



## GOVERNOR McDONALD'S MESSAGE

Gov. W. C. McDonald delivered his message to the first state legislature Tuesday, reading the message himself to the joint assembly. The message is quite lengthy and is replete with tables showing receipts, expenditures and balances of the various departments. About thirty sub-headings, or divisions, were dealt with, many of considerable length, making it impracticable, if not impossible, for us to reproduce it in full. We shall, therefore, only attempt to give some of its salient points.

**Finances:** Lengthy tables were submitted on the state's financial condition, closing with statement showing a balance on hand the beginning of the fiscal year \$542,945.35.

**Educational Institutions:** The message referred to annual cost of state institutions, which, with out impairing their efficiency, might be reduced. Attention was called to the fact that several of the state institutions maintain preparatory departments which properly belong to high schools. Also that fact that courses in these institutions were duplicated, and consolidation was advisable. The suggestion was made that the Agricultural College might confine itself more extensively to instruction along practical farming lines and that the work of the School of Mines might be performed by the University. The suggestion is further made, as a means of more effective work and for economical reasons, that a single governing board for all institutions would be preferable to the present plan of a board for each institution; to accomplish which, however, would be necessary to amend Article 12 of our constitution.

**Banking:** Recent failures of banking institutions received careful attention and the legislature was urged to give careful attention to banking laws. The creation of a board, or commission, was urged, to consist of the governor, treasurer and attorney general; a board composed of the officials named would not involve additional expense except for what clerical hire was necessary. The message also stated in this connection that individuals, firms were doing a banking business without authority of law.

**County Salaries:** By direction of the constitution, the present legislative assembly is required to fix the salaries of county officials. The message recommends a reasonable compensation to county officials, without imposing heavy burdens on the tax payers, and that the salaries be similar to those paid in other states or in private business.

**Assessment:** Attention is called to the glaring inequalities in assessment of property for taxation, wherein, in some instances in the same counties, some property is assessed at its full cash value and other property at less than five per cent of its value. On a cash valuation, the assessment of the state would be in excess of \$300,000,000, instead of \$60,000,000. The state board of equalization is endeavoring to raise the valuation to \$60,000,000, and it is recommended that some fair basis be adopted by all assessors. Authority to remove assessors failing in their duties is given for the board of equalization.

**Public Schools:** The subject, perhaps, received as much attention in the message as did that of the public schools, their condition being declared to be in a deplorable condition. Figures submitted showed the existence of 1,000 school districts in the state; 1,589 school rooms; 100,045 children of school age, but only an enrollment of 56,778, while the average attendance was still much lower—32,548. Of this number of districts, last year, there were 89 that had no school, 18 had only one month, 45 two months, 207 three months and 179 four months. The expenditure per child of school age last year was \$7.32; per enrolled child \$12.89; per child attending \$22.47, as against an average for the United States of \$19.91.

The constitution prescribes a five-months term for all public schools, how to carry out that provision is for the legislature to determine. Free text books up to and including the eighth grade are recommended; also the repeal of old school laws by a code of school laws and a system of county schools.

**Superfluous Officers:** The governor recommends the abolition of three offices—that of coal oil inspector, insurance commissioner and parole officer.

**Mounded Police:** The message referred to the unsatisfactory condition of affairs in the state, shown by the many crimes particularly that of murder, and also to the troubled condition along the border. An increase of the mounted police force is, therefore, recommended.

**Liquor Traffic:** More effective method should be provided by the legislature to secure enforcement of the laws. Cities should have local option, and if city councils refuse or fail to pass or submit ordinances to regulate or abolish the liquor traffic, the voters should have the right to initiate ordinances.

**Revenue:** An inheritance tax is recommended, and also advises the legislature to raise the income tax amendment to the constitution.

**Advisory vote for Senators:** Until provision is made by the federal congress for the direct election of senators, the message recommends the adoption of an advisory vote for the selection of United States senators. A direct primary is also urged.

**Election Law:** The Australian ballot, suitable to New Mexico conditions; a personal registration; a single ballot and a private booth for voting is advised.

**Corrupt Practices Act:** It is recommended that a stringent corrupt practices act be passed. Campaign expenses should be limited by law, mandatory publication of all campaign expenses and prohibiting the employment of campaign workers.

**Flood Resolution:** Recommends the amendment of the constitution along the lines of the Flood resolution and to carry out the guarantees of the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo.

**Apportionment:** Refers to the unfair, unequal and unjust apportionment now in existence, and points out the difficulties to be overcome in order to obtain a fair apportionment. The precinct and not the county should be the basis of the apportionment, and no voter should be allowed to vote for more than one representative and one senator.

The initiative and referendum are recommended by the governor.

### Good Seed Corn Scarce.

We were shown a communication this week by Frank J. Sager, cashier of the Exchange Bank, from a Kansas City bank, calling the attention to a letter written by John Sebastian, vice president of the Rock Island railroad. The letter states that good seed corn is very scarce, and tests made of much of it shows that germination is poor.

The communication particularly urges farmers to test all seed corn and ascertain, before planting, its qualities as to healthy germination. Farmers are also advised to use, so far as possible, seed corn grown in their locality. The seriousness of the condition thus outlined should induce every farmer to use the utmost care in seed selection, and now is the time to make tests, so the quality of seed may be determined before planting time.

### True Courage.

Courage oozes out of the holes in a ragged suit and fear enters. But give the same man a new suit, clean linen, a good hat and shining shoes and you will see how soon fear will fly away and confidence be restored. He who before was afraid to speak in whispers lest he might be heard and consequently seen will now talk loudly of million dollar propositions, though he may not have a cent in his pockets. It is the duty of every man to dress well and neatly as his means and circumstances will allow. He should cultivate taste in his apparel and show wisdom in its selection. His main object should be to give grace to his figure and attractiveness to his general appearance; but, above all, he should dress in accordance and in keeping with his station in life.

### A TRUST FORMED TO DEFEAT WILSON.

**Representative Burleson, Chairman of House Democratic Caucus, Draws Parallel.**

### STANDARD OIL TACTICS PURSUED

**New Jersey Executive is the Only One of Candidates Making a Nation Wide Contest. Other Candidates Concentrating Efforts Against the Leader.**

Washington, D. C., March.—Special. A Presidential candidate trust is a brand new thing in American politics, but Representative A. S. Burleson, of Texas, chairman of the Democratic caucus in the House of Representatives, says "if there ever was a trust in the United States, it is the political combination of Harmon, Underwood and Clark against Goy-Wilson."

"The nice understanding which seems to exist between Gov. Harmon, Representative Underwood and Speaker Clark," said Mr. Burleson today, certainly has all the earmarks of those old time trust fights against a competitor, when the Standard Oil and its like went after their opponents in the days of Mark Hanna, his proteges, and their successors. I will not charge that there have been 'Gory dinners' at which the line of joint campaign has been mapped out, but there has been a suspicious 'division of territory' and apparently a 'gentleman's agreement.' It would take but a small amendment of the anti-trust law in order to convict the whole outfit of every offense under the Sherman anti-trust law, except, perhaps, rebating, and in view of the hundreds of thousands of dollars that the anti-Wilson combination is spending in this campaign—right now, it appears to me that the burden of proof is on the combine to show that it is not guilty also of rebating."

