairman John D. M. Hamilton and New York's Rep. James W. Wadsworth, they headed south to Mr. Capehart's circus tents.

To entertain 25,000 ardent Republicans, Ringmaster Capehart spent \$25,000, fried 4,500 chickens, baked 40,000 loaves and roasted three truckloads of corn. Said he: "I am sick and tired . . . of hearing business men and men of all other groups complain and talk against the New Deal and then do absolutely nothing about it."

Said Mr. Hamilton, who seemed content with talking about it: "Instead of hurling meaningless epithets at those who disagree with

summing nations are this year being offered more grain than they want by a dozen wheat-producing nations. To compete on the low-priced export market, to meanwhile give U. S. farmers a fair price, Secretary Wallace realized that subsidy would be necessary.

From Washington went invitations to grain dealers for purchase of wheat that the Federal Surplus Commodities corporation will sell abroad. Subsidy payments to producers, expected to be 15 or 20 cents per bushel, will come from \$25,000,000 now available from customs receipts. To avoid throat-cutting, Secretary Wallace sought an export agreement with Canada, which also has large surpluses. Meanwhile came word of heavy exports from Poland and Argentina, giving promise of a badly glutted world market.

Foreign

As leader of Czechoslovakia's autonomy-seeking Sudetens, Konrad Henlein is admittedly nothing more than Adolf Hitler's mouthpiece. So anxious observers looked behind the mouthpiece last week when Konrad Henlein told Sudetens to "fight back" against "attacks" by the Czech government. Thus arose the latest crisis in a series of crises that has kept Europe jittery all summer.

At little Lanark, Scotland, Britain's Chancellor of the Exchequer Sir John Simon made the bold assertion that Adolf Hitler must not start a war over Czechoslovakia, else he might find Britain on his neck. Coming from a member of Neville Chamberlain's dictator-wooing cabinet, that pronouncement



SIR JOHN SIMON
Franklin Roosevelt made him bold.

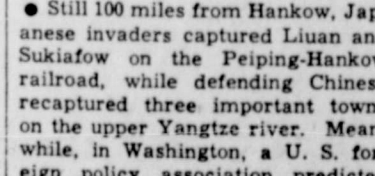
sounded strange. But soon Sir John's boldness was explained. Said he: "You will have read the striking speech made the other day by Mr. Cordell Hull, American secretary of state, when he laid stress on . . . the necessity for . . . friendly cooperation. What he said, and what President Roosevelt said a few days later in Canada, must waken a responsive echo in many British hearts."

Since Franklin Roosevelt had promised to help Canada in the event of invasion, Great Britain was clearly relying on a far-fetched hope of U. S. support. Two days later, it was plain the bluff had worked. Backing Britain came France, Russia, Rumania and Jugo-Slavia, each warning Germany to keep its hands off Czechoslovakia.

War

Important goal of Generalissimo Francisco Franco is the Almaden mercury mines of southwestern Spain, where an offensive began August 1. Last week revived Loyalist troops closed in on Rebel Gen. Gonzalo Queipo de Llano's advance positions at Cabeza del Buey, regaining practically all land lost since the insurgent drive began. But Loyalists received bad news, too. In the Strait of Gibraltar, a 1,650-ton destroyer was waylaid by four insurgent warships. Twenty were killed, 14 wounded, and the ship limped to port in hopeless condition.

Still 100 miles from Hankow, Japanese invaders captured Luan and Sukialow on the Peiping-Hankow railroad, while defending Chinese recaptured three important towns on the upper Yangtze river. Meanwhile, in Washington, a U. S. foreign policy association predicted continuation of the Sino-Jap conflict until the U. S. shuts off supplies.



RINGMASTER CAPEHART
"I am sick and tired . . ."

him, let Mr. Roosevelt explain to us why we have almost 13,000,000 unemployed, a number no less than in the very depths of the world-wide depression of 1929-32."

At dusk the second day, speech-weary Republicans headed for home. But Franklin Roosevelt could not fail to heed the Capehart show. Next week, Indiana enthusiasm showed signs of invading 47 other states.

Business

His crop control program bogged down under bountiful harvests, Secretary of Agriculture Henry A. Wallace discovered early last month that this year's wheat would more than fill America's granaries. Only remedy was export, and wheat-con-

Labor

In medieval days, a plagued ship might carry disease from port to port. Last week, a plagued boxcar carried industrial paralysis through San Francisco's wholesale district. Cause of this strange epidemic was a shipment of school supplies which union warehouse employees said was loaded by strike-breakers. At five classifications of warehouses—public, grocery, liquor, drugs, hardware—San Francisco's boxcar was



SAN FRANCISCO'S BOXCAR
It carried paralysis germs.

shunted to sidetracks. At each stop workers refused to touch it, employers retreating by closing shop, discharging workers and abrogating contracts. After five days of wandering, this four-wheeled Nemesis had caused 2,000 workers to lose their jobs, had closed 15 plants.

Fortnight ago, President William Green of the American Federation of Labor talked with Franklin Roosevelt about the Wagner labor relations act. Outcome was a mutual agreement to amend it, providing more equitable consideration for both employer and employee. It is this decision pleased William Green, it displeased C. I. O.'s John L. Lewis, who was comforted a few days later by re-appointment of Donald Wakefield Smith to the National Labor Relations board.

Thus satisfied, labor's two warring factions began wooing each other. David Dubinsky announced his International Ladies Garment Workers, now on the fence, would try once more to bring C. I. O., A. F. of L., together. William Green announced his willingness to put a peace pipe. But overnight these gestures were nullified.

At Cincinnati, C. I. O.'s United Mine Workers and Kentucky's Harlan County Coal Operators association signed an agreement whereby Harlan county's mines will become a closed shop, whereby C. I. O.'s civil charges against mine owners will be dropped. Last month these same operators were prosecuted by the federal government for violation of the Wagner act, the trial ending in a hung jury.

Since C. I. O.'s new pact frees out A. F. of L.'s Progressive Mine Workers of America, William Green found cause to fire a blast not only at John Lewis, but NLRB and the justice department as well. His charges: (1) that the pact forces A. F. of L. miners to join C. I. O. or get out; (2) that the justice department is playing ball with John Lewis by dropping its criminal charges against Harlan county operators; (3) that the pact conspires to violate the Wagner act.

Domestic

To land-grabbing Mexico, Secretary of State Cordell Hull has sent two notes protesting seizure of \$10,000,000 in American-owned farm land, \$200,000,000 in American-owned oil land. Latest of these protests was a downright lecture to Mexican President Lazaro Cardenas, who would lose national prestige by back-tracking, who will lose conservative support if he fails to back-track. Though Mexico guardedly admits liability, she refuses to pay, indeed is unable to pay until her grievous economic condition improves. Last week, as observers wondered whether U. S. Ambassador Joseph Daniels had been negotiating in allowing an altogether too-complex situation to arise, Cordell Hull heard that \$25,000,000 more American-owned property had been seized. Included, said unofficial reports, were 80,000 acres of Publisher William Randolph Hearst's ranch.

At Washington, Franklin Roosevelt announced the U. S. would gladly reduce armaments if other nations would reduce theirs. Next day the U. S. navy department drafted tentative plans for 18 new ships.

Sports

Last November, Capt. George E. T. Euston came from England to Utah's Bonneville salt flats, there drove an automobile 311.42 miles per hour. Fortnight ago, Captain Euston returned with his huge new Thunderbolt to race once more. While American Automobile association officials checked him with an electric eye, Racer Euston zipped through the 13-mile northward run, hitting nearly 350 m. p. h. on the checked mile. But the electric eye picked him in his southward run, so failed on the record. Three Thunderbolts set no record. Three days with more luck. This time again with more luck. This time his black racer, whose tires mean to be changed after each run, whose black aluminum cowling are punctured by the terrific spray of salt, averaged 345.49 m. p. h. for his round trip.

People

In 1894, an unconventional American actress named May Yohé married England's Lord Francis Hope, owner of the famous Hope diamond. In 1902, May Yohé tired of English royalty, eloped with Capt. Bradley Putnam Strong, son of a one-time New York mayor. In 1914, May Yohé married again, this time Capt. John A. Smuts. Last spring, the once notorious May Yohé was found on WPA rolls. Last week, aged 69, May Yohé died at Boston.

At Orange, Conn., John Coolidge, son of the late President Calvin Coolidge, entered politics for the first time by getting himself elected delegate to Connecticut's Republican state convention.

Far

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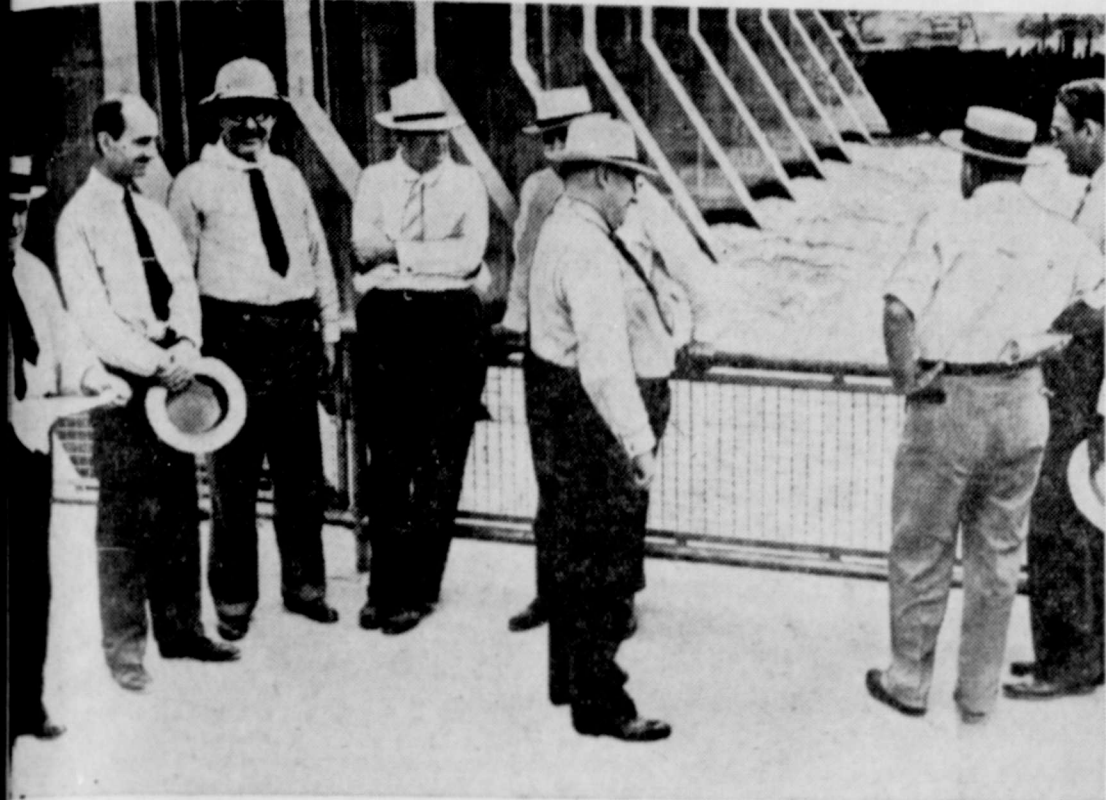
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Far From Washington's Madding Crowd, Your Congressman Takes His 'Vacation'



Pretty Swell, a Job Like That! But Get Him in a Corner and Your 'Ambassador' to Washington Will Admit It's a \$10,000 Pain in the Neck!

