

PENASCO VALLEY NEWS

AND HOPE PRESS

A Democratic Newspaper Published in the Interests of New Mexico, Eddy County and The Penasco Valley

VOL. 12, NO. 7

Hope, New Mexico, Mar. 22, 1940

Published Every Friday

S. A. Winters Passes Away

Thursday morning when Everett Page returned from Artesia with the message, "S. A. Winters is dead," a shock was felt and a gloom of sadness was cast over the community.

Mr. Winters left his home in Weed Wednesday morning, apparently in as good health as usual, however he has not been well in quite some time; he spent Wednesday night in Artesia and Thursday morning suddenly passed on.

He has been in this section about five years, operating saw mills, transacting more business than the average man and was "Uncle Steve" to most of his employees. He was one of the most agreeable men in business dealings that one meets, never complaining about prices nor quality, always able to find a substitute when the merchants failed to have in stock his orders. He was serving on the local school board at the time of his death, being a promoter of any cause that was for the benefit of the community.

Mr. Stephen Alexander Winters was born in Sharpp county, Arkansas, in 1876. He married Miss Hattie Smith of that state; seven children, Bruce, Lee, Mrs. R. M. Donaghe and Mary Belle of Weed, two daughters, Mrs. J. J. Grissom and Mrs. H. S. Carter of Cove, Arkansas, and Everett of Demmitt, Texas, were born to this union, all were present at the funeral service which was conducted in the Church of Christ building here by Minister Dill of Pinon, and burial in the Weed cemetery.

Flowers and an unusually large crowd of friends and relatives present to pay their last respects, evidenced the esteem in which he was held.

CARD OF APPRECIATION

We wish to express our appreciation to every one for their kindness and help during the loss of our dear husband and father.

Mrs. Hattie Winters
Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Grissom
Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Winters
Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Carter
Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Winters
Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Winters
Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Donaghe
Mary Belle Winters

A fossil of Mollusca, measuring about four inches in thickness was found by Mr. Stevenson while working with rocks in preparing the foundation of the house under construction for Mrs. Daisy Weems. It is said by one who is in a position to know to be one of the largest and most perfect fossils he had ever seen either in or outside a museum.

Announcement of a baby girl, Virgie Marie, born to Rev. and Mrs. Hollis Shook was received by Mr. and Mrs. Ray Watkins recently. Rev. Shook was pastor of the Methodist Church at Sacramento, taking his departure for Weatherford, Texas, last summer where he is in college.

Members United States Coronado Exposition Commission



Hon. John N. Garner
Vice-Pres. of the United States



Hon. Wm. Bankhead
Speaker of the House



Hon. Harry L. Hopkins
Secretary of Commerce



Hon. Harold L. Ickes
Secretary of the Interior

Lee Beall of the Forest office in Alamogordo was here Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Kimble and three children of Greeley, Colorado, were week end visitors with Mrs. Mabel Patterson and little son, Bobby. The Kimbles were on their way to California for several days visit with relatives.

Garland Clark is making satisfactory improvement from a case of pneumonia.

Mr. and Mrs. Darby of Alamogordo were pleasant callers in Weed Sunday afternoon.

Chas. Fuller and Miss Ethel Napier were married in Roswell, Wednesday. The bride lives at the Melton saw mill west of Weed, the groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. John Fuller of this community.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Dean of the Pinon section were shopping in Weed Monday.

Mrs. Beth Dalton and son of Hobbs are spending a few days here at present.

Mr. and Mrs. Ruble Jones of Durango, Colorado announce the arrival of a son, Ronald Leon, in their home March 12th. Ruble will be remembered by his many friends as a former student in the Weed school.

Little Frbea Jo Page, who was taken to Artesia last week for medical attention, is improving. It was found that she had a case of typhoid fever.

Mrs. W. E. Fickel of Oklahoma City, spent the week end visiting her husband, W. E. Fickel, a teacher in the school here.

Ruthie, little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eldo Lewis on Perk Canyon, was recovering from a congested lung, the last report.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Winters of Cove, Arkansas, left Tuesday for their home, after being present at the funeral services of S. A. Winters. Sidney is another of Weed's former school lads.

Ed Wright, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Wright, is recovering from a case of pneumonia satisfactorily.

Three Easter programs are un-

der way in this community, one at Sacramento on Easter Sunday morning and at the Assembly of God Church on Perk Canyon at the same hour. Following is the program to be rendered at the Weed Baptist Church at 7:30 Easter Sunday evening. Walter E. Fickel, Director.

Part I

The Call to Worship Cantata—
"THE KING TRIUMPHANT"
Invocation
The Glory in the Cross
Scripture—"Make a Joyful Sound."
Easter Life and Song
Easter Hymn of Praise
Calvary and Its Gift to Man

Part II

The Easter Foretold
Christ's Suffering in Gethsemane
Bible Story of the Crucifixion
He was nailed to the Cross for me
The Dawn of Easter Morning
Up From the Grave He Arose
Mary at the Tomb
They have Taken Away my Lord
Fear not He is Risen
Come see the Place Where the Lord Lay
How Calm, How Beautiful the Morn
Praise His Name
Benediction

Dream of a Lifetime Comes True

By A. R. W.

"Oh Daddy, why don't you get out of this?" The eternal argument had started. "I can't understand what made you ever come out here in the first place," continued Bonnie in her disgruntled, nagging voice. "You had a wonderful start when you were young and to think of squandering a life time in this God forsaken place!" Bonnie turned with irritation and started dusting the kitchen table once more. It was a vain attempt, but one couldn't just sit and watch the table pile higher with the sifting dirt.

The wind blew as if a thousand demons had been let loose. The frame house shook as if at any minute it might join the tumbleweeds on their speedy flight across the prairie.

The apple orchard, the dream of a life time, was being blown to shreds — not a blossom remained on the budding trees.

Tom Sterns stood looking out of the kitchen window at the destruction going on before his eyes — destruction of a dream which could only be abated by a turn in the elements. His hands were deep in his pockets, and his shoulders slumped with the hopelessness of it all. Perhaps after all, Julia was right. Perhaps he was too ambitious about the place. Each year seemed to grow worse; the water no longer came as it used to. In the middle of the summer, when the crops wither in the fields, the river was nothing but a dry creek bed. But the soil was the best in the state. Anything would grow in it, if only there was just a little more water. Again the far-away look came to Tom Stern's eyes. Surely the legislators would recognize the need, and would approve the water project which the farmers had been trying to put through for the past thirty years.

Julia Sterns stood over the smoking cook stove, poking at the half-burned wood, and shaking down the ashes, trying to re-

(Continued on page 6)

No Two-Car Garages, No Chicacas La The Pot-



BALTIMORE SUN

Edmund Selzer

Wise and Otherwise

THE most completely lost of all days is that on which one has not laughed.—Chamfort.

An optimist has been defined as a man who figures that when his shoes wear out he will be back on his feet again.

Millions of dollars are spent on lipstick every year. Who said that women didn't cater to the masculine taste.

There are many things that science cannot discover; one is why a bald-headed man can have a heavy beard.

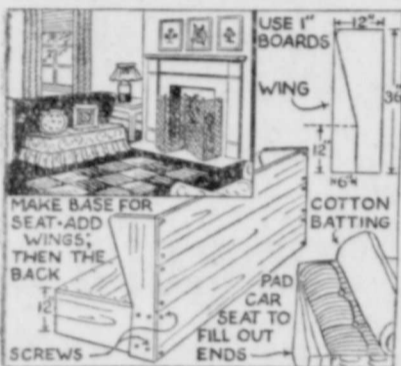
Women, says my wife, have cleaner minds than men. Well, they change them oftener.

This Started With An Old Car Seat

By RUTH WYETH SPEARS

WE KNOW what becomes of old automobiles for their graveyards are all too obvious. But how about that backseat cushion with springs almost as good as new? The sketch shows what became of one such seat.

It was padded out at the ends to make the back the same length



as the front. Extra padding was also used on the top to make it smooth. A simple base with a back and wings was made of one-inch boards, to fit the seat. Next, came the cretonne slip-cover for the spring seat, with a box pleated ruffle around the front and along the sides up to the wings. A bright peacock blue tone in the cretonne was used for seam cordings and was matched in paint for the wings and back of the seat.

NOTE: Sewing Book 1 contains 52 pages of directions for making slip-covers and curtains; books 2 and 3 give directions for the embroidered pictures over the mantle. The knitted rag rug and pillows in this sketch are in Book 4. Books are 10 cents each; if you enclose 40 cents with your order for four books (Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4) you will receive a FREE set of quilt block patterns of Mrs. Spears' Favorite Early American quilt designs. Send your order to:

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Wisdom Is Sought

Wealth may seek us; but wisdom must be sought.—Young.



MODERNIZE

Whether you're planning a party or remodeling a room you should follow the advertisements...to learn what's new...and cheaper...and better. And the place to find out about new things is right here in this newspaper. Its columns are filled with important messages which you should read regularly.

