

WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE'S

To Ride the River With

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SYNOPSIS

Ruth Chiswick of L C ranch, obsessed by fear of danger to her outspoken father, Lee, from a band of lawless rustlers headed by Sperm Howard, decides to save him by eloping with young Lou Howard, Sperm's son, and comes to the town of Tall Holt to meet him. While in Vell Sanger's store, a crook-nosed stranger enters, and when a drunken cowboy, Jim Pender, rides in and starts shooting, protects Ruth, while Lou Howard hides. Disgusted with Lou's cowardice, Ruth calls off the elopement, and sends the stranger for her father at the gambling house across the street. There the stranger, calling himself Jeff Gray, meets Morgan Norris, a killer, Curly Connor, Kansas Mile High, Sid Hunt, and other rustlers, and Sperm Howard. Lee Chiswick enters, with his foreman, Dan Brand, and tells Sperm Howard of his orders to shoot rustlers at sight. Jeff Gray returns to Ruth and coolly reassures her of her father's safety. At supper, Ruth introduces Jeff to her father and Brand. Coming out into the street, they are greeted by sudden gunfire. Lee is wounded, and Jeff Gray appears with a smoking revolver. Two days later, Ruth tells her father of her projected elopement and her disillusionment. Later, Ruth meets Jeff Gray, whom she thinks tried to kill her father. Ruth accidentally wounds Jeff. She takes him to Pat Sorley's camp. Ruth is incredulous of Jeff's story of shooting at the assassin. She pleads with Lee to listen to him. When Lee arrives at Pat Sorley's camp, he finds only a note to Pat from Jeff. Meanwhile, Jeff rides into Tall Holt and sends word to Sperm Howard he wants to see him. He shows Howard a poster with his picture, with the name of Clint Duke, wanted as the leader of a band of outlaws. The rest of the band arrives. Jeff shows the outlaws the poster and asks their confidence. They agree to allow him to stay. Another raid on the L C cattle causes Lee to line up his men in pursuit, and to send his son Frank to town to reconnoiter. Pat Sorley finds Gray's horse's hoofmarks on the trail with the suspected rustlers. Jeff calls on Frank and warns him Norris and Lou are threatening him. Frank receives a message that his father wants him at Sanger's, and despite warning, starts out. Shooting starts and Gray helps Frank hold off the killers until he and Frank can escape. Arriving at L C ranch, Frank tells of the ambush and of the part played by Gray.

CHAPTER VI—Continued

Gray said: "Ready to leave town yet? Or am I still too big a liar to believe?"

"I don't know what you are," Frank answered. "Hadn't been for you they would have got me. But you fired the first shot at me."

"You were walking right into their ambush. I fired to stop you. Lucky for you. It started them up before you were close enough to hit in the darkness."

Frank was still suspicious and ashamed of it. "You disguised your voice when you talked with them in the barn."

"So I did. I'm staying here. Would you want me to yell out my name to them?"

"You saved my life. No two ways about that. At the risk of your own."

"Oh, hell!" Gray said. "You're such a fool someone has to look after you. . . . Where is your horse?"

"At the Alamo corral."

"Then get down there and saddle. Hit the trail for the L C—quick as you can."

The younger man agreed. "I'm much obliged," he added gruffly. "I won't forget it."

Gray watched him go, then cut across to the main street and joined those who were hurrying to the fire. He saw the roof of the barn crash in as he climbed over the wall.

His gaze swept the crowd. He caught sight of Morgan Norris and joined him.

"How'd the fire start?" he asked. Norris slid a look at him. "How would I know?"

"Thought maybe you were among those here early," Gray said lightly. "It was important for him to find out whether he had been recognized by the ambushers. He thought not, since in the darkness he had not known any of them. But he had to be sure."

"No, sir, I wasn't."

The eyes of Norris were slits of shining light. This business tonight had got out of hand, and he had to watch his step. He had started out to kill one man, not three. Now there would be war to a finish with the L C outfit. Lee Chiswick would not rest until he had avenged the death of his son and the other two riders.

"Thought I heard some shooting," Gray said guilelessly. "I was down at Ma Presnall's fixing to turn in when things began to pop."

"I reckon some drunk was punctuating the scenery," Norris said, watching his words. "Me, I was playing seven-up with some of the boys."

"Likely some lad was bedding down in the hay and lit it from his cigarette," Gray suggested.

"Might be that way. If so, hope he got out."

"Time this town had a fire department," the red-headed man mentioned. "If a fire started when the wind was blowing hard, the whole main street would go."

"So it would," Norris agreed indifferently. "But I got no chips in this town's real estate."

A vaquero known as Kansas sidled up to them.

"Fire's burnin' out," he said to Norris.

Gray read fear in the man's shifty eyes. He decided that Kansas had

been one of those involved in the attack. Like Norris, he had been appalled at the swiftness with which three men had been wiped out so horribly. To shoot men was one thing; to burn them up another.

"Morg and I were just hoping nobody got caught in there," Gray told the cowboy.

The startled eyes of Kansas stabbed at Norris. "Why would there be anybody in there?" he asked hoarsely. "You don't figure that—that—"

"We don't figure a thing," Norris answered, his cold gaze fixing Kansas. "Crook-Nose here allowed that maybe someone sleeping in the hay might have lit it from a cigarette."

"Gray is the name, if you're meanin' me," the red-headed man drawled gently.

"That's right." The young killer's words dripped malice. "Clint Gray, isn't it?"

"No, sir. Nor Jeff Duke. Jeff Gray would be right. I'm a little particular about my name, Mr. Norris." The steady gaze warned the other that he was treading on dangerous ground.

"Call yourself Paddy Ryan or John L. Sullivan for all I care," Norris said, his laugh insolently offensive. "Well, the show's over. I'm headin' back to the seven-up game. You comin' along, Kansas?"

Gray watched them go. "That's two of them," he thought. "Lou Howard is probably another."

He walked up the main street to the Golden Nugget and sat in at a poker game.

Sperm Howard slammed a big fist down on the table in front of him. "Never saw anything more crazy in my life. That's no way to get a man—lie in wait for him right here in town so Lee Chiswick will know



"A fellow who calls himself Jeff Gray saved my life."

some of us must have done it. Couldn't some of you have bushwhacked him out on his own range? On top of that, you bump off three men instead of one. Bad medicine, Morg. These aren't the old days. We got to be more careful what we do. And you're not satisfied with shooting. You've got to burn 'em to death, like you were a bunch of Apaches."

"Ride yore son Lou," Norris said sulkily. "He was in it deep as any of us."

"I'll ride you all. It was the most foolish thing I ever heard of white men doing. We'll never hear the end of it. Were you all drunk?" demanded Sherman Howard.

"Not drunk. We'd been drinking some," Norris explained resentfully. "Not our fault, three of them got caught. We hid for young Chiswick. The other two popped up out of nowhere. Nobody knows who they were. They got what was comin' to them for buttin' into a game where they weren't invited."

"We didn't aim to burn 'em," Lou Howard whined. "We told them to come out so as we could arrest Frank Chiswick."

"Arrest nothing," Norris said, snarling at young Howard. "We aimed to put him outa business. You egged us on because you were sore as a toad on a skillet account of his having whopped you. What's the use of lying among ourselves?"

"You're whistling right we meant to rub him out," Kansas admitted dependently. "But like Lou says, we didn't mean to burn him. The idea was to blast him as he walked up to Sanger's from the boarding-house. And we didn't figure on the two other guys who busted in and took chips."

"When did they come to town?" Sherman Howard snapped, his superabundance of stomach overflowing the table as he leaned forward

accusingly. "Who saw them after they got here? Does anyone know who they were?"

"I wouldn't know the answer to any of those questions, Sperm," answered Norris, sulkily defiant. "Better ask Lou. It was his party. Maybe he knows."

The opaque eyes of the older Howard rested on his son, not without contempt. It was plain that Lou was sweating fear. Maybe he had better get him clear out of this part of the country before he broke down. That could be arranged later. Just now he would send him up into the hills. The big man brought his mind back to the immediate business of the day.

"Mighty funny about these two mysterious L C men," he said, thinking aloud. "What did they come here for? Where did they leave their mounts?"

"Search me," Kansas replied. "I didn't see but one of 'em."

"How do you know there were two? Who saw the other? Did you, Morg?" challenged Howard.

"Sure I saw him. He was in the barn. Up in the loft. Saw him when we rushed the stairs," Norris rubbed tenderly the side of his head, where he had been pistol-whipped during that rush. To him it seemed that the loft had been full of defenders.

"But you don't know who he was?"

"No, I don't. It was black as a manzanita gulch in the dark of the moon. No way of telling who was roosting up there."

"Hmp! Something here I don't get. Looks like Lee Chiswick has a card up his sleeve."

A knock sounded on the door. Sperm Howard barked, "Come in!"

Jim Reynolds, owner of the Alamo corral, walked into the room. He was a short, thickest man with slanted eyebrows that always seemed to be asking a question. He nodded a casual greeting.

"Just happened to be passing, Sperm," he said. "Don't know as it's important, but I thought I'd let you know young Chiswick has left town."

After Reynolds had gone, the big man turned on the others with bitter sarcasm. "Now we don't know where we are at. You're a fine bunch of warriors. Ar buckle hands, I would say. Why pack guns at all? Better shuck them and go back to Kansas and Iowa. All four of you plugging at this Chiswick and he gets off scot free. You'd better find out soon as you can about the other two fellows who were with Frank. Maybe they're getting sore sides laughing at you. Was there a back door to this stable?"

"No, there wasn't," Norris said sullenly. "I don't see—"

He stopped, a sudden gleam of light in his smoky eyes.

"Well?" asked Sperm.

"They kept making a noise upstairs in the loft—some kind of pounding," Morg Norris ripped out a vicious oath. "I'll bet they knocked a hole in the 'dobe wall and got away."

"Sounds reasonable," jeered their leader. "You boys were having such a good time at the fire you never thought to watch the back of the barn."

"Why should we, Sperm, when there was no door and no window?" Kansas protested.

"What did you figure the hammering was about—that they were making toys to play with?"

"We didn't know. Looked like we had them trapped and we were watching the front door for the time when they made their break." Kansas added a heartfelt wish: "Hope you're right, Morg. I'm no Injun. I'd hate to think I was anyways responsible for those men being burnt."

Remains of Far-Famed "Sea Serpent" Property of University of California

The University of California stands ready to stake its scientific reputation on the existence—if not at present, at least some 40,000,000 to 50,000,000 years ago—of the far-famed "sea serpent," writes a Berkeley (Calif.) United Press correspondent.

Whether there also existed at that time seaside resorts where the press agents could take advantage of the appearance of a sea serpent to attract the patronage of the public to his beach, the university does not know.

However, the existence of the sea serpent in what is known as the Upper Cretaceous period has been definitely established by the finding in the San Joaquin valley of a splendidly preserved fossil.

The monster, which is some 30 feet long in its fossilized form, is of a particularly rare type, according to Dr. L. C. Camp, curator of the museum of paleontology at the university, who assisted in the excavation.

Up to this time, the plesiosaur, as

"All right. Go find out the facts," ordered Howard.

Twenty minutes later his men reported that there were no bodies in the ashes and that a hole had been knocked in the stable wall.

CHAPTER VII

Frank Chiswick swung from the saddle stilly.

"How's every little thing?" his brother Bob asked.

"All right with me."

"Anything doing at old Holt?"

"Plenty. Where's the old man?"

"In the house writing a letter."

Frank unsaddled and turned his horse into a pasture.

"Better come along and listen to my story," he said.

From a kitchen window Ruth saw her brothers and followed them into the office. She heard her father's booming greeting.

"Lo, Frank," she said. "You haven't changed much. We still have the same old cat."

"You came mighty near not having the same old brother," he told her with a grin.

"Had trouble, did you?" Lee inquired.

"Some. Maybe it was my own fault. I had a fight. I've been shot at several times. I was cornered in a hayloft when the stable was on fire. A fellow who calls himself Jeff Gray saved my life."

The family stared at him. This category of adventures struck them dumb for a moment.

"Sit down, son, and tell it," his father suggested after he had found speech.

When Frank reached in his narrative the fight with Lou Howard, his sister cut in sharply.

"I told you to leave him alone—that it was my fault as much as his," she scolded. "Now you've made more trouble."

"Sorry it came out that way," Frank said, in penitent justification. "He was bragging around how he jilted you. It came to me from two different people. One was Ma Presnall. I thought I ought to stop it."

"You did right, son," his father approved. "I hope you whopped him good."

"He wouldn't fight—not to amount to anything," Frank said simply. "But I marked him up considerable. I reckon he made up his mind to have me rubbed out and took that killer Morg Norris in with him. They had two or three others along."

"Along when?" Bob asked.

"When they ambushed me."

"You recognized Howard and Norris," Lee said, his eyes blazing with excitement.

"No, I didn't. No time for that. Jeff Gray warned me they were intending to bushwhack me."

Lee Chiswick's face was a map of bewilderment. "Jeff Gray! Why would he help you?"

"I don't know. I never did find out."

"Then what?" Ruth asked tensely. Frank told his story.

"Son, I ought never to have sent you to town alone," exclaimed Lee. "I knew there were a lot of bad hombres in that bunch of rustlers, but I didn't think they would go so far as to try to burn a boy to death. Well, I've had my lesson. I might have known that any outfit bossed by Sperm Howard would be rotten. About this fellow Gray. I don't get him at all. We no sooner get him pegged for a double-crossing scoundrel than he up and goes into the fire for you. What's his game? Who in time is he?"

"Two or three times I heard that he was an outlaw wanted in Texas for robbing a train," Frank said. "Name of Clint Duke, it was claimed. He's in with Howard's gang somehow. When we were in the barn he changed his voice so they wouldn't know who he was."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

New Fabrics of Sheer Loveliness

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



A FAVORITE theme this summer is the sheer loveliness of diaphanous, airy-fairy transparent fabrics, either cotton or silk. The new sheers are simply enchanting and they are the sought-for kind to make up into gowns for picturesquely garden party wear or for dancing under star-spangled skies or when dining at fashionable roof-garden gatherings where beauty and romance keep rendezvous.