"Gov. Wilson is the only candidate who is wrong in every section of the country. The other candidates have support only in restricted sections. What has happened? Emulating the example of the Standard Oil and other trust, the anti-Wilson field seems to have been combined. If they say they have not combined, then how is this for an astounding coincidence: In Oklahoma the Underwood and Harmon forces stepped aside, and single-shotted on Clark so as to prevent Wilson from taking all of the delegates in what was conceded to be Clark's State. Harmon's manager was quoted in the prints at the time as saying that Harmon was willing to let the Clark delegation at Baltimore cast their votes for Clark on first ballot, just so they turned to Harmon later in the balloting. In Kansas they are doing the very same thing today. In Texas the anti-Wilson men are putting Harmon forward in the hope that the Ohio Governor might stem the Wilson wave which is sweeping over the Lone Star State. The same way in Georgia, Clark and Harmon are kept from muddying the waters for Underwood, who has been picked to win his Georgia neighbors from Wilson. In Virginia it was patent that no one of the avowed candidates could defeat

the schoolmaster, so the bosses bring forward Senator Martin a favorite son. In New York, overcome with despair with the material in hand, the Hon. Charles F. Murphy, it is understood, has centered upon Mayor Gaynor as the sure thing to defeat the New Jersey Governor. Watch Ohio. Nobody but the Wilson people are going to make a determined fight to take the State from Harmon. The Clark and the Underwood managers may say they are going after Ohio. If they do it will surprise me, and I venture the prediction it will be only after the great Presidential Trust has been busted by a bench warrant for violation of the Sherman Anti-Trust law. Right now the plot of this triple alliance is to run a 'Southern' man in the South; a Northern man in the North; an Eastern man in the East; and a Western man in the West.

"The Democratic voters ought not to countenance that kind of campaigning. It used to be charged that the Democratic party is a sectional party. This is not true. It is more national than the Republican party. It has a large support in the North as well as in the South, and in the West as well as in the East. Today the Democratic representation in Congress is almost evenly divided between the South and the North. That cannot be said of the Republican party. Such a party ought to have for its standard bearer a man whose strength is as wide as his party. The fact that a number of candidates, who are strong only in section, have to, in effect, 'divide territory' and operate to all appearance under a 'gentleman's agreement' proves that Governor Wilson alone has a support in all sections of the country as large as, or larger than that of his party."

### How to Kill Your Town.

Buy from peddlers as much and as often as possible. Denounce your merchant because they make a profit on their goods. Glory in the downfall of a man who has done much to build up your town. Make your town out a bad place and stab it every chance you get. Refuse to unite in any scheme for the betterment of the material interests of the people. Tell your merchants that you can buy goods a great deal cheaper in some other town and charge them with extortion. If a stranger comes to your town tell him everything is overdone, and predict a general crash in the near future. Patronize outside newspapers to the exclusion of your own and then denounce yours for not being as large and as cheap as the city papers. If you are a merchant don't advertise in the home paper, but compel the editor to go elsewhere for advertisements and howl like a sore head because he does so. Buy a rubber stamp and use it. It may save you a few dimes and make your letter heads and wrappers look as though you were doing business in a one horse town. If you are a farmer, curse the place where you made as the meanest on earth. Talk this over to your neighbors and tell them the men are robbers and thieves. It will make your property much less, but you don't care.

# THE PRODIGAL JUDGE

By VAUGHAN KESTER



If you want to read a delightfully humorous, essentially American story, with a hero and heroine quite after your own heart, you cannot afford to miss the new serial we are about to print.

# THE PRODIGAL JUDGE

is a tale that treats of American life and conditions of several decades ago and is wholly unlike anything else in recent fiction. When the story is ended you'll find that you have left a company that you have come to know intimately and, for the most part, loved.

BE SURE TO READ THE OPENING CHAPTER.

### Young Man Dies at White Oaks.

W. D. Vaughn died at White Oaks Monday from Tuberculosis. He was the son of O. N. Vaughn who died from pneumonia at the same place a few weeks ago, while on a visit to his afflicted son. The Young Man was 24 years old and had recently come here with the hope of regaining his health but his case was too far advanced to be arrested. A brother was with him at the time of death. The body was shipped to Coleman, Texas, for interment, the W. O. W. order conducting the funeral services.

### Hay Hauler Injured.

Angelo Perez, whose home is at Tularosa, but who is hauling hay for J. B. French, met with a very painful accident here Wednesday. He was driving a wagon loaded with hay into the gate at the Skinner building and got jammed between the load and the gate. He suffered a scalp wound, had 2 ribs and collar bone broken. The injured man's wounds were dressed by Dr. Paden and no serious results are anticipated. He was removed to his home yesterday.

# The River Rats

NARRATIVE OF  
CAPTAIN ADAMS  
"Detective-Diplomat"

By E. M. EGBERT

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It is not uncommon to hear the wish expressed, by persons of romantic temperament, that the days of the present were as fruitful in glamor of great deeds as those of past centuries. Such wishes are made in ignorance. I wonder how much of the secret history of the present century will ever come to light, whether future generations will ever know some of the events that really transpire in the capitals of the world today and remain hidden from the prying eyes of the most skillful investigators!

Well, I started out to moraine, but this reminds me of a story, one of the last of the man adventures that happened to me while I was employed as a courier of his majesty, King Edward VII., and sent by him upon important missions to various capitals of the world. I was living in my lodgings in Half Moon street, Piccadilly, with Talbot, my soldier servant, when Sir Francis Knowles (or Lord Knowles, rather—I am always forgetting that the old gentleman has won the reward of many years of faithful service as his majesty's secretary)—Lord Knowles sent for me to come to Buckingham palace. On my arrival there I found him pacing the floor nervously.

"His majesty," he began fustily, but just then the king entered and dismissed him. Then his majesty led me to a table and, opening a secret drawer, took out a folded yellow parchment which he opened out flat. I could see that it was written over in French and seemed to be a design or plan.

"Captain Adams," his majesty began, "of all the missions which you have ever undertaken on behalf of my government, this is one of the most important. You have heard that Louis Bonaparte has arrived in Paris?"

I had not. I was startled that a plot for the restoration of the Bonapartes had been under way, I knew. I was aware also that the disestablishment of the French church had leagued together all the clerical and reactionary elements. But that the claimant to the imperial throne, who was a general in the Russian army, had dared to enter France was news to me.

"And the Seine is rising. Half the lower districts of the capital are under water, and the city is completely isolated so far as telegraphic communication is concerned," his majesty continued, as though he read my thoughts. "Prince Louis has 5,000 malcontented under arms, all carefully drilled and ready in anticipation of revolt. The garrison is infested with addition, and only a couple of companies, my ambassador writes me, can be relied on for the defense of the republic. And if the republic falls, goodbye to the Franco-British alliance."

The king paused and looked at me earnestly.

"He will strike tomorrow night, secret information reaches me," he continued.

"But—how can 5,000 men hold in Paris and defy the government?" I cried. "Where could they drill?"

"In the catacombs," his majesty answered.

I uttered an exclamation of surprise. He continued:

"You and I and many tourists have descended into these famous ancient and subterranean passages," he said. "But you have never gone very far from the entrance, for the fact is that nobody knows their exact extent or location, running as they do in all directions and intersecting the complicated sewerage system, which is further entangled with arched-over subterranean streams that constantly shift their course. In fact, one with a map of the subterranean portion of Paris might defy the entire nation to expel him. And that is what Prince Louis does."

"It appears that the first Napoleon possessed a map of this region. Two copies of this were known to exist. One was left to his son, Due de Reichstadt, through whom it passed to Napoleon III, and thence to Prince Louis. He has already thrown his conspirators into the catacombs by means of this secret, and, when the time comes, he can strike where he pleases, and none will know where he blows in going to fall, except the man who owns the secret map."

"Where is it, sir?" I asked.

"Morot" said the king, placing the parchment in my hands. "Deliver this to President Fallieres in person. Wait!" He scribbled a few words of instruction upon one of the royal cards—a large pastedboard the size of a 12x18. "This map was found in a volume presented to her majesty my mother by Emperor Napoleon III," he continued. "Add now, goodbye, I have overy confidence in you, Adam," he concluded, shaking me by the hand.