'Tommy the Cork' Marries Secretary Who (Like All Girls) Once Feared Him

By DREW PEARSON and ROBERT S. ALLEN

(Copyright, United Features Syndicate, Inc. Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

WASHINGTON.—This is the story of a lovely symbol of the modern Girl Friday—Peggy Dowd, who a few days ago married her brain-truster boss, Tommy Corcoran, and thereby brought to many persons in and out of Washington a breathing spell for as long as she can keep him away on their honeymoon.

It's a romance as colorful as the eventful career of the curly-haired bridegroom.

In Washington, Peggy Dowd is always associated with the brain-trust. But long before there was a brain-trust or the world had ever heard of Tommy Corcoran, Peggy Dowd was holding down an important job. She was the personal secretary of one of the big men of the Hoover administration, Gardner Cowles, owner of the Des Moines Register and Tribune and director of the RFC.

She Liked Midshipmen, Until—

It was a very pleasant job and Peggy thought her boss was a grand man. But her only interest in government was prom-hopping with dashing Annapolis midshipmen.

About this time there came to the RFC a young lawyer as Irish as herself. Peggy would see him now and then rushing along the corridors, but she never talked to him, for it was rumored in RFC feminine circles that he thoroughly disliked women, thought they had been put on earth only to get in the way of men's work.

Girls frankly were afraid to work for Tom Corcoran. He had come down to Washington from a big Wall Street law firm, and just could not get used to the deliberate civil service ways of government. He considered dictating to a shorthand book a waste of time, insisted that his secretary "take it down" on the typewriter as he talked—and he talked a blue streak.

Tommy Was a Tough One.

He also had a lot of crazy ideas about short-cuts through the telephone. He didn't care how big his phone bills were so long as they saved time. And around him he had a crowd of young fellows out of Harvard law school who were just as wild as he was and who, like him, telephoned all day and dictated all night.

Secretaries came to his office and departed like the days. None ever stayed longer than a week. There was a ladies' room legend, which persisted though Corcoran denied it, that he had once jerked a phone right out of its socket and tossed it at a secretary who insisted on going home at three o'clock in the morning. His constant cry to the head stenographer was for a male secretary.

The morning after Director Cowles, Peggy's boss, resigned and left for Iowa, the head stenographer, faced with her daily headache of finding a secretary for Corcoran (she called it the "suicide assignment"), summoned Peggy Dowd and said gently, "Report, please, to Mr. Corcoran."

"Oh, no," said Peggy, "not me. There are other jobs in this world."

"For my sake, please try it for a few days," pleaded the head stenog-



BRIDE AND GROOM—Thomas G. Corcoran, No. 1 "braintruster," poses with his bride and former secretary, Peggy Dowd, following their surprise marriage at Leesburg, Va. Peggy feared him (and what secretary didn't!) until each discovered the other was also Irish.

rapher. "After all, he's Irish and you're Irish and you can handle him if anyone can. Just don't argue with him. Let him do things the way he wants to, even if they do seem crazy. Who knows, perhaps there is a method in his madness."

So Peggy went up to the lion's den. In a short while Corcoran's buzzer rang and Peggy went in.

"Get this telegram off right away," he ordered, without looking up or giving her time to sit down. Then for two minutes he reeled off a long wire so fast that Peggy didn't even get the start of it. For a few moments she stood there helpless; then, with a jerk of her head, she started for the door to tell the head stenographer it was "no go."

The Day Is Saved.

As Peggy turned, there burst into the room one of the Harvard law school boys, J. Raburn ("Food") Monroe, now a successful New Orleans lawyer and a power in the new anti-Long group, who flashed a telegram before Corcoran.

"That changes everything," Corcoran shouted to Peggy. "Kill that wire I just gave you."

So Peggy just walked back to her desk, pretending she had the wire but was not going to send it. The fortuitous interruption had saved her. And today Peggy has one extra name among her patron saints. The name is St. "Food."

The first crisis thus survived so fortunately, Peggy decided to test her luck further. At seven o'clock that night, Corcoran nonchalantly instructed, "Go out and get something to eat and meet me at the Capitol in the legislative counsel's office at 7:30. We've got a little

Gamelin, Allied War Chieftain, Wears Down Foes by Stalling

PARIS.—Critics of General Gamelin, commander-in-chief of the British-French forces, have wondered why his men have been held in check behind lines instead of attacking the enemy across Germany's famed Westwall.

The answer, say Frenchmen in the "know," is that General Gamelin is playing a waiting game intentionally, having learned from experience that action is too often confused with mere agitation. Whereas Fuehrer Hitler is said to have delayed an attack because his army was not ready after the blitzkrieg in Poland, General Gamelin is merely following the battle tactics he has developed in a lifetime of military experience.

Possessing peculiar qualifications for a military commander, Gamelin

spent his youth in water-color sketching. To this day he is a student of philosophy, which, paradoxically, may hold the key to his success.

Criticized in Syrian Campaign.

Best illustration of Gamelin's tactics is found in his conduct of the Syrian uprising in 1925, when he was sent to suppress the Djebel Druses and relieve the besieged French outpost of Soueida. While the French press cried out bitterly, he spent weeks in apparent idleness while more spontaneous generals would have attacked immediately.

Gamelin has run the war so well that he may become the only French general to retain his command throughout a conflict.



General Gamelin

HOUSEHOLD QUESTIONS



Removing Fish Smell.—A little vinegar and water scalded in the frying pan will take away any smell of fish or onions. Wash the pan afterwards in the ordinary way.

Candied fruits and raisins for puddings and cakes should be softened by soaking overnight in fruit juice.

Labor Saver.—Part of the pot and pan washing job can be eliminated by storing frying fat in paper cups which can be discarded when empty.

QUICK QUOTES



OPPORTUNITY

"IT IS the proper function of government to prevent the erection of any unnatural barriers to the equality of opportunity. But when equality of opportunity is assured, government should interfere as little as possible with the normal activities of the people and the normal processes of trade and industry."
—U. S. Senator Carter Glass.



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Silent As a Sphinx.
For one of the most amazing things about this very amazing young lady is that, flattered, courted and cajoled by everyone seeking the inside lowdown, no one has ever been known to get anything out of her—except when Tom Corcoran for his own devious purposes wanted something to "get out."

**Penasco Valley News
and Hope Press**

Entered as second class matter Feb. 22, 1929, at the Post Office at Hope, N. Mex., under the Act of Mar. 3, 1879.

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Mountain and Valley Circulation
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Dunken—Mayhill—Elk

W. E. ROOD, Publisher

Subscription Rates - 1 year \$1.75

NOTICE OF ELECTION

Notice is hereby given that the regular biennial election for the Town of Hope, Eddy County, State of New Mexico, for the purpose of electing a Mayor for a term of two years and four Trustees, two to be elected for a term of two years and two for a term of four years, is to be held on Tuesday, April 2, 1940, at the Johnson Hotel, in the Town of Hope, Eddy County, State of New Mexico. Polls to be open from 8 a. m., until 6 p. m.

A qualified voter is any person who is qualified to vote for county officers, and who has lived within the Town limits for a period of thirty days prior to the date of said election.

Approved and authorized by the Board of Trustees of the Town of Hope, this 7th day of March, 1940.

THOMAS COFFIN,
Mayor.

(Attest)

ETHEL ALTMAN,
Clerk. Mar. 15-22-29

**NOTICE OF PENDING SUIT
STATE OF NEW MEXICO TO: Letha
Fay Harris.**

You are hereby notified that there is a suit pending in the District Court of Eddy County, wherein you are the defendant, George H. Harris is the Plaintiff, same being No. 7137 on the docket of the said court.

That the object of the suit is to obtain a divorce against you, Letha Fay Harris.

You are further notified that J. B. Atkeson, whose address is Artesia, New Mexico, is the attorney for the Plaintiff.

You are further notified that unless you enter your appearance and answer herein, on or before April 5, 1940, judgment will be rendered against you by default and the Plaintiff will be entitled to such judgment as he has claimed in his Complaint filed herein.

Witness, my hand and seal of this Court this the 8th day of March, 1940.

ETHEL M. HIGHSMITH,
Clerk of the District Court.
(SEAL) 4t

**The "Old Timer"
Drops in for a Chat**



How be ya today? I jest come in ta tell ya that I hed ta work in tha garden most all o last week but we done got all planted, we hed for now by Saturday so I sneaks off an goes fishin. I hed purty good luck too, got nuff fish ta hev fer supper an some ta fry fer tha folks that come over from Hog Holler on Sunday. They be a tellin me that thar be quite a few skiers up ta Cloudercroft but that tha snow be a goin fast. It won't be long afore tha summer tourist will be yere agin. Tha mountain section specially tha little village o Weed be makin plans ta hev tha biggest number o tourists this summer then they hev hed fer years. Did ya know that Weed be a grownin into a regler tourist town. Yeseeree I claim that this yere part o tha country be one o tha best thar be in a few years. Jest wait until we jest git a little more road improvement an then jest watch us expand. Wal I guess I hed better be a goin. See ya nex week maybe. Goo'by.