By JOSEPH W. LABINE

Senator Doakes was on a vacation. A few weeks ago congress adjourned for the summer and Mr. Doakes left promptly for home to enjoy a well earned rest. So, having nothing to think about after that hectic past winter with its wages-and-hours bill, its reorganization bill, its farm bill and tax bills, we expected to find the Senator in a congenially expansive mood. That's where we made our mistake.

He wasn't sitting under a tree sipping mint julep, although the day was hot. Instead we found him sweltering in his home town law office, wishing it would come winter again pretty soon so he could get back to the peace and quiet of official Washington.

"These summers are always the same," he complained when we finally got into his office. "Always fences to mend, speeches to make, picnics to attend. And this year, to make it worse, everybody in the state expects me is up for re-election!"

Last winter Senator Doakes received his quota of visitors from home and most of them went away from his office muttering, "Pretty swell, a job like that!" To which the senator would agree; a job like that is pretty swell, if you can get it, if you can hold it, and if it doesn't drive you crazy.

How It's Done.

It pays \$10,000 a year and traveling expenses, but to get it you must first invest a good many years of your life shaking the right hands, investing your money in the right places and building up your political prestige by winning a series of minor jobs. You must dive into the rough-and-tumble school of local politics to learn by bitter experience what the taxpayers like and what your political friends don't like. You emerge a polished politician, like the men who now hold down our 96 seats in the senate and our 435 seats in the house.

But a congressman or senator does much more than hold down his seat in the legislative chamber. Indeed, no better refuge for a lazy man could be imagined than sitting through endless hours of debate and filibusters. To keep the folks back home happy (which, after all, is the important thing) our Ambassador to Washington must tend to that endless series of chores concerning Mrs. Jones' pension, Homeville's WPA project and Jim Smith's political job.

Answering his mail is in itself a gigantic job for your congressman. Each morning brings a new parade of protests, pleas and suggestions from that army of helpful constituents who believe in "writing to their congressman." Next comes a glance at the home district newspapers which may or may not have knifed him in the back last week. About that time his secretary announces the Peter Browns and their three children, just in from home to look around Washington. They thought it would be nice to drop around and see their congressman.

And, incidentally, he must appear in congress occasionally to lift his voice in praise of, or objection to, a certain measure. Before speaking, he must turn himself into an amateur brain truster, hustling to the congressional library to arm himself with facts and figures that mean something.

This, then, is the life your Ambassador to Washington leads while congress is in session. If you worked that hard, you'd need a vacation, which is what we were speaking of above. But, as one homeward bound lawmaker remarked this summer, a congressman at ease is by no means a congressman taking it easy. The first thing he must do upon arriving home is call a conference of his advisers to discover

how the wind blows. From that meeting is plotted a definite course he will follow during the summer months to pacify the malcontents and win new friends.

Of course a congressman or senator could go into hiding every summer, but he wouldn't last more than one term. As it is, more than one lawmaker is complaining right now because he must serve on a special senate or house committee which operates during "fence patching" season. The smart politician will head for home every opportunity he gets, making himself convenient to constituents; not forcing his way, you understand, but just being around to see the scores of unhappy people with pressing problems. It's this kind of "politicking," the kind you do when it's not expected, that wins elections.

On the average summer day, your congressman-at-home will be kept busy with appointments from early morning until late at night. He will



But a congressman or senator does much more than hold down his seat in the legislative chamber. Indeed, no better refuge for a lazy man could be imagined than sitting through endless hours of debate and filibusters. To keep the folks back home happy (which, after all, is the important thing) our Ambassador to Washington must tend to that endless series of chores concerning Mrs. Jones' pension, Homeville's WPA project and Jim Smith's political job.



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ONE WAY TO SPEND THE SUMMER—Members of the congressional committee investigating the Tennessee Valley Authority, pause at Chickamauga, Tenn., on a particularly hot afternoon, to inspect one of TVA's dams.

buy luncheons, drinks and dinners, attend picnics, weddings, funerals and a meeting of the Elks club. Before the average summer is over, he will probably make one or two trips back to Washington.

This Year—of all Years!

But the current summer isn't average, just as the last congressional session wasn't average. Since before Christmas the spectre of election probably has hung over the head of your legislator. His henchmen back home early began sending word of the rising opposition forces that had to be combated somehow. Elections are always tougher for the incumbent; he must defend his record against the challenger.

It will be no wonder if your congressman goes back to Washington next winter thankful that his "vacation" is over, because his campaign can be devastatingly tiresome.

The wizened old heads at Washington, who have held their jobs so long that re-election is automatic, shake their heads at this frantic rummaging around after votes. Says one:

"If those fellows were intelligent, they would do their campaigning in the off year. The voters haven't nearly the depths of dumbness they are credited with. They know they are getting a last-minute pat on the back. Now, I figure I won this year's election last year. A good many of my colleagues went fishing during the summer. I spent two months calling on the voters. They appreciate it, and I expect a good majority in November."

Which is all easy enough to say if you're a George Norris or William Borah, but it doesn't always hold true. Many a congressman has spent every summer at home and given unstintingly of his time to keep the folks happy, yet his troubles just keep growing. Maybe he'll squeeze through the election next November, but if he does there'll be a new crop of patronage seekers on his trail. There'll also be someone hanging around to make sure he keeps those last few promises he made against his better judgment.

Pretty nice, a job like that!
© Western Newspaper Union.

LEFT—Your congressman on vacation constantly finds himself the center of attention, forced to defend his opinions; it's a hair-graying job.

BELOW—The familiar "sea of upturned faces" now greeting many a legislator working for re-election.

Hand-Knits Combine Style, Service for Campus Wear

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



STURDY and protective from the elements were things knitted in the "long, long ago" pioneer days, but they lacked the esthetic. But modern knits! It is as if knitting in this day and generation had become a magic art whereby designers dramatized the theme to a point of high styling such as our faithful ever-knitting great-great ancestors ne'er dreamed could be.

Back to college in a knit bolero frock such as the stunning model to the right in the group illustrated will cause one's sorority sisters to voice a chorus of oh's and ah's of admiration. It's worth the experiment, just see if it isn't! A bumpy crocheted cotton lends itself beautifully to this knit design because of its resiliency and smart rough surface effect. Boleros come in so "handy" and you can wear this one separately with other frocks if you wish. You'll like the flattery of the figure-molding dress that, together with the bolero, forms as stylish a costume as ever might be.

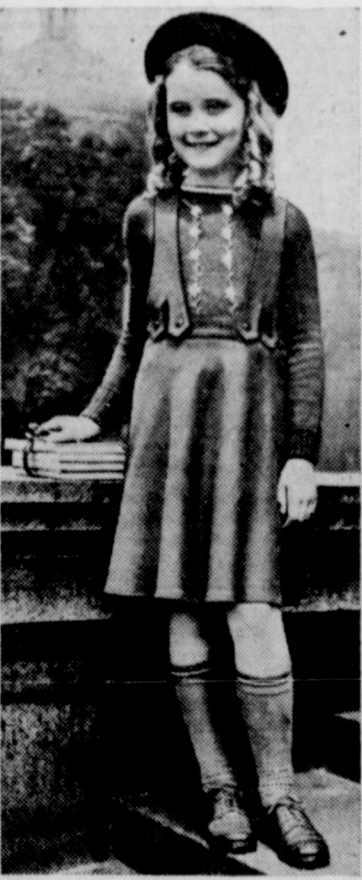
With fringes all the rage this year you will be right on your toes come autumn if you wear a trim sports outfit as shown centered in the trio. It is knit of a nubby crocheted cotton and what endless wear one does get out of these cotton crochets! Wash them and wash them and it never fades their good looks. Then, too, being handknit, they have style and distinction. It is not only the fringe that finishes the edges is definitely fashion correct but it gives opportunities for interesting color combinations. The jacket fits snug

around the waistline to give a neat line, which is a highly important styling item—that of the fitted defined waistline.

Wouldn't any school girl, business woman, debutante, clubwoman—wouldn't any member of the fair sex that goes motoring, or treks about town love a handknit coat as here pictured? It sure is an inspiration to start knitting needles clicking. It is knit of a nubby crocheted cotton in a striking plaid patterning with immense patch pockets of the darker color. They will tell you at any fancywork department where you get the yarn as to effective color combinations. You can make this colorful coat up very quickly if you get at it with a will. Grand to wear to the early autumn games!

Here are a few general items in regard to latest knitting trends. The tendency this season is to knit entire suits or ensembles, the exquisite simplicity of which achieves a smart tailored look. Interesting skirts are ribbed around to simulate pleats. Wear gold jewelry with your new black knit frock. Sweater jackets are "dolled up" with silver buttons of hand-wrought type. Knitted combined with woven fabric is very popular, as for instance a cloth jacket with knitted sleeves. Plaid skirt with bright sweater is popular schoolgirl formula.
© Western Newspaper Union.

Sweater and Skirt



Little fashion-correct "Missy" in this picture is dressed in her new sweater and skirt outfit ready to answer first-day-of-school roll call. It's the smart vogue this season for little girls to companion a suspender skirt of handsome wool with a sweater of exact color match. In this instance the skirt of fine Arlingcrest wool (comes in interesting colors of Scandinavian influence) has a novel suspender fashioning that widens as it buttons to the skirt belt.

Muffs Match Hats In Latest Trend

Muffs that match hats are among the latest fads to tempt women seeking the unusual in costume accents. Many different decorative fabrics such as matelasse crepe, embroidered wool and velvets are being used for these as are the numerous fur fabrics. The hats are of the turban type, always high and often draped. The muffs are variously shaped, depending upon the fabric. Fur materials, for example, are cut very simple, while the decorative materials are draped, twisted and bow-trimmed.

Don't Be Deceived By New 'Doll Hats'

It's a fact that doll hats are gay deceivers. They look so impossible off the head you can think you can't possibly wear them. But you can! And to your amazement you will find them actually becoming. Step in to your favorite milliner's, try on a few, and you will find they are irresistible.