Gowns designed to grace summertime scenes are fashioned of wispy chiffons either printed or monochrome, or of organdies crisp, sheer and intriguing, or of dainty silk marquisette which is an especial favorite.

There are the soft fine cotton voiles in pretty colors and as for lace every summer wardrobe is expected to include at least one party frock made of it. As a matter of fact lace is playing a stellar role this summer. The lace that captures the heart of enthusiasts is a delicate-as-cobweb type the patterning of which is a mere tracery. Gowns of this fetching lace have all-around pleated skirts, since it yields beautifully to this treatment.

To dine and dance in ingenue frocks of simple cottons made up formally is considered quite the swank thing to do. The thrilling note in regard to this season's organdies is that so many new types have been added to the list.

The crinkled organdies either plain or printed sell at sight. They make up charmingly and are easily tubbed, require little or no pressing to keep them crisp and sprightly as new. For week-end trips they are ideal as they do not crush in packing.

You will be delighted with the new lace-printed Swiss chiffon organdies. The entrancing crock centered with outspread skirt in the foreground gives an idea of how effectively the lace-stripe organdie

makes up. The charming and picturesque Winterhalter vogue is reflected in the styling of this very tiny-waisted and full-skirted dinner-and-dancing gown (a winsome garden party frock, too) in one of the fashionable printed Swiss chiffon organdies. A very fine lace patterning in white stands out clearly against a deep navy blue background. There is a full-cut underskirt of white organdie to make the frock stand out almost on ballet skirt lines. The diminutive bolero jacket worn over the drop-shoulder bodice is finished with little ruffles of val lace laid on over the lace print.

The material that fashions the frock to the left is peach silk mousseline. It is prettily styled with vertical ruche-ruffling of self-fabric outlining the skirt gores, the puffed sleeves and there are ruffles about the neck.

Hyacinth blue lace with touches of cerise lace is used for the graceful gown centered in the picture. It was introduced at the Miami fashion show and is one of those pleasing types that carry on into new triumphs for summer party wear.

One of its charms is that the lace indicates stripes and striped effects lead in the mode.

The printed chiffon frock to the left gives a delightful interpretation of the slim silhouette for summer. The patterning is spaced tulips in blue, red, green and black on a sheer white background. The gathered bodice suggests the Directoire. Contrasting shades of green and blue silk make the girdle and sash which forms a train. Flower bracelets are worn with it and an enormous poppy on the head instead of a hat, which goes to show the intriguing and unique ways flowers now play their important role in costume ensembling.

Western Newspaper Union.

HANDSOME SUIT



One handsome suit like the model pictured, in your wardrobe and your problem is solved as to looking smartly attired for any occasion. Contrast stitching is a swank accent to the interesting detail of this well-tailored town and country suit in fine lightweight wool shetland. Note the scalloped pockets that repeat the decorative stitching that enhances the seams in the skirt.

TWISTED DRAPES ARE NEW STYLE FEATURE

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

Designers are performing all sorts of interesting tricks with twisted drapes and as time goes on the idea is taking on added interest.

When you see a dress or blouse the drapes of which tie themselves into fanciful knots or twist into clever intricacies be assured that the garment is a "last word" fashion. Be on the lookout for these inter-twisted, inter-coiled effects and choose your new frocks accordingly.

This type of styling invites the use of color contrasts. For instance, the bodice top of a navy dress may have drapes coming from the shoulder, say in the new fuchsia shade, the same color, twisted and perhaps knotted across the bustline with infinite grace. Or the dress may be in monotone, the artful, twisted designfulness being the only trimming feature. White crepe frocks, with twists done in crepes of vivid contrast or carried out in pastel tones are top-notch fashion this summer.

A new feature in styling is the all-over shirred bodice with skirt of the material simply tailored. The all-over shirred jacket is likewise a fashion highlight. Chiffon and sheer marquisette yield to this treatment most charmingly.

Paquin Favorite

A favorite Paquin model for evening is the long skirt of bias cut topped by a marquisette blouse—the entire thing in white, black or pale rose.

Tailored Dinner Dress

The tailored dinner or evening dress remains a heavy favorite.

Improved Uniform International SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

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

Lesson for July 10
CALEB: LIFE-TIME DEVOTION

LESSON TEXT—Joshua 14:6-15.
GOLDEN TEXT—Let us go up at once, and possess it; for we are well able to overcome it. Numbers 13:30.
PRIMARY TOPIC—Brave Caleb.
INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—A Hero's Reward.
YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Courage for Difficult Tasks.

"We need to know more about good men who are occasionally great, and less about great men who are occasionally good," says the Lesson Commentary, in pointing out that Caleb is one of the characters about whom the Bible does not say much, but in every case the word is one revealing high and noble character. Consider such passages as Numbers 13:6, 30; 14:7-9, 24, 30; 26:65, as well as our lesson for today.

The background for our study of today, and in fact an integral part of the lesson itself, is the story of Caleb's courageous stand with Joshua when the spies returned from their visit to Canaan, which is related in Numbers 13. He was then a comparatively young man, but demonstrated by his every word and deed that he had from his youth learned to know and obey God.

Note first of all Caleb's I. Perfect Obedience (vs. 6-8). "I wholly followed the Lord my God." Such a testimony from a man like Caleb is no idle boast, no effort to parade his faith and piety before others. In saying it he was repeating what God and Moses had both said about him. In his heart he knew it to be true.

It is God's will for each of His children that they should come to such a place of simple trust and complete obedience that in every circumstance of life they need know only one thing—God's will, and then in faith to go and do it. It is a life beautiful in its transparent simplicity and powerful in the strength of God Himself.

II. Promised Inheritance (v. 9). "Surely the land wherein thy feet have trodden shall be thine inheritance." Such was the promise of God through Moses. Forty-five long years had elapsed, but down through this period of wilderness wanderings and the conflict in subduing Canaan the promise had lived in Caleb's heart. He knew it would be fulfilled, and he waited serenely for God's time.

Such also are the promises of God which keep the heart singing in our hours of trial and sorrow, which light up the dark ways, which strengthen the heart of His children. Learn God's promises, cherish them in your heart, expect God to fulfill them.

III. Preserved Strength (vs. 10, 11). "The Lord hath kept me alive . . . and I am . . . strong." Here was a man kept of God, in full vigor in his eighty-fifth year. "Like a vine in a changeable sea, like a grass in a change of wind," (Meyer). No doubt there was what our forefathers liked to call "the longevity of the antedeluvians," but even apart from that let us come to that life and strength come from God, and that those who may count on Him for the renewed strength of Psalm 103:5.

An incidental, but extremely important, lesson, we should learn is that God has no age deadline. The church has frequently sinned against Him and against His faithful servants by "shelving them" for younger men, when they would have brought blessing to themselves and to the church by encouraging and using them. The writer of these lines is a young man, but he would speak here a word of loving admonition regarding his honored brethren who have gone on before to bear the brunt of the battle.

IV. Powerful Assurance (vs. 12-15). "If . . . the Lord will be with me, then I shall be able." Caleb asked for no easy task. He was ready to go up against the giants of Hebron. Read Deuteronomy 3:11, and you will find that there were men in those days who needed thirteen-foot beds. But Caleb was not afraid. He counted not on his own strength, but on the power of God. It is significant that while the other patriots conquered Caleb brought his formidable adversaries entirely under control, so that "the land had rest from war" (v. 15).

The spiritual application to our day is evident and appropriate. There are giants in the land in this year of our Lord 1938. Corruption—social and political—raises its brazen head. Drunkenness and vice leer at us with the impudent suggestion that we cannot control them. There are giants "within us"—greed, selfishness, love of ease, lust, passion, cruelty" (Blakely). Are we to do nothing about them? If we are to meet them in the strength of the flesh, we might almost as well do nothing. But in the power of God, we are like Caleb—able to do nothing. "Let's do something about it!" and really do it. His glory.

News Review of Current Events

PRIMING MONEY FLOWS

First Grants and Loans Announced by PWA Covering Hundreds of Projects in Every State



John Roosevelt, youngest son of the President, and his bride, the former Anne Lindsay Clark, leaving the old church in Nahant, Mass., where they were married.

Edward W. Pickard SUMMARIZES THE WORLD'S WEEK

Some for Every State

NO SOONER had President Roosevelt signed the pump priming measure than the flood of federal money was released. The Public Works Administration, of which Secretary Ickes is the head, made public two lists of grants and loans covering 390 projects in every state in the union with a total estimated cost of \$148,795,895.

Four more lists were ready, and these PWA officials said, would complete the "first push" toward a \$1,000,000,000 construction program to provide work and stimulate industry. Officials further estimated that these initial groups of projects may run as high as 1,500 or 2,000 with a cost of \$600,000,000.

Federal grants under the PWA procedure cover 45 per cent of the cost and, when a PWA loan is made, 55 per cent. The difference between the estimated over-all cost of the projects and the sum of loans and grants made by PWA is supplied by the various applicants.

The 291 projects in the first group to cost \$92,320,374 will be financed by the PWA to the extent of \$41,632,715 in grants and \$9,021,000 in loans while the second list of 299 projects to cost \$56,275,521 will receive federal grants of \$5,200,413 and loans of \$1,900,500. Thus the amount of government assistance to 590 projects estimated to cost \$148,795,895 will amount to \$75,814,623.

The President, when he signed the act, told the press that business conditions were not as bad as popularly believed, and said he looked for a definite pickup in the near future.

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principal of Todhunter school, New York, and William Ellison Chalmers, assistant American labor commissioner in Geneva.

Louis K.O.'s Schmeling

JOE LOUIS of Detroit, the "Brown Bomber," stands the undisputed heavyweight champion of the world. His amazing victory over Max Schmeling of Germany in the Yankee stadium at New York gave him that status. In less than one round the challenger was hammered to the floor three times by the crashing blows of Louis, and his seconds threw the towel into the ring, for the German was quite helpless. The referee declared Louis the winner by a technical knockout.

Eighty thousand persons witnessed this epochal battle, the shortest heavyweight championship bout in history. Louis got 40 per cent of the gate and 20 per cent went to Schmeling.

The loser said his defeat was caused by a blow over the kidney. X-ray examination of the German after the battle showed a projection from a vertebra was broken. The blow was not a foul for it was not struck in a clinch.

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Ask Business to Help

FIVE of the officials who will have most to do with carrying out the President's spending-lending drive went on the air in a nation-wide broadcast and urged that business cooperate with the administration in restoring permanent recovery. These speakers were Secretary of Agriculture Henry A. Wallace, WPA Administrator Harry L. Hopkins, acting PWA Administrator Howard A. Gray, United States Housing Administrator Nathan Straus and Brig. Gen. John J. Kingman, acting chief of United States army engineers.

Outlining his plans for use of federal funds allocated his agency, Hopkins said that the purchase of materials alone for WPA projects will give indirect, full-time private jobs to 250,000 workers, in addition to relief jobs for the unemployed.

"And so the WPA money flows, like the blood in the human body, giving life and strength to the economic system all the way from its toes to the top of its head," he said.

Secretary Wallace said that under the new agricultural legislation the farmer is in good shape to do his part in the recovery drive.

Gray, who has been administering PWA affairs in the absence of Interior Secretary Ickes, said that the spending of money set aside for public works under the recovery program should result in industry's receiving \$1,000,000,000 in orders in the next two years.

Straus outlined his agency's program of slum-clearance and low-cost housing and said that it will result in increased employment and the "creation of that finest and most needed of all commodities—better homes for Americans."

Japanese Bomb Swatow

JAPANESE planes made three destructive raids on Swatow, a treaty port 220 miles northeast of Canton. Their bombs ruined the power plant and railroad station. The United States gunboat Asheville stood by to protect the 69 Americans in the consular district. It was believed this was the start of a great offensive designed to cut off Canton from the central battlefield.

Referring to Hankow reports of possible mediation by a third power, a Japanese spokesman in Shanghai said: "Japan will continue to fight until Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek is overthrown. If Chiang would only jump in the Yangtze river or otherwise dispose of himself, Japan would be highly satisfied."

Goebbels Assails Jews

THOUGH the attacks on Jews in Berlin and other German cities were officially deplored by the Nazi government, Paul Joseph Goebbels, minister of propaganda, further stirred the anti-semitic sentiment in a speech before a huge gathering in Berlin, demanding that all Jews be eliminated from business.

"The foreign press laments that Jewish stores are marked," Goebbels said, referring to the smearing of store fronts with the word "Jew" in red paint. "I do not approve of this either, but it is a good thing to know which are Jewish shops. We will take legal measures to curtail their businesses. They will soon disappear. The Jews incite us by their very presence."

'Keep Out of Politics'

SENATOR MORRIS SHEPPARD of Texas and the senate campaign expenditures investigating committee of which he is chairman has directed all government agencies to take no part in primary and election campaigns. And it has issued warning that persons suspected of improper political conduct will be exposed and cited for criminal prosecution.

The committee at its first meeting pledged that its investigations will be conducted with "vigor and vigilance" without favor or without partisanship. The warning against use of improper tactics was directed first to all candidates for senatorial offices, their friends and aids. It was then extended to all government agencies.

Wage Law Effects

STRAIN of the new wage and hour law on industry, say labor experts in Washington, will be eased by the existing unsettled economic conditions. They size up the situation thus: At industry's present pace not more than 200,000 wage earners in manufacturing industries would get more pay.

The big high speed industrial machines, such as automobile plants, hardly will be touched by the law. It will affect certain garment factories and a very small number of textile mills.

It will affect the fertilizer industry of the South and southern sawmills. Even when business is as good as last summer, unofficial estimates indicate that only about 200,000 factory workers would be affected by the 25 cent wage minimum of the law, and somewhat more than 1,000,000 workers would find their hours shortened by a 44 hour weekly limit, effective next October.

At the outset the law's effect will be to improve "the worst conditions" in certain industries engaged in interstate commerce, the economists believe.

Child labor provisions will affect mainly scattered minors working at odd jobs in various mills and factories.