The Original Petticoats

Petticoats were originally what their name implies—little coats worn both by men and women for warmth of the upper part of the body. But fashion, which is apt to turn everything topsy-turvy, soon transformed them into exclusively feminine garb.

How Old Are You Inside?

Never mind how many wrinkles Father Time has painted in your face. Never mind how many gray hairs he has put on your head. The important thing isn't how old you are on the outside, but how old you are on the inside. A man's real age is determined by the youthfulness of his spirit! Benjamin Franklin helped write the American Constitution at eighty. Tintoretto painted his famous "Paradise," a canvas 74 by 30 feet, when he was seventy-four. Goethe completed "Faust" at eighty. As long as we are alert and vital in spirit we are not old. As long as we are joyously looking forward and enthusiastically starting new things we are still young. Stay young on the inside and forget your birthdays!—The Silver Lining.

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Morning Worship, 11:00 a.m.
Epworth League 6:30 p.m.
Evening Worship, 7:00 p.m.

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Katy's Cafe
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Where Donkey Was Domesticated
The donkey was probably first domesticated in the valley of the Nile, where it was known and used for centuries in advance of the horse. It found its way into ancient Greece through Asia Minor, but is mentioned much less frequently than the mule by Homer and other early writers.

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WEEKLY NEWS ANALYSIS BY JOSEPH W. LaBINE

Scandinavia Works With Nazis To End Russo-Finnish Conflict; Feel Allies Aren't Dependable

(EDITOR'S NOTE—When opinions are expressed in these columns, they are those of the news analyst and not necessarily of this newspaper.)
Released by Western Newspaper Union

EUROPE: The Wars

Northern Front. Soviet troops captured the entire northern tip of Finland, placing the Arctic sea outlet in Soviet hands. Finns still held Viipuri, western anchor of the Mannerheim lines, repulsing furious Soviet attacks. Civilian bombings continued.

Western Front. Reconnaissance flights and patrol clashes.

Finnish Finish?

Off to Berlin one day went 79-year-old Per Evind Svinhufvud, former president of Finland. He made a brief flurry in the news, obviously a peace envoy. Then he disappeared, but Per Svinhufvud had



PER SVINHUFVUD
... started something in Berlin.

done his work well. Within 24 hours Moscow had invited Finnish Premier Risto Ryti and three aides to visit the Kremlin and talk peace. That Germany's hand was behind all this none doubted, for Naziland would like to have Russia at peace, thereby making Soviet war materials available to the Reich.

Up north, Scandinavia cheered; a Russo-Finnish peace would relieve the terrific pressure Sweden and Norway have felt from France and Britain on the one side, and Russia and Germany on the other. The allies had sent Finland only a smattering of help, leaving friendly Scandinavia exposed should Russia win. But if Scandinavia worked for peace via the dictator nations, an early and safe peace might be arranged.

After several days a truce was reported near, leaving frontiers substantially where they have been pushed by fighting thus far. But there was still a good chance that it would bog down.

British Gesture

Off to Rome went Nazi Foreign Minister Joachim von Ribbentrop to capitalize on an Italian pique. Several days earlier Britain had clamped a blockade on Italian coal imports from Germany, hailing 16 of Il Duce's freighters into port. Angered, Rome dispatched threatening notes.

Obviously von Ribbentrop hoped to win Italian sympathy against Britain, but the Englishmen acted too fast. Without warning, London suddenly released all 16 Italian freighters and won an Italian promise to ship no more German coal by sea.

Herr von Ribbentrop, the wind taken out of his sails, eased back home after visits with Mussolini, King Victor Emmanuel and—unexpectedly—Pope Pius XII. Observers guessed that von Ribbentrop heard plenty from both Mussolini and Pope Pius about alleged German atrocities in Poland. They also guessed, but could not be certain, that he had urged Mussolini's mediation to help end the Russo-Finnish

NAMES

in the news . . .

HAROLD L. ICKES, secretary of the interior, and enthusiastic third-termite, sounded off in *Look* magazine on G. O. P. Hopeful Tom Dewey. Said Ickes: Dewey is a "clamor boy;" he is "photogenic, radiogenic and a dude . . ."

F. LYNDEN SMITH, Illinois public works director and ousted state Democratic fund collector who was "banished" for criticizing Gov. Henry Horner, succeeded at a Springfield, Ill., hospital.

war. Still a third report: That he sought Italian co-operation to form an economic bloc of all eastern Europe, eventually including Russia and the Baltics.

DOMESTIC:

Farmers' Congress

"It is more than ever important to have a government . . . that can act to protect the interests of our farmers as well as our business men when foreign trade conditions are upset."

Thus did Franklin Roosevelt address 500,000 farmers in 24 states assembled at 50 and 75-cent dinners to celebrate AAA's seventh anniversary. For the President and the farmer, things were looking up. A few hours before Mr. Roosevelt spoke, the senate finance committee approved a three-year extension of the reciprocal trade program, already okayed by the house. Chairman Pat Harrison of that committee was pretty sure the measure would pass.

Meanwhile another senate committee was even out-doing the President to help farmers. An appropriations sub-committee upped the house-approved \$749,561,000 agricultural appropriations bill to \$958,000,000 (the President had recommended only \$788,929,519). Chief boost was a \$212,000,000 fund for parity payments. In addition, the subcommittee directed that RFC should lend \$100,000,000 additional to farm agencies (thus avoiding new appropriations) and that \$60,000,000 of benefit payments be shifted to this year's funds from next year. This brought the total to more than a billion dollars.

Gloom fell over the house, which had previously clipped some \$300,000,000 from budget estimates on 10 different appropriations in the hope of saving enough to prevent new taxes or a boost in the national debt. When the senate appropriations committee okayed its subcommittee's action, and when senate leaders expressed certainty that the big farm bill would pass, the gloom became thicker. One salvation might be to make big cuts in relief and defense appropriations. Another, which President Roosevelt reportedly discussed with congressional leaders, was a revival of the new tax program.

Also in congress:

Hatch Bill. Not sidetracked for the farm bill, as everyone expected, amendments to the Hatch "clean politics" act were pushed through the senate. Aim: Curb political activity of 500,000 state employees.

Wagner Act. Chairman Mary Norton (Dem., N. J.) of the house labor committee charged that 21



WELLES AND LEBRUN
A baptism of fire.

amendments to the Wagner act, as proposed by a special house committee, would practically repeal the law." It was a good bet that the house would kill all the amendments.

Welles Junket

Undersecretary of State Sumner Welles continued marching through the chancelleries of Europe in an attempt to dig out "the present phase of the European situation." Neither he nor anyone else could really dig it out, because the European situation was more perplexing than anything the world has seen in 20 years (see EUROPE).

Arriving in Paris after visits at Rome and Berlin, Mr. Welles lunched and dined with President Albert Lebrun, Premier Edouard Daladier and many a lesser statesman, receiving his baptism of fire when anti-aircraft batteries sounded off against a Nazi reconnaissance plane. He heard the same old terms: (1) No peace so long as Hitlerism reigns in Germany; (2) liberation of Poland and Czechoslovakia; (3) "guarantees for the security of peoples and the integrity . . . of all nations."

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL Lesson

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

Lesson for March 24

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THE SEPULCHER: TRIUMPH OVER DEATH

LESSON TEXT—Matthew 27:57-28:6.
GOLDEN TEXT—But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the firstfruits of them that slept.—1 Corinthians 15:20.

In our series of lessons in Matthew we have followed our Lord in His life and ministry on through Gethsemane to Calvary. Today we find loving hands giving themselves in what they thought to be the final act of devotion to their Lord, and we also see the hands of wicked men active in what they thought was a final act of hatred. Then suddenly the Lord Himself breaks through in resurrection power.

I. Love Is Kind (27:57-61).

The women, whose devotion to their Lord never wavered, were joined in the final act of taking the body of Jesus from the cross and burying it by two secret disciples of the Lord who now came out into the open, Joseph of Arimathea, a member of the Sanhedrin (Luke 23:50, 51), and Nicodemus (John 19:39, 40). It was a courageous act on their part and undoubtedly the expression of their great love for Jesus.

The two Marys seemed to have stayed to watch the grave even after Joseph had gone to his home. The death of Jesus may have crushed their hopes, for they apparently did not recall His promise of resurrection, but they still loved Him. After all, is not that the ultimate and essential mark of a disciple, love for our Lord?

II. Hatred Is Relentless (27:62-66).

The wicked men who had brought about the crucifixion of Jesus were not content to let their hatred of Him die at the grave. They lusted after His life and they had taken that, but even as He lay silent in the grave, the priests and the Pharisees came to Pilate and called Him "that deceiver" (v. 63) and demanded a special guard. They feared that His disciples would perpetrate a fraud, and after stealing the body declare that He was risen. Wicked and deceitful hearts can imagine all sorts of treachery on the part of others.

The hatred of unbelievers toward Christ and toward His followers knows no stopping place. In civilized lands and among cultured people it operates under a cloak of respectability, but it is none the less bitter and relentless in its pursuit of Him and of His Church.