Just now the shops are displaying little black velvet types that pose over one eye with a head strap at the back which holds them firmly into place.

Veil Tied Over the Face

That is the way smart Paris women are wearing their veils—tied over the face. They are wearing veils to a far greater extent abroad than we in America are doing.

Huge Jeweled Pendants

The latest is to suspend a handsome antique-looking pendant from a thin necklace. Earrings are very much in evidence, too, and they also favor the pendant motif.

Jet Embroidery

See the hat and bolero "sets" of black velvet that are embroidered in jet. Newest thing out!

FARM TOPICS

MILK IS FAVORED AS POULTRY FEED

Stimulates Birds' Appetites in Hot Weather.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Flies Not All to Blame For Drop in Milk Flow

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

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

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

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

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

Agricultural Notes

The original training school of the horse was in the Orient.

So-called sheep ticks are really flies and not ticks at all.

Some 60 varieties of celery are cultivated in the United States.

Thousands of cattle die of licking fresh paint off farm buildings every year.

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

A dairy cow drinks about 11½ tons of water a year, an average of 8 gallons a day.

Official testing of poultry for pullorum disease is now authorized by law in New York state.

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

The agricultural commissioner of Mississippi regards soy beans as potentially the most valuable new crop for American farms.

Enjoy Making These Practical Designs

IF YOU like to look slimmer than you are, these designs are made especially for you! They are practical, pretty, easy to make,—the kind you'll use time and again, for they adapt themselves to every season of the year. Each is accompanied by a detailed sew chart, to guide beginners. If you've never done much sewing, start out with the apron, then make the dress, and you'll get a real thrill out of the way it looks.

Trim, Fitted Apron.

Just five steps in your detailed sew chart,—and presto, your apron is finished! It fits so slimly and smoothly over the hips that



it doesn't add a fraction of bulk. It protects your frock thoroughly, front, back, and up top. And it simply cannot slip off at the shoulders, when you have your hands in the dough! Percale, gingham, calico and batiste, plain colored or in pretty prints, are nice for this design. Trim it with braid or bias binding.

Slenderizing Afternoon Dress.

You'll find this one of the most becoming and comfortable dresses you ever had, and it's just as smart as it can be! It has the new kind of skirt, smooth-hipped and almost straight. Inside tucks on the shoulders give you the fullness you need over the bust. The v-neck, cut deep and rather narrow, is always flattering to large women. Make it up, for right now, with the short sleeves, in chiffon, georgette or soft silk crepe. Later, make it with the smart, long bishop sleeves, in thin wool or sheer velvet.

The Patterns.

1479 is designed for sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 requires 1½ yards of 33-inch material; 5 yards of braid or bias binding to trim.

1577 is designed for sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52. Size 38 requires 4¾ yards of 39-inch material, for short sleeves; 5¾ yards for long sleeves; 1¾ yards edging for neck and bow.

Success in Sewing.

Success in sewing, like success in any other field, depends upon how you approach the task in hand. To help you turn out clothes professional looking in every detail, we have a book which plainly sets forth the simple rules of home dressmaking. The beginner will find every step in making a dress clearly outlined and illustrated within its covers. For the experienced sewer there are many helpful hints and suggestions for sewing short cuts. Send 15 cents (in coins) today for your copy of SUCCESS IN SEWING, a book every home dressmaker will find of value.

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

NERVOUS?

Do you feel so nervous you want to scream? Are you cross and irritable? Do you scold those dearest to you?

If your nerves are on edge and you feel you need a good general system tonic, try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made especially for women.

For over 60 years one woman has told another how to go "smiling thru" with reliable Pinkham's Compound. It helps nature build up more physical resistance and thus helps calm quivering nerves and lessen discomforts from annoying symptoms which often accompany female functional disorders.

Why not give it a chance to help YOU? Over one million women have written in reporting wonderful benefits from Pinkham's Compound.

Thorns From Thorns

He that plants thorns must never expect to gather roses.—Pilpay.

Black Leaf 40 KILLS LICE

Official testing of poultry for pullorum disease is now authorized by law in New York state.

Advertised BARGAINS

Our readers should always remember that our bargain merchants cannot afford to advertise a bargain unless it is a real bargain. They do advertise bargains and such advertising means money saving to the people of the community.

THE MESSENGER

Published Every Thursday At Hagerman, New Mexico TELEPHONE 17

Entered as second class matter at the post office in Hagerman, New Mexico, under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

\$1.50 per year in Chaves and Eddy counties. \$2.00 elsewhere.

Resolutions of Respect, Obituaries, Cards of Thanks, Reading Notices, and Classified Advertising, 8 cents per line for first insertion, 5 cents per line for subsequent insertions. Display advertising rates on application.

C. R. BLOCKER, Publisher Artesia, New Mexico

ETHEL W. MCKINSTRY Managing Editor

"Carrots make your hair curl, Spinach makes you grow! Turnips turn to dimples Eventually, you know!"

Perhaps that is one of the incentives for housewives and their rows upon rows of jars, of colorful fruits and vegetables. We hope that each of you are preparing a few cans of this and that to enter at the fair, which is only three weeks away. Now is the time, for both vegetables and fruits are in their prime, and lovely, delicious varieties may be selected, that will (we hope) take the prize.

Give it a trial, once you get the fever, you never forget the tang of competition.

ARE YOU A HYPOCRITE?

The statement has been made that the average motorist is a hypocrite, but suppose you analyze these questions carefully.

How often have you found that you criticized some driver for an offense which you commit periodically yourself? How often have you taken comfort in the fact that accidents are caused by reckless drivers, with whom you have nothing in common? Haven't you passed a car, when the stretch of empty road was too short for safety? Are you negligent sometimes about the small repair to your brakes or lights? Hasn't the lure of speed enticed you, and when you arrived at your destination, you were bored with excessive time?

It is much easier to see the mote in the other fellow's eye, and miss our own faults. Locally, we've noticed some recent daring traffic disregard. We saw a driver whiff around a corner, cutting in on another driver, going in the same direction and around the same corner; what if either had met another car? We saw another driver exceeding what should be Main Street speed, and in only a few moments, the same car parked on Main Street, its occupants with idle time on their hands.

We heard one man say he had been driving almost since he could remember, and he had never once injured anyone or any property. While that may not always mean a careful driver, it does savor of a better driver's reputation.

Accident prevention, so far as it concerns the human element, is a personal, individual matter. Each individual has to really want to drive safely at all times. When that desire spreads among all motorists, then we'll have fewer accidents and casualties.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

U. S. LAND OFFICE at Las Cruces, New Mexico, August 15, 1938.

NOTICE is hereby given that Harold C. Prentice, of Lake Arthur, New Mexico, c/o C. C. Camp, who, on September 16th, 1931, made Homestead Entry, No. 044581, for all of Section 23, Township 14 S., Range 22 E., N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make three year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Dan C. Savage, U. S. Commissioner, Roswell, New Mexico, on the 6th day of October, 1938.

Claimant names as witnesses: Jiles N. Hopkins, John V. Stewart, these of Hagerman, New Mexico; Everett D. O'Bannon, Forest F. Thorp, these of Lake Arthur, New Mexico.

PAUL A. ROACH, Register. 34-5t-38

Miss Alma Sue Boyce is visiting in Hot Springs with Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Allen and family.

Miss Wilma Walden spent Tuesday in Lake Arthur visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Will Walden.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Cowan spent the week end in Silver City visiting their daughter, Miss Dorothea Cowan.

Miss Nell Barnett of Artesia is visiting this week with Miss Nellie Mae Lange.

THE CHURCHES

NAZARENE CHURCH

Rev. P. B. Wallace, pastor. Sunday School 9:45 a. m. Oscar Kiper, superintendent. Morning service, 11 a. m. N. Y. P. S., 6:45 p. m. Evening service, 7:45 p. m.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Rev. Emery C. Fritz, pastor. J. E. Wimberly, Sunday school superintendent. Sunday school—9:45 a. m. Morning worship—11:00 a. m. Christian Endeavor—7:00 p. m. Missionary society meets every second Monday, 2:30 p. m.

ASSEMBLY OF GOD

C. A. Strickland, pastor. Oliver Thomas, superintendent. Sunday school—10:00 a. m. Morning message—11:00 a. m. Young people's service—4:00 p. m. Evening service—7:00 p. m. Tuesday evening Bible study. Thursday evening Prayer meeting.

Come and you will find a hearty welcome.

BAPTIST CHURCH

Sunday school at 10 a. m. F. W. Sadler, superintendent. B. Y. P. U. at 6:30 p. m. R. M. Middleton, director

BAPTIST CHURCH NEWS

Beginning Sunday, Sept. 11, the Hagerman and Dexter Baptist churches are going to hold a union revival, with the Rev. John Hurd of Oklahoma City conducting the services. There will be a week's evening services at the Dexter church, and a week's services at the Hagerman church. The public is cordially invited to attend at Dexter from Sept. 11 to 18, and at Hagerman from Sept. 18 through the 25.

On last Sunday morning following the Sunday school, the local church members assembled at Dexter for the morning preaching services. The Rev. R. E. Harrison conducted the services. Following was a picnic lunch at Lake Van, after which the Rev. W. C. Garrett of Roswell delivered a very interesting sermon out of doors. In the evening, the Rev. Mr. Harrison preached at the Hagerman church.

The Dreamer

By E. M.

Local farmers are certainly having their worries, for it seems the early bird can not eat all the little worms, that have suddenly decided to pay the cotton farms a visit. Some farmers are complaining that worms are damaging hay, and seems to have no choice as to crops. Bright sunny days, will do a lot to help burn up these little pests, and we are all hoping for a few warm hours with Old Sol.

Mrs. Ernest Bowen is proudly showing a lovely specimen of Pampa grass, and please don't show your ignorance, (as your managing Editor did), and ask if it makes good sheep pasture! But it is really a lovely addition to a yard; tall, graceful, with fluffy, feathery plume to top it.

Mrs. Earl Stine changed her dahlias bed this year, and instead it is in the back yard. There is some theory that they do better, if changed occasionally. Mrs. Stine each year displays some of the loveliest, and largest grown in this section of the valley.

Mrs. Harry Cowan, who is a wizard with flowers, recently had zinnias judged, and when one of the judges measured, she found a blossom that measured five inches across. You must recall that Mr. and Mrs. Cowan have done all this wonderful work with flowers at their home, in a remarkably short time; when they moved to this home, no flowers grew there; they have built up the soil and increased the fertility, until a multitude of flowers blossom with a thrifty color.

Another flower lover, Dr. H. T. Willoughby has announced. He exhibited last week, a huge specimen of cactus dahlia; a lovely rich color.