Senator Copeland Dead

EXHAUSTED by his labors and the heat in Washington, United States Senator Royal S. Copeland of New York died just before the adjournment of congress. He was in the sixteenth year of his service in the senate and had been an indefatigable worker. He was a consistent opponent of many of the administration's policies and was one of the leaders in the fight against the court packing and government reorganization measures.

Gov. Herbert H. Lehman announced that he was willing to be a candidate for Copeland's seat if the Democratic party wished to nominate him.

Terrible Train Wreck

OLYMPIAN, crack passenger train of the Milwaukee road bound from Chicago to Tacoma, Wash., crashed through a flood-weakened trestle over Custer creek, near Saugus, Mont., and at least 40 persons perished, most of them being drowned in a submerged tourist sleeper. About 65 others were injured.

This was the worst railroad wreck in America in recent years, and it sadly marred the safety record of the Milwaukee road which had not lost a paying passenger in accidents in the previous 20 years.

LUMBER!



Though America's logging industry has been on the downgrade several years because of heavy imports, this spring one of the largest timber log drives ever run in New England took place near Machias, Maine. Over 4,000,000 feet of lumber—pine, hemlock and spruce—was floated down the river to the Whitfield mill 45 miles south. Lumberjacks work hard but the drivers have more adventure during the drive when they must balance on swirling logs, pry open jams and sleep in a different "home" every night. They wear caulk shoes with spikes.



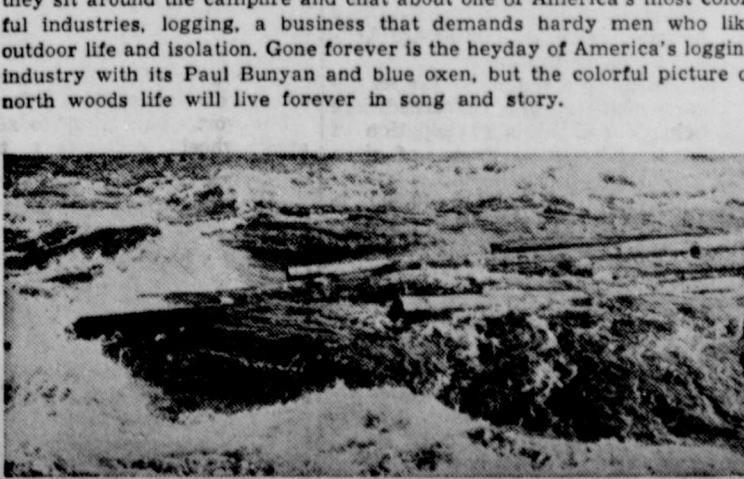
There's little waste time or waste space in the camp's kitchen where Cook Leonard Elwell prepares 240 meals a day, moves 35 miles down the river and sets up his equipment again. To supply 60 men participating in the last drive he cooked 500 doughnuts, 500 sugar cookies, 200 biscuits, 16 loaves of bread, boiled four hams and cooked 50 pounds of beef, all on the above stove. And it was plenty good, if the young driver at the right knows his grub!



They eat four meals a day, these drivers, and when the day is over they sit around the campfire and chat about one of America's most colorful industries, logging, a business that demands hardy men who like outdoor life and isolation. Gone forever is the heyday of America's logging industry with its Paul Bunyan and blue oxen, but the colorful picture of north woods life will live forever in song and story.



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Floyd Gibbons' ADVENTURERS' CLUB



HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!

"Vanishing Corpses"

By FLOYD GIBBONS Famous Headline Hunter

HELLO EVERYBODY:

You know, boys and girls, I've often noticed, in these adventure stories, how in a good many cases, one mishap leads to another. That's probably because the first thing that goes wrong so upsets the fellow it happens to, that—well—he just loses his head and plunges right smack into another danger.

It's bad business when a man loses his head in the face of danger. But at the same time it has produced a lot of red-hot double-barreled and triple-barreled adventures, and the story I'm going to tell you today is a mighty good example.

Paul Moore of Chicago is today's distinguished adventurer. The events this yarn deals with happened to him and two other lads, in September, 1923.

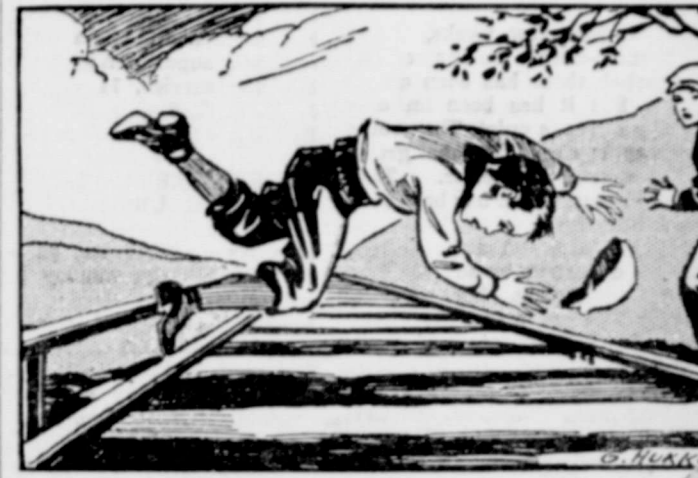
At that time Paul was just a kid of twelve, living in Grand Rapids, Mich. Paul had just been given a .22 caliber rifle for selling perfume, and one Saturday he and his two friends, Art Kohles and Archie Eastman, started out on a hunting trip. Art and Archie had air rifles. Paul had no cartridges for his .22, but Art said he knew where he could get some. They started out early, taking their lunches with them, and after walking a couple hours, came to a patch of woods four miles from the outskirts of town.

Art Pounded the Cartridge.

There didn't seem to be any game in sight, so they sat down on the bank of a small creek to eat their lunches. Paul had put down his gun and was just starting to untie the package that contained his grub when Art spoke up, saying there was a wild canary on the other side of the creek.

"Let's have your gun," whispered Art. "I can't get it with mine." Paul passed over his rifle. Art had the cartridges in his own pocket. He took one out and tried to put it in the chamber. It wouldn't fit.

Young Art didn't know that the cartridges he had brought from home were the wrong caliber. He thought this one wouldn't go into the



Archie Pitched Forward on His Face.

chamber because the gun was new. He tried to force it in with his fingers and then, in his haste to get a shot at the bird before it flew away, he picked up a stone that happened to be lying at his feet.

Art hit the bullet two or three times with that stone. And then, suddenly, there was a loud crack. The bullet exploded. Art dropped the gun, crying, "I'm shot!" Then he fell to the ground and lay still.

The other two kids stood speechless. Art had killed himself! Paul had an uncle who lived about a mile away on the other side of the woods, and the first thought that popped into his mind was to run there and get help.

He told Archie to stay behind with Art, but Archie insisted on going along with him. They started off on a short cut through the woods, running as fast as their legs would carry them.

On the other side of the woods they came to the tracks of the interurban line that runs out of Grand Rapids. There was a third rail along the right of way, set up a foot or so above the ground.

Paul knew about it. He was well up ahead of Archie, and he went over it with a flying leap. But he didn't think to warn Archie about that electrified rail. His mind was too full of the thought of Art lying back there by the creek bank.

Archie Stepped on Third Rail.

The next thing Paul knew, Archie was stepping on that rail. He just lit on it for an instant. Then he pitched forward on his face. And he, too, lay still!

Archie's body was lying between the two tracks. "I took one look at him," says Paul, "and decided he was dead. Then I turned and ran as if the devil was after me."

It was a long way to his uncle's house, and by that time Paul was all but out of breath. But he didn't dare stop running. He stumbled on. At last he reached the house and burst in, panting, "Uncle Abe! Quick! Art's killed himself with my gun and Archie's been electrocuted!"

Everyone in the house, including two old ladies who were visiting Paul's aunt, dropped whatever they were doing and started for the tracks. They hurried through brush and corn fields to the spot where Archie had fallen—and when they arrived, there was no sign of Archie.

Uncle Abe turned on Paul. "Young man," he said sternly, "are you sure this isn't a joke of some kind?" But it was no joke to Paul. He thought maybe a passing interurban had stopped to pick Archie up. He crossed the track and started through the woods toward the stream where they had left Art.

Both Bodies Had Disappeared.

The women turned back, but Uncle Abe followed along after him. They ran through the woods in breathless haste—to the spot where Art had shot himself—and then Paul stopped dead in his tracks. Art was gone, too!

It was too much for Paul. His uncle was looking at him suspiciously, and he hardly knew what to say.

How could Paul ask him to believe that two dead boys had both disappeared, one right after the other? He stood there silent a minute, and then he heard sounds of splashing water, and of voices coming from some point down the stream. Together they walked toward those voices and there they found—Art and Archie.

It was all explained easily enough. Archie had been knocked out by the shock from the third rail. He had a big bump on his head, but that was all the damage that had been done to him.

When he came to, he went back to where Art had fallen and found him bathing his leg, which had been grazed on the calf by a bit of the exploding shell. Together they had moved down stream a ways, and that's where Paul found them.

And that's all there is to this story, except that a short time after that, Art and Archie and Paul took that .22 rifle and pitched it in the Grand river.

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Elephant Runs Rampant

Angry because his keeper forgot to bring his meal punctually, a bull elephant at Etah, United Provinces, became enraged and demanded service, then helped himself to it. He threw the keeper over a fence to jolt the man's memory, next broke his chain and uprooted a tree to which he had been tied. After pulling down every telegraph wire in the vicinity, the beast stalked in moody silence into the jungle and escaped.

Palestine Dogs Sleuth

Palestine police dogs are becoming almost human in their help to prevent crime as well as in the tracking of criminals, according to police officials in Jerusalem. It is possible the plan of having a dog with every policeman, will be adopted to prevent attacks on officers by criminals. In one year in Palestine the Doberman pinschers, the dogs used by the police, were employed successfully in 17 of 37 murder cases.

THE MESSENGER

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C. R. BLOCKER, Publisher
Artesia, New Mexico

ETHEL W. MCKINSTRY
Managing Editor

CURRENT WAR NEWS

"Twenty years after the war to make the world safe for democracy," wrote Leland Stowe, a New York Herald foreign correspondent, recently, "354,000,000 people are living under dictatorships in 12 European countries, and democracy is banished from four-fifths of continental Europe."

Sir Phillip Gibbs, the well known English novelist and journalist, has said: "The nations are arming again. Men who remember the last war seem to be preparing for the next. Nothing was learned, nothing was settled, by that monstrous struggle."

For the past few weeks, since the German-Czech border crisis was averted, there has been quiet abroad. But it has been an exceedingly ominous quiet. The problems that confront Europe grow steadily worse, not better. The armament race, which has been going on for a year or two, has been speeded up. And while the mobilization is underway by several European powers, that almost all of the powers have perfected plans which make it possible to put the countries on a war basis in a few hours, and that there are more men and more munitions at the various frontiers in Central Europe than at any other time in the past.

Czechoslovakia is having her griefs in Sudeten. A report is that residents of that territory have received notice that in event of war they'll either become citizens of Germany—meaning they must desert the Czech army—or be shot as traitors if captured. Nice cheerful outlook, isn't it?

For about a month the German papers said little about Czechoslovakia, and what little they said was relatively conciliatory. Now they have opened a new campaign against Czechoslovakia—bitter editorials designed to inflame the German people are all the product of one idea: that Der Vaterland's patience is becoming exhausted, and that either the Czech government must accede to demands which would virtually make it a ward of Germany, or be brought to terms by military force. It is a certainty that these editorials are government inspired, and they indicate that Hitler is again considering invasion.

The general opinion is that England holds the key to the situation. It is also thought that both Hitler and Mussolini are hoping to surround France with dictatorship and force a loss of her influence and power. Ignoring these events across the water will not lessen their hazard toward us. We believe our democracy is too deeply rooted for any idea of dictatorship but we must never doze on the job; always keeping to the front the idea of our original democracy and Americanism.

"COMMUNITY SPIRIT"

In every community there are latent possibilities that can be intensely developed. Whose duty is it to develop these possibilities? It is the duty of every good citizen in the community to support and sustain any and every movement that will be for the betterment and upbuilding of the community.

A good citizen will familiarize him or herself with these possibilities and help in every way possible to develop them.

One of the major possibilities for Hagerman and community at this time is that of a City Hospital and Arthritis Clinic.

Some people have the idea that by pushing a proposition of this kind they are helping some individual feather his own nest and therefore are not in favor of supporting such an enterprise.

Can't we cultivate the idea that whatever helps the other fellow is going to help us? By helping our fellow citizens to prosper we're helping ourselves to become prosperous. Can't we realize that the more money our neighbors bring into the community the more apt we are to derive some benefit from it?

I remarked to a very prominent business man the other day, "We should get behind this proposition and help advertise it." He replied, "Why should I advertise

another man's business; let him advertise his own business." If all of us take this attitude our town and community will never progress.

One of our biggest obstacles in Hagerman is that we do not appreciate each other enough. I hear more complaints about our different business houses than I do compliments. Why is this? Some will say that it is because our business men are self-centered, non-co-operative. That may be so to a certain extent, but don't you think that as a whole our business men are a pretty progressive bunch, and don't you think they would be more so if we would keep our praise and our money at home?

Let's all boost our town and community, especially to the outside world. Let's all push together for a City Hospital and Arthritis Clinic.

And to the business men: Come to the meetings of the Hagerman Community Men's Club and lend your support to the organization that is interested in your welfare!
R. W. CUMPSTEN

THE CHURCHES

BAPTIST CHURCH

Lee Vaughn, Pastor

Sunday school at 10:00 a. m. F. W. Sadler, superintendent.

Morning service each Sunday at 11:00 a. m.

B. Y. P. U. at 6:30 p. m. R. M. Middleton, director.

Evening services each Sunday at 7:30 p. m.

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

Evening service—7:00 p. m.

Tuesday evening Bible study.

Thursday evening Prayer meeting.

Come and you will find a hearty welcome.

METHODIST CHURCH

The Sunday school begins promptly at 10 o'clock with each division meeting separately for the opening services. Interesting discussions are held by competent teachers. You are welcome to attend the class of your choice.