Observe that while the chief priests and Pharisees acted in hatred and unbelief, they unwittingly did the cause of Christ a great service by demanding the guard over the tomb. They made it forever impossible for any charge of fraud to be successfully made against the truth of the resurrection.

III. Christ Is Triumphant (28:1-6).

Victory and praise should be the keynote of Christianity. Why should we be doleful and sad? Our Lord has come back victorious from the grave! We may be glad and sing even in the midst of earth's sorrows and distresses. Let praise be the employ of our lips constantly as we worship Him and work for Him.

The picture that greeted the surprised eyes of the two women as they came to the grave as it began to dawn on the first day of the week was one resplendent with the glory and majesty of God. The earth quaked as the lightning and white angel of the Lord broke through the unbreakable seal of Rome and rolled back the stone which was to have permanently closed the door to the tomb. This was done, not to release Christ—for He had already gone, no grave could hold Him—but that men might see the empty grave and know that He was risen.

To the foes of Christ represented by the keepers, the coming of the angel and the revelation of the power of God brought absolute discomfiture. That is still true. Men will argue with theology, church methods, even Christian profession, until they see the power of God revealed, and then they can only be "as dead men."

To the friends of Christ the angel brought comfort and assurance. Their fears were assuaged by his word of comfort, and then their faith was revived by the assurance that Christ was risen. The resurrection declares that He is the Son of God with power, the Saviour of the world.

FARM TOPICS

FARM PLANNING PAYS DIVIDENDS

Definite Schedule Saves Soil and Equipment.

By M. L. MOSHER

Farm plans have the same importance to the farmer as an architect's plans and specifications to a building contractor.

Because of the farmer's knowledge of his farm and its productivity, he is in a better position to do his own planning than anyone else. A farmer who makes his own plan will understand it, appreciate it and enjoy putting it into operation.

Five distinct steps in farm planning present themselves from the standpoint of the farm management specialist. First is the making of an inventory of the physical resources of the farm; second, setting up a long-time land-use plan as a goal towards which to work; third, fitting the live stock program to the needs of the farm; fourth, planning the marketing program and estimating expenses, and fifth, outlining the transition from the present plan to the new plan.

Any plan is not likely to be perfect in all its details, but if it provides for some improvement over the present plan or over no plan, it will be worth while. The revision of the plan may be necessary from time to time because of new solutions to old problems, changing conditions and emergencies.

Twenty years experience in studying farm accounts in the department of agricultural economics at the University of Illinois is the basis for this treatment of the farm plan.

High-Quality Eggs Bring Good Prices

Consumers who want high quality graded eggs are willing to pay more for them when they have assurance that the eggs really are of high quality, say egg-marketing specialists of the agricultural marketing service.

While the relatively higher prices charged for better eggs might be expected to discourage consumption, just the opposite has been true in states where egg grading programs have been followed.

According to the egg-marketing specialists, consumers of the better grades of eggs appreciate two features of a well-conducted grade-marketing system. They are assured of the superior quality of the better grades, and of the quality that comes with the purchase of a product properly handled from the time it was graded to the time it reaches them.

Simple Erosion Controls

Will Check Small Gullies

For small gullies—those less than three feet deep—comparatively simple erosion controls are recommended. Large gullies and those with extensive drainage areas usually can be stabilized only by using a combination of protective measures.

The first step in gully control is to keep as much runoff as possible out of the gully channel. For this purpose, retarding water draining into the gully is often enough, but in some cases a diversion ditch just above the head of the gully may be necessary.

Once the retention or diversion measures have been applied, control of the gully becomes much simpler. To protect the channel from further scouring, use adapted vegetation—grasses, vines, trees, and shrubs wherever possible. Structural devices are recommended only to help establishment of vegetation or to provide permanent protection at points that cannot be protected in any other way.

Agricultural News

Soil conservationists, after repeated tests, are continuing to find that plain, old-fashioned grass sod is one of the best anti-erosion measures.

An 1100 pound cow, giving the equivalent of 40 pounds of 4 per cent milk per day, can eat roughage so that she'll need not over eight to ten pounds of grain per day.

One of the most talked-of practices in poultry management in recent years is that of out-of-season hatching. Many poultrymen now hatch chicks in fall, winter, and spring.

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

I always think I'll
do great things
And then I never
try.
I sit and feel
ambitious while
The days go whizzing
by.



WNU Service.

Strange Facts

Continuous Growth
Versatile Products
Mail Must Go On!

Although most creatures have a definite growth limit, others continue to increase in size as long as they live, among them being trees, fish, oysters, clams, shrimps, crabs and lobsters.

Products of the farm have more than 400 nonfood uses in industry. For example, corn is used in making adhesives, potatoes in laundry starch, soybeans in plastics, cattle grease in antifreeze mixtures, grape-seed oil in soaps, buttermilk in paints, and eggs in leather-dressing processes.

In many Japanese bedrooms the compass points are painted on the floor. Few Japanese will sleep with the head pointing north, the position in which they are buried.

Although the transatlantic clippers are built to carry 3,000 pounds of mail, they have transported 4,300 pounds, or 140,000 letters and packages. Incidentally, a clipper must carry all mail given to it by the post office department, even if it has to cancel all passenger bookings.—Collier's.

Weak, Tired People Get "New Lease on Life"

Famous doctor's prescription helps build pep, strength and energy in amazing, easy way

ARE you weak, run-down—appetite poor? Does the slightest effort exhaust you to the point you feel life isn't worth living? This is often Nature's danger signal—and here's sensational news! Mrs. Laura Bond, 806 Cumberland Street, Gloucester City, N. J., writes: "I felt so tired, weak and out-of-sorts. But after taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery a while, I felt more like eating, had more energy, and fell like myself again."

This great medicine, formulated by a practicing physician, helps you combat that weak, run-down feeling two ways: (1) It stimulates the appetite. (2) It promotes flow of gastric juices. Thus, you eat more; your digestion improves; your body gets greater nourishment, and in this scientific way helps nature build up your pep, energy and resistance. So successful has Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery been that over 30 million bottles have already been used. Proof of its remarkable benefits. Get Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery from your druggist today. Let it help you feel joyfully alive again—full of pep and energy.

Freeman and Slave

He is a freeman whom the truth makes free, and all are slaves besides.—Cowper.

Write for Free Catalog of Hi-Quality Seeds



The Rocky Mountain Seed Co.
Box 388, Denver, Colorado

WHEN YOU WANT THAT NEXT JOB OF

PRINTING

Let Us Show You
What We Can Do

If you prefer, send the order by mail or bring it to the office in person.

Smiles

Signals Mixed
First Scrubwoman—She wants me to have a finger in the pie, but I smelt a rat an' nipped it in the bud.

Second—My, Mrs. Harris, how you mix your semaphores.

Just His Luck
"Yes, poor old Jones. He always was unlucky."

"Do you think so?"
"Yes, if a weight fell from his mind it would surely fall on his pet corn."

STARTED OFF WRONG



"Where did you first meet your wife?"
"I don't remember now, but I'll bet I had to wait for her."

The Patient
Vocalist—Oh, doctor, I've lost my voice. Do you think you could get it back for me?
Doctor—Yes I could—but my country comes first.

"Skating is the ideal exercise for the girl who wants to slim," says a writer. It will certainly get her weight down.

WOMEN! Relieve "Trying Days" by taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription over a period of time. Helps build physical resistance by improving nutritional assimilation.—Adv.

In One's Place
It is surprising to observe how much more anybody may become by simply being always in his place.—Salina Watchman.

BILIOUS?

Here is Amazing Relief of Conditions Due to Sluggish Bowels
Nature's Remedy If you think all laxatives act alike, just try this all-vegetable laxative. Dependable relief from sick headaches, bilious spells, tired feeling when associated with constipation. Without Risk. Get a 25c box of NR from your druggist. Make the test—then if not delighted, return the box to us. We will refund the purchase price. That's fair. Get NR Tablets today. **NR TO-NIGHT**

No Just in Unjust
To entreat what is unjust from the just is wrong; but to seek what is just from the unjust is folly.—Plautus.

grass..

BUILD up your pastures and hay lands with clean, live grass seeds. Crested Wheat Grass. Tall, Slender Wheat Grass. Western Wheat Grass. Blue Grama and Bromo Grass. Alfalfas and Clovers of all desirable varieties. Write for Big Free Catalog telling about these crops.

Western Seed Co.
Denver

Prophet in Reverse
The historian is a prophet looking backward.—Schlegel.

WHY SUFFER Functional FEMALE COMPLAINTS

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Has Helped Thousands!
Few women today do not have some sign of functional trouble. Maybe you've noticed YOURSELF getting restless, moody, nervous, depressed lately—your work too much for you—Then try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to help quiet unstrung nerves, relieve monthly pain (cramps, backache, headache) and weak dizzy fainting spells due to functional disorders. For over 60 years Pinkham's Compound has helped hundreds of thousands of weak, rundown nervous women. Try it!