Have you heard of the ladies, who if they can be "exclusive" they might agree to attempt "to learn" the new fad?

Have you observed the interesting budding new romance?

Do you know the lady, who admits she can make the world's record on "boners"?

Failure of oil royalties of the state to come up to the level of last year cut revenue of the state land office for August to \$277,483, approximately \$12,644 under the total for the same month of 1937. State oil royalties for August were \$134,253 compared with \$166,524 for August last year.

A Funny Sort o' Feelin'

by Lawrence Hawthorne



There's a funny sort o' feelin' in my heart the past few days An', somehow, I can't decide jus' what it means; It's a feelin' that you get when leavin' old, familiar ways An' beginnin' life again in dif'ent scenes.

I can tell that Mother's findin' somethin' strange to think about, An' the boys 're kind o' restlesslike an' queer. Tain't becuz we're feelin' homesick, for there ain't the faintest doubt That we all are mighty glad at bein' here.

Mebbe we're jus' realizin' that, in makin' moves like this, Life is givin' us a chance t' leave behind Habits that ain't very useful, thoughts we'd surely never miss, Traits o' character that ain't the choicest kind.

Mebbe we're jus' gettin' closer to the things we're yearnin' for, That will make our daily livin' more worth-while— God's outdoors t' laugh an' play in, flowers at our own front door, An' some kindly friends t' greet us with a smile.

There's a funny sort o' feelin' in my heart the past few days An', somehow, I can't decide jus' what it means; It's a feelin' that you get when leavin' old, familiar ways An' beginnin' life again in dif'ent scenes.

TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT!



By IROQUOIS DAHL

AN ISSUE of the Pennsylvania Game News told about one Tom Price of Slatington, Pa., who one day saw a big goshawk hovering close to earth. He shot it and, to his great astonishment, down came not only the hawk but also a rabbit, which the bird was apparently carrying off to its nest. Price took both the hawk and rabbit home with him and now, perhaps justifiably, "claims the altitude record for shooting bunnies."

© Field & Stream—WNU Service.

Antelope Season in This Area Will Be From Sept. 29 to Oct. 2

SANTA FE—The office of the State Game Department has announced the state's fifth antelope season will be open soon in several different areas and a total of 455 permits will be issued.

In the Southeast New Mexico area the season will be Sept. 29 to Oct. 2, inclusive, and 280 permits in this area will be issued as follows: Flying H. ranch, 160; Mossman ranch, 50; Minicke ranch, 30; J. P. White, Jr., ranch, 25, and Joe J. Lane ranch, 25.

The season on the Engle and Magdalena-Beaverhead area is Oct. 6 to 8, inclusive. A total of 75 permits will be issued at Engle and 100 in the Magdalena-Beaverhead area.

The warden explained that applications of persons who did not kill antelope last year will be given preference this year over those who did get an antelope in the 1937 season. Applicants should specify whether they want to hunt in the Southeastern area, known to the department as the Roswell area, or in the Engle or Magdalena-Beaverhead areas, for a drawing will be held separately for each area if more applications than the authorized number of permits are received.

All applications should be in letter form, accompanied by a \$5 check or money order, separately for each application.

The warden said no regular employee of the State Game Department or wife of such employee or member of the game commission will be permitted to receive a permit until all other applications have been taken care of. Applications must be on file in the office of the state game warden not later than 9 a. m., Sept. 19.

Mr. and Mrs. Van Sweatt and children of Roswell visited in Hagerman on Monday evening.

ANNOUNCES EXAMINATIONS

The U. S. Civil Service Commission announces open competitive examination for the position of assistant inspector, engineering materials, construction. Applications must be made on the prescribed forms, which, with the necessary instructions, may be obtained from the secretary, Board of U. S. Civil Service Examiners, U. S. Engineer Office, Conchas District, Conchas Dam, N. Mex. The rate of pay for the positions to be filled from this examination will be \$1,620 a year.

Marvin Tollett of Santa Fe visited the L. R. Burck home over the week end as a guest of Miss Mary Burck.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Dodson of Roswell spent Sunday night and Monday with Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Newsom and family.

Mrs. J. T. Condit and her brother left this week for Tennessee. Mrs. Condit will return later in company with Dr. Condit, Julius and Miss Dean Condit.

Miss Eupha Buck, who has spent the summer with home folks at Tularosa, returned last Friday to resume her work on the faculty of the local school.

Miss Wilma Hollowell returned to her home in Dexter last week after visiting in Santa Fe and Taos. She is to teach in Carlsbad this year.

Misses Jessie George of Nashville, Kansas and Almetta Growden of Greer, who each have visited with home folks during the summer months, returned last Saturday to resume their positions on the local school faculty.

Hagerman MESSENGER 10 Years Ago

Mrs. J. C. Hughes has accepted the position as manager of the local telephone exchange, and is already on the job. Hagerman people are glad that Mrs. Hughes is to be the new manager, as they feel that she will give efficient service.

New Mexico is gradually increasing its cotton acreage. This year's is the largest on record, approximately 150,000 acres. Prospects are for 85,000 bales. The better part of the crop is grown in irrigated districts in the Mesilla, Pecos and Rincon valleys.

Mrs. Kenneth Veich of Albuquerque has returned to her home following a visit with her father, Robert N. Miller.

Mrs. Mayre Kadow and niece, Miss Josephine Losey left early this week, Miss Losey for her home in Iowa, and Mrs. Kadow to visit in Chicago.

Schools have opened in Hagerman with each department well filled with students. Fifteen teachers are listed on the faculty.

Elder C. C. McGuffin of Roswell will preach at the Hagerman Church of Christ next Sunday morning and again at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

R. N. Miller has accepted a position with the Pickwick stage company, and will soon move to Roswell.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Graham and family and Misses Eleanor Hughes and Mildred Key spent a few days this week in the mountains.

Home Improvement Unit No. 1 will meet at the home of Mrs. Aaron Clark next Tuesday. A demonstration of cloth flowers will be given, and how to make them. Everyone interested is urged to attend.

W. A. Losey, J. T. West, Jack Sweatt and E. E. Lane attended a rodeo in El Paso last week.

Mrs. R. G. Campbell left for Dona Ana this week to join Mr. Campbell, who has a position with a gin there.

A reception for the Hagerman school faculty will be given by the various clubs of the town at the home of Mrs. Thomas McKinsty next Saturday afternoon. All club members are expected to aid in this social event.

LOCALS

Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Atwood visited on Sunday afternoon with Mrs. J. W. Slade and Miss Margaret Slade at Spring Mound Valley school.

G. R. Newsom left this week for Allison, Texas, after spending about six weeks here with relatives. He was accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Carol Newsom.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester Anderson of Muleshoe and Victor Walden of Amarillo visited friends and relatives of Lake Arthur and Hagerman over the week end.

Mrs. F. A. Hall and daughter, Mary Elizabeth of Capitan visited with Mr. and Mrs. Martin Brannon and T. F. Gillispie from Thursday to Saturday of last week.

Clifford Wimberly left last Saturday for Capitan, where he planned to make a brief visit with home folk, and go to Las Cruces to enroll for his freshman year at State College.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Weaver left the first of the week for an extended pleasure trip through Colorado, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas. They expect to return the latter part of September.

Mrs. E. R. McKinsty is teaching in the music department of the school this week, in the place of Miss Maryonne Becker, who will arrive Sunday to resume her position.

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. McKinsty, Lon Edmund McKinsty and Lloyd Edgar Harshey made a motor trip last Sunday which included Cloudcroft, Alamogordo, the White Sands, Tularosa and Ruidoso. They returned late Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Thomas and children left Thursday for Falls City, Neb. Mrs. Thomas and children have spent the past two months here visiting Mrs. Thomas' parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Curry.

Among those in Roswell on Tuesday afternoon were Mrs. George Wade, Misses Ruth and Grace Wade, W. J. Alter, T. F. Gillespie, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Paddock and Miss Irene Newsom.

The Clash

By AGATHA MOCKAPETRIS © McClure Newspaper Syndicate, WNU Service.

THE clash was inevitable. It could not be avoided. It had started several weeks ago, when Jim had arrived home after a hard day at the office, eaten his supper, and began lolling back in his favorite chair while reading the evening paper. Presently Kate, his spouse, came in.

"Have you forgotten your promise already?" she inquired, a bit timidly, a bit afraid, as though fearing him.

Jim twisted around in his chair, and squinted at her. "What promise?"

"Oh, Jim, you have forgotten!" "Uh-huh!"

"Why, you promised to take me to see a show tonight. I've been waiting for you all day, and counting the minutes, too."

"I'm sorry, dear. But I wouldn't go anyway. I'm all in, and I want a bit of rest before the morning. These late hours don't agree with me, and then the boss don't like them. Maybe some other time."

Kate turned to go, but then stopped as if by an impulse, and returned to Jim's chair.

"Perhaps you'll take me some other night this week, then?" she asked.

For a moment he considered. "Nope, not this week. I'm filled up with business engagements the whole week. Haven't a minute to spare after tonight."

And then Kate, not being able to withhold her smoldering anger any longer, broke loose.

"So that's what I get for keeping house for you? I slave here all day, and then when you come home I've got to be a darling, and sit beside you the whole evening just because you don't want to go out. I'm entitled to as much freedom—"

"Well, why don't you take it?" broke in Jim.

"I will, if I'm not treated as I should be."

"You're magnifying all my faults ten times, dear."

And so that was that. The climax came one morning several weeks later, when Jim, in his eternal ruck, came down to breakfast, and found his eggs boiled too hard.

"Well, what's the idea? You know I don't like my eggs as hard as that."

"I couldn't help it. I forgot them when I went to call you."

"Couldn't help it! What do you mean?" he threw back at her, sarcastically. He was in a peevish mood this morning; he had spent half the night perfecting a set of plans which he was to show the boss this morning. "I'm likely to be late at the office, now, just because I've got to eat a couple of eggs which taste like dry potatoes."

"Oh, I'm getting sick and tired of hearing about you and your ofice. You talk as if your whole destiny were tied up in it."

"It is," said Jim simply. "And another thing I've got good and sick of," continued Kate, "is your eternal bossiness."

"Well, what of it?"

"I'm going to break away from it. I'm going to have my own way just as much as you have yours. And—"

Jim, grimly silent, laid down his spoon and rose from the table. He crushed the morning edition of the paper into his pocket.

"Very well, Kate," he said with set teeth and a pale face. "you can have your own way. I'm going to live at the club from now on."

And then he was gone. Over his meal that same evening he seemed to wonder why he felt so downcast. There seemed to be a great emptiness somewhere in side him, and even the food on the dish before him did not have the same taste as before. He wondered if Kate was the reason.

Later he decided to return home and collect some of his clothes. He found Kate in the library, her head in the crook of her arm, weeping bitterly.