The worship service begins at 11 o'clock with a prelude played by Mrs. L. E. Hinrichsen. A male quartet will sing a special number before the delivery of the sermon. The pastor will preach the sixth of a series of sermons on "Taking Jesus Seriously." The subject at this hour will be on "How To Live With People." The children will enjoy a short children's sermon entitled "Sharpening Your Tools."

The evening service begins at 7:45 o'clock and will be held on the church lawn. The subject for the evening will be "Faith." We cordially invite you to any of these services.

Activities of the Week

Monday at 8 p. m.—The Board of Stewards will have their regular meeting.

Wednesday at 2:30—The W. M. S. will meet.

Wednesday at 8 p. m.—Prayer meeting will be led by Miss Marian Key.

Thursday at 3 p. m.—The children will meet for a song service and social hour.

Dexter News

Misses Phyllis Wilcox and Margaret O'Brian spent the Fourth at Glencoe with Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Coe.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Lowenfield and children spent several days with Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Moore and celebrated the Fourth.

Mr. and Mrs. Phil Kingsley of Albuquerque spent Friday in Dexter, as the guest of Mrs. Belle Hurst.

Miss Blanche Pollock left last week in company with Mr. and Mrs. Leon Lathrop of Illinois for California. After a week's visit in California, Miss Pollock will return to Illinois to spend the summer.

Mrs. R. F. Adams has returned from a several weeks' visit in Kentucky. While there she also attended an International Camp meeting in Indiana of the Church of God. She reports a delightful visit and a wonderful experience at the camp meeting.

"THAT LITTLE GAME"

AGONY!



THE POCKETBOOK OF KNOWLEDGE



glowing ember, effected by those tribesmen whose livelihood is made on the open ranges.

Questions about the list of program events are a loss.

It takes but three short sentences: Parades in the morning; Indian-style rodeo in the afternoon; dances at night. This program maintains through the three days, without variation.

As to description, well—what's a sunset like?

The ceremonial has the colorful splendor of barbaric costume; the primitive setting of tense Indian audiences in the background; the hush of thrilled Easterners; the weirdness of redmen's religious rites; and the uniqueness of an absolutely unstaked presentation of modern-day redmen in the unchanged dances and chants of their forefathers.

Even the arrangement of the night's dances are left to tribal leaders.

Take a circus parade, a wild west show, a religious revival meeting; throw them all together, and what do you have?

There are bigger, but no gamier fish than the tarpon, says the doctor, and the bigger ones are not to be found elsewhere with such consistency and in such number as in the shallow waters that lap the long narrow sandbar islands that shelter the harbors from Port Arthur to Point Isabel.

With light tackle and barbless hooks Dr. Sutton brought seventy-two tarpon to gaff during his 1938 spring visit to Port Aransas. None was taken as he doesn't like to kill the scaly batters.

"Because of unsettled weather that kept the water muddy most of June, the fishing wasn't as good as in 1937 when I caught 88 in 22 days of fishing," he declared.

The doctor goes after nothing except tarpon, although the waters of the Gulf are loaded with king, jack, ling, mackerel, red, trout, pike and a dozen other game species.

Whether or not Aransas is the best fishing spot along the coast is an open question; it specializes in fishing; has the accommodations and can supply the desired

result with such consistency it can justly boast some fish bite every day.

Citizens of the Southwest, who trek off to the far-away places seeking the fascinating thrill that comes only through the tug of fishing line are only wasting their time and money, advises Flem Hall, sports writer in the Ft. Worth Star-Telegram.

No more abundant exciting fishing is to be found in the world than right here at home; on the Texas Coast, 6 to 12 hours by automobile from Fort Worth.

That's the testimony of some of the world's most fanatic fishermen, Hall says, and it's little farther from Eddy County, which makes the story all the more interesting.

Take for example the case of Dr. R. L. Sutton, internationally famous dermatologist, who literally circles the globe in pursuit of big game fish, Hall continues. Which makes the story even more interesting to The Advocate editor, an old friend of the Kansas City doctor, who is equally as internationally famous as a big game hunter and fisherman, and about whom it has been the editor's pleasure to write several feature stories in the past.

The sports writer continues: Dr. Sutton, the big, bronzed 60-year-old exploring scientist, makes two trips to the blue waters of the Gulf of Mexico each year and spends weeks enjoying the pleasures that only those waters give him year after year. Port Aransas is his special delight, the spot he makes his headquarters.

"Port Aransas is the tarpon capital of the world," he says.

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Deep Sea Fishing Best in Waters Closest This Section, Says Wright

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Dr. Sutton has been at Aransas the last five weeks, between expeditions to New Zealand and Nova Scotia. After angling for the giant tuna that run off the Northern Atlantic Coast in the summer, he will embark on a round-the-world cruise that'll take him along the African coast looking for a finny fighter that'll match the "silver king" that swarm the Texas Coast.

There are bigger, but no gamier fish than the tarpon, says the doctor, and the bigger ones are not to be found elsewhere with such consistency and in such number as in the shallow waters that lap the long narrow sandbar islands that shelter the harbors from Port Arthur to Point Isabel.

With light tackle and barbless hooks Dr. Sutton brought seventy-two tarpon to gaff during his 1938 spring visit to Port Aransas. None was taken as he doesn't like to kill the scaly batters.

"Because of unsettled weather that kept the water muddy most of June, the fishing wasn't as good as in 1937 when I caught 88 in 22 days of fishing," he declared.

The doctor goes after nothing except tarpon, although the waters of the Gulf are loaded with king, jack, ling, mackerel, red, trout, pike and a dozen other game species.

Whether or not Aransas is the best fishing spot along the coast is an open question; it specializes in fishing; has the accommodations and can supply the desired

result with such consistency it can justly boast some fish bite every day.

Citizens of the Southwest, who trek off to the far-away places seeking the fascinating thrill that comes only through the tug of fishing line are only wasting their time and money, advises Flem Hall, sports writer in the Ft. Worth Star-Telegram.

No more abundant exciting fishing is to be found in the world than right here at home; on the Texas Coast, 6 to 12 hours by automobile from Fort Worth.

That's the testimony of some of the world's most fanatic fishermen, Hall says, and it's little farther from Eddy County, which makes the story all the more interesting.

Take for example the case of Dr. R. L. Sutton, internationally famous dermatologist, who literally circles the globe in pursuit of big game fish, Hall continues. Which makes the story even more interesting to The Advocate editor, an old friend of the Kansas City doctor, who is equally as internationally famous as a big game hunter and fisherman, and about whom it has been the editor's pleasure to write several feature stories in the past.

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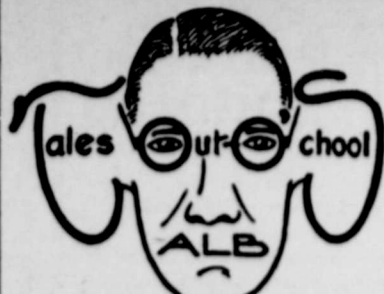
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THE ADVOCATE SNAPSHOTS



"THE OLD FERRET"
Lasts much longer.—A. L. B.
A smile is better far
Than forced hilarity;
Its memory

Now Keep Quiet—
Although the Old Ferret is inclined to agree with the gal in this, he cannot help but repeat the incident. The gal in question picked up a badly disheveled newspaper from the reading table at a boarding house. "I don't understand how anyone can tear up a paper like this; it's disgraceful!" she griped.
One of the other boarders, a man, spoke up. "It's mine and I guess I can do with it anything I wish," he said.

Headline: "War Admiral Will Be Fit Again Soon." Gosh, that shows our ignorance. Here we thought he was a racehorse.

Circumstantial evidence may not be the best in the world, but it is a cinch that they are not headed for Sunday school if they have fishing poles on the side of the car.—Smiley (Himself) in the Grapevine Sun.

Swell Menu, Scrambled—
Maybe this is not funny, but the Old Ferret thought it was when he saw it on a menu in a restaurant, not in Artesia. This is just the way it was printed:
Fried Individual Fish, Stewed Tomatoes, Cream Whipped Potatoes with Gravy, Buttered Rolls, Coffee or Milk, 35c

Noble blood! Bah! What is more noble or so pure as that of the lion? And yet he is only a brute. It is merit, education and virtue, not blood, that lifts men above the level of the brutes.—Michael le Faucher.

Slight Misunderstanding—
From the Ozard hills country comes a story, originally attributed to The Sikeston (Mo.) Standard, edited by straight-shooting, outspoken Col. Blanton, whose tales travel as far as or farther than most others in more or less out of the way places. Here it is, just as published in the Standard:

A newly married couple were looking for a house in the country, and after finding one that they decided was suitable, were making their way home. The young wife happened to think, after reaching home, that she had not seen any water closet on the place and decided to write the owner and referred to it as W. C.

The owner did not readily understand just what she meant by the W. C. but after while decided she meant Westport Church and answered as follows:
"Dear Madam: I regret very much the delay in answering your letter, and now take pleasure in informing you that the W. C. is located about nine miles from the house and is capable of seating 1,260 people. This indeed is unfortunate if you contemplate going regularly, but no doubt you will be interested to know that a great many people take their lunch and make a day of it, while others who cannot spare the time go by auto and arrive just in time, but generally they are in too great a hurry to wait for a seat if the place is crowded. The last time my wife and I went we had to stand in line for hours.

"It may interest you to know that it is planned to hold a bazaar to raise funds for plush seats for the W. C., as it will fill a long felt want. I might mention that it grieves me very much not to go more often. It certainly is through no lack of desire, but as we grow older it seems more of an effort, particularly in cold weather."

Among such sights are the Indian Pueblos, the Carlsbad Caverns and the Great White Sands. And there are a number of others.

The bureau estimates there will be 363,000 foreign-licensed automobiles which will enter New Mexico during the tourist season this year, coming in through the twenty-six ports of entry. This figure is nearly three times as great as the motor vehicle registration in New Mexico. The increase in number of people will be 954,000, or about twice the population of this state.

These tourists will spend \$4,400,000 on gasoline taxes alone, not to mention the great sum to be expended on gasoline and oil. Of this amount, \$2,500,000 will be in direct taxes alone and nearly \$1,900,000 will be from the school sales tax. Gasoline tax collections so far this year show an increase of 18.86 per cent, the greatest of any state in the union.

There is not an individual in the state who does not in some way feel the effect of tourist expenditures. Every cent collected through the school tax goes into the school equalization fund, which in turn is used for maintaining the common schools. Every person who has a child to educate profits directly from the tourist flow. Every person who drives an automobile can thank the tourists for aiding in building the fine highway system, and every business and professional man and every person who works for a salary will immediately feel the effect of lessening of tourist expenditures, even though his work never brings him in direct contact with those travelers.

New Mexico is ideally located. With the trunk line highways either completed or nearing completion, the bulk of transcontinental travel will doubtless continue to use the shorter Southern route to the West Coast. With more and more states and communities entering the travel field, it is apparent that a tremendous impetus will be given to this particular industry.

The only way that New Mexico can lose by travel competition is to cease to invite traveling America to enter her borders.



Polo Stars at Meadow Brook—Preparing for an exciting campaign, four of the nation's top polo stars are snapped at Westbury, L. I., in one of the weekly matches. They are (left to right): Stewart Inglehart, Elbridge Gerry, Earle Hopping Jr., and Jimmy Mills.



Wins Coffee Crown—Joan Carson, beautiful hotel stenographer, was picked by the coffee industry for the title of "Miss Coffee" from the prettiest girl employees of New York hotels. She will represent the industry during Ice Coffee Week, and is shown wearing her crown of coffee blossoms.



HAGUE'S "DISPLAY OF AMERICANISM"—Mayor Frank Hague of Jersey City (second from left) as he appeared reviewing huge rally by some 175,000 citizens who proclaimed Jersey City "American." Hague has been accused of violating virtually all the Bill of Rights in denying a hearing to political and Labor opponents.



Gosh, It's Hot!—"Jackie," the chimp, takes a swig of the bottle to offset the sweltering heat of the summer sun.
Beach Pulchritude—Pretty Esther Ann Walker displays a lovely figure—and the waves go wild.

Tourist Money Flows Into State of New Mexico at the Rate of \$9,000 an Hour

The rate at which tourist money flows into the state of New Mexico is \$9,000 an hour, according to figures of the State Tourist Bureau. From every state and a score of foreign countries come tourists to stay an average of four days and spend \$22 each while within the boundaries of "The Sunshine State."

The bureau estimates almost \$80,000,000 will pour this year into the cash registers of merchants, hotels, camps and others who will profit by the great number of visitors.

Competition between the states for the tourist trade becomes more pronounced each year, and other states, along with New Mexico, are planning to take advantage of this major industry, but the bureau believes such competition, instead of being detrimental, may have its advantages.

Many of the state's chief attractions are peculiar to New Mexico, and tourists who have other places in the West and Southwest in mind when they make up their itinerary, in numerous cases will route themselves they may take advantage of the sights, wonders and climate of this state, the bureau believes.

Among such sights are the Indian Pueblos, the Carlsbad Caverns and the Great White Sands. And there are a number of others.

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Most everybody has something or other in the back of his head which he hopes to do sometime—like going to the Grand Canyon, or watching Sam Chapman hit a home run, or maybe play the guitar.

And I am in the same boat, and I have always wanted to write an essay on vice-presidents—not of the U. S. A., but vice-presidents like where there is 8 or 10 of 'em with some company—and their stenographer will not let you see them.

But I have never been able to write, because I know 2 or 3 of the ducks who are 100 per cent O. K., and they might happen to read my stuff, and I would lose a friend.

But maybe I could make one suggestion. And by doing so, maybe I will not need to write. And if I was a president of one of these companies, with 10 vice-presidents, I would have all of them take a month, each year, and travel around and call on other vice-presidents who are in conference and cannot see you.