Victory of Peace
Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war.—Wilde.

To Relieve Misery of **COLDS** take **666**
LIQUID, TABLETS, SALVE, NOSE DROPS

A SWELL GIRL

By BARBARA A. BENEDICT
(Associated Newspapers—WNU Service.)

THE day after Mary Van Tine came to work at Crosscup's, Doug Yeaton, who worked in the advertising department, met her in Riley's during the lunch hour and sat down at the same table. They talked, and afterward strolled leisurely back to the store. At the foot of the second floor escalator, Doug, after a momentary hesitation, suggested a movie for the following evening.

"I'd love to!" Mary said eagerly. "That would be simply grand!"
Five minutes later in the women's wash room, Mary said scornfully, "A movie! Can you beat it! Of all the pikers!"

Vina Upton, standing behind Mary at the same mirror, asked curiously: "Who was he, darling?" Vina had known Mary before the latter joined Crosscup's staff.

Mary made a face. "Some dope from the advertising named Yeaton."

"Doug Yeaton?" Vina's face registered interest. "Nice kid."

"A tightwad!" said Mary.

Vina opened her compact and dabbed powder on her cheeks.

"Suppose you told him you'd go?"

"Why not? This baby's not passing up anything—even a movie. Play the suckers along and take what you can get—that's my motto."

"With your looks," said Vina, "you ought to be able to get plenty."

That night Mary thought over those words. She was good looking and she knew it. No reason at all why she should be playing around with small fish like Doug Yeaton. There were men with money who would be eager for her company. All she had to do was meet one or two of them, manage a furtive smile at the right moment, and there you were.

Mary smoothed back her hair and studied her reflection in the mirror. Somehow, very soon now, she was going to contrive to meet some of these moneyed men. Until then she'd have to be content to play around with dopes such as Doug Yeaton.

Memory of Doug's handsome face flashed into her mind's eye. He was attractive and would probably prove good company while she was laying her net for bigger fry. Like all the others that made up the sizable group of young men who sought her favor, he'd probably make a nuisance of himself by trying to be too attentive, but what of it?

Thus having catalogued the unsuspecting Mr. Yeaton in her mind, Mary was faintly surprised on the following evening not to hear the young man beseech her for another date, upon taking his leave at the doorway of her rooming house.

His manner, in fact, was not quite in accord with what she was accustomed from other young men, and later she gave it some thought.

Presently, however, she dismissed it from her mind, feeling quite satisfied that on the morrow, or in the near future, he would approach her again.

But on the morrow she didn't even see Mr. Yeaton. Nor on the day following that. In fact, it was four days later that he came into Riley's and sat down at her table. He grinned at her boyishly.

"Hot, isn't it?"
Anger flamed inside of her. Of all the insipid things to say! But she smiled in the manner she had schooled herself to smile at attractive young men.

"I don't mind," she said. "I rather like the heat."

"You're lucky," said Doug. And then he gave his order to the waiter. Thereafter they talked about the weather and about such things as the uplift in business and the future in the advertising profession. Presently Doug glanced at his watch and rose hastily. He would, he declared, have to hurry back to the store. Would she excuse him?

Much to her amazement (and annoyance) Mary found herself thinking almost continuously of good-looking Doug Yeaton in the days that followed. Now and then she jerked her thoughts back to the more important business of concentrating on the possibility of ensnaring a butter-and-egg man. But invariably Doug Yeaton came back to fill her thoughts.

On Tuesday of the next week Doug asked her to attend another movie. For just an instant she hesitated, half mindful to refuse it for no better purpose than to satisfy her pride, and then, conscious of a horrible sinking sensation at the thought he might become discouraged and not repeat his offer, accepted with an eagerness that was far more genuine than on that first occasion.

But if Mary had hoped that this would be the beginning of more frequent attempts to date her by Doug, she was doomed to disappointment.

Two weeks passed during which Doug came into Riley's three times when she was having lunch and sat at her table. On the last occasion he announced that he was leaving the next day for his annual fortnight's vacation.

Mary's heart sank. Two weeks! Only then did she realize how very much those friendly little chats at Riley's and an occasional trip to the movies had come to mean.

Somehow Mary lived through that fortnight without taking a train up to Lakeview where Doug had said he was going.

Just before his return she faced her reflection once more in the mirror of her tiny bedroom and took an honest inventory of her emotions.

She was a fool to let herself become so infatuated with Doug Yeaton.

In the first place he wasn't rich and she had set out to capture a rich man.

In the second place, he obviously thought only of her as a casual acquaintance. Otherwise would he be content with weekly trips to the movies and chance meetings at Riley's? Hardly. It was really quite amusing.

Below stairs the front doorbell rang and a moment later Mrs. Flannery called up to say there was someone in the front room to see her.

Thinking of Vina, Mary made her way down the stairs, and opened the door.

"Hello," said Doug Yeaton. "I got back earlier than I expected and thought maybe you'd like to go to a movie."

Mary compressed her lips.

The very casualness of his manner made her want to slap him. "Oh, you did? And after the movie is over, what am I to do: sit around and wait two weeks for you to invite me to another?"

She hadn't intended to say all that, but now that it was out she was glad.

A bewildered expression had come to Doug's face. "Why, shucks, Mary, the reason I didn't ask you more often was because I didn't want to make a nuisance of myself, and—"

"And what?" said Mary.

"And," Mr. Yeaton blurted. "I couldn't afford to take you anywhere else. I'm saving to establish an advertising agency of my own. And I knew that a swell girl like you would have loads of other chances to go out with men who could afford night clubs and theaters, and I didn't want to ruin my chances, and—"

It looked as though Mr. Yeaton intended carrying on his explanation indefinitely, so Mary cut in on him.

"A lot," she said, scornfully and in such a manner as to cause Mr. Yeaton to pause and stare, "you know about what swell girls want."

Mr. Yeaton blinked, and swallowed hard. Then he stepped forward and took Mary into his arms.

"And that," he finished explaining, "is why I cut short my vacation and came home early."

Which seemed to justify everything.

National Parks Service Bans Windshield Stickers

The national park service, as a highway safety measure, is co-operating with state and local governments in efforts to abate the increasing tendency of motorists to cover their windshields with stickers. Issuance of stickers to motorists visiting the national parks and other areas in the federal parks system as evidence that they have paid the required entrance fees has been discontinued, Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes has announced.

Widespread distribution of commercial stickers in addition to those indicating the automobiles had passed state inspection and those issued by the national park service to show a fee had been paid, has greatly increased traffic hazards, park service officials point out. Some state and local governments have declared the use of all but official stickers to be unlawful.

This action is in line with recommendations of the American Safety Council, the American Automobile association, the American Planning and Civic association, and similar organizations.

Realizing the tendency of travelers to take the world into their confidence as to their journeys, as evidenced by the sticker-covered luggage of trans-Atlantic travelers in particular, the national park service is now making efforts to find a practical and acceptable substitute, as well as to meet the demand of the average tourist to have visual evidence that he has "been places."

Household Hint

White spots on tables, caused by hot dishes, can often be removed by rubbing with a piece of flannel dampened with spirits of camphor. This should be followed by a rubbing with flannel moistened with crude oil, then a polishing with soft silk.

ASK ME ANOTHER ?

A Quiz With Answers Offering Information on Various Subjects

- | The Questions | The Answers |
|--|--|
| 1. How long will a date palm bear fruit? | 1. A date palm will bear fruit for two centuries or more. |
| 2. Is water in a bucket perfectly level on top? | 2. Water in a bucket is slightly concave on top. |
| 3. What was the longest siege in history? | 3. The siege of Tyre by Nebuchadnezzar, which lasted 13 years, being raised in 572 B. C. |
| 4. Is the practice of cribbing for examinations a modern practice? | 4. Evidence of cribbing by Chinese students as early as 1562 have been found. |
| 5. What is the name of the science of the earth and its life, geology, geography or geodesy? | 5. Geography. |
| 6. Does United States citizenship confer the right to vote? | 6. No. States grant the right to vote. |

'As Thin as Thin'
Gold is one of the most malleable of metals and can be hammered out into sheets one 300,000th of an inch in thickness. Goldbeater's skin is the base on which the beaten gold is imposed. The gold itself is known as gold leaf, and it is of amazing thinness. Hence the necessity for a suitable base to carry it.
The best leaf is made from 23 carat gold, and is usually beaten out until it is only one 280,000th of an inch in thickness.

SANDPAPER THROAT
Does your throat feel prickly when you swallow—due to a cold? Benefit from Luden's special formula. Contains cooling menthol that helps bring quick relief. Don't suffer another second. Get Luden's for that "sandpaper throat!"
LUDEN'S 5c
Menthol Cough Drops

IT TAKES MORE THAN CORN TO MAKE FINE CORN FLAKES

KELLOGG'S HAVE BEEN AMERICA'S FAVORITE FOR 34 YEARS

SWITCH TO SOMETHING YOU'LL LIKE!