"Pardon me," said Jim coldly. "but may I go upstairs and get some of my clothes together and take them away with me?"

Kate raised a tear-stained face and nodded dumbly. If she was expecting sympathy from her husband she was greatly mistaken. Jim began to take the stairs two at a time, as though he wished to leave her as soon as possible. But as he reached the bank he heard a voice call after him, timidly, and hardly above a whisper.

He turned in his tracks and sent a quizzing "Well?" down at her. "Can I speak to you a moment?" "Go ahead, but hurry up."

"I want you to come back, Jim."

"Don't be silly, Kate."

"But I mean it. I realize how selfish I've been now. I see that you're working for my good and for the comfort of the one who is to come in several weeks. And now I know that I want you even if I can't have everything I want. We can forget our petty differences."

For a moment Jim was obdurate. But a sudden warmth filled his soul and he fled down the steps toward Kate.

WHAT'S WHAT

NEW MEXICO

News Briefs of the "Sunshine State," Gleaned from Many Sources

Information in abundance has been collected concerning the description Rock, or El Morro, in Valencia County, by research workers of the Federal Writers' Project WPA, in compiling the State Guidebook and supplementary publications. The Rock of El Morro has been referred to by many writers as the "Crossroads of the Confederation," "The Stone Autograph Album," and is more commonly known as "Inscription Rock." The white man found the solid rock signatures cut in the solid rock from the earliest times. The earliest carving is that of Don Juan Onate which is translated as follows: "Passed by here the office of Don Juan de Onate in the month of April, year 1606." De Vargo left a record of his passing in 1629. The Bishop of Durango carved a year of his journey in 1737. Carson, the famous scout, and other great men have carved the names on the rock. The United States government has made the description Rock a National Monument and translated many of the inscriptions.

Reliable statistics to the contrary, business in New Mexico is on the wane, or else merchants and other business men are complying with the emergency school tax statute, because the sales tax funds are slipping.

Leading officials of the New Mexico Educational Association plan to attend the Southwest Association meeting in Hot Springs, Sept. 30-Oct. 1, according to a formation received by Irving Murphy, president of the group.

Miss Margaret Kennedy, president of the state association and R. J. Mullin, executive secretary, will be in Hot Springs for their homes in Las Vegas and Santa Fe, to represent the entire state in short addresses to delegates from the nine southwestern states, from which about 600 delegates are expected.

With 40,097,466 applications of old-age insurance account number on file as of July 31, Lyman Brewer, manager of the Albuquerque office of the Social Security Board, said the board had certified for payment during the 25 working days of last month 14,999 old-age insurance claims amounting to \$785,662. Brewer explained the more than half of the claims were notified in July—8,893—were filed by the heirs or representatives of the deceased wage earners.

Single cash payments to the claimants averaging \$50.39. The remainder of the claims were filed by workers who had reached the age of 65, their payments averaging \$55.36.

The oldest street in America is Acoma, which was a thriving community long before the white man came.

A \$40,739 improvement project for the White Sands National Monument and a \$77,919 building to house the National Park Service regional offices at Santa Fe, by the approval of the Emergency Relief Administration. An average of 157 men will be employed on the Santa Fe project and the White Sands job will require 100 men in eight months.

The Carlsbad municipal school district has notified the PWS grant of \$203,400 has been approved and the school building program for Carlsbad is now assured.

The federal grant will be supplemented by a bond issue of \$240,000 to finance the building program estimated to cost approximately \$452,000. Board of education officials have made tentative plans to procure a tract of land north of the present high school building provided for in the building program. The building program also includes construction of a new building on the Edison grounds to house all elementary grades in the Edison district. Additional rooms will be constructed on both West and South streets.

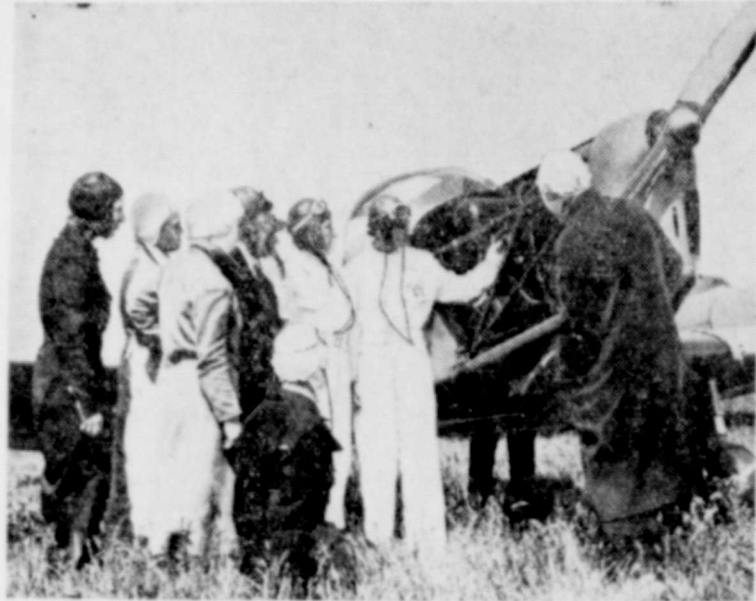
A \$22,360 WPA project has been approved for the improvement and landscaping of grounds at the Mexico Military Institute, Roswell. The cost of the project will be borne by the federal government to the extent of \$17,737 and by the institute in the amount of \$4,623 according to present plans.

A project was approved for a general improvement of grounds and a system, including the construction of some driveways, leveling, fertilizing, and possibly ornamental planting, at the part of the institute grounds in the vicinity of the new stables, and expected to contribute considerably to the appearance of this part of the institute campus.

GIRLS AREN'T LANDLUBBERS



Men aren't the only conquerors of skyways nor was Amelia Earhart the only aviatrix to become famous. Throughout the world, women are nowadays stepping into important roles in this field. At the left is Miss Elizabeth Lion, French aviatrix who recently flew from Istres, near Marseilles, to Basara, Iraq, non-stop for 2,670 miles. Below are pupils in the flying and ground instruction course for members of England's women's auxiliary aviation service. They are listening to an instructor at Ramsgate airport. At right is Miss Joan King, who was commissioned to fly the mail in last spring's observance of air mail week.



Use Attic Space To Give Children Their Own Room

By BETTY WELLS

"I HOPE you have some ideas to spare," writes B. C. "Because I need them! I have a very large attic room with north, west and south exposure which I want to fix up for my eight-year-old daughter as a room of her very own.

"The walls are unfinished plaster board, so I can start from scratch in decorating. The room is 25 by 15 feet and has dormer windows. The stairway leading up comes right in the middle of the room, which is the only reason the room hasn't been used before. I won't be spending much money, so I will appreciate any ideas you can give



A room for an eight-year-old daughter.

me that I can work out by my own efforts.

Why don't you make an asset out of the stairway that comes up into the middle of the room? Have shallow book shelves built around it for toys, books and the like. Have the room painted all in white, including woodwork and book shelves, except that you could line the shelves with cherry red. If the old bed you are using is iron, slip cover it in cherry red—if it's wood, paint it cherry red. Paint the chest of drawers cherry red, too. For the bedspread, use bleached domestic with a big bunch of cherries applied on as a center medallion. You can finish the edges with an inch wide bias binding.

Have white dotted swiss curtains with bunches of artificial cherries for tie-backs. You could use a red and white percale print for chair cushions, and white rag throw rugs for the floor with red striped borders—have them smallish so that they can go into the washer easily and often. They'd be doubly nice if you crocheted or braided them in rounds or ovals.

Picture frames would be decorative if you painted them all red, and nondescript lamp bases could be painted red too if you like.

What a crisp cool place that would be for a young lady of eight! But if she's too frilly for red, substitute pink and go ahead in the same way.

© By Betty Wells.—WNU Service.

but at last he did. Blacky and Sammy Jay at once began to scream and make all the fuss they could. Farmer Brown's Boy took the two pails of milk into the house, then out he came and started straight for the Green Forest. He was so curious to know what it all meant that he wouldn't wait another minute.

Now, there was someone else with a great deal of curiosity. He had heard the screaming of Blacky the Crow and Sammy Jay and he had listened until he couldn't stand it another minute. He just had to know what it was all about. So at the same time Farmer Brown's Boy started for the Green Forest this other listener started toward where Blacky and Sammy were making such a racket. He walked very softly, so as not to make a sound. It was Buster Bear.

© T. W. Burgess.—WNU Service.

Horses Are Still Important Here!

CONCORD, N. H.—When Louis Putney, a farmer, drove his horse and buggy into town, he found an automobile in the small area restricted for horse-drawn vehicles. So he padlocked the horse to the machine, and went about his shopping. The automobile owner was irate, but obtained little satisfaction from the police chief who insists that horses still have some rights in New Hampshire.

BEDTIME STORY

Farmer Brown's Little Boy Can't Restrain His Curiosity

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

EVER since it was light enough to see at all Blacky the Crow had been sitting in the top of the tallest tree on the edge of the Green Forest nearest to Farmer Brown's house, and never for an instant had he taken his eyes from Farmer Brown's back door. What was he watching for? Why, for Farmer Brown's Boy to come out on his way to milk the cows. Meanwhile Sammy Jay was slipping silently through the Green Forest looking for Buster Bear, so that when the time came he could let his cousin, Blacky the Crow, know just where Buster was.

It was all a part of Blacky's plan to find out if it was true that Farmer



"I'd like to know what you're making such a fuss about, Mr. Crow," said he.

Brown's Boy really was afraid of Buster Bear. He and Sammy would make a great fuss there on the edge of the Green Forest, and then when Farmer Brown's Boy came to find out what it was about they would lead him to where Buster Bear happened to be, and then they and all the other little people who were hiding near would see what would happen. Blacky didn't have the least doubt that Farmer Brown's Boy would come. He had called him that way many times before, sometimes when there really was something going on and sometimes just for a joke. You see, Blacky had found out a long time before that Farmer Brown's Boy is like a great many other little people—he has a great deal of curiosity.

By and by the back door of Farmer Brown's house opened and out stepped Farmer Brown's Boy. In each hand he carried a milk pail. Right away Blacky began to scream at the top of his lungs. "Caw, caw, caw!" shouted Blacky. "Caw, caw, caw!" And all the time he flew about among the trees near the edge of the Green Forest, as if so excited that he couldn't keep still. Farmer Brown's Boy looked over there as if he wondered what all the fuss was about, as, indeed he did, but he didn't start to go over and see. No, sir, he started straight for the barn.

Blacky didn't know what to make of it. You see, smart as he is and shrewd as he is, Blacky doesn't know anything about the meaning of duty. You see, he never has to

work, excepting to get enough to eat. So when Farmer Brown's Boy started for the barn instead of for the Green Forest Blacky didn't know what to make of it. He screamed harder and louder than ever, until his voice grew so hoarse he couldn't scream any more, but Farmer Brown's Boy kept right on to the barn.