Yours, with the low down,
JO SERRA

Mrs. Donald West and Miss Sarah Beth West shopped in Roswell on Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Harrison McKinsty, Misses Elizabeth McKinstry and Kathleen Haverland had as their noon day dinner guests last Sunday, Mrs. J. E. Wimberly, Mrs. Harrington Wimberly, Janis and Mary Margaret of Altus, Oklahoma, and Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Childress and Elizabeth Ann of Roswell.

For 30 years I had constipation, awful gas, bloating, headaches and back pains. Adlerika helped right away. Now I eat sausage, bananas, pie, anything I want. Never felt better!—Mrs. Mahel Schott.

SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO.
(BY MISS BOLLINGER)
SEARS, ROEBUCK & COMPANY, located at 118 West 3rd Street, in Roswell, New Mexico, phone 181, is a popular and up-to-date department store that is prominent among the concerns which have aided in the expansion and growth of this section by giving the public metropolitan service and quality merchandise at reasonable prices.

No sooner has any style been accepted by the leading fashion authorities of the Nation, than it at once makes its appearance in this store, and is presented in a variety of materials for the choice of the people of this part of the state.

Regarding prices, you will find that their goods are always offered at most reasonable prices, for while this store enjoys the patronage of the leading shoppers,

They are prepared to take complete charge of general audits and surveys. They are expert mathematicians and have made an exhaustive study of all the various systems of bookkeeping. When they present a statement over their signature of the status of any firm, it is prepared with all accuracy of detail and is comprehensive and complete.

In making this Special Midsummer Tourist Invitational Review, the writer wishes to compliment them upon their highly competent service which is an indispensable factor in the business life of this section, and suggests that you consult them when making arrangements for a general survey of your business.

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NEW MEXICO FOLKS INVITED TO PICNIC

Any New Mexico folks who are in California this summer are invited to a jolly picnic reunion in Bixby Park, all day, Saturday, July 16. All who ever lived in New Mexico will be welcomed. Each county will have a register and hot coffee will be served. After the basket picnic dinners, there will be a program of music and addresses.
Picnickers can also meet their friends from Utah, Nevada and Arizona, who will be holding their picnics.

TAKE GEOPHYSICAL SURVEY

A crew representing International Geophysics, Inc., of Los Angeles is mapping the sub-structure in the Artesia area by means of electric instruments. The men are in charge of Dan F. Elam.
Mr. and Mrs. Dub Andrus left early Sunday morning for Silver City to spend the Fourth with Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Christmas. They were joined in Las Cruces by Mr. and Mrs. Parker Woodul, who had been in Cruces attending a vocational educational convention.

CHARTER NO. 7503—RESERVE DISTRICT NO. 11E REPORT OF CONDITION OF THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF HAGERMAN, IN THE STATE OF NEW MEXICO, AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS ON JUNE 30, 1938, (Published in response to call made by Comptroller of the Currency, under Section 5211, U. S. Revised Statutes)

ASSETS	
Loans and discounts	197,407.32
Overdrafts	42.49
United States Government obligations, direct and fully guaranteed	12,252.19
Other bonds, stocks, and securities	37,180.00
Banking house, \$6,750.00, Furniture and Fixtures, \$3,400.00	10,150.00
Reserve with Federal Reserve bank	30,146.35
Cash, balances with other banks, and cash items in process of collection	39,038.08
Cash items not in process of collection	289.91
Total Assets	326,506.34
LIABILITIES	
Demand deposits of individuals, partnerships, and corporations	172,107.17
Time deposits of individuals, partnerships, and corporations	62,615.28
State, county, and municipal deposits	50,740.27
Deposits of other banks, including certified and cashier's checks outstanding	3,947.21
Deposits secured by pledge of loans and/or investments	\$ 30,555.00
Deposits not secured by pledge of loans and/or investments	258,854.93
Total Deposits	289,409.93
Capital Account:	
Common stock, 250 shares, par \$100 per share	\$25,000.00
Surplus	12,000.00
Undivided profits—net	96.41
Total Capital Account	37,096.41
Total Liabilities	326,506.34

MEMORANDUM: Loans and Investments Pledged to Secure Liabilities:
United States Government obligations, direct and fully guaranteed 12,252.19
Other bonds, stock, and securities 20,830.00
Total Pledged (excluding rediscounts) 33,082.19

Pledged:
Against State, county, and municipal deposits 33,082.19
Total Pledged 36,082.19

I, R. W. CONNER, cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
R. W. CONNER,
Cashier.

CORRECT—Attest:
WILLIS PARDEE,
MAYRE LOSEY,
W. A. LOSEY,
Directors.

(SEAL) Sworn to and subscribed before me this 5th day of July, 1938.
ETHEL W. MCKINSTRY,
Notary Public.

My commission expires January 26, 1942.

BASSETT & JOHNSTON ACCOUNTANTS

(BY MISS BROWN)
The reason for so many business failures is the fact that they do not know just where they stand financially. Every man, no matter how small a business he conducts, should, occasionally have it gone over by an accountant and get recommendations as to the proper methods of accountancy to pursue its conduct.

Naturally, when one entrusts the accounting of their business to some one, they want to know that they are experts. In this respect, who would be better qualified to do this work than BASSETT & JOHNSTON, ACCOUNTANTS, located at 212 in the J. P. White Building, in Roswell, New Mexico, phone 50?

They are prepared to take complete charge of general audits and surveys. They are expert mathematicians and have made an exhaustive study of all the various systems of bookkeeping. When they present a statement over their signature of the status of any firm, it is prepared with all accuracy of detail and is comprehensive and complete.



**FAR IN MILES
NEAR IN SPEECH**
Your telephone brings familiar voices of far-away members of your family or friends to you as clearly as though they were in the same room—a pleasure for you and those you call.

The operator will be glad to tell you rates to any points.

**YOU'LL ALWAYS FIND IT
PLEASANTLY COOL**
at
HAGERMAN DRUG
And our fountain drinks refreshing.
Meet your friends for a visit here.
Phone 10 Hagerman

MUST THEY GAMBLE?



Men Aren't the Only Devotees of This American Institution; Women Like It, Too!

By JOSEPH W. LaBINE

She might have been hypnotized, but slot machines don't actually hypnotize people.

The girl with the little red hat tossed quarter after quarter into a mechanical pickpocket, drunk with her desire to win. If she had paused for a moment, if someone had taken pencil and paper to show her how slot machines work, how 80 cents out of every dollar goes to line somebody else's pocket—

But the girl in the little red hat was playing a hunch. She thought hunches always win because last week she won \$5 on a horse called "Rainy Weather," having placed the bet in the middle of a thunderstorm.

Women will gamble, it seems, and if you think daddy is the only one who spends his paycheck at a bookie, take a look at the record!

Gambling, the law notwithstanding, has grown into an institution of the first water, filching millions of dollars a year from the pockets of those who can ill afford it. Some favor legalized lotteries on the theory that people will gamble anyway. They claim it offers the poor a chance to get rich, thereby making for less dissatisfaction. What they forget is that "small money is sucker money" in the gambler's parlance. Big winners in the betting racket are those who start with big stakes and can afford to lose.

Big Business in Bookies.

A two-minute tour around the country shows that bookmaking on horse races is thriving despite its illegal status. Chicago's city council set a precedent last winter by legalizing bookies to operate outside the race tracks provided they pay an annual license fee. But the state of Illinois clamped down on this scheme to fill Chicago's coffers, just as Ohio, Maryland, California and Michigan have rejected similar proposals in the past.

Several southern California cities recently decided to license bookies at fees ranging from \$2,500 to \$5,000. Then the appellate court stepped in and ruled the ordinance violated California's racing act. New Orleans is a bookmaker's paradise even though they operate illegally. In Louisville between 250 and 500 bookmakers work openly and in Miami, Fla., they operate at ease despite threats by the state.

But this is a story about gambling in general and women in particular. The story is more interesting because a few years ago there were social and moral taboos against gambling, while today Mother leaves Junior's buggy on the sidewalk while she walks into the corner bookie and places a bet on the fifth race at Suffolk Downs. Fortunately this situation isn't commonplace throughout the country. It's confined mostly to large cities and for laboratory purposes let's put New York under our microscope.

Here is a town where it was once unladylike to sit down on the floor and throw the dice.

Housework Is a Bore.

In this metropolis, where Friend Husband spends his days at the office it's often easy for the wife to become bored with housework, knitting and reading. To satisfy her desire for something new a huge gambling business has arisen, catering exclusively to women and making good money at it. A conservative estimate is that New York women invest half a billion dollars a year in gambling.

The "policy racket" or "numbers" game, a polite form of larceny responsible for the rise and downfall of many a big-time racketeer, is the New York woman's favorite form of gambling. This is true because you can invest any amount

merely to sit and watch the lines go up and down. This situation has produced a queer type of woman customer. One wizened old lady arrives promptly each morning at a brokerage house and sits in silence until closing time, seldom trading. Women are suckers for horse races. They play hunches, placing their money on a horse because they like his name or because he hasn't won a race for two years. There's no way of estimating how much money they bet, or what percentage of the total annual investment comes from them. But half the \$300,000,000 daily calls coming into telephone rooms of dope sheets in New York are from women. If women are allowed only 10 per cent of the annual \$350,000,000 total bet at New York tracks and bookies, it still amounts to \$35,000,000, which isn't chicken feed.

Sometimes They Win.

Sweepstakes take millions out of the country every year and half of it is said to be paid by women. The figures for New York stand at \$40,000,000 grand total per year. A favorite plan is for several women employed in the same factory to buy "shares" in a sweepstakes ticket. Bridge, the genteel game of club women, has become a high-powered gambling business in New York and other cities. Sometimes the stakes are only a dime for the entire afternoon's play; sometimes a twentieth of a cent a point. Again, some women play for 25 cents a point but they must be "well heeled" before trying it.

New York is infested with bridge "sharpies," professional players from one cent to a hundred dollars. Wash women up in Harlem and stenographers in Queens contribute their daily share to a business that grosses \$100,000,000 a year. A conservative estimate is that women are responsible for half this investment.

Next most popular game—and New York isn't alone in this—is the sport known as Bingo. From Portland, Ore., to Portland, Maine, men and women alike gather nightly, often at church socials, to gamble for small stakes at the Bingo board. You buy a board, probably for 25 cents, on which are printed a group of squares, each carrying a number. As the announcer calls numbers you look for them on your board. If you have an unbroken line of numbers called up and down, across, or diagonally, you win.

Green shutters and painted frames around the windows put a special stress on the "eyes" of most homes. Usually near the door, in large letters, is exhibited the name and occupation of the owner, who might well appear to be the proprietor of the entire valley as he complacently walks through the streets and fields, hills and mountains. Born here, he feels himself part of all this.

The inside of his birthplace breathes the same spirit. The center is not the kitchen whence the healthful, frugal meals come, but the living room with a carved wooden crucifix solemnly hanging in one corner. There is the cradle of family life. There the men and women and children assemble when they come home from field or shop. The fields yield just enough grass for the cattle and potatoes for the people, though most of the villagers have their own little gardens.

Farmhouse and stable are usually in one building. This saves the peasant many a step in bad weather and keeps him always near his beloved cows, which in turn help supply warmth in the long, cold winter. The arrival of the White King is hailed by everybody, for the thick blanket he always spreads over the mountains and the valley does not mean being buried for four or five months.

Oberammergau lies in about the same latitude as Montreal, and masses of snow cover the mountains, at times to a depth of 30 feet. Many visitors come to try their luck on skis, and skiing becomes an easy accomplishment for the local youngsters.

St. Peter Distributes Milk. Singing and whistling, Hubert Mayr, the St. Peter of the Passion Play, drives his little pony cart through the town every day, distributing milk among the people. How happy and pleased he is that at last his life's dream has come true and he has become "St. Peter!"

The meek manners of Hugo Rutz, the village blacksmith, would never lead one to guess that on the stage he was the fiery high priest, Caiaphas, inciting the mob against Jesus. Anton Lechner, teacher of drawing at the local woodcarving school, is just as much of a surprise. Ludwig Lang, fierce-looking Barabbas on the stage, is a peaceful cowherd who may be seen walking along the street at 6 o'clock almost any morning, driving a herd of

who make their living gambling. Sometimes they sit in as partners to men (always poor bridge players, they say) who want to make an impression.

From bridge it's only a short jump to poker, a traditionally masculine game that is winning women followers in New York. "Poker flats" are commercial institutions where the girls may gather of an afternoon. Then there's dice, mah jong and backgammon, besides such ill-mannered pastimes as rummy, pinochle, hearts and euchre.

Maybe the men taught them to gamble and after all it's probably no more sinful for women than men. But lady gamblers merely add to an already large population that spends its money recklessly and eventually gets into trouble. Maybe legalized lotteries are the answer because mankind has been gambling since Biblical days. It seems to be human nature.

The stock market is a big money game and most women gamblers are small players, being content



Miss Ethel Jupp, 21, one of three New York sisters who won \$150,000 on an Irish sweepstakes ticket, shown at the doorway of her apartment as she received a cablegram announcing her good fortune.

TOWN OF THE PASSION PLAY



Judas in Private Life Paints Pictures.

Oberammergau Gives to the World Drama of Christianity Every Decade

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

A CHANGE which emphasizes unchanging tradition has taken place in Oberammergau, Germany, the small Bavarian town where every decade a performance of the Passion Play attracts thousands of visitors. The change came through the death of Anton Lang, for thirty years the former Christ of the Passion Play. Death, however, changes the players but does not stop the presentation of the Passion Play, which for centuries has been performed to fulfill a vow of the villagers in the Seventeenth century.

Until about 150 years ago the sight of the towering mountains filled the people of Oberammergau with awe; in fact, fear; and they were looked upon more as drawbacks than as objects of beauty and inspiration. The custom of offsetting the depressing effect of the looming rocky background by vivid color still prevails, and besides old but ever fresh fresco paintings depicting scenes from the Bible on the walls of the houses, new ones are beginning to decorate several homes. These show a more modern trend, and generally are done by young Bavarian artists. They lend vivid color to a street scene already bright with houses painted yellow, pink, green, and blue.