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

I LIKE SPEED ON A RACING BOB-SLED BUT NOT IN MY CIGARETTE. I KNOW FROM EXPERIENCE THE EXTRAS IN SMOKING PLEASURE GO WITH SLOW BURNING; I SMOKE CAMELS. THEY BURN SLOWER—SMOKE Milder AND COOLER!

In recent laboratory tests, CAMELS burned 25% slower than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them. That means, on the average, a smoking plus equal to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

CAMEL

FOR EXTRA MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS, EXTRA FLAVOR—

SLOW-BURNING COSTLIER TOBACCOS

Camels

You Cannot Buy Better Tires

Regardless of what you pay. Why Pay More? We have a tire for every purpose priced to fit your needs. Get our trade-in offer on your next set of tires

PIOR RUBBER CO.

Washing...Greasing...Vulcanizing

Artesia, - - - New Mexico

NOTICE OF PENDING SUIT STATE OF NEW MEXICO TO: Letha Fay Harris.

You are hereby notified that there is a suit pending in the District Court of Eddy County, wherein you are the defendant, George H. Harris is the Plaintiff, same being No. 7137 on the docket of the said court.

That the object of the suit is to obtain a divorce against you, Letha Fay Harris.

You are further notified that J. B. Atkeson, whose address is Artesia, New Mexico, is the attorney for the Plaintiff.

You are further notified that unless you enter your appearance and answer herein, on or before May 14, 1940, judgment will be rendered against you by default and the Plaintiff will be entitled to such judgment as he has claimed in his Complaint filed herein.

Witness, my hand and seal of this Court this 8th day of March, 1940.

ETHEL M. HIGHSMITH, Clerk of the District Court. (SEAL) 4t

Feathers Form Owls' "Horns" Tufts of feathers form the "horns" of horned owls.

Jews Reckon World's Age
The Jewish calendar starts with the creation of the world, and this is the year 5698.

North Carolina's First Town
The first incorporated town in North Carolina was Bath, which was settled in 1690 and incorporated in 1705.

Use of Adobe Brick
The use of adobe bricks, distinctive to buildings in the American Southwest, is said to have developed independently in North Africa.

New and Used Furniture
At Reasonable Prices
Mayes & Co.
115 West Main
Artesia N. Mex.

Dream of a Lifetime Comes True

(Continued from page 1)

lieve the room of a little of the stifling smoke. The old stove would never draw when the wind blew.

"Tom Sterns, you have been dreaming all your life of the day 'when the water comes back'. You've been butting your brains out against a stone wall for the past twenty years. Ever since we've been married, you have been telling me that surely next year things will be better, that we could have a few of the conveniences and luxuries which other people look upon as absolute necessities — and now look at us!" A powerful gust of wind filled the room with a fresh supply of dust. "I should think you would realize by now that you can't make a cent living out here." Julia Sterns gave another poke at the stove to emphasize her statement.

The hired man opened the kitchen door. He came in, brushing the stinging dust from his swollen eyes. "I never seen the wind blow no harder. It even blowed the top off of Hitchcock's barn. For a while there, I didn't see how I'd ever make it home. There wasn't no mail — only the Hope paper."

Dad Blaiser handed the paper to Tom Sterns who unfolded it absently, and started reading the headlines, "Finnish Troops Withstand Russian Air Attack", President Roosevelt Silent on Third Term Issue." Then a smaller heading caught his eye, "Water Project Approved by Congress."

Quickly he read the article.

Once more Tom Sterns looked out of the kitchen window. Instead of the wind-swept prairie, he saw wheat fields waving, apple trees in full bloom, cotton growing down long straight rows. At last his dream was coming true. The determined line of his mouth shaped into a smile as he refolded the paper and handed it to his wife.

Salt Mines 300 Years Old in New Mexico

Albuquerque, March 20 — New Mexico's salt lakes near Estancia provided the common salt needed by the Mexicans in the extraction of silver ores more than 300 years ago, is was revealed yesterday in a draft for the New Mexico Guide being prepared by the WPA Writers' Project under the sponsorship of the Coronado Cuarto Centennial Commission.

According to the date compiled, which will be used to acquaint visitors with New Mexico during the Coronado entradas, the salt was carried by burros to Mexico City where the actual extraction was carried on. The Patio process for this extraction was introduced in Mexico by Father Medina about 1557, the report said, and was brought by him from Europe.

Salt from New Mexico also was used in chloride leaching processes and chloride volatilization processes in silver mining, it was revealed, but neither of these processes are in use today.

Salmon in Fresh Water
Not all salmon spend their lives alternately in fresh and salt water. In Maine, Canada and Norway are landlocked salmon that spend their entire lives in fresh water.

THE WORLD'S GOOD NEWS will come to your home every day through THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR

An International Daily Newspaper
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Laugh Must Be Genuine
"A laugh has got to be genuine to be any good," said Uncle Eben, "a false face wears a grin so big dat it overdoes it."

First Use of Term "Robot"
The term robot was first used in 1920 by Karel Capek in his play "R. U. R." to designate a mechanical man.

Riches Create Envy
"Riches," said Hi Ho, the sage of Chinatown, "create envy unless so wisely employed that they compel admiration."

The Name "Leroy"
The name "Leroy," or "LeRoy," of old French origin, is translated "the king" and may also mean "royal." It is comparatively new, not long in use as a given name.

First Engineering School
The first school of engineering in the United States was the Rensselaer Polytechnic institute, founded at Troy, N. Y., by Stephen van Rensselaer in 1824, as a school of theoretical and applied science to furnish instruction in the application of science to the common purposes of life.

Indians dug Deep Wells
Deep wells were dug in the California desert by Indians long before white men came.

Goats Produce
A good milk goat eats one-sixth to one-eighth as much as a cow, yet produces enough milk for a small family.

Steel Stronger in Alloy
Steel chains seven-eighths of an inch in diameter, when alloyed with nickel and molybdenum are three times as strong as unalloyed chains of the same size.—Scientific American.

Bats Do Not Fancy Hair
The idea that bats have an affinity for human heads is entirely erroneous. No bat would ever become tangled in the hair of a person, if it could possibly avoid it and there is no flying creature which has such amazing accuracy in flight as a bat.

Many Ballots to Elect Officers
The Ohio senate of 1848-49 elected its officers after almost two weeks of balloting. To choose a speaker, sixteen ballots were taken; to choose a clerk, 121 ballots were required, and a sergeant-at-arms, 69 ballots.

5 BIG MAGAZINES AND THIS NEWSPAPER ALL FOR ONLY \$2.75

You get 5 magazines for the length of time shown and this newspaper for one year. In making your selection check 2 magazines from Group A, 2 from Group B and 1 from Group C. Please follow directions. No changes allowed. Return the list with the coupon below to this newspaper.

GROUP A — Select 2 Magazines

- McCall's Magazine 1 Yr.
- Woman's Home Companion 1 Yr.
- American Boy 6 Mo.
- American Girl 8 Mo.
- Parents' Magazine 6 Mo.
- Pathfinder (Weekly) 1 Yr.
- Modern Romances 1 Yr.
- Silver Screen 1 Yr.
- Sports Afield 1 Yr.
- Open Road (Boys) 1 Yr.
- Science and Discovery 1 Yr.
- Christian Herald 6 Mo.
- Woman's World 2 Yr.
- Household Magazine 2 Yr.
- Home Arts Needlecraft 2 Yr.

GROUP B — Select 2 Magazines

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- Poultry Tribune 1 Yr.
- American Fruit Grower 1 Yr.
- Capper's Farmer 1 Yr.
- National Livestock Producer 1 Yr.

GROUP C — Select 1 Magazine

- Comfort (Incl. Good Stories) 1 Yr.
- Farm Journal & Farmer's Wife 1 Yr.
- Mother's Home Life 1 Yr.
- Plymouth Rock Monthly 1 Yr.
- Leghorn World 1 Yr.
- American Poultry Journal 1 Yr.
- Breeder's Gazette 1 Yr.
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THE GIFT WIFE . . .

By RUPERT HUGHES

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SYNOPSIS

On board the Nord-Express, with Ostend as his immediate destination, Dr. David Jebb is bound for America. With him is five-year-old Cynthia Thatcher, his temporary ward. On the train they meet Bill Gaines, former classmate of David's. David tells Gaines of his outstanding weakness—an overwhelming desire to drink. He feels the urge coming to him again, and wants to safeguard the child, who is returning to America with him. During a stop, Gaines leaves the train to buy Cynthia a present. The train leaves without him. Then Jebb is painfully injured in a minor accident. A fellow passenger revives him with a drink, which makes his desire for liquor all the stronger. At the next stop David and Cynthia leave the train. David begins drinking. The next thing he is conscious of is a strange sort of chanting. He looks around, dazed and sick. A door opens and in walks a strange Negro, closely followed by a woman, heavily veiled and dressed in flowing robes. She tells him that he is in Uskub, that her name is Miruma, and that she is the "gift wife" of the Pasha, who has another wife, and who is husband in name only to Miruma. She knows nothing of the missing child. Learning that David is a surgeon, Miruma tells him of a powerful man in Uskub, Akef Bey, whose son is slowly dying. Jebb calls to examine the youth.