"I'd like to know what you're making such a fuss about, Mr. Crow, but first I've got to feed the cows and milk them," said he.

Now, all this time the other little people of the Green Forest and the Green Meadows had been hiding where they could see all that went on. When Farmer Brown's Boy disappeared in the barn Chatterer the Red Squirrel snickered right out loud. "Ha, ha, ha! This is a great plan of yours, Blacky. Ha, ha, ha!" he shouted. Blacky couldn't find a word to say. He just hung his head, which is something Blacky seldom does.

"Perhaps if we wait until he comes out again he will come over here," said Sammy Jay, who had joined Blacky. So it was decided to wait. It seemed as if Farmer Brown's Boy would never come out,

For Autumn's Cool Days

This handsome topcoat in plaid woolen combines three colors used by the Italian painters, reddish brown, gray and rich blue. The woolen skirt, suede bag and shoes match the brown shade; the suede jacket and hat are gray. There is a layer of blue leather in the heels of the shoes.

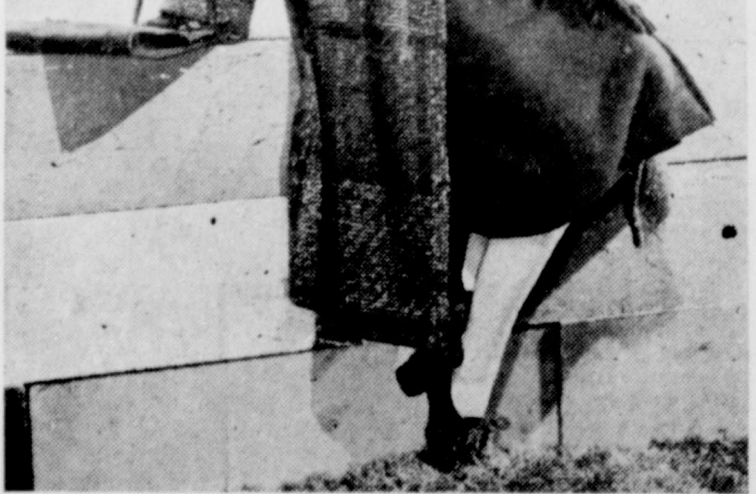
Indians Bemoan Loss of Symbol

TULSA, OKLA.—The swastika, traditional Indian good luck sign, became a symbol of trouble for two Tulsa Indian women who wanted to use it as a beer tavern emblem.

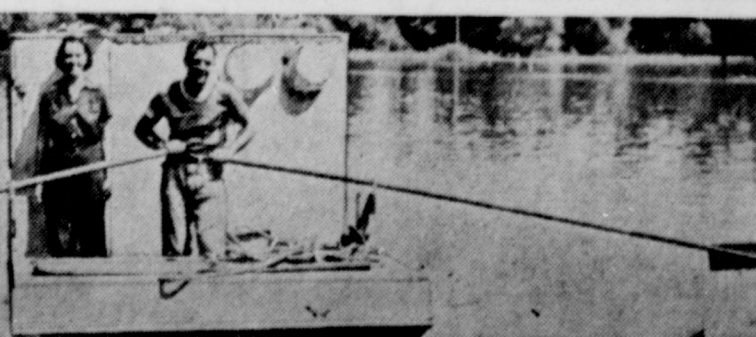
Mrs. Jessie Thompson, an Osage, and Nita Fox, a Cherokee, said the sign had been up only a few hours when a deluge of protests poured in, demanding an explanation for the "nazi display."

A day-and-a-half of telephone calls and inquiries was enough. The women scraped the sign off, painted another fool-proof one. They named the tavern "The Ni-be-Kah," an Osage word whose meaning even Mrs. Thompson did not know.

"But," she asserted, "I still want the world to know that the Indians had the first option on the swastika."



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Tom Sawyer Fan Sails Mississippi To New Orleans

Tom Sawyer Fan Sails Mississippi To New Orleans

PEORIA, ILL.—Andrew W. Anderson and his wife posed for the photographer here en route to New Orleans on the Mississippi aided only by a pair of long "sweep" oars. Anderson, on furlough from a government position, said he always wanted to emulate Tom Sawyer.

One Nation Indivisible

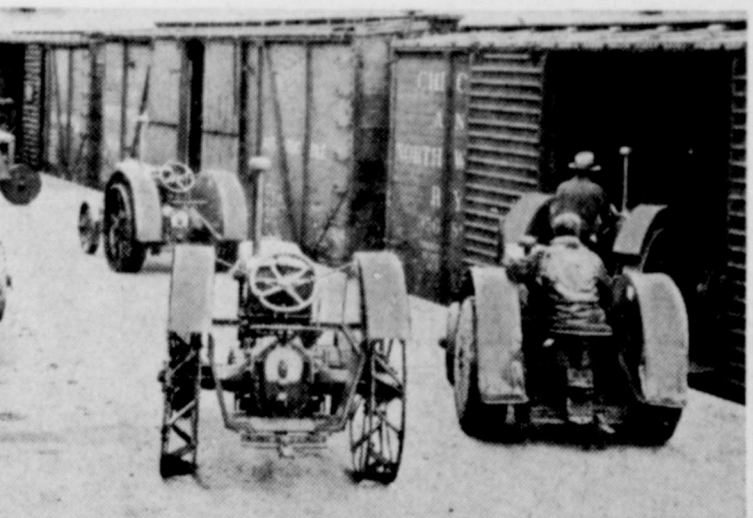


Picture Parade

WHEREAS young America consumed more than it produced, the America of 1938 approaches self-sufficiency as the farm buys from the city, the city from the farm. Each is dependent on the other. When farmers above harvested a bumper crop near Devers, Texas, the implied surplus threatened wages of Detroit automobile workers at right. And this year, new surpluses brought further complications. The cotton surplus alone was 13,000,000 bales. Apple growers had a surplus of 51,000,000 bushels at the start of the year. Milk production was higher in the early part of the year than in any corresponding period in the last seven years and granaries and warehouses bulged with lavish nature's excess production.



Here is an illustration of this "indivisibility." Farmers above deliver cattle and crops to great cities for distribution throughout the nation. And from cities, farm machinery (below) and automobiles flow in steady streams to the farms. Wages of industrial workers must be paid from the sale of their products. And the farm is a major market for products manufactured in the factories of our major cities.



Watch Your Kidneys!

Help Them Cleanse the Blood of Harmful Body Waste

Your kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream. But kidneys sometimes lag in their work—do not act as Nature intended—fail to remove impurities that, if retained, may poison the system and upset the whole body machinery.

Symptoms may be nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—a feeling of nervous anxiety and loss of pep and strength. Other signs of kidney or bladder disorder may be burning, scanty or too frequent urination.

There should be no doubt that prompt treatment is wiser than neglect. Use Doan's Pills. Doan's have been winning new friends for more than forty years. They have a nation-wide reputation. Are recommended by grateful people the country over. Ask your neighbor!



WATCH the Specials

You can depend on the special sales the merchants of our town announce in the columns of this paper. They mean money saving to our readers. It always pays to patronize the merchants who advertise. They are not afraid of their merchandise or their prices.

A Stitched Sampler In Floss That's Good



Want some color interest for your room? Then embroider this cheery sampler. It is in easy cross stitch with the flowers and other simple stitches. Pattern 612 contains a transfer pattern of panel 11 1/2 by 15 inches; color chart and key; materials needed; illustrations of stitches.

To obtain this pattern, send 5 cents in stamps or coins (coin preferred) to The Sewing Circle, Household Arts Dept., 259 W. 146 St., New York City.

Please write your name, address and pattern number plainly.

HOUSEHOLD QUESTIONS

Washing Fine Hose.—To prevent runs while laundering fine mesh hose, put stockings in a cheesecloth bag, squeeze gently in mild soap suds and rinse several times. Hang up to dry.

Drying Fabric Shoes.—To dry wet satin or fabric shoes, stuff with soft paper, pushing it in shape but not strain the material.

Treating a New Broom.—Before a new broom is used, soak it in a strong salt water solution and dry thoroughly. It will last longer.

For Creaming Butter.—A perforated wooden spoon is best for creaming butter. It does the job more efficiently.

Corks That Fit.—If corks fall out of salt and pepper shakers, soak corks in hot water to make them swell; or use a piece of adhesive over the opening.

Our Presidents

William Howard Taft was buried in Arlington National cemetery. James A. Garfield wore the largest hat, in head size, size 7 3/4. William Henry Harrison, who was 68 when elected, and 69 when inaugurated, was the oldest President at the time of his election. Abraham Lincoln was the tallest President, being 6 feet 4 inches tall. James Madison was the shortest President, being only 5 feet 4 inches in height. George Washington was an honorary citizen of France.

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DOAN'S PILLS

WNU—H 36-38

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WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON

NEW YORK.—Policemen seem to have more social security than anybody else, if they behave themselves, and yet about 70 of them have committed suicide in New York in the last few years.

Just why "a policeman's life is not a happy one" was not made clear by Gilbert and Sullivan, but members of the New York force are out to find out and do something about it.

Their new and unique "trouble" has been investigated and something is being done. It lists eight reasons why policemen get in distress, and the list includes just eight brands of money trouble. The news today is that the department clinic has been sanctioned and is opening headquarters in the old World building.

Patrolman Joseph J. Burkard of the traffic squad, an energetic, resourceful self-starter, in the department 20 years, pioneers the new clinic, with the aid of a young patrolman who is a student of psychology at Columbia university.

They brought in Dr. Menas S. Gregory, famous psychiatrist, and Carmyn J. Lombardo, also known as a specialist in mental disturbance. The clinic already handled 150 cases, some of them of extremely serious nature.

The clinic was established under the Patrolmen's Benevolent association, of which Mr. Burkard was elected president last year. It is said to have been the original idea, suggested by simple work by the American Legion, of which Mr. Burkard is a former New York county commander.

He has been a genial mixer in the department for many years, president of the glee club and active in the affairs of the P. E. A.

A friend of this writer, gathering material for a book on New York, asked a young police lieutenant Inspector Williams' remark that "There is more law on the end of a policeman's night-stick than there is a decision of the Supreme court."

"That's bunk, and it always was," said the lieutenant. "College men are joining both the police and fire departments. J. Edgar Hoover, and others, are helping to bring about a new conception of a policeman. The 'bat-foot' era is ending."

And then, said my friend, the lieutenant disclosed that he was a college graduate and engaged in an informal discussion of psychiatric training and methods in connection with police work. Would the cops have made their own psychological clinic in Inspector Williams' day?