I hurried home and directed Talbot to pack my grip for an immediate journey. When he learned that I was going to Paris, nothing would satisfy him but that he should be permitted to accompany me.

"By your pardon, sir," he said, "I do not see how I can after spending over your wages among them bloody

Hatghans, and fighting all through North Hindia with you, not to go with you to Paris. Thom frog-crokers 'in devils."

I should stand in need of a trusty assistant. I consented to Talbot's plea. I had a presentiment that the work in front of me was going to prove arduous—for, needless to say, I should not consider that I had accomplished my task until the plot had been frustrated. Proudly Talbot set off beside me and, the moment that we left the house, the old relations of master and servant were, by a traditional understanding, abrogated.

"Hot work on hand, old man!" said my erstwhile servant, cheerfully. "Pretty warm, Talbot," I answered, my hand stealing toward the automatic Colt that I always carried in my belt-holster. Talbot saw the action and grinned. I knew that grin. I had seen Talbot grin that way over a dead Ghazni, while parrying strokes from a mounted horseman preparatory to administering the "crowning mercy" with his own pistol. So I felt that if our plans miscarried somebody would be greatly to blame for it.

We arrived at Paris the following morning, the train steaming up to the outskirts of the city, whence an "omnibus" barge conveyed us through the streets on top of the flood. I learned that the Seine had risen to a height almost unknown; that the sewers were filling with water and an epidemic threatened. And still the rise continued. It was with some difficulty that I obtained an interview with President Fallieres, and it was necessary for me to display his majesty's card. The president was seated in a large room in the Elysee, and was haggard and pale—from having devoted all his time to the flood victims, a sympathetic attendant whispered. I smiled at this naive interpretation.

"Well, Monsieur, how can I assist you?" asked the president, brusquely. "It is rather a question of how I can assist you," I answered. "With Napoleon master of subterranean Paris, how long do you expect to uphold the republic?"

He looked at me indignantly, then suddenly he sank down and groaned, burying his face between his hands. "If we knew where he hides—" he muttered. "But we are helpless. And the troops are not to be relied on. And it would take days to bring loyalists from the frontier, for half of France is under water."

I placed the map in his hands. "His majesty King Edward VII. sends you this, and bids you use it for the protection of the republic."

He looked at the map dumbly, as though not comprehending; then rose to his feet, his face flushed.

"It is a map—" "Of the catacombs," I answered. "By the aid of this you will defeat his plian. But you must act at once tonight."

"Yes," said the president. "I know. What shall I do? This and the flood—the responsibility—and nobody knows or dreams—"

"Let me see the map," I said, seeing that President Fallieres was no longer master of himself, and for half an hour I studied it. At the end of that time its meaning was clear to me.

There were three main entrances to the catacombs within the walls of Paris. One of these three was in the Quarter Latin, a second close beside the north wall, a third within a street not five minutes' walk from the Elysee. And it was here, obviously, that the revolutionaries would emerge.

"Do you know what these entrances are?" I asked the president.

It was easy to find out, for in the room was a flood map showing the sewerage system. The entrance under the north wall had evidently become sealed since the map was made, for it was now under the flooring of some large fallowed yards. That in the Quarter Latin was apparently connected with the collar of a baker's shop—such establishments being marked red on this map. The third was not to be found.

"I have it!" cried the president. "That street exists no longer. It is now a city park. And I remember; there is an iron grating under which a drain was believed to run."

"Send a company of sappers to block up the basement of the baker's shop with masonry, especially as a flood precaution," I said. "Now we have stopped all the four cartholes but one. How many companies of loyal troops can you reckon on?"

"Two," replied the president. "They are Alsatians."

"Let them be marshaled under cover of darkness at the entrance to the catacombs in the city park. Let them have a cannon commanding it." I had formed my plan. Looking along the chart I had discovered that in a certain spot the catacombs entered out into a vast subterranean area. It was doubtless here that the conspirators were encamped. I communicated my intentions to the president.

"I shall enter under the guise of a messenger," I said. "I am an Alsatian. I tell Prince Louis the garrison has revolted and asks to see him so claim him emperor. He follows me—understand? He will never suspect

that any enemy could have found the entrance. Then we make him prisoner and capture the rest as they emerge."

"You have saved France!" cried the president, wringing my hand. "I disengaged myself. One thing I beg of you, Monsieur President," I said. "Do not under any circumstances, fail to have your loyal companies on guard. Tell them they wait for marauders and plunderers of the flooded homes."

"I will rely on me," the president cried. Nevertheless I left him with a certain trepidation. Versed in the arts of the forum the old gentleman was painfully unfit to cope with such a crisis. In fact, I knew that unless I could, single-handed, make the revolution a prisoner, the revolution would have every opportunity of succeeding.

I found Talbot, whom I had left outside the Elysee, pacing the pavement in painful uncertainty as to my fate. When he learned, however, that I was to descend into the catacombs he grew almost hilariously excited. As for me, I was strangely affected. It seemed impossible that, underneath that sunny street, conspirators could be actually drilling for the overthrow of the republic.

The little park was almost deserted. The sight of two well-dressed men pulling up the grating excited only a momentary curiosity. Then we were gone again and it had clanged to over our heads. Talbot and I descended the thin, rusty ladder, until our feet struck against the stone flooring of what appeared to be a disused drain. I lit the candle. It sizzled uncertainly—then flared up. The air was breathable. We took three steps to the right, and the patch of sunlight over our heads vanished. I blew the candle out, placed it in my pocket, and we proceeded in utter darkness.

"Oy far do we go, sir—old man, I mean?" whispered Talbot, after the steady ring of our feet on the flooring of stone had alone broken the unending silence.

"About a mile," I said, cheerfully. "When you bump your head, watch for an opening on your side of the wall."

It is strange how one loses all sense of time under such circumstances.



"You spare our lives?" I cried.

Whether an hour or five minutes had passed seemed equally uncertain, when Talbot gave a muttered cry.

"Getting low, sir!" he whispered. A moment afterward my own head scraped against the roof. Cautiously I struck a match. It blew to the left. At the same instant I saw a glimmer of gray, indicating an opening in the wall which, however, was no more than a side passage. The main path ran straight before us. Talbot and I scrambled through into a smaller corridor. Far ahead of us was a luminous glow.

We crept on a little further and I perceived the glow became a hazy patch. It was the natural amphitheater. I think my restraining touch indicated to Talbot our perilous situation, for, without a word, he followed, my example and kicked off his boots. Then we crept along softly, while the light, diffused around us, became clearer and clearer. And all at once we burst abruptly into a kind of vaulted cave, wherein a hundred men were gathered, talking excitedly. Arms lay piled up in stacks upon the floor. We shrunk back into the wall. I saw a tall, bearded man stride out from behind a barricade of boxes. All tails ceased. It was Prince Louis. My heart beat wildly. If I could detach him, engage him in speech—

"Then I heard a voice that hissed in my ear fiercely:

"Throw up your hands or you are dead!"

I ducked and shot my flat upward. The enemy who had come quietly upon me, fell like a log, his rifle clattering to the floor. Instantly came burst from the assemblage. I saw them rush toward me, Prince Louis at their head, waving his sword. Then I was rushing in my stocking feet along the corridor by which I had come. As I ran I saw a black shadow springing before me—Talbot.

I heard a pistol discharged, and a bullet whizzed so close past me that it grazed my forehead. I turned for a moment and fired my automatic Colt. I heard a cry and a man falling. Then I saw a crowd like the wind. As if by a miracle I knew when I reached the

end in the catacomb. I turned to my left and ran on, till, breathless and exhausted, I could travel no longer. I sank to the ground, my pistol in my hand, waiting. Far in the distance I heard the road of the purgatory then their shouts died away into utter silence.

"What had occurred? Where was Talbot? Had he preceded me? I muttered his name as loudly as I dared, then, picking myself up, groped the path painfully along the passage toward the entrance down which I had come. Doubtless Talbot would be there; and, since my attempt had failed, I must be content to let the two loyal companies and their cannon battle accounts with Louis when he burst out of his refuge. All at once I stumbled over some iron thing. I heard a murmur overhead. Everything being as dark as pitch, I struck a match. To my astonishment I was standing at the foot of the ladder which I had descended, and overhead—had it grown dark already? I could smell freshly-mixed mortar. Then I realized the truth.

The president had bungled. I had been walled in alive beneath the grating!

Move these blocks of masonry? I might as well have tried to shoulder the fortifications. I shouted wildly, shaking the grating with both hands. In vain. The faint sounds that I had at first heard had died away, and no noise could penetrate that ever-increasing thickness of blocks of stone.

I am ashamed to say I had not until then reflected upon Talbot's safety. Now the reason of the abandonment of the fight was borne in upon me. They had seen only one man; they had followed Talbot along that branch of the catacombs, and, doubtless, taken his life.

And, whether he lived or died, I must find some other exit from the catacombs or perish likewise.

I sat down and lit a match. I spread the map out hastily. No matter which way I turned, I must pass through the amphitheater to find an exit. And—why, the three exits were barred by masonry! I had shut myself into this trap with the conspirators.

Match after match went out as I scanned the parchment. This way

they drew off and leveled their rifles.

"One," cried Louis, and they looked along the muzzles. "Two." The rifles quivered and grew firm. And suddenly I cried, with all my force:

"How are you going to escape after you're dead, when we have the key to the catacombs?"

The men's heads did not move, but the word "three" failed to arrive. There was an instant of sickening suspense. Then the prince said slowly:

"Put down your rifles!"

As he uttered these words I became conscious that I was standing in water.

I looked down. There was no doubt of it. By the diffused glow of the torches around the area I could see that a steady stream was pouring along the catacombs. Even as I watched I saw it catch a piece of newspaper and float it away into the darkness. I heard a shout of fear:

"The Seine! The Seine!"

And a sudden inspiration came upon me.

"Prince Louis," I shouted, "I have the only knowledge of escape for you. Kill me, and you die like water rats."

The tall man came forward. He was nearly knee deep in water, and now, no longer a stream, it was swirling through the catacombs like a torrent growing more and more swift momentarily.

"You spare our lives?" I cried. He nodded. Men were rushing to and fro wildly. A few, more courageous than the rest, stood near to wait for their commands. At a signal we were released.

"Your map of the catacombs was made," I said, "before there were any sewers in Paris worth speaking of. I and I alone possess the true map, made 50 years later by Napoleon III. Five hundred yards away the main sewer runs through a vault. Bring pickaxes and break a patch into it. It is never full, even in flood times. There is room enough between the

## LIFE WITHIN A BEE HIVE HOW ROBBERS MET DEATH

Three Classes of Individuals in Each Colony, Each Having Its Special Duties to Perform.

In the honey bee we find so many and such remarkable instincts that it seems to me impossible that they could have been acquired by the process of evolution.

Three kinds of individuals exist in a colony of bees—the queen, whose sole work is to lay eggs; the drones, or males, whose only function is to fertilize the queen, and the workers, which are females undeveloped sexually.

Only one queen is permitted to live in the colony at the same time, there being a mortal antipathy between the queens. The queen is continually guarded by a number of workers and her wants are carefully supplied. If two queens are in the same colony they enter combat, being urged by the workers and fight till one stings the other to death.

When a young queen is ready to leave the cell in which she has been reared, she is not permitted to do so, but she is guarded by the workers until the old queen has abandoned the hive with a swarm, and then she is permitted to leave the cell. When the queen has fully matured in her cell the workers cut away the wax from the end of the cell till it is an exceedingly thin film.

If the colony is deprived of its queen, the workers, after searching in vain for her, set to work to rear a new queen. For this purpose they select a larva that would develop into a worker, remove some of the neighboring cells and construct for it a large vertical cell. By feeding this larva on royal jelly it becomes a queen.

If two queens during combat acquire a position in which they might destroy each other, then leaving the hive with each other the mortal attack.

When the swarming season is over the old queen is permitted by the workers to sting to death all the queens that are in the cells.

If the queen loses both her antennae she is unable properly to deposit her eggs, and the workers permit her to perish.

At the close of the swarming season all of the drones are killed by the workers. They are no longer needed, for the old queen has already been fertilized, and new drones can be reared in the following spring. Thus the drones are the only class of bees that will be of future use to the colony.

If they lose the queen when swarming they return to the hive they have left—seeking to realize that their efforts would be fruitless without a queen. If the hive has no queen the drones are permitted to live through the winter.

When the drones are destroyed the larvae and pupae which would produce drones are also destroyed. If present for food, a colony will attack a weaker colony or a hive without a queen, and if the attack is successful, the vanquished colony joins the conqueror, thus strengthening the hive. Alfred Farabee, A.M., in "Organic Evolution Considered."

Admiration for Nerve.

"You admitted that man because of his speech?"

"Yes," replied Farmer Conant.

"But you didn't agree with his opinion?"

"Not as a rule. But it struck me that a man that could get up before a crowd of people and talk such a lot of junk at the top of his voice had real grit."

surface of the water and the roof to float on the current into the Seine, which is but a few hundred yards away. Let those who cannot swim be supported by companions!"

"But if we break through, the current will flood the catacombs!"

"No matter. You must abandon your encampment. You must relinquish your baggage and your arms, to be the sport of the floods. Prince Louis, you will go out into the world like a drowned rat, to suffer with the flood victims along the wharves; or you will never go at all. You must renounce your dreams!"

"The floods were swirling round us high deep. Heaven knows whence they came; I believe now that, through a thousand interstices in the brick walls, the river had come pouring in, to flood all subterranean Paris."

The prince bowed his head.

"So be it," he said. "It is not for myself I care, but for my gallant hundred."

"A hundred?" I exclaimed. "Is that your entire force?"

"Why, yes, Monsieur. How many did you think I had?"

It seems to me now that the feat was not altogether at the expense of Louis, when with a paltry hundred men he had terrified the chancelleries of the two mighty western nations. But these thoughts came afterward. In a few minutes we were hard at work with our pickaxes, breaking through the masonry. The floods were swirling round our waists before we had achieved our purpose. Then we flung ourselves upon the mercy of the stream that now roared around us. It seemed an eternity of anguish, these few minutes of suspense, while we shot past the great buttresses upon the flood, under a vaulted roof that almost grazed our heads, borne riverward. Then—there was the fresh wind on our faces, and overhead the light of the stars, and round us Paris—that city for which one man more in history had shaken dice with fate and met with failure.

End of Tehakirdjall and His Companions Strictly According to Dialect Tradition.

Tehakirdjall, the terror of the near east, the most notorious and bloodthirsty of modern brigands, is no more. He died as he lived—in all the glamour of sanguinary melodrama. Dwellers in Asia Minor can now draw a calmer breath than they have been able to for years. Wealthy merchants of Smyrna, who trembled for their hoards, may sleep in peace. Travelers over the lonely roads in the neighborhood of the Anatolian mountains need not urge on their steeds so apprehensively—Tehakirdjall and his band lurk no more in their old strongholds.

Their deeds will figure conspicuously in the tales that white-bearded Arabs tell night after night to circles of café auditors. Like the Black Douglas, the name of Tehakirdjall will always quiet the fretful Turkish child in its cradle. Some women will perhaps heave a sigh of contentment for one who, ferocious outlaw that he was, treated them with extraordinary gallantry. They, at least, know themselves to be safe from his hands.

For them, Tehakirdjall was not the brigand but the squire of dames, a man to be counted on to revenge their wrongs, as many a local Lethargus had reason to know. Nay, more than that. Frequently he was their good genius. Many a maid owes her dowry to Tehakirdjall's generosity with his ill-gotten gains.

It is a pity that Edmond About is not alive to do justice to Tehakirdjall's memory. The author of "The King of the Mountains" would have understood him. His able pen could have immortalized him like no other. Tehakirdjall was Hagal Stavros to the life. Only the background was different. Both were "Kings." It was in the mountains of Anatolia (look up your geography) that the great Tehakirdjall met his end. It was a heroic end.

Nobody need say that romance doesn't exist in our prosaic day. A detachment of Turkish soldiers was sent out against Tehakirdjall. A desperate struggle ensued. It was four hundred well-equipped men against four. The Franco-British man against the end must be. Now, if it is a matter of principle with Turkish brigands, they must not, if possible, be taken alive.

Tehakirdjall, when the last shot was fired, called on his best companion, Mohamed, to save him from that disgrace. Fealty demanded obedience, and Mohamed was equal to the occasion. With his good Damascus blade he bowed off Tehakirdjall's head.

Then, having wrought the worthy deed, he did what was only left him to do. He plucked a dagger from his belt and buried it in his own heart. Do the band of Tehakirdjall tell, weeping in their own blood.

No Wonder We're Proud of It.

Efficiency and cheap have always characterized American sea service. It punished the Barbary pirates when England and Spain preferred to pay tribute to them. It won about all the glory of the American side in 1812-1814, amazing the British by beating them on even terms. In the civil war it did what the old world called impossible in blockading a long line of coast with many harbors. Its proof of preparedness in the brief Spanish war contributed to European prophets a third surprise. Today, though it is usually classed second in power, and by some critics third, our navy has probably no superior in morale, discipline and equipment.

**LOCAL NEWS**

Arlic T. Stewart, of Ancho, was in Carrizozo Tuesday.  
 Frank W. Gurney returned from El Paso Tuesday on No. 33.  
 H. Lutz was up from Lincoln Tuesday. He returned Wednesday.  
 Mrs. H. McIvers, of Willow Springs mine was in town Wednesday shopping.

L. Macklay, of Parsons, came down Wednesday and left yesterday for Chicago.  
 Spring and summer styles in Walk Over Shoes. Just arrived at the Carrizozo Trading Co.  
 W. M. Reily and Jno. A. Haley, who went to Santa Fe Sunday, returned yesterday morning.

Spring and summer Walk Over Shoes. Just arrived at the Carrizozo Trading Co.  
 Mr. and Mrs. E. Hargy, went to El Paso the first of the week to spend a few days shopping.  
 Miss Meadows, of Parsons, came down Wednesday and left yesterday for Chicago.

Chas. Murphy, E. P. & S. W. line man of El Paso, was in Carrizozo Wednesday doing some repair work.  
 Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Deel, of Ancho, were in Carrizozo Tuesday, and made this office a pleasant visit while in town.

Mrs. G. W. Pritchard, of Santa Fe, arrived in Carrizozo Tuesday. She will visit White Oaks and Lincoln before returning.  
 B. Kolar, the undertaker, has received another shipment of undertaker supplies, and now has his stock of goods almost complete.

Mrs. W. H. Copeland and Mrs. A. V. Rogers, of Fort Stanton, came over Wednesday and are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Jno. B. Baird.  
 Seaborn T. Gray and son Seaborn P., came over from Capitan on yesterday's train, and went to Alamogordo in the afternoon. They expect to return Sunday.

J. R. Coleman, who was one of Lincoln county's delegates to the state republican convention at Santa Fe, returned Monday, and went up to Capitan the day following.  
 Walter Dickens came in last week from Alabama on a visit to his brother Harvey. The brothers had not met in 35 years, and when the brother called at Harvey's ranch he was not recognized.

Mrs. Harriet Pons, assistant in the local post office, is one of the contestants for the prize offered by The El Paso Times. The list of contestants, with the number of votes accorded to each, appears in the Times every Monday.  
 Rev. C. I. Walker returned Saturday from a trip to Alamogordo, El Paso, and points over the Mexican border. Rev. Walker did not like the looks of the Mexican situation and would have felt much safer with a body guard.

A. T. Roberts left Monday night for Oklahoma, where he went after Ward Leslie. Leslie is charged with larceny in this county, was apprehended in Oklahoma, and a requisition issued by Governor McDonald on the Gov. of Oklahoma.  
 A. T. Stewart, of Jicarilla, but who has been visiting at Sweetwater, Texas, came in Tuesday. Mr. Stewart informed us of the death of his wife, which occurred at Sweetwater recently. Friends deeply sympathize with Mr. Stewart in his bereavement.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris B. Parker were here between trains yesterday, on their return from New York to their home in El Paso. Mrs. Parker is a sister of Mrs. Arthur J. Rolland. They have been in New York since last October, and Mr. Parker has undergone a number of operations for deafness. His hearing is greatly improved, so, also, is his general health.

**L. B. Northone returned Monday from Ft. Worth, Texas, where he had been visiting his daughter.**

**Grandpa Tarbell left Tuesday for Santa Fe, where he will visit his daughter, Mrs. W. C. McDonald.**

**Brent Paden returned Monday from California and Arizona where he has been for several months for the benefit of his health. He seems much improved.**

**Engineer Jno. Harrison, returned from El Paso Thursday where he has been visiting his family. Mr. Harrison informed us of the arrival of a fine boy at his home this week. Mr. Harrison left for Tucumcari the following evening to take a run on the Dawson branch.**

**Dr. T. W. Watson, county treasurer, returned from yesterday morning from Santa Fe, and left on the Capitan train for his home at Lincoln. The doctor was a delegate to the state republican convention at Santa Fe, and remained in the Capital to witness the organization of the first state legislature.**

**Nifty footwear for swell dressers in all the new fabrics and leathers—can be seen at Ziegler Bros.**

**Chris Yeager loses his home.**

**Chris Yeager lost his house by fire at White Oaks, Wednesday. The high wind on that day blew down the stove pipe and the building was ignited. We are not informed as to the loss on building and effects but some insurance was carried.**

**White Pumps, White Boots— for the children, for the girls— now on display at Ziegler Bros.**

**Do you know that of all the minor ailments colds are by far the most dangerous? It is not the cold itself you need to fear, but the serious diseases that it often leads to. Most of these are known as germ diseases. Pneumonia and consumption are among them. Why not take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and cure your cold while you can? For sale by all dealers.**

**Harry W. Keables died.**

**Harry W. Keables died at his home in Capitan yesterday morning, at four o'clock, from apoplexy. He was in good health until the preceding evening when he was stricken.**

**B. Kolar, the Carrizozo undertaker, went over yesterday morning with H. S. Campbell, the latter a business associate of the deceased, embalmed the body and they were brought here for shipment. The remains will leave here today for El Paso, where they will be interred.**

**Harry W. Keables was a native of Michigan, 51 years old, leaves a wife who will accompany remains to El Paso. For a number of years the deceased had resided in this country, the greater portion of the last three years making his home at Capitan, where he and Mr. Campbell were engaged in the retail liquor business.**

**His death was a shock to his many friends—friends who will miss his genial smile, his pleasant greetings. He was a loyal friend, a public spirited citizen, a generous-hearted man.**

**A newspaper man can say nice and pleasant things about a man and his whole family for two long years and never hear a word from them, and then in one short week, by some hook or crook, get in a seeming uncharitable phrase and get—blowed—higher than Guilderoy's Kite, and incur their life time enmity. This is one of the secret pleasures of the newspaper business.**

**Cattle Wanted.**

**Will buy up to 1500 head range stock, at the right price, 2 and 3's preferred, or will exchange good South Dakota land for up to 3000 head. Address Great Northern Land & Loan Co., Rapid City, South Dakota.**

**St. Patrick's Dance.**

**A big dance and oyster supper will be given at Capitan, on Saturday night, March 16th. Everybody invited.**

**R. D. HANNEY,  
F. C. THORPE,  
W. E. MCDANIEL, Com.**

**LIVERY FEED AND SALE STABLE.**

A new Barn at the old stand. New rigs and teams have been added. We do a general drayage and transfer business. Will receive and deliver or transmit express packages or freight to any part of the county when intrusted to our care. Sample room for accomodation of drummers.

**ONE PRICE TO ALL**

Agent for Continental Oil Company products. Old and new Buggies, Wagons and Harnes for sale. Wagon yard in connection.

Visit us when in need of anything in our line, or call us up. Phone No. 32. Prompt attention given to all business.

**CHAS. A. STEVENS, Proprieter.**

**CARRIZOZO, NEW, MEXICO.**

**White Oaks.**

**Hon. John Y. Hewitt returned from Las Cruces early in the week, glad, as always, to get back to White Oaks. His partner Hon. A. H. Hudspeth is still on the wing.**

**W. D. Vaughn who came here some months ago seeking relief from the ravages of tuberculosis passed away on Sunday morning. The body will be returned to the old home at Coleman, Texas, for burial. The brother, who has been with him since his serious illness began, will accompany the remains.**

**Er. M. G. Paden, health official, drove in last Saturday to quarantine a case of scarlet fever reported to him. The patient, little Beulah Lee, is recovering rapidly, but the case created the usual amount of scare and inconsistent activities.**

**Mrs. Leighner has closed her private school on account of the scarlet fever scare. The public school is still in session though many children are kept out.**

**Mrs. Nettie Lee Lemon gave birth to a fine eight pound boy on Tuesday. Dr. Paden of Carrizozo, the family physician for many years, was in attendance. As may be supposed this is a very sweet variety of Lemon. The parent Lemon is anything but sour over the arrival of a son. Mrs. Lemon's friends, who are the people of Lincoln county, will be glad to know that mother and babe are doing well.**

**March is entitled to go out like a lamb according to the old adage "come in like a lion, go out like a lamb."**

**Rumor hath it that three more weddings are to occur here in the near future. We have our best ear to the ground listening for hymeneal flutterings.**

**Notice of Patrons' Meetings.**

**The next meeting of the Carrizozo Patrons' and Teachers' Association will be held in the High school assembly room, Friday, March 22nd, at 3:00 o'clock in the afternoon. The following program has been arranged:**

**The present needs of the Carrizozo schools, Mr. Schreck. General discussion, members of the Association. How many patrons and teachers work together for the improvement of our schools? (a) In beautifying buildings and grounds, Mrs. Wallace Gumm. General discussion. In instruction and discipline, Mrs. C. F. Goddard, Clarence Spence and Miss Spellman. General discussion. The financial problem for the present year—What may be done toward extending the term? For the future—The proposed increase in the school levy. General discussion. Proposed school legislation—A report on bills to be submitted to the consideration of the first state legislature, by the committee on**

**CRAWFORD GREER**

Spend an evening of pleasure at

**THE SKATING RINK**

(In Skinner Bldg.)

Courteous Attention Fair Treatment

Special attraction for Saturday nights.

Everybody Welcome.

**CHEAP JEWELRY**

and imitations are not only vulgar and in poor taste, but a waste of money. This applies to almost every thing in a jewelry store.

My stock is of "Good Quality" and known values.

**A Real Guarantee Goes With Every Piece.**

**ROSELLE, The Jeweler**

**B. KOLAR**

Licensed Embalmer and Undertaker.

All Calls Promptly Answered.

Phone 21.

**CARRIZOZO NEW MEX.**

Special Facilities For Banquet and Dinner Parties.

**Carrizozo Eating House**

F. W. GURNEY, Manager.

Table Supplied with the Best the market affords.

**JOHN H. BOYD General... Merchandise**

Edwards' Old Stand. OSCURA, NEW. MEX.

**OSCURA HOTEL**

Swellest in Lincoln County.

FEED CORAL NOTARY PUBLIC

**The Carrizozo Bar**

All Bonded Whiskey \$1.75 per Quart.  
 Port Wine .50 per Quart.  
 Blackberry Brandy .50 per Quart.  
 Old Kingdom Blended Whiskey \$4.00 per Gallon.

Wholesale Prices on Seipp's Beer to Outside Dealers.

**THE STAG SALOON**

GRAY BROS.

The Best Brands of BOTTLE AND BARREL WHISKIES.

**SEIPP'S BEER.**

BILLIARDS AND POOL.

Choice Cigars.

**CARRIZOZO MEAT MARKET**

GEO. LEE Prop.

A good line of Fresh and Salted Meats and Sausage Constantly on hand.

Your Patronage Solicited.

Phone 77.

**CARRIZOZO NEW MEX.**

**To Trappers.**

Ship your wild animal skins to A. H. Hilton Mer. Co. San Antonio, New Mexico. They have direct outlet for them to the Manufacturers of Europe, and they can pay you highest price. Send for pamphlet, and learn how to take proper care of your catch.

John W. Sicklesmith, Greensboro, Pa., has three children, and like most children they frequently take cold. "We have tried several kinds of cough medicine," he says, "but have never found any yet that did them as much good as Chamberlain's Cough Remedy." For sale by all dealers.

Bring your hides, pelts and furs to Ziegler Bros. Highest market paid all the time.

**THE CARRIZOZO NEWS**

Published every Friday at  
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Rumors are flying thick and fast at Santa Fe as to what the stand-pat majority in both houses in the state legislature intends to do to Governor McDonald. Unquestionably there is basis for these rumors, but how far the extremists will go only time will tell.

The New Mexico legislature convened at Santa Fe Monday and organized. R. L. Baca was elected speaker of the house, while E. A. Miera was elected president pro tem of the senate. E. C. de Baca, the lieutenant governor, is the regular presiding officer of the senate.

Senator Barcala is in our state capital, telling the republican majority a native must be sent to the United States senate. His oration adds stimulus to the cry already raised that New Mexico must elect a native son, and necessarily adds confusion to a complex situation. The Colorado senator may be able to bring about a solution, but the followers of Catron, Fall and Andrews fail to appreciate his efforts.

The fur political has begun to fly at Santa Fe over the election of United States senators. There are many candidates for the honor, but the principal ones, and the ones most seriously considered by the republican majority, are Catron, Fall and Andrews. The two who apparently have the largest following are Fall and Andrews, but at present neither seems to have a sufficient number of votes to swing the toga. Larrazolo, strange to say, has a number of votes pledged, and may hold enough members to tie up the election.

The New Mexico State republicans, at the convention held in Santa Fe Friday and Saturday, elected eight delegates to the National republican convention at Chicago. No instructions were given the delegates, but the convention contained a large majority of Taft men. It is said, however, that six of the delegates are for Taft and two for Roosevelt, yet the adherents of both candidate assert differently. That they will be for Taft by the time the convention meets is generally conceded; for New Mexico republicans have a tendency to go with the majority.

It is the mother of a household whose life is chiefly threatened by monotony. She stays at home. She is always in the house seeing the same things, hearing the same voices, doing the same work, day after day, with endless regularity. The demands upon her time and strength and love and patience are increasing, and the wonder is that she does not break down more frequently than is actually the case. The fact occurs too often, and in such cases an ounce of prevention is worth many pounds of cure.

**The Lincoln Hotel**  
 W. O. NORMAN,  
 Proprietor.

Transient trade solicited.  
 Good Rooms.  
 LINCOLN, N. M.

**ROLLAND BROS.**  
**DRUGS**  
 Toilet Articles, Etc.  
 Eastman's Kodaks  
 Indian Curios  
 Carrizozo, New Mexico.

**Slang on the Run.**  
 The girls in a neighboring town have an anti-slang society. A certain Miss was elected president. Asked if she would accept, she replied: "Sure, Mike, but gosh, girls, I'm so rattled in my cupola, that I'm really short on gab. We are certainly hitting the high places and I never tumbled to such a poise before, but when I give you the high ball I expect you to get there, Eli, and who'er up for all that's out; I think I'm up to snuff enough so the lies won't light on me while doing the president stunt of this society, act, but I won't stand for any monkey doodle business from you gals while I am running the ranch. We gals ought to extend an invite to the married ladies to get out and help us shoot this slang business, it's getting to be fierce.

It is rumored that some adventurous women are going to in surge against Dame Fashion, and it is said that Dame Fashion has been discovered to be a man—a manufacturer, and that it is to his interest to change fashions three or four times a year in order to make the beautiful

things that women wear obsolete so that they will purchase more and more of his fabrics. This is news that everybody knew. There is no doubt whatever that the sex could array themselves as beautifully and distractingly as they do on one-fourth the present expenditure if it were not for the interest of manufacturers, modistes and milliners in rapid Protean changes for the promotion of their business. The reason why men dress at only a fraction of the outlay of women is because they resist the sartorial changes which tailors would like to impose and which they do to some extent effect.

There are fathers who grandly struggle against the tides of fate, and never hush the secret of their despair, whose young dreams have all faded, but who patiently bear their allotted burden with what tries to be resignation. There are noble women whose domestic afflictions would crush them if they were not heroines, who silently suffer and make the most of their disappointed years. They sing in the minor key, but still they sing, and so the world thinks them happy when they are only brave.

The most common cause of insomnia is disorders of the stomach. Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets correct these disorders and enable you to sleep. For sale by all dealers.

The sooner a hog is sold after he has reached 200 pounds, the more profit he will make for his feeder. This is the conclusion arrived at as the results of an extended investigation at one of the leading western experiment stations.

A White Season—All the new stuff for spring footwear, including "Nu-Buck," "A Hip-Chord" and Cravanette—are now on display in Ziegler Bros. windows.

**Foxworth-Galbraith**  
**LUMBER COMPANY.**  
 Shingles, Doors, Sash, Mouldings,  
 Building Paper, &c.  
 Sewell's Paint, Ancho Cement,  
 and everything in the line  
 of Building Material.  
 Carrizozo New Mexico

**WELCH & TITTSWORTH**

**CAPITAN, N. M.**

**General Merchandise**  
 Wholesale and Retail.

We Carry in stock Crude Carbolic Acid, in gallon cans; wood Alcohol, Carbon or High Life, Dry Batteries, Spark Plugs, Blacksmith Coal, Solder, Babbitt Metal, Drill Steel, Blasting Caps, Fuse, Dynamite, Blasting Powder, Portland Cement, Lime and Pitch. Also have a good line of Native Seed Corn, Seed Barley, Seed Oats, Cane Seed, Kaffir Corn, Onion Sets, Alfalfa Seed and all kinds of Garden Seeds.

Yours Very Truly,  
**WELCH & TITTSWORTH**  
 Capitan, New Mexico.

**McDONALD ADDITION**  
 Lots 25 and 50 x 130 Feet.  
 When you buy a lot here it is 130 feet long, facing on a street 80 feet wide, whether for a home or for a business location.  
 Investigate before you buy.  
 A Square Deal Guaranteed.  
 W. C. McDONALD. Office in "Oriental" Bldg.

**EASTER SUNDAY APRIL 7TH.**

Easter only three weeks from Sunday. Our stock is now complete-abloom with all that's new. Every section is in spring-time readiness. The stock throughout is much larger and better assorted than we have ever gathered. All the new and authoritative fashions for 1912 and Easter.



**WOMEN'S READY TO WEAR DRESSES AND SUITS**

WILL YOU CHOOSE EARLY? We have now on display a line starting with frocks for immediate wear but soon crossing the borderland of summer. These dresses are made in New York and all made in the newest styles of the latest materials. We have a great many, no two alike and priced extremely low.



**LADIES' SUITS AND SKIRTS.**

In all the newest shades of white Serge. Never in the history of our business have we shown a more complete and up-to-date line of Ladies' Skirts tailored by men who know, in materials that are new including Tweeds, Diagonals, Hair Lines and Pencil Stripes in the latest

shades of gray from dove gray and silver tones to dark, the popular black and white and the always liked fashions lined with Skinner's Satin. Guaranteed to wear two seasons.  
 PRICED AT \$15.00 TO \$27.00.

**JUST RECEIVED A NEW SHIPMENT AMERICAN LADY CURSETS**



Your Easter dress won't be complete without a New American Lady. Each one absolutely guaranteed to wear and give satisfaction. Priced at \$1.25 to \$3.50.

**KAYSER BRAND SILK GLOVES AND HOSE**

Splendid showing of Ladies' Silk Hosiery in White, Black and Tans. "Kayser" Silk is exclusive with us, a guarantee with every pair.

**EVERYTHING THAT'S NEW IN LADIES' FOOTWEAR**

"The Nu buck Pumps" are going rapidly. This will be a great white season. Tans are also correct. Come in and see the many different styles made in all materials.

**ZIEGLER BROS.**  
 The House of Good Taste. The House of Good Taste.

**HUMPHREY BROS.**

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in  
**Flour, Hay, Grain, Feed Stuffs, Etc.**  
 Phone 16 Wood and White Oaks Coal Carrizozo, N. M.

**JOHN E. BELL**

(Successor to Winfield & Bell)  
**Staple & Fancy Groceries**  
 Fresh Vegetables from Mesilla Valley Gardens Every Week.  
 Prompt attention Given Phone Orders.

Billiard and Pool Parlor in connection

**The Capitan Bar**  
 CHOICE LIQUORS, BRANDIES & WINES  
 CAPITAN, N. M.

# PANAMA CANAL NEAR COMPLETION



**B**REAKING every great engineering record of the world's history and surpassing its own most sanguine expectations, the canal digging army at Panama, which has marched from one victory to another under the leadership of Col. George W. Goethals, is now preparing for the final assault on the heights of proud Colobra mountain.

Against what odds this canal army has fought, few, even of its admirers, fully appreciate. When the plans for its construction were prepared, it was estimated that nine years would be required to remove the 103,000,000 cubic yards of material it was then proposed to excavate. Since that time one difficulty and another has arisen and has forced up, notch by notch, the total amount of material to be removed, until today it is estimated that the entire task will represent the excavation of 195,000,000 cubic yards. Glides in Colobra cut have been responsible for a part of this increase, while the widening of that part of the big ditch by one-half has added much more. Then the ocean currents in the Pacific and the work of the Chagres river on the Atlantic side have deposited large quantities of silt in the line of the canal and all of this must be removed, writes Frederick J. Hall in the Indianapolis News.

Yet in spite of this tremendous increase in the amount of material to be removed, the last shovelful will come out in a little more than six years after the work began in earnest. Thus it will be seen that while the amount of work to be done has increased by more than seven-eighths, the time in which it was estimated it could be done has been cut down by approximately one-third. Furthermore, so magnificently has the canal army responded to the demands of its leader for efficiency that the vast amount of additional work is being done with money saved by economical operations on the work originally planned. When one stops to consider that all of this additional work is being done on savings effected elsewhere, and that it has not added one penny to the original estimates of cost, the marvelous results of the efficiency campaign on the isthmus become apparent.

Colobra cut always has been the backbone of the canal problem. Once it was thought Gatun dam would be the most knotty feature of the work, but this great dam has proved so much less of a problem than was anticipated that the canal officials long ago ceased to worry about it. They felt, four years ago, when they were beginning to plan the foundations of this great structure, that there would be many difficulties to overcome, and yet they were prepared to meet them. The actual work has not been nearly so difficult of accomplishment as they had expected, very much to the discomfort of those people who insisted that the dam could never be built.

On the other hand, Colobra cut has proved to be a much greater task than was anticipated. When President Roosevelt ordered that its bottom width should be increased from 200 to 300 feet, he added a considerable element to the difficulties of the problem. The great masses of material that have been sliding into the canal from the adjacent basin, one slide alone having a surface area of 47 acres, have added immensely to the seriousness of the problem at Colobra, and yet, one by one, these difficulties and obstacles have been overcome, so that there now remains to be removed less than 10,000,000 cubic yards out of a total of more than 68,000,000. So rapidly has the work progressed that it is expected that within four months the big cut practically will be completed, except the three miles through the heart of Colobra mountain. There will remain in that date, in that three-mile stretch, 11,000,000 cubic yards of material. It is expected that 20 steam shovels can be operated advantageously in this restricted area, as against 40 now in operation. Assuming that the 20 can do as well in proportion as the 40 now are doing, the last shovelful of dirt will come out in less than 15 months from the present date.

The canal authorities always are prepared for any emergency that may arise. They take nothing for granted, and accept no risks. Every step must be proved as well as human ingenuity may prove it before it is taken. They prepare for every imaginable contingency. Recently they had a government geologist from Washington make an on-the-ground

study of the geological formations of the Colobra region, and they are assured from these investigations that they have made all necessary allowances for further possible slides. Yet they are preparing to meet any new ones which may develop. Should there be any additional slides after June 1, 1913, the canal authorities will meet them by moving the great dredges of the Pacific division into the cut and dredging out the incoming material at the rate of millions of yards a month. By that time the locks and dams of the canal will have been completed and the water can be turned into Colobra cut. But this is a contingency that is practically certain not to arise.

Taking a journey through the canal from the Atlantic to the Pacific, one may see everywhere evidences of the rapidity with which the canal is being completed. The seven-mile sea level section between deep water and the Gatun locks is already opened to navigation. It can now be used by craft of moderate draft, and will be completed to its full width of 500 feet and its full depth of 41 feet before Thanksgiving day next year. At Gatun one finds additional evidence of remarkable progress. The locks at that place are now within a year of completion except for the installation of the gates and other lock machinery. By the first of April the Gatun dam will be ready to hold 55 out of the final 25 feet of water in Gatun lake. That part of the dam between the locks and the spillway is already practically completed, and the other section is being pushed to completion rapidly. The whole structure will be completed nearly two years before the official opening day of the canal.

After passing through Gatun locks, one finds the finishing touches being applied to the next 20 miles of channel. The completion of the relocation of the Panama railroad along the high ground to the east of the canal has taken the road out of the Chagres valley. This permits that entire portion of the old Panama railroad to be done away with, and by May 1 the 20 miles of the canal between Gatun and Las Cascazas will be entirely completed.

**Gold Storage Lady Duga.**  
Lady bugs of Nevada origin are imported into California to destroy many of the insect pests of vines and orchards. They are found in moss under the snow; but at that season they cannot be pressed into service, because the worms on which they feed have not yet appeared, while the lady bugs are still hibernating.

Accordingly the little Nevadans are placed in refrigerating wagons and thus conveyed to California, to remain in cold storage until their services on vines and trees are required. During all this time they take no food. With spring come the destroying worms, and then the lady bug is taken from her prison and dispersed where she appears most likely to do her work well. As she is ravenously hungry, the work is begun and continued until the worms are destroyed. —Harper's Weekly.

**Attaining Correct Carriage.**  
To attain correct carriage one must walk erect and to achieve this end there is nothing better than trying to walk with a book or similar article, such as a box of writing paper or several music books. This is sure to keep one from developing the swaying of the body more to the one side than the other. Stays that force the opposite of this rule should be discarded and destroyed, for they are not fit for the individual to wear, for if they work against correctness of carriage they are really a menace to the health. Throw out your stays; better to have commenters say that you are so straight that you appear to be falling over backwards than to be round-shouldered and moreover pathological in appearance in looks, if not in fact.

**Truth's Undisguised.**  
When a 20-year-old bachelor begins suddenly to receive bunches of violets from the pink haired maiden lady of uncertain age, across the way, he will do well to take out a policy in the first company that comes along insuring people against matrimonial accidents.

No really wise young man will go anywhere with a maiden seven years his senior these days without taking care to have a chaplain along, a married uncle, perhaps, or some other suitable male creature—to protect him from sudden questions.

# DRESSING UP

By ELIZABETH ARMSTRONG

(Copyright, 1913, by Associated Literary Press)

A rainy day in early summer sent Jim Bomar's motherless girls to the attic to rummage in the capacious chests for old-fashioned dresses, in great gloom.

"Oh, but aren't we fine?" cried Mamie. "Let's go down and show father."

"Father might make us take 'em off," rejoined practical Grace; "he's feeling sad anyway."

"I s'pose the house bothers him 'cause it's so kind of mussy since Mrs. Mott left, but I tried to scrub that kitchen just last Saturday, and father washes the dishes himself whenever we leave 'em long enough." And Mamie sighed over a house-keeper's trials.

Poor Jim Bomar was used to cold meals and a general lack of cheer. Even before his wife's death, the house had borne a down-at-the-heels aspect, and Jim had been wont to scamp to the harness room in the barn, where he could find order and peace.

As a refuge the harness room was exceptional. Besides being clean, it was warmed in winter by a small wood stove, and made dry in summer by two enormous windows. The wet wind had the advantage of which they arrayed themselves with looking toward the homestead where Mary Andrews had lived alone since the death of her mother. Mary's younger sister Jennie was Jim's wife. He had never understood just how it happened that she had supplanted Mary, if not in his heart, still in all intents and purposes in his life. He and Mary had been sweethearts for years, and at last he had written asking her to tell him where he might see her for a most particular talk. He knew that Mary would understand, and he had laughed, when he gave her the note, at his little subterfuge, when he might so easily have told Mary he loved her then and there. But Mary craved romance, and Jim was doing his humble best in arranging this dark plot for her entertainment.

Mary ran up the steps with his note in her hand, waved her hand at him in good-by—and he had not seen her again in months. She did not answer the note, and gave Jim no chance to ask an explanation of her strange conduct. Deeply hurt, he learned the next day that she had gone for a long visit to her aunt in the city.

Jim took his dismissal hard, and Jennie was full of sympathy when he came, night after night, for news of Mary. She did not tell him outright, but hinted delicately that Mary had been courting only in fun and had taken this way of letting him down easy. And after a time Jennie's sweetest won Jim to believe that her heart was pure gold, and it was his fault if he could not appreciate her as she should. So on the night she told him that Mary was to wed a man in the city whom she had known for several years, Jim asked Jennie if she would care for what was left of his life, and Jennie admitted that she would.

Mary did not return for Jennie's wedding, nor did she make any preparations for her own; and when she had lived quietly with her mother for a number of months doubts as to the truth of her engagement.

During the ten years of Jim's married life Mary went in and out of his home and his children took their griefs to her more readily than to their mother. But Jim had seldom seen her, and for several years he had not crossed the threshold of the Andrews home.

As he looked over the fields green with sprouting grain and saw the apple orchard at the homestead in bloom, he imagined that he could see Mary herself walking among the