CHAPTER IV—Continued

—7—

The Bey led them up a broad stairway to a large hall with a cushioned divan along three sides, with low, carved tables, mirrors, and Turkish hangings.

On a low platform covered with bedding, a boy of fifteen lay writhing. Jebb saw nothing, looked at nothing, but his patient. He took out the hypodermic syringe and said:

"Could I have some hot water?"

Jebb knelt at the bedside and examined the glowing body. He noted the right leg drawn up close. The Bey told, and Hellwald translated, the history of the case.

Jebb glanced toward Hellwald with one word:

"Appendicitis."

By this time someone was kneeling at his side with an ewer of steaming water and a basin. He filled the chamber of the hypodermic needle and paused for the tablet to dissolve. Then he looked about for the first time.

In the background hovered a young man in a shabby European costume. Jebb decided he was a Scotchman.

When the opiate was dissolved, Jebb made ready for the injection. The terrified boy fought him away but Jebb overcame the boy's feeble resistance and thrust the needle in the shivering flesh. Gani Bey screamed as if he had a death-wound, and the women echoed him piercingly. Even the father closed his eyes and toppled against the wall.

Jebb alone was calm. He was almost smiling at his success in inserting the opiate so near the center of pain. He took under his thumb the boy's wrist and mechanically felt for his watch. It was not there. He turned to Hellwald:

"Bitte, wie viel Uhr ist's?"

Before Hellwald could answer, Jebb heard someone say:

"Fourteen minutes to eleven, doctor."

And a watch was placed in his palm, by a hand that lingered to clasp his, as the donor spoke:

"I am glad to see a real doctor here, doctor. You are an Amayrican, I presume. My name is Murison, Donald Murison. I am a Presbyterian missionary, not a physician. I have done my best, but it is not much."

"Had you thought an operation was—indicated?"

"Ye-es, I supposed so, but I couldn't trust myself to make one. And there is no decent surgeon nearer than Salonica. I have a set of instruments, but—"

"Thanks, I may need them," said Jebb.

Under the spell of the drug the boy permitted Jebb to make a careful examination and confirm the theory suggested by the other symptoms. He turned to Murison:

"Tell them the relief is only temporary. The boy is very sick, and the pain will come back on him with renewed violence. The cyst will burst and flood his body with poison and he will die, unless—unless the danger is removed at once and for all time."

"By an—operation?"

"That is the one hope. It would be murder to neglect it. I should be a criminal unless I urged it."

With much circumlocution Murison broached the subject to the parents and they were affrighted at the thought. Jebb explained it to Hellwald and he joined forces with Murison. Akef Bey was converted at

last, and gave his consent. Akef Bey put all the servants of his household at Jebb's command and Hellwald forgot the affairs of Austria to act as interpreter, while Murison hastened to fetch the instruments.

Hellwald could not forget the lost child whose name he could not pronounce, and he brought up the subject of the fee that Jebb should demand.

The upshot of it was that Hellwald settled upon one hundred pounds Turkish as the fee for the operation, whether successful or not. He accepted Akef Bey's word of honor as equivalent to a deposit in gold.

By this time he was ready with the ether and, smiling courage into the brave eyes of the little stoic, he hid them under the hood and watched the deep breathing of the obedient youth till the drugged soul had ceased to murmur.

Then he lifted the body, limp with mimic death, and carried it across the hall to the room prepared for the operation. Hellwald sat outside on the divan trying to divert Akef Bey with conversation. As Murison went in with Jebb he looked back with doleful eyes at the shiver-



"You have found the evil, Jebb Effendim?"

ing father. Then he let the curtain at the door fall.

It seemed many hours, but it was hardly the half of one when Murison lifted the curtain again for Jebb, who reappeared carrying in his arm the burden still peacefully unaware of its new wounds and bandages.

The surgeon's face wore a look of quiet triumph and Murison as he lifted the curtain at the door of the boy's room turned back to murmur: "Ajayibi!" which is to say, "Wonderful!"

The father, the mother, and the sister crowded at once to the room to find their idol still alive, breathing raucously, and beginning to mutter sleepy nonsense as he came back to the world.

All the afternoon Jebb ministered to the boy and eased his pain as much as he dared. That night he had a couch spread for himself on the floor alongside, but sleep did not visit him, nor anyone else under that roof. For nature, the seamstress, was switching the wounds with needles of pain. But by the hour when the few swallows of the early spring woke, peace fell on the racked body and the frightened spirit of the boy. And all the household was blessed with sleep.

CHAPTER V

When Jebb had carried the young Bey sufficiently past the shoals to intrust him to the care of his mother, he went back to the Hotel Turati to wait until it was safe for him to leave town. He was immediately besieged with patients of every sort, from the poor Serb who begged him to prescribe for the cough of his sick buffalo, to the British consul who sent for him on his own account.

Meanwhile Hellwald had received a telegram from the Austrian Consulate at Salonica saying that the police had heard nothing of the lost child.

And now Jebb began to wonder if he might not have lost the child in

some other city. Salonica was a long journey from his last definite memory of Cologne, and there were various ways of arriving there.

On the third day of Gani Bey's convalescence—a servant brought to his room a request that he grant an audience to Fehmi Pasha, Miruma's husband.

The name set Jebb's nerves a-tingle, and he stammered as he told the servant to bring the Pasha up.

He determined to make a brave front and, taking a hasty glance at his Turkish grammar, found the phrase for "Come in, sir, and sit down."

This delighted the Pasha and he launched forth into a stream of Turkish. The flood carried away all of Jebb's little phrases and he could not even remember how to say that he did not speak Turkish.

The Pasha showed his disappointment at the check, thought a while, then ventured in bad French:

"Dje parle francais on peu. Est-ce que moosoo le parle?"

And Jebb answered in worse:

"Ung poo."

Proceeding then with much caution yet with far more mangling of French grammar than Jebb realized, the Pasha explained that he had heard of Jebb's great success. His friend, Akef Bey, had told him what marvels the jerrah Jebb Effendi had wrought upon his son; and Gani Bey's mother had visited the Pasha's wife in her sick room to advise her to call him in at once; for the Pasha's wife was very ill—if Jebb Effendi would pardon a gentleman for mentioning his wife to another gentleman! She was wasting away and no one seemed to know just what or where or whence her ailment was. Perhaps—undoubtedly—Jebb Effendi would know at a glance.

Jebb was so relieved at the nature of the Pasha's visit that he consented to go at once.

Nahir Hanim was plainly suffering a mortal illness, Jebb's eyes told him that.

He found her temperature high, and her breathing fast and weak, her general condition alarming. It was important that he should know everything and have his wits about him. The struggle to torture his own thoughts into French; then to translate back into English what the sick woman whispered was too baffling and irritating to be endured.

He gave up and went back to the hall where the Pasha waited anxiously. His French was almost too lame to express its own lameness, but he managed to make clear his need of an interpreter. The Pasha exclaimed:

"If only my other wife were here. She understands English."

"Your other wife!" Jebb echoed.

"Yes," said the Pasha, apologetically, "it is my misfortune to have two wives, Moosoo Jebb. I will send for the other at once. Perhaps she can repay me now in part for the enormous expense she has put me to."

He clapped his hands. A servant appeared, whom he dispatched for his coachman. When this man arrived he was dispatched post haste to request Miruma Hanim to come at once.

"The possession of two wives, moosoo," said the Pasha, "was not my wish but my misfortune. Few Turks except the rich and dissolute have endeavored to keep more than one wife. The law permits us four, but the law does not furnish us with funds, and the prophet did not advise it. And it were easier to keep four tigresses in a cage, Moosoo Jebb, than four wives in a house. For Turkish women are tyrannical, moosoo, and very exacting."

"I was content with one wife. Nahir Hanim is a good woman, she has borne me many children—why should I have desired another wife? I did not. But his Imperial Majesty, the Padishah, our benefactor and enlightened master—whom Allah preserve!—in those beautiful days when I enjoyed his favor, felt graciously inclined to present me with another. My own wife—she is a noble woman, moosoo, but jealous—she threatened to destroy herself if I made the other woman, this Miruma, my real wife. I went through the ceremony, but only the ceremony. Miruma Hanim is beautiful, I am told, but I have never seen her without her veil."

"If you should grant your second wife a release she would no longer be an—an expense to you."

"The release is itself a great ex-

pense," said the Pasha, thinking hard, "I could not dismiss her without providing for her future or repaying the—the money I received from the Padishah as her dowry."

"Why not repay it?"

"You surgeons speak easily of amputations."

Though he could not understand the elaborate Turkish of the Pasha's greeting to Miruma, Jebb could see the mingled constraint and curiosity of his manner. There was something of the aged bridegroom in his cordiality as he seemed to try to peer through the yashmak of the woman who had been his Yes-and-No wife for years. There was something of the faithful husband, too, in his formal courtesy, for Nahir Hanim was lying in the next room and weeping weakly, a sick woman in great dismay.