The late Texas Guinan gave George Raft a pair of gold-plated garters. They brought him luck and he still wears them. The sleek, slow-eyed young Italian, alumnus of George of New York's Hell's Kitchen, has taken success in his easy dancing stride—he's an shoe-fitter—but, like other moving picture stars, he's beginning to look a little better in the mouth.

He doesn't like his role in Paramount's "St. Louis Blues," and the company suspends him. It is one more instance of increasing esthetic sensibility in movieland.

In and around Hell's Kitchen, he was a professional lightweight boxer, winning 25 fights, kayoed seven times. He was an outfielder for the Springfield (Mass.) minor league team for two seasons. He did well enough, but it was a sideline of impromptu hoofing and spoofing which paced him into the night clubs and the big Broadway shows.

He achieved a sinister, reptilian suggestion in his dancing which made him known fraternally up and down Broadway as "The Old Black-make."

He was just looking on at the Brown Derby in Hollywood when a prowling director seized him as a "type" and ruthlessly sloughed him into fame and fortune. His 1937 earnings report was \$202,666, topped only by Cooper and Baxter, among the male stars. He owns 45 suits of clothes and a piece of Henry Armstrong.

Rabbits Very Small at Birth Eyes of young rabbits open on the eleventh day. On the seventeenth day they are usually away from the nest. Little rabbits weigh about an ounce and a half at birth. By the time they are 30 days old, they weigh a pound each.

Floyd Gibbons' ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!



'The Nurse and the Thug' By FLOYD GIBBONS Famous Headline Hunter

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Her Savior Was a Policeman. The thug had his back turned, Augusta, recalling her feeble threat of a few moments back, cried out: "Here he comes now!" The instant's attraction was enough. While the thug wheeled to face, as he thought, the approaching police officer (Augusta's fictitious husband) she pulled away from him and threw herself into the range of the headlights!

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

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

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

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Improved Uniform SUNDAY SCHOOL International LESSON

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

Lesson for September 11 SAUL: MORAL FAILURE

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

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

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

I. "There Is None Like Him" (10:21-25). Saul was chosen of God to be Israel's first king. God Himself had been their king, but they in their willful unbelief wanted to be like neighboring nations. And the choice of both God and the people fell on Saul, for there was "none like him among all the people."

Never has a man been privileged to enter more auspiciously upon high office. Physically he was well-equipped, head and shoulders above the people (10:23). Mentally he was fitted for leadership. He was humble (9:21). He was spiritually right (10:6-9). He had a tolerant and kindly spirit (11:13). He was a successful military leader (ch. 11). For two years all went well, but then came the crisis which proved that all was not as it should be, when Saul presumptuously took the place of Samuel as priest and made an offering (13:9-13). This was later followed by his disobedience in sparing Agag.

II. "To Obey Is Better Than Sacrifice" (15:20-23). God had commanded that there must be utter destruction of the Amalekites and their possessions—something like the burning of a disease-infested house—a wiping out of a king and people who were condemned of God. We may not fully understand this act of God, but if we know Him we will not doubt that it was in accordance with His infinite wisdom and love.

Saul chose to disobey, later contending that it was done because of the people, that sheep and oxen had been spared for a sacrifice to the Lord. Samuel cuts through his hypocrisy and declares that God wants obedience rather than sacrifice. This is a lesson that many who profess to follow the Lord have not learned. "All the sacrifices and ceremonies of religion are to aid and promote obedience, not to be a substitute for it. Disobedience can never be made a virtue, even though attended by thousands of sacrifices" (Stanley). The church or the individual who denies or disregards the teaching of God's Word, and attempts to make up for it by sacrifices and ceremonies declares to the world that there has been a departure from true faith in God. Obedience is a virtue all too rare.

III. "The Battle Went Sore Against Saul" (31:3-6). This quotation from verse 3 relates to a particular battle, but it may well be applied to the entire battle of Saul's life. Having once begun the downward path of presumption and disobedience, the descent became rapid.

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

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

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

WHAT to EAT and WHY

C. Houston Goudiss Enumerates the Nutritious Values of the BANANA

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Double Fuel Value When fully ripened, this fruit provides quick energy because a certain amount of its sugars are almost immediately absorbed by the body. On the other hand, several hours must elapse before the remaining sugars are completely assimilated. Thus, eating bananas provides a continuous supply of energy for a considerable period. They not only help to promote rapid recovery from fatigue but also furnish a continuing supply of energy which keeps one from becoming hungry again too soon after a meal.

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

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

They leave an alkaline-ash following digestion. Fully ripened bananas are easily digested and are mildly laxative.

Valuable in Child's Diet Bananas deserve a prominent place in the child's diet from infancy to maturity. Some baby specialists prescribe mashed and strained ripe bananas as one of the first solid foods to be introduced.

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

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

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

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

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

OVERWEIGHT. Spoils Your Looks Impairs Efficiency

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Miss M. L. A.—Both sweet and white potatoes contain vitamins A, B and C; but sweet potatoes are a much better source of vitamin A than white potatoes. © WNU—C. Houston Goudiss—1938—27.

HOW to SEW By RUTH WYETH SPEARS



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

The linen was cut the desired size and narrow hems creased with a warm iron. The hems were then backstitched in white from the right side with three strands of six-strand mercerized embroidery cotton. She wanted the arrangement of the snow crystals to be helter-skelter—just as they would fall; so she took a handful of coins and tossed them onto the linen. There was a 50-cent piece, a quarter, some dimes, nickels and pennies. After several tosses she drew around each coin where it fell.

Still using three strands of the white cotton she took four stitches across the marked circle and then brought the needle out in the center, as shown here in step 2, ready

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

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We make—BY MAIL—the World's No. 1 FIT-RITE Dental Plates for men and women —from impressions taken in your home. Thousands of satisfied patrons MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE YOU'LL BE TRIAL SATISFIED Monthly payments possible. FREE mouth-form, easy dentures and complete WHITE ME TODAY! C. T. Johnson, Pres. of UNITED STATES DENTAL COMPANY Dept. DW-20, 1525 Milwaukee Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Were you ever alone in a strange city?



If you were you know the true value of this newspaper. Alone in a strange city. It is pretty dull. Even the newspapers don't seem to print many of the things that interest you. Headline stories are all right, but there is something lacking. That something is local news.

For—all good newspapers are edited especially for their local readers. News of your friends and neighbors is needed along with that of far off places. That is why a newspaper in a strange city is so uninteresting. And that is why this newspaper is so important to you. NOW is a good time to get to...

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MOTHERS! Get this FREE Bulletin on Child Feeding

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

Write . . . NOW, for the comprehensive free bulletin on the Child's Diet, compiled in the Experimental Kitchen Laboratory, maintained by C. Houston Goudiss in New York City.

Address C. Houston Goudiss, 6 East 39th St., New York City

For Our Children

Let us do the most we can to make the home a place where the children shall grow helpful, natural, happier, toward the noblest manhood and womanhood. Let us remember that it is the little things that make up the atmosphere. The kind word to the child, the little fault finding, the little nagging—it is just these little things that makes the comfort or discomfort of the home.

HOW BUSINESS MEN "Get Together" THROUGH THE BANK

From the days of barter no two men could trade without some mutual faith.

Later, they learned to deal with each other through a responsible "third party" to whom both had entrusted funds for safe-keeping. These dealings were the first banking transactions.

Today, all of our intricate machinery of business and credit would fall to pieces except for the bank, which stands as the central and connecting unit of it all.



First National Bank

Hagerman, N. M.

IN SOCIETY

Phone 17

(Items for either this column or the calendar must be turned in by not later than Wednesday noon)

RHODES-KIPER

Coming as a complete surprise to their many friends, Miss Beatrice Rhodes and Mr. Oscar Kiper quietly marched into the Nazarene Church of Artesia Wednesday at high noon and were married by the Rev. B. C. Gunstream.

A large assembly of friends from Hagerman had gone to Artesia to attend the district meeting of the church. The Rev. Mr. Gunstream is the district superintendent of the Nazarene Church.

The church was beautifully decorated with baskets of summer blossoms. The couple entered and knelt at the altar for the ceremony. Following the service a wedding dinner was served in the undercroft of the church.

Mr. and Mrs. Kiper left in the afternoon for Ruidoso on a wedding trip. They will make their home in Hagerman where Mr. Kiper has a position with the Kemp Lumber Company.

METHODIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY WEDNESDAY

The Methodist Missionary Society met Wednesday afternoon, Sept. 7 with the president, Mrs. L. E. Burk. The opening devotional service was conducted by Mrs. A. A. Bailey and the following business meeting was conducted by the president.

The new study book "Songs in the Night" was introduced by Mrs. Burk, and delicious home-baked cookies and iced tea were served to.

Mesdames Rufus Campbell, J. F. Campbell, Earl Stine, E. A. Padlock, Harry Cowan, Elbert Floto, Tom McKinstry, A. A. Bailey, Carl Ridgley, C. W. Curry, Flora West, Rollo Davidson, Miss Esther James and the hostess, Mrs. Burk.

The next meeting will be on September 21st with Mrs. Elbert Floto.

MEN'S CLUB HOLDS REGULAR MEETING

A small membership was in attendance at a regular meeting of the club on Tuesday evening at the Woman's Club rooms.

Dinner was served by a committee composed of Mesdames John McAllister, Bob Burns and Elmer Graham. The men stated it was one of the best suppers ever served them.

An impromptu speech was made by J. E. Wimberly, who received his inspiration from a picture of George Washington hanking on the wall, and talked on the principles of men like Washington.

The club plans to sponsor a dance on Sept. 23 to raise funds to aid in Fair expenses.

October 11 is the date set for a reception complimenting the school faculty and the lady friends of the club members.

MARLIN WOODMAS MARRIED

Friends of Marlin Woodmas will be interested in knowing of his marriage, which occurred in August to Mrs. Julia Kemp of Santa Ana.

Marlin, a former resident of Hagerman, graduated from the Santa Ana high school. He was for several years at a CCC camp at Marchfield, with the headquarters department. He is now with a fruit company at Santa Ana.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Key and sons of Ft. Sumner spent the week end here and at Artesia visiting relatives.

Social Calendar

Ladies Aid will meet on Wednesday, Sept. 14 at the home of Mrs. Willis Pardee.

Girl Scouts will meet Tuesday, Sept. 13, at 4:00 at the home of Mrs. T. D. Devenport.

Men's Club meets Tuesday evening, Sept. 13 at Hedges Chapel. It is requested that all men and women who are on committees for the fair be present. The Methodist ladies will serve the supper.