Hardly a house lacks a balcony, and this, like all the windowills, is lined with a profusion of flowers. Green shutters and painted frames around the windows put a special stress on the "eyes" of most homes. Usually near the door, in large letters, is exhibited the name and occupation of the owner, who might well appear to be the proprietor of the entire valley as he complacently walks through the streets and fields, hills and mountains. Born here, he feels himself part of all this.

The inside of his birthplace breathes the same spirit. The center is not the kitchen whence the healthful, frugal meals come, but the living room with a carved wooden crucifix solemnly hanging in one corner. There is the cradle of family life. There the men and women and children assemble when they come home from field or shop. The fields yield just enough grass for the cattle and potatoes for the people, though most of the villagers have their own little gardens.

Farmhouse and stable are usually in one building. This saves the peasant many a step in bad weather and keeps him always near his beloved cows, which in turn help supply warmth in the long, cold winter. The arrival of the White King is hailed by everybody, for the thick blanket he always spreads over the mountains and the valley does not mean being buried for four or five months.

Oberammergau lies in about the same latitude as Montreal, and masses of snow cover the mountains, at times to a depth of 30 feet. Many visitors come to try their luck on skis, and skiing becomes an easy accomplishment for the local youngsters.

St. Peter Distributes Milk. Singing and whistling, Hubert Mayr, the St. Peter of the Passion Play, drives his little pony cart through the town every day, distributing milk among the people. How happy and pleased he is that at last his life's dream has come true and he has become "St. Peter!"

The meek manners of Hugo Rutz, the village blacksmith, would never lead one to guess that on the stage he was the fiery high priest, Caiaphas, inciting the mob against Jesus. Anton Lechner, teacher of drawing at the local woodcarving school, is just as much of a surprise.

Ludwig Lang, fierce-looking Barabbas on the stage, is a peaceful cowherd who may be seen walking along the street at 6 o'clock almost any morning, driving a herd of

who make their living gambling. Sometimes they sit in as partners to men (always poor bridge players, they say) who want to make an impression.

From bridge it's only a short jump to poker, a traditionally masculine game that is winning women followers in New York. "Poker flats" are commercial institutions where the girls may gather of an afternoon. Then there's dice, mah jong and backgammon, besides such ill-mannered pastimes as rummy, pinochle, hearts and euchre.

Maybe the men taught them to gamble and after all it's probably no more sinful for women than men. But lady gamblers merely add to an already large population that spends its money recklessly and eventually gets into trouble. Maybe legalized lotteries are the answer because mankind has been gambling since Biblical days. It seems to be human nature.

The stock market is a big money game and most women gamblers are small players, being content

Men of the Mounted

by Captain G. Elliott-Nightingale Copyright, WNU

A CHISELER STARTS A RIOT

FOR a dozen days and nights the continuous roll of the tom-toms and the weird, blood-chilling shrieking of the Salteaux Indians had echoed and re-echoed over the Athabaskan plains. Meanwhile, in the tents and tepees, babies died in the arms of mothers too starved to suckle them, while others, including the aged and ill, were slowly dying from hunger and the 30-below-zero weather that had been gripping the region for weeks. And, as the Salteaux suffered and died, the warriors and braves, with the help of some smuggled rotgut whisky were dancing themselves into an ugly, fighting, bloodthirsty mood. They were steaming up for a little skull-splitting and scalp-lifting party to be staged on the handful of whites who were responsible for their pitiable condition.

The Salteaux, a rather superior group, were justified in their anger and rage, for the administration of their affairs had fallen into the hands of a double-dyed grafter and chiseler. When the Great White Mother made the treaty with the Salteaux, she not only agreed to give them equipment, horses and cows with which to begin farming, but she also agreed to give them food and supplies twice a week until they were well established and prosperous. Everything went along fine until some underling in the Indian affairs department was placed in charge while his superior was off on a rather extended vacation down east. From this time on, the food supplies for the Salteaux began to diminish. Each time the rations were handed out, they weighed a few ounces less than before, with the result that after a week or two the allotments reached the most ridiculous proportions, and the Salteaux began to grumble out loud. To make matters worse, game was exceedingly scarce in the region that winter, and even rabbits were few and far between. Moreover, had there been furs and skins, the Salteaux could have traded for food at the Hudson Bay Trading post located right on the reservation.

And now, with the tribe slowly starving to death in the middle of a stiff Athabaskan winter, it was time for action. Having worked themselves into a frenzy of rage and hate, the warriors and braves swooped down on the government warehouses and helped themselves to a few tons of flour, sorbels, bacon and other staples. The underling in charge made a faint squeak of protest, and right away two husky braves had him by collar and belt and were heaving him off into the distance. Loaded with all the food they could carry away, the Salteaux returned to their tepees and had the first really decent feed in weeks. And, as they fed and gorged themselves, the Men of the Mounted were on their way to investigate what was termed an "Indian outrage."

The officer in charge, although a fearless policeman, was a poor hand with Indians, and his opening remarks were to the effect that the Great White Mother was deeply grieved to learn that her Salteaux children had committed this terrible crime (taking the food that rightfully belonged to them). Furthermore, the poor misguided, or misinformed officer asked them why they committed the robbery when everybody knew that the agent handed out plenty of food twice a week. Naturally, the Salteaux began to think that the red-coat was insane. Did he not know that they were starving? Did he not know that the food ration had been growing smaller and smaller until there was not enough for one child, let alone a brave? No, the officer did not know this.

Furthermore, he rather brusquely stated that they were not starving at all, and that the rations given them were more than sufficient. This was the spark to the powder. The braves began fondling their rifles and clubs, and they moved in close, dangerously close. The air was electrified with the tension of impending battle. Up to this time there had never been any misunderstandings, nor had there ever been shots exchanged between the Salteaux and the Mounted Police, and it wasn't long before an ordinary red-coated constable was down among the ugly Salteaux patching things up and, incidentally, learning the truth about the diminishing rations. Needless to say, the quarrel was patched up so well that there has never been any more trouble with the Salteaux.

The chiseler? Well, he saddled up one morning and rode east. He must have kept on traveling, for he hasn't been seen since.

Aborigines Left Few Relics The aborigines left few relics to mark the centuries in which they lived in Australia. There are no ruins of temples, no traces of vanished cities, no monuments, no tablets, no fragments of pottery. They achieved nothing toward the advancement of their race.

Filet Squares Form Lovely Table Cloth



Pattern 1726.

Crochet these lacy compound squares in odd moments—combine them into an expansive cloth or spread! The rhythm design is set off by easy K-stitch. Pattern 1726 contains charts and directions for making charts and materials required; illustrations of squares and of stitches. Send 15 cents in stamps or coins (preferred) for this pattern to The Sewing Circle, Needle Dept., 82 Eighth Ave., New York. Please write your name, address and pattern number plainly.

AROUND THE HOUSE

Storing Silverware.—If silverware which is to be stored for some time is packed in white paper it will not tarnish.

Sunlight in Rooms.—The sun should be direct sunlight in every room of a house at some time during each day.

Hanging Pictures.—Paste a strip of sandpaper across the bottom of the back of a picture. This will help keep it hanging straight on the wall.

Save the Floors.—Carefully arranged newspapers make good padding under fiber rug mats, because the dirt which sifts through may be easily removed with the newspapers.

How Women in Their 40's Can Attract Men

Here's a good advice for a woman during the change (usually from 35 to 45) when she loses her appeal to men, who want about hot flashes, loss of pep, dim eyes, upset nerves and moodiness. Get more fresh air, 5 hrs. sleep and need a good general system tonic like Dr. E. Finkham's Vegetable Compound, especially for women. It helps Nature resist physical resistance, thus helps give vitality to enjoy life and ward off distressing nervous and disturbing symptoms often accompany change of life. WORTH TRYING!

From Great Heights Lofty towers fall down with greatest crash.—Horace.

Black Leaf 40 KILLS LICE JUST A DASH IN FEATHERS OR SPREAD ON ROOSTS

Faith in Self Self-trust is the first secret success.—Emerson.

Watch Your Kidneys

Help Them Cleanse the Blood of Harmful Body Waste Your kidneys are constantly doing waste matter from the blood stream. Kidneys sometimes lag in their work, especially for women. If retained waste impurities that, if retained, poison the system and upset the body machinery. Symptoms may be nagging, persistent headaches, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, pain under the eyes—a feeling of heaviness and loss of pep and energy. Other signs of kidney or bladder trouble may be burning, smarting or frequent urination. There should be no doubt that the best treatment is water than any other. Doan's Pills. Doan's have been used by new friends for more than forty years. They have a nation-wide reputation. Are recommended by grateful people country over. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS

WNU-H

ADVERTISING Is an essential to business as it is the growing crops. It is the keystone in the arch of successful merchandising. Let us show you how to apply it to your business.

Scores Die in Worst Rail Wreck in Years



The nation's worst railroad tragedy in years, approximately 40 passengers were killed when the Milwaukee road's crack "Olympian" train plunged into the flood waters of Custer creek near Miles City, Mont. A night "flash flood" carried away the trestle spanning the creek and the train plunged into the raging water. These two coaches bore many of the passengers who lost their lives.

NO NO-HIT GAMES



Yander Meer, twenty-year-old left-handed pitcher of the Cincinnati Reds who wrote new baseball history recently when he pitched two no-hit games in succession. He shut out the Boston Bees and then four days later took the Brooklyn Dodgers in a night game at Ebbets field and pitched them 6 to 0. No other pitcher in the century-old history of baseball has ever pitched two no-hit games in the span of a single season.

Newlywed Roosevelts Honeymoon



John Roosevelt and his bride, the former Anne Lindsay Clark of Boston, who went to Campobello Island, New Brunswick, Canada, following their wedding at Nahant, Mass. The young Roosevelts planned to continue their honeymoon with a trip to the West Indies.

Keeping Up With Science

Bughouse "Lab" Built by Children Now a Real Museum

By DE. FRANK THONE
New York.—Unique among museums in the United States is one in Washington, N. C., which has been developed and is operated in regular, full-scale museum style by the young folks of the town, mostly those of high school age.

The Washington Field museum, as it is called, is a full-fledged member of the American Association of Museums, and its youthful curators have been visiting its larger sister establishments conducted by grown-ups, to learn some new tricks of the craft for their own use.

It started back in 1923, when a few high school students pooled their amateur collections of butterflies, snakes, etc., in a tent made of sacking. They named their embryo institution "The Bughouse Laboratory."

Instead of dying out presently, as such Ventures are apt to do, the Bughouse laboratory survived. It moved into a backyard kitchen, then into an empty store building. The Bughouse laboratory became socially "the thing"; membership on its staff was more desirable than a bid to a fraternity.

Grows Into Genuine Museum.
Successive school generations graduated and grew up, and their younger brothers and sisters took their places. The "founding fathers," still young folks, began to have influence in the community. They secured a plot of land, which has been developed into a neat little park. A lumber company donated building materials, WPA labor was secured, and presently the Bughouse laboratory moved into its new quarters, and added to its title the more formal style of Washington Field museum.

There is a full-time director, Miss Mary Shelburne, but the rest of the curators are still boys and girls from school. They pursue all branches of research and collecting, with special emphasis on natural history and early Americana. A number of live animals have been donated, so the museum is now in the process of developing a zoo.

Florida Had Wild Towns in Early Phosphate Days

Jacksonville, Fla.—The Golden West of another day, when each man was a law unto himself and the sheriff was the law to all of them only by the strength of his arm and the accuracy of his six-shooter, was not the only part of the United States to enjoy the rough and ready boom community.

Florida, too, had its halcyon days, back before the turn of the century when the phosphate mining industry was first started on the path to its present importance, Herbert D. Mendenhall of Tallahassee, Fla., told the American Society of Civil Engineers here.

Dunnellon, one of the towns where hard rock phosphate, source of an important fertilizer, "had all the aspects of a pioneer gold mining town." Mr. Mendenhall, whose father was justice of the peace in the town, recalled.

"Only the primitive law of the frontier held the rabble in check. Everyone, black and white, carried a pistol, and coroner's inquests were held every Monday morning over the victims and culprits of the Saturday night and Sunday festivities."

Sweden's People Nordic Ever Since the Stone Age

Washington.—Even from Stone Age days Sweden's inhabitants have been Nordics, says Dr. Hanna Rydh, archeologist of the University of Uppsala.

The oldest human skull found in Sweden dates from somewhere between 6000 and 8000 B. C., and is of the long and narrow shape characteristic of the Nordic. A few broad-headed people of the physical type characteristic of central European countries did migrate into Stone Age Sweden, but the land remained predominantly Nordic in population, Doctor Rydh explains.

Muscles Keep Working

Madison, Wis.—Sleep is not always accompanied by complete relaxation, Dr. Edmund Jacobson, of the Laboratory for Clinical Physiology, Chicago, told psychologists at the meeting of the Midwestern Psychological association here. Although the moment of falling asleep may be marked by sudden or by more or less prolonged progressive relaxation in the muscles or arms and legs, muscular tension in the lips or jaw muscles may continue as shown by marked action currents from these muscles, Dr. Jacobson reported.

WHAT to EAT and WHY

C. Houston Goudiss Noted Food Authority
Explains What Is Meant by
CORRECT NUTRITION

Describes How to Construct a Balanced Diet, So Essential to Maintain Optimal Health

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

TO SOME families, a summons to the dinner table means nothing more than a chance to satisfy hunger. To others, it represents an opportunity to gratify the palate, sometimes to the extent of overtaxing the digestive system.

Neither of these extremes fulfills the true function of food, which is to provide adequately but not to excess, for growth, maintenance and repair of the body.

Food May Fail to Feed

You can satisfy hunger without providing correct nutrition. You can partake of delicious-tasting foods to the point of over-indulgence—without meeting bodily requirements.

The mere spending of money will not insure good nutrition, for extremely poor diets can be found in households where the income is large and the food budget is ample. What counts is learning to provide the right foods in the correct proportions. The return in health will be more than worth the investment of effort in acquiring this knowledge.

A Balanced Diet

Science has discovered what foods are necessary to help build top health and keep us 100 per cent fit. The amount of food required by a man for a day's work can be accurately determined. We know that a specific disease may be produced by one diet and cured by another; that growth can be influenced through changes in the quality of the dietary; that old age may be deferred by choosing the food with care.

We know that the body is a working machine which never stops but may slow down or get out of order unless the daily diet includes every element, every mineral, every vitamin needed to maintain health and avoid the deficiency diseases.

Seven Essentials

There are seven factors to be considered in planning a balanced diet. Protein for building body tissue and repairing the millions of cells that are worn out daily. Carbohydrates to produce quick heat and energy. Fats—a more compact form of fuel, which are also essential in a satisfactory diet. Minerals which serve both as builders and regulators of body processes. The six vitamins, A, B, C, D, E and G, that also act as regulators and prevent a number of deficiency diseases. Water—which serves as a vehicle by which food is carried to the tissues. And cellulose or bulk—required for the normal functioning of the intestinal tract.

Danger in Omitting One Food Substance

The homemaker who fails to take every one of these factors into consideration is depriving her husband of the opportunity to develop his greatest efficiency. Moreover, she may be robbing her children of their birthright. During every day of childhood, the body is being built, and defects in body structure are likely to arise if the child is improperly nourished. It is then that disease and disability make their appearance as a result of faulty nutrition. How tragic to deprive the young body of substances so necessary to its well being.

How to Check the Diet for Balance

Perhaps you are like the homemakers who tell me that they do

Send for this Free
Blood-Building Diet

Including Lists of
Foods Rich in Iron and Copper

READERS are invited to write for a free bulletin containing a list of foods rich in iron and a list of those rich in copper. Also included are sample menus showing how to plan a balanced diet containing generous amounts of foods rich in these blood-building minerals. Send your request—a postcard will do—to C. Houston Goudiss, 6 East 39th Street, New York City.

Free Homemaker's Chart for Checking Nutritional Balance

PLANNING a balanced diet will cease to be a puzzle if you send for the Homemaker's Chart for Checking Nutritional Balance, offered free, by C. Houston Goudiss. It lists the foods and the standard amounts that should be included in the daily diet, and includes skeleton menus for breakfast, dinner and lunch or supper, to guide you in selecting the proper foods in each classification. A postcard is sufficient to bring you this valuable aid to good menu planning. Just ask for the Nutrition Chart. Address: C. Houston Goudiss, 6 East 39th St., New York City.

Cellulose or bulk is obtained from fruits, vegetables and whole grain cereals. Water comes from juicy fruits, succulent vegetables, milk and other beverages, as well as the water that is consumed as a beverage.

To provide adequate amounts of the seven food essentials at every meal—to avoid the mistake of serving too much of one type of food and too little of another—should be the worthy aim of every homemaker. You will find the task considerably easier if you send for the Homemaker's Chart. Tack it up in your kitchen or in the room where you plan your menus, and use it to check the nutritional balance of every meal you prepare.

If you faithfully follow the food program outlined in the chart, you will help to assure your family of correct nutrition. This is the most priceless gift you could bestow upon them. For nutrition is the architect that draws the plans of human destiny. In providing the right foods, you lay a firm foundation for health on which to rear a life of happiness and success.

Questions Answered

Mrs. F. C. T.—Dried figs contain from 60 to 70 per cent sugar and 4 to 5 per cent protein. They are a fine energy food.

Mrs. A. G.—Prunes are a fine natural laxative food for those in normal health. They furnish vitamins A, B and G. But they must not replace oranges or tomatoes as they do not supply vitamin C.

Mrs. G. L.—There is evidence that a lack of vitamin A more quickly affects the eyes of children than adults. However, both children and adults require generous amounts of this vitamin to help maintain healthy eyes. A shortage may affect the tear glands causing a failure of secretion and dryness. The membrane becomes sensitive and inflamed, and the lids may swell.

A. F. B.—When thorough chewing is impossible, food can be finely minced or put through a sieve, to make it easily digestible.

60 Per Cent Carbohydrates

Carbohydrates should form at least 60 per cent of the supply of food fuel. Rarely are menus deficient in carbohydrates, because they are so widely distributed in such common foods as cereals, bread, potatoes, macaroni products, sweets, and sweet fruits and vegetables, such as oranges, grapes, apples and peas.

Fats should supply about 20 per cent of the caloric content of the diet. They are obtained from butter, margarine, cream, egg yolk, salad dressings, vegetable oils and the fat of meats.

A protein food should be provided at each meal. Meat, poultry, fish, eggs, cheese, milk and most nuts supply complete protein. Cereals and legumes furnish incomplete protein which may be supplemented by the complete protein of milk.

The Protective Foods

It is essential that the diet should contain an abundance of minerals and vitamins which are furnished by the protective foods—milk, eggs, fruits and vegetables.

For Tea and For Tennis



linen, seersucker or gingham, it will look and feel so cool and fresh! Perfectly straight and plain, it has darts at the waistline to make it fit with becoming slimsness. This is a diagram pattern—practically nothing to make! In just a few hours you'll have it all ready to button on at your shoulders.

Afternoon Cape Ensemble.

With or without the cape, this dress with lifted waistline to flatten the midriff, is a charming, slenderizing style. The cape is a darling—puffed high at the shoulders, and made with arm slits so that it won't be always slipping off your shoulders. Make this design in georgette, chiffon, linen, or in a pretty combination of plain or printed silk, and you'll have a very distinguished, expensive-looking ensemble.

The Patterns.

Pattern No. 1544 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20; 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 3 3/4 yards of 39 inch material for the dress; 2 1/4 for the cape; to line cape, 2 1/4 yards.

Pattern No. 1546 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20; 40 and 42. Size 14 requires 3 yards of 35 inch material. 3 1/2 yards bias binding to trim as pictured.

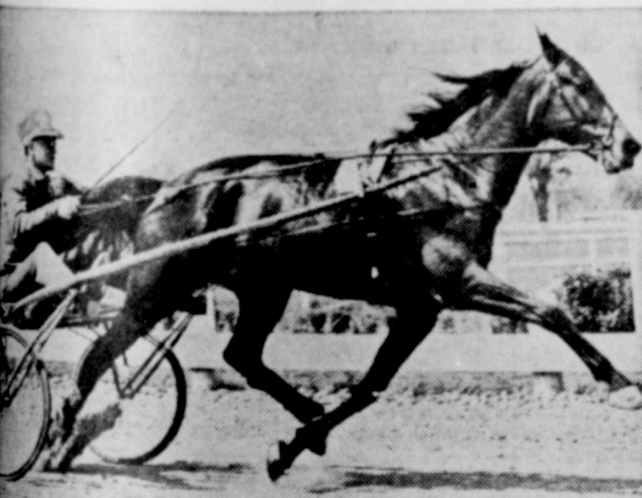
Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., Room 1020, 211 W. Wacker Dr., Chicago, Ill. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each.

© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.



Even if you never take a tennis racquet in your hand, you'll enjoy having this cool, classic dress for summer daytimes. In pique,

Greyhound's Chief Rival



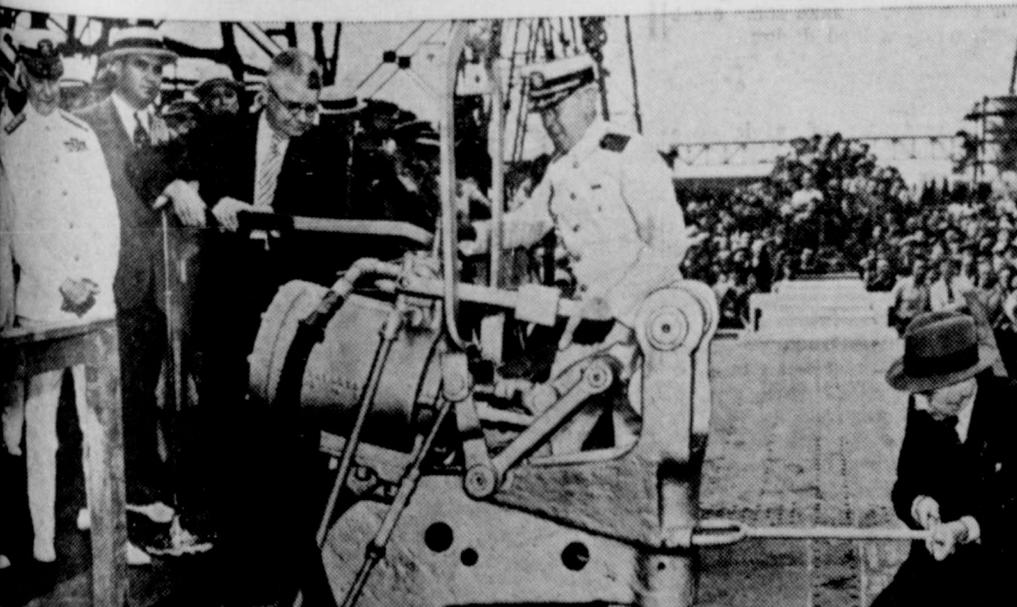
This superb action photograph shows Brogan, a 2:01 1/2 performer, and driven by E. Roland Harriman of New York, in a fast workout at Hagerman, N. Y., recently in preparation for five clashes with the world's champion, Greyhound, this summer. Fans of this area will see Brogan July 14 at Harriman's historic track.

IMPERIAL POTENTATE



Andrew A. D. Bahn, hearty imperial potentate of the Mystic Shrine who was elected to his post at the recent convention in Los Angeles, Calif. Potentate Bahn hails from the Zuhrah temple at Minneapolis.

Keel Is Laid for New U. S. Warship



The scene as the first rivet was driven for the laying of the keel of the navy's newest battleship, the \$65,000 dreadnaught U. S. S. Washington, at the Philadelphia navy yard. Left to right: Mayor S. Davis Wilson of Philadelphia; Rear Admiral Wat Cluverius, commandant of the Philadelphia navy yard; Lieut. Comdr. Wilcox, representing Gov. George Earle of Pennsylvania; Rear Admiral Luther Gregory, civil engineer corps, (retired), representing Governor Martin of Washington; Capt. Alexander Hamilton Van Keuren, chief engineer corps, in charge of construction at the navy yard; and J. C. Kauffman, master sheet worker at the navy yard.

WE KNOW YOU and YOU KNOW US

You are not dealing with strangers when you bank here. Our officers are your fellow townsmen, sincerely interested in this community and in you.

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)

SUB-DEBS MEET

The Sub-Deb Society met Wednesday afternoon at the Woman's Club building, with Miss Willa Smith as hostess.

The girls also worked for a while on the cloak room, which will soon be completed.

NAZARENE W. M. S. MEET

Seven members met yesterday (Wednesday) at the home of Mrs. P. B. Wallace for the study lesson.

During the social hour, cake and ice cream were served to Mesdames Fred Pilley, J. W. Miller, Henry Basden, J. R. Dority, Bert Dority, P. B. Wallace and Miss Ruth Wallace.

The W. M. S. has a project of raising funds to build a new pulpit, and one means is for each one present to put in a nickel for their piece of cake.

BELLE BENNETTS MEET

The Belle Bennetts met on Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Lloyd Harshey.

During a social hour, refreshments of cookies and iced tea were served by Mrs. Harshey to Mesdames Jack Menoud, Rollo Davidson, Lem Kemp, Elwood Watford, Leonard George, Bill Skinner, Lewis Hampton, Misses Doris Hinrichsen and Mary Burck.

Social Calendar

The Girl Scouts meet on Tuesday afternoon, July 12 at 2:30 at the home of Mrs. T. D. Devenport.

The wedding of Miss Grace Cole and Ernest Greer will be Thursday afternoon, July 14.

The Methodist Missionary Society will meet at the undercroft on Wednesday afternoon, July 13.

Willis Stoskopf of Hoisington, Kansas, arrived Wednesday morning, and will visit several days in the Harrison McKinstry home.

COMPLIMENTARY BRIDAL SHOWER FOR MRS. BROWN

A charming complimentary party was given yesterday (Wednesday) afternoon for Mrs. Harlan Brown (Ruth Utterback) a recent bride, with Meses. C. G. Mason and E. R. McKinstry as co-hostesses at the delightful cool rooms of Hedges Chapel.

Over forty guests brought love-most lovable young girl, who has been one of Hagerman's favorites. The guest list included members of the Presbyterian Ladies Aid and the Eastern Star.

Orangeade and cup cakes were served for refreshments with mints, and a color scheme of pink and white and blue was carried out in the icing and mints.

LOCALS

The Rev. Emery Fritz returned last Saturday from a month's vacation spent in Ohio.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Paddock entertained with a fried chicken dinner Monday evening. Guests were Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Ware, Mr. and Mrs. Hal Ware and Hal, Jr.

Miss Wilma Walden, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Parker and Mr. and Mrs. Will Walden spent the Fourth fishing at Pine Lodge.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Bowerman will leave this week to make their home in Kentucky. They have resided in the Pecos Valley nearly two years.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry Andrus and Mr. and Mrs. John Clark motored to Ruidoso on Saturday night, spending Sunday and Monday there and at Ft. Stockton.

Miss Mayre Losey left last Sunday to spend her vacation in Chicago. She went by plane from Amarillo, making it from there in about five hours.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald West and Mr. and Mrs. Kern Jacobs spent the Fourth at Black River Village and in Carlsbad in the evening to see the fireworks.

Johnnie Bowen accompanied Mrs. Bowen and Jimmie to Ruidoso last Sunday where he spent the Fourth. Mrs. Bowen and Jimmie are spending the summer at Ruidoso.

Ross Langenegger, Dub Hardin, Stenson Andrus, C. H. Keeth, Misses Bernice Tulk and Sammy McKinstry motored to Ft. Stanton to attend festivities on the Fourth on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Dub Andrus are having the Messenger sent during vacation to Miss Jessie George in Kansas and to Miss Almaretta Growden at Greer, New Mexico. Thanks!

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Michelet and Misses Jean Marie, Lucille and Margaret were noon day guests of Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Devenport and Miss Dorothy Sue on Sunday, June 26.

Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Cumpsten and family, Mr. and Mrs. Jim McKinstry and Peggy, Mr. and Mrs. Sam McKinstry and family had a picnic at the park in Roswell Monday evening.

Bobby Cumpsten left Sunday in company with Mr. and Mrs. Roy Lochhead for Big Spring, Texas, where he will take the stage for San Angelo, where he will visit for two weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Clark and Jim Bob.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Perry and family visited in Artesia Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Garland Stuart of Artesia spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Clarence King.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Boykin and Johnnie were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ivis Boykin, Monday.

John Garner left Wednesday on an extended vacation trip. He will visit relatives in Princeton, Kentucky.

Mrs. Ivis Boykin returned from Abilene, Texas, Sunday morning after a two weeks vacation with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Menoud and Mr. and Mrs. Dacus Parker spent last Sunday in Artesia with Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Dorman.

Mr. and Mrs. Rufus King and son spent the week end at Mountainair. They returned home Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Q. Evans and son spent the week end at Elida where they visited Mrs. Evans parents.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Martin, Mrs. Frank Trivis and daughters, Juanita and Merlyn, visited the Caverns.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Menoud were dinner guests on the Fourth of Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Menoud and family.

The Rev. and Mrs. Rollo Davidson and son Gene were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Atwood, Monday. In the afternoon they visited at the J. N. Hopkins home on the Felix.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Martin of Grand Canyon, Arizona, Mrs. Frank Trivis and daughters, Juanita and Merlyn of Fresno, California, visited Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Menoud. Mrs. Martin is a sister of Mrs. Menoud.

Mr. and Mrs. Rawleigh Buford and daughter, Maurice of Laredo, Texas, accompanied J. A. Buford to Hagerman last Sunday for a brief visit with Mr. and Mrs. Martin Brannon and Mr. Gillispie. They returned home with the Bufords on Monday.

Miss Maxine Denham left today for Amarillo to visit her friend, Miss Joanne Ludden. From Amarillo she will visit relatives in Lubbock. She has visited for several weeks with Mr. and Mrs. E. R. McKinstry, Lon Edmund and Glyndale Paulk.

Mr. and Mrs. John Davenport of Wellington, Texas, spent the week end here.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Bowen and Junior went to Fort Stockton Monday, to celebrate the Fourth.

Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Garner and John spent Sunday and Monday in Carlsbad, celebrating the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Harshey and family and Anna Mary Lattion spent the week end in the mountains.

Mr. and Mrs. Dub Andrus are sending the Messenger during vacation to Miss Jessie George and Miss Almaretta Growden. Thanks!

Mrs. Lula Egbert and Miss Dorothea Cowan of Silver City drove over to spend the week end with their parents, the C. W. Curry and Harry Cowan families.

Among Hagerman people transacting business in Roswell Tuesday were: Mr. and Mrs. Harry Cowan, E. A. Lane, Sr., J. W. Langenegger, J. W. Tulk, Phillip Heick, Noah West, Hal Bogle and Aubrey Evans.

Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Mason were pleasantly surprised when their daughter, Miss Betty Mason of Portales and her friends, Miss Kathryn Daugherty of Clovis, Jack and Will Pruitt of Portales arrived to visit for a couple of hours Monday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. I. B. McCormick, Misses Agnes and Rowena McCormick and Wanda Mathews spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred McCormick at Ruidoso. They reported a "big" Fourth picnicking with Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Slayter, Mr. and Mrs. Omar Barker.

Mrs. Harrington Wimberly and two young daughters, Janis and Mary Margaret left on Sunday afternoon for Roswell to visit the Floyd Childress family. Mrs. Wimberly and children have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Wimberly for several weeks. They also visited in Las Cruces with the Frank Wimberlys.

Mrs. J. N. Chedester and granddaughter, Edna Ruth, and Mrs. Ben Browning and two children of Plano, Texas spent Monday afternoon visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Cowan and Dorothea. Mrs. Browning and children are spending the summer visiting with her parents in Roswell.

Social Security forms and systems—The Messenger.

Miss Hubbard and Mr. Zink Married In 'Little Grey Church' at Dexter



MRS. PAUL ZINK

A wedding uniting two prominent Pecos Valley families was solemnized last Saturday morning when Miss Rose Hubbard of Dexter became the bride of Paul Zink of Roswell. The ceremony, lovely in every detail, was read at the Presbyterian Little Grey Church, with the famous flower garden, of Dexter. The vows were read before the altar banked with greenery, with floor baskets of daisies and gladioli. The Rev. John G. Anderson of the Dexter Presbyterian Church, assisted by the Rev. Charles Hempstead of South Dakota, officiated in a double ring ceremony. The traditional Lohengrin's Bridal Chorus and Mendelssohn's Wedding March were played by Mrs. Carl Carruthers of Dexter.

The bride entered on the arm of her father, Dr. E. J. Hubbard. She was charming in a gown of white net, with a finger tip veil, which was fastened by a cluster of white rosebuds and lilies of the valley. She carried a bouquet of white bride's rose. She wore a cameo pin, given her mother by her father as a wedding gift.

Maid of honor was a college friend, Miss Jackie Snelson of Ysleta, Texas, who was dressed in a hyacinth net, made peasant style. She wore a quaint poke bonnet and carried yellow daisies.

Miss Sarah Zink, niece of the groom was junior bridesmaid. She wore a pink gown made peasant style, and carried a bouquet of shasta daisies.

The groom was attended by Billie Einhart of Nyland, California. Both the groom and groomsmen were dressed in white suits, and wore boutonnières of lilies of the valley.

Following the rites at the church, a reception was held in the beautiful gardens at the Hubbard home.

From a table laid with a handsome hand drawn linen cloth, a family heirloom and which had been given by the bride's grandmother, Mrs. Tom Hubbard, by Dr. Hubbard when he was in Mexico, and which had been given the bride, cakes, ices, mints and coffee were served.

Mrs. F. L. Mehlop, a long time friend of the family, baked the elaborately decorated wedding cake, which centered the table. Mrs. L. Martin poured coffee, and Mrs. W. G. Snelson of Ysleta cut ices. Assisting in the serving was Mrs. Mehlop and Mrs. Belle Hurst. Miss Rosemary Martin, Mesdames O. B. Berry, Hal Bogle and Tom Hubbard, dressed in pastel shades, served the ices.

After a short honeymoon trip, the couple will live in Roswell. Later in the autumn months, they plan to take a trip to the South Sea Islands.

Mrs. Zink, one of the most charming of young girls, is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. E. J. Hubbard of Dexter. She was born and reared in Dexter and is a graduate of the schools there. She attended New Mexico A. & M. college two years and graduated this June from Texas Tech with an A. B. degree. She also studied one summer at the University of Sorbonne, in Paris, France.

Paul Zink, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Zink of Roswell, is a graduate of the Roswell high school. He attended the Southwestern University at Winfield, Kansas, and studied two years at the University of Colorado at Boulder. He is associated with his father in the Zink Music Company in Roswell, and recently completed a lovely bungalow home at Worningside place, where they will reside.

GIRL SCOUTS

Bird Finder Badge

Those marked (*) are required. Choose any other five.

1. Go on several bird walks, perhaps in connection with troop meetings. Take a notebook, pencil, bird book field glasses, etc. keep list full and complete.

2. Visit a natural history museum and talk with someone there about the birds common in your community; or—visit a bird sanctuary and get all the information you can; or—visit the grounds of someone that has bird houses, bird baths, feeding trays, etc.

3. Talk with someone who knows what is being done in your community for the protection of birds. Find out what your troop can do to help. Find out what laws your state has for this purpose. Are they adequate? Why or why not? Get the game laws from your state Game and Fish commission.

4. Visit someone in your community that does bird banding, ask him to tell you about it. Learn the facts that can be learned by bird banding.

5. Make at least two types of bird houses and put them up for use. Report on their use over a period of time; or—build a feeding tray and pit in a proper location. Keep a list of birds feeding there, with dates of their visits, or fix a birds' Christmas tree (a fine use for your own wood trees); or—construct a bird bath and place it in your own yard.

6. Grow something in your garden for the winter feeding of seed-eating birds; or—find several trees or shrubs in your community that attract birds. Are they liked because of food, shelter or nesting places? Plant some of these if possible.

7. Photograph some abandoned bird nests; or—find several kinds of nests and determine what materials are used in making (these may be collected if the birds do not use them year after year.

8. Sketch or paint some birds as you see alive out of doors. Check your work by paintings or color charts; or—make some craft object, using a bird design.

9. Write the National Audubon Society, the superintendent of documents, Washington, or your own state department of agriculture for lists of publications that would help you in your work to earn the Bird Finder Badge. Look up birds in your own library.

10. Watch the English sparrow and starling and learn as much as you can about the fortunate and the unfortunate introduction of birds into our country; or—learn something about hawks and owls and judge whether they are of value, and if they are sufficiently protected and tell why; do the

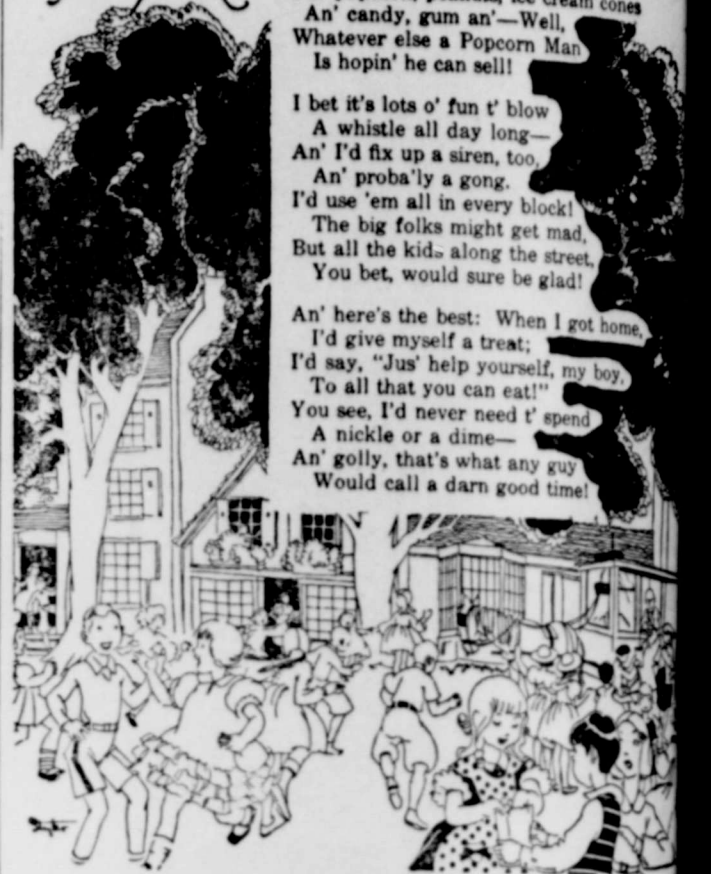
We have a mechanic with 20 years experience in repairing automobiles and tractors. We will be glad to do your work. Satisfaction guaranteed on every job.

J. T. WEST

Phone 32 Hagerman, N. M.

The Popcorn Man

by LAWRENCE HAWTHORNE



I'd like to be the Popcorn Man! He rides around all day— An' makes a lot o' money, too. 'Cause all the children pay For popcorn, peanuts, ice cream cones An' candy, gum an'—Well, Whatever else a Popcorn Man Is hopin' he can sell!

I bet it's lots o' fun to blow A whistle all day long— An' I'd fix up a siren, too. An' prob'ly a gong. I'd use 'em all in every block! The big folks might get mad, But all the kids, along the street, You bet, would sure be glad!

An' here's the best: When I got home, I'd give myself a treat; I'd say, "Jus' help yourself, my boy, To all that you can eat!" You see, I'd never need to spend A nickel or a dime— An' golly, that's what any guy Would call a darn good time!

same in relation to a water fowl. *11. Read a good book (not one put out merely for identification and see what you can learn about general facts concerning birds as (a) How long have they been on earth, their ancestry and present relatives; (b) Geographic range; (c) Migration.

12. Visit a zoo and see birds not common to your section; or—notice the different domesticated birds on a farm.

13. Invite some one who is interested in birds to visit the troop and tell of his experiences out-of-doors with birds. (Parents and friends might visit troop that day. Or— arrange a bird exhibit of stuffed or living birds, pictures in bird books, etc., at a school or library, or other suitable place so that people may become better acquainted and more interested in birds.

14. Read stories and articles of famous naturalists that are or have been particularly interested in birds. Read some of the things they have written. Write a short story of some of your most interesting experiences with birds.

15. Learn to imitate some of the bird songs. Try to get the bird to answer you.

Miss Evelyn Lane returned home last Friday from Iowa City where she attended the state university. En route home, she visited relatives in Harrisonville, Mo.

EYES PAIN Consult EDWARD STONE

CLARDY'S DAIRY

(BY MISS BOLLINGER)

It is a well known fact that children who drink milk daily advance in school faster than those who do not. Because milk makes for progress, let your son or daughter drink freely of Clardy's Pasteurized Milk. The daily glass of milk makes a strong and active mind, so necessary to build a healthy body. Knowledge and health combined paves the way to success, so, order an extra bottle today to assure your family of good health.

CLARDY'S DAIRY, located at 202 East 5th Street, in Roswell, New Mexico, phone 796, are manufacturers of Butter and Ice Cream. Their Ice Cream is noted for its purity and fine flavor and is in great demand. They make a special effort to supply needs of Parties, Weddings, Quets, Church or Club Socials and other gatherings where refreshments are served.

Only the latest tried and proven formulas are used in the manufacture of their products and cream used is the purest, best test obtainable from the best tested cows of the dairies of the section. They employ the best scientific freezing process to keep their products in the best condition.

In making this Special Summer Tourist Invitations, the writer wishes to commend them upon their quality products and suggest that you give them a try.

"Frontenac"—The Aristocrat of Rock Crystals!



Lovely Clear Cool Looking Rock Crystal Will Add Pleasure to any meal these hot summer days

Price \$1.25 each

Other Crystal priced from 42c upward

HUFF'S JEWELRY STORE

Roswell New Mexico