The Pasha received Miruma's homage with a poor attempt at lofty majesty. Then he remembered Jebb, and spoke of him in Turkish with an evident flourish in his praise. Miruma, thus licensed, turned her eyes full upon him and the Pasha made the presentation in his best French.

Jebb bowed, Miruma lifted imaginary dust and placed it on her breast, her lips, and her brows. Then the Pasha raised the portiere to his wife's room and Miruma went in, trembling with fear and bowing with all the deference required of a second wife before the Bash-Kadin.

A little later Jebb was summoned. The Pasha spoke again to Miruma, evidently counseling her to talk freely to the American surgeon. Then he bowed himself out of the haremlik, leaving the foreign wife and the foreign doctor with their helpless victim.

Tortured with her own impossible position, Miruma turned to Jebb with a halting:

"What, please, am I to say or do, Jebb Effendim?"

"If you will ask her my questions, and tell me her answers—please—hanim effendim—madame. Ask her where her pain is greatest."

Miruma put the question in Turkish of evident circumlocution. For answer Nahir's pale hand crept up and rested over her heart.

"Ask her how long she has been ill."

"She say she is seek for very, very long times. She have great fever in the night. In the morning she is better, but not well; in the morning she can eat some little, but later nothing at all."

Jebb had noted that Nahir was breathing very rapidly, or rather panting than breathing, for her respiration was exaggerated and shallow. He placed his hands at her sides, squeezed the chest walls. Nahir gave a little cry of pain.

And now with keener scrutiny he descried below her left breast a slight distension of the flesh, not in outline but faintly in perspective.

His first gasp of delight at his discovery was quenched in a realization of its vital import.

"You have found the evil, Jebb Effendim?" said Miruma eagerly.

"I think so, madame, but I must make sure. If I only had an aspiratory needle! I don't suppose I could get one in Uskub." He thought hard, then he said, "This hypodermic needle is large; it will have to do."

He darted from the room and ran downstairs, followed by the astounded Pasha. The old coffeemaker, as he expected, had a vessel of boiling water on the coals. Without further ado, Jebb dropped the hypodermic needle in and stirred the charcoal. When the instrument had boiled long enough to suit him, he fished it out and hurried upstairs again.

When Jebb approached Nahir Hanim again and poised the needle over her heart, she thrust his hand aside with feeble haste and a little wail of fright. Even Miruma was afraid and interceded:

"Please not to hurt the poor lady!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Truth in Mirrors
In medieval times mirrors were made in dark colors because glass could not be made water-clear, and for centuries all people knew about their own beauty or ugliness as to skin coloring was what their friends told them. Now colored glass mirrors are returning to popularity in shades of peach and gold for their value in decoration—and flattery!

Records—For What?

Some may think it foolhardy for a man to risk his life adding another few miles to a record, or diving another few feet deeper into the ocean. But these men are doing something for science. But others—

A Jugoslavian played cards continuously for 56 hours to establish a record. A smoking record is held by an Englishman, who smoked 144 cigarettes in 14 hours' continuous chain-smoking. Then there's an American, William Fischler by name, who balanced 11,300 matches on a bottle in 30 hours. And a San Francisco student holds a kissing record. He kissed 40 girls in five minutes.

All for what?

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Keeping Faith With Those Who Read The Famous Book

By VICTOR FLEMING
(Director of "Gone with the Wind")

So far as I know, no one has come forward to claim the championship for rapid reading of Margaret Mitchell's truly dramatic novel, "Gone with the Wind." It is difficult for me to imagine anyone completing a careful digest of the book in less than twenty-four hours of actual reading time. Mr. David Selznick and I sought to get all of the memorable events of that book into an evening of screen entertainment. As it turned out, the story is told in three hours and forty-five minutes of film.

Novels have been converted into screen fare before. A screen director knows that film pace and rhythm can cover much ground which took dozens of pages in a book. That pace I knew would play a major role in our story and I was prepared for it. But I didn't realize that into my hands had been thrust a virtual Bible of Southern life with a string of "Don'ts" a mile long.

Whatever problems we had on "Gone with the Wind" were inconsequential alongside of that matter of creating a story to satisfy the world's greatest pre-sold critical audience any film has ever had. Miss Mitchell had told us what would be authentic and we had to duplicate it. We had no authority to heighten any situation or minimize any other. We couldn't change simply for effect. We were not making a picture to please an author or a cast of characters. Our thought had to be on a public which was rabid on the subject.

So out the window went a major part of the experience-proved dramatic inventions we know. Imagination is a fine thing in entertainment, but accurate transfer of life is another thing. We all know that if we make a picture showing a miner at work, we must be sure to employ a real miner who will have our miner character acting and talking like a miner. We do that to satisfy a really small part of our audience which will know whether we are right or wrong. Yet here we had not a minority but a vast majority of our audience in the position of critical experts.

I went to work on "Gone with the Wind" with the headaches of pure imagination from "Wizard of Oz" still ringing in my ears. I had felt that picture was quite a problem, but now I began to see something Utopian in an audience which didn't know what a Munchkin was, nor how an Emerald City might look. I was down to the bed rock of reality, with millions of voices shouting, "Hew to the line, mister."

Any important period picture has its headaches. You can't use sixty principals and nine thousand supporting players without realizing you've been through the mill. Nor can you fail to appreciate the responsibility of a motion picture which has accumulated a million working hours from those who helped make it real. They tell me we shot 1,350,000 feet of negative. Now that it's all done, the figure doesn't surprise me.

"No Man's Land" in Switzerland
Until quite recently there was a "no man's land" in Switzerland. A small triangular acreage was set aside more than 100 years ago as a refuge for "wayfarers without a country."

Connecticut's Boundary

The north boundary of the state of Connecticut has a curious deviation from a straight boundary known as the Southwick jog. The reason for it is that in adjusting errors in the boundary line between Connecticut and Massachusetts as previously run by compass a long, narrow strip of land was given to Connecticut, and the Southwick jog ceded to Massachusetts was intended to be an equivalent area.

Feathers Form Owls' "Horns"
Tufts of feathers form the "horns" of horned owls.

Jews Reckon World's Age
The Jewish calendar starts with the creation of the world, and this is the year 5698.

North Carolina's First Town
The first incorporated town in North Carolina was Bath, which was settled in 1690 and incorporated in 1705.

Use of Adobe Brick
The use of adobe bricks, distinctive to buildings in the American Southwest, is said to have developed independently in North Africa.

Laugh Must Be Genuine
"A laugh has got to be genuine to be any good," said Uncle Eben, "a false face wears a grin so big dat it overdoes it."

First Use of Term "Robot"
The term robot was first used in 1920 by Karel Capek in his play "R. U. R." to designate a mechanical man.

Salmon in Fresh Water
Not all salmon spend their lives alternately in fresh and salt water. In Maine, Canada and Norway are landlocked salmon that spend their entire lives in fresh water.

Riches Create Envy
"Riches," said Hi Ho, the sage of Chinatown, "create envy unless so wisely employed that they corrupt admiration."

The Name "Leroy"
The name "Leroy," or "LeRoy," of old French origin, is translated "the king" and may also mean "royal." It is comparatively new, not long in use as a given name.

Founder of Swedenborgian Theology
Emanuel Swedenborg, Swedish scientist, philosopher and founder of Swedenborgian theology, was born in Stockholm, January 29, 1688, and died in London March 29, 1772.

Steel Stronger in Alloy
Steel chains seven-eighths of an inch in diameter, when alloyed with nickel and molybdenum are three times as strong as unalloyed chains of the same size.—Scientific American.

Bats Do Not Fancy Hair
The idea that bats have an affinity for human heads is entirely erroneous. No bat would ever become tangled in the hair of a person, if it could possibly avoid it and there is no flying creature which has such amazing accuracy in flight as a bat.

First Engineering School
The first school of engineering in the United States was the Rensselaer Polytechnic institute, founded at Troy, N. Y., by Stephen van Rensselaer in 1824, as a school of theoretical and applied science to furnish instruction in the application of science to the common purposes of life.

Spider Monkeys Are Thin
Spider monkeys get their name because they look thin and spidery, seem to be all legs and tails. Most spider monkeys have no thumbs, use their paws only as nooks while climbing. The glory of the spider monkey lies in its tail. In zoos, spider monkeys stretch their tails out between the bars to pick up peanuts lying on the ground that they cannot reach or pick up with their fingers. Brazil is the native home of spider monkeys.

Cougars Known as Pumas
Cruel, friend to no other animal, cougars, more widely known as pumas, nevertheless have a strange affinity to humans. Easily tamed, they seldom attack, never unless provoked. Though daring to tackle larger beasts, they often stand trembling and whining, allow men to kill them. Deep, however, is their hatred for dogs, which even tame ones will attack. They range farther than any other American mammals, living from Canada to Patagonia. Great jumpers, a 20-foot leap into a tree is easy for them. Over ground they can cover almost 40 feet.

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