WOMEN'S CLUB NEW OFFICIALS INSTALLED

At the opening meeting of the club last Friday afternoon, the new officials were installed in a very impressive service. They are as follows: president, Mrs. C. O. Holloway; vice president, Mrs. W. A. Losey; secretary, Mrs. W. E. Utterback; treasurer, Mrs. Richmond Hams; parliamentarian, Mrs. E. A. White.

A delightful and interesting talk on "Industry in New Mexico" was given by Mrs. C. W. Curry. She also told of the oil industry in the state.

During a social hour, ice cream, cake and koolade were served by the hostess, Mrs. Richmond Hams.

Marginal Notes-

(Continued from first page)

starting pit. Without preliminaries, he climbs in the pit and guns his car.

Immediately prior to the runs it is almost impossible to talk to Eyston. He's too busy and nervous. When the test is over, the 41-year-old retired artillery captain becomes jocular and almost talkative.

Cobb, a wealthy fur broker, talks easily, both before and after the runs. Eyston is thin-faced, academic and different. He has a sandy, tooth-brush type mustache. He's almost always dressed in brown dungarees.

Cobb has a large, red face. He's always well dressed, even drives in spotless white coveralls.

Despite the fact both men have been acquainted 20 years, they talk of each other only on race days.

Cobb, who clasps his hands behind his back in "Felix the Cat" fashion when he walks, watches Eyston run from the ground.

Eyston watched Cobb's run last week from an airplane. Because spectators are held back 200 yards from the 13-mile straightaway, they experience a strange sensation when the cars roar through the measured mile at better than 300 m. p. h.; sound of the motors trails the car almost a quarter of a mile.

Of the two cars, "Thunderbolt" is the more sensational while speeding. The giant car, twice the weight of the 7,000-pound "Railton," looks half a block long. It's motors make far more noise than Cobb's.

Eyston's "Thunderbolt" is air and water cooled. Cobb's is cooled by cracked ice.

Social Security forms and systems—The Messenger.

In The WEEK'S NEWS



THE FLYING PROFESSOR—Howard Allen of Syracuse, N. Y., astronomy instructor, who was co-pilot in a Franklin powered Cub, with Merrill Phoenix in the endurance record flight for light planes at the New York State Fair.



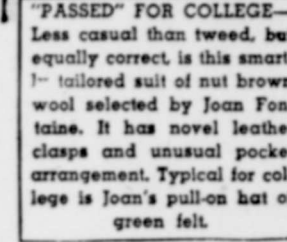
LINDBERGH'S IN POLAND—Col. Charles Lindbergh, American aviator who has made his home in England, and Mrs. Lindbergh, arrive at Warsaw by private plane on their way to Moscow where they viewed the air display.



LEVIATHAN'S SUCCESSOR UNDER WAY—Rear Admiral Emory S. Land (left) drives the first rivet into the keel of the new transatlantic liner being built for the United States Lines as Vice-President A. J. McCarthy looks on. This will be the largest and fastest American liner and a running mate to the Manhattan and Washington.



WINNER OF TRAP SHOOT TITLE—Ortello W. West, from Coshocton, Ohio, won the men's Grand American Handicap trap shoot title at Vandalia, Ohio, West defeated Farr Rhines, of Marseilles, Ill. 23 to 22, after they had tied at 99 out of 100 in the big classic.



"PASSED" FOR COLLEGE—Less casual than tweed, but equally correct, is this smart-tailored suit of nut brown wool selected by Joan Fontaine. It has novel leather clasp and unusual pocket arrangement. Typical for college is Joan's pull-on hat of green felt.



LARGEST CANTALOUPE GROWN—This muskmelon weighs 12 pounds, the circumference in width is 29 1/2 inches and in length 31 1/2 inches. It was grown on a farm at Elmhurst, Illinois. This phenomena is attributed to processing and treating of the seed before planting.

General News Briefs

It took two trucks, two lengths of rope and the services of half a dozen rangers to get a greedy Yellowstone Park bear and a milk can piled apart. One truck was attached by rope to the bear and one to the milk can. A tug-of-war ensued until the bear's head was freed.

Here's what folks eat when they want fish for supper: Middle and North Atlantic, cod, haddock and mackerel; South Atlantic and Gulf Coasts, croaker, mullet, red snapper, sea trout and shrimp; Pacific Coast, halibut, salmon, lingcod, crabs and oysters; Middle West, catfish, lake herring, lake trout, the pike perch, and whitefish. Those are the fish most popular in the areas named, says the Fisheries Bureau.

The new Cunard White Star liner Queen Elizabeth, the largest vessel in the world, now being built at Clydebank, Scotland, will be controlled by a rudder weighing more than 70 tons, with an area of 509 square feet.

W. T. Hunt, of West Chester, Pa., went fishing—and caught a dog. Hunt was baiting the upper hook of his line when a stray dog became snarled on the other hook. The dog took off a hundred yards of line in the first dash but in a few minutes Hunt reeled his "catch" to hand, more frightened than injured.

The Bureau of Indian Affairs said broadcasting in the Navajo language, which is spoken but not written, has started from a new station at the Navajo headquarters in Window Rock, Ariz., for the benefit of 50,000 Indians scattered over 16,000,000 acres in Arizona, New Mexico and Utah.

What prehistoric animal left his mammoth horn where the B. H. Blakeney ranch now reposes in Ector County, Texas, is puzzling the ranchmen. The horn, 8 or 10

inches in diameter and about five feet long, was found five feet below the earth's surface by men who were constructing a tank in the Blakeney pasture. The horn, now softer than the dirt in which it was resting, lay on top of a layer of caliche or chalky soil. The blade of the bull-dozer, being driven by one of Jackson Parker's crew, split the horn from end to end and the workman discovered it when he drove back through the excavation. It crumbled badly when removed from the ground.

Texas has moved to eliminate excessive gasoline stocks by ordering state-wide Saturday oil field shutdowns. The railroad commission directed that wells should be idle on Saturdays and Sundays through September. There have been no Sunday operations since January 15. The basic production allowance for the state was set at 1,233,248 barrels daily, about 12 per cent under the Bureau of Mines recommendation of 1,398,600 barrels.

A dilapidated truck that cost F. J. Pass of Kalgoorlie, Australia, \$60 brought him a fortune. The truck stalled and while repairing it, Pass picked up a lump of gold-bearing quartz. Pass staked a claim near the spot and shortly thereafter the Goldfields Australian Development

Company took out a \$60,000 option on his land.

RINGNECK PHEASANT SEASON OCT. 23 AND 24

The open season for hunting ringneck pheasants has been set by the State Game Commission for Oct. 23 and 24. The bag and possession limit will be two cock pheasants for the two-day season. Black or mutant pheasants are not to be killed.

In this part of the state, pheasants may be hunted in all parts of Eddy and Chaves Counties lying east of the range line between ranges 21 and 22.

Out-of-town friends who attended the Junior White funeral on Monday afternoon were Clifford Wimberly and Mr. and Mrs. Perry Sears of Captain; the Rev. Harry Cox of Wink, Texas, and Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Parker and two sons of Dexter.

Friends of W. P. Woodmas will be sorry to hear of his recent ill fortune. Mr. Woodmas has not been very well for several months, and was on his way to Long Beach where he was taking treatments when his car was hit by another motorist. Mr. Woodmas suffered serious injuries and will be in the hospital for several weeks.



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School clothes for young America of grammar and high school age. . . full of zip and color and made to stand the gaff for hard wear. You'll find it easy to please from our assortment of free and easy, yet attractive apparel for school. We especially feature extra trousers . . . one garment that is a must in any school wardrobe. Prices are more attractive than you can imagine.

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We have installed the latest type of alfalfa seed cleaner which is capable of removing as much Johnson grass from alfalfa seed as is possible with any air blast machine. We will be very glad to clean your seed for you. We have good second hand alfalfa seed bags at 25c each.

J. T. WEST

Phone 32 Hagerman, N. M.



Money in the Bank

By T. C. RICHARDSON, Secretary Breeder-Feeder Association

"Feed in the silo is like money in the bank—safe as long as you leave it there and subject to checking out whenever you need it." That's what thousands of trench silo users will tell you after a year's experience. There are now known to be about 11,000 of these "money in the bank" ditches in Texas and probably that many more in the four adjoining states, for which figures are not available at the moment. They range in size from 6,000 tons capacity down to those just large enough to feed one or two family cows, the tiny ditch just as efficient for its purpose as the huge canyons holding feed for thousands of beef steers.

The Southwest probably has the greatest crop of feed, both grain and roughage, in history. Many farmers who diverted land from cotton or wheat into other crops, will have more feed than the livestock now on their farms can use in one season. If stored above ground as dry forage its palatability and feeding value gradually deteriorates, but if properly stored in a trench silo it will be as good ten years from now—if it should be that long before the next drought or hard winter—as it is a month after filling the silo.

The trench silo can be constructed with little or no cash outlay. Any dirt-moving tool from a spade to a drag-line will do the work. It can be dug in a hillside or on the level, any length, depth or width to suit the conditions and the needs of the owner. If rock is too close to the surface or ground water too high for the desired depth, the dirt excavated can be piled up to raise the walls above the ground level, and increase the depth of the trench sufficiently to insure good packing of the ensilage, which is essential to proper curing and keeping of the material.

Any crop can be ensiled, even after the grain is mature and the stalks partially dried out. The ideal condition of course is while stalks and foliage are still green and succulent, but if drouth or frost gets in its work before the crop can be ensiled, adding water will supply the deficiency of moisture and make ensilage of dry, or partially dry, material.

Corn, sweet sorgho and grain sorghums carry sufficient sugars and easily convertible starches to insure the fermenting process which turns the material into ensilage. Sudan grass and the legumes require the addition of some fermenting material, and black strap molasses, a few gallons to the ton of ensilage, will do the job.

Crops may be successfully ensiled in whole stalks or an ensilage cutter may be used. In either case success or failure depends on packing in order to exclude air pack-

ets. It is easier to properly cut ensilage than stalks, and easier to feed out, but the cutter has not prevented dreds of farmers from making using whole-stalk ensilage, who have not had previous experience in storing ensilage. Consult their neighbor or the county agent, who will give detailed information in periodic bulletins.

Ensilage is more digestible dry forage, hence an acre of in the silo is worth more than the same acre cured. There is also less waste, an acre of feed will go farther in silo. It furnishes succulent when green pastures are not available, and is therefore reliable apparatus of cattle and functioning better, they get nourishment from dry grain and therefore produce more or weight for each pound of expensive grain they eat.

Mr. and Mrs. Coy Knoll the week end in El Paso, Mr. going there for medical treatment.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Piano—New type. Due to a most unfortunate circumstance, we have for sale beautiful Spinnet type. Might consider storing with responsible party with reference not sold. Write Ginsberg Company, Roswell, New Mexico.

School Girl Specials
Two Duart Permanents
For \$6.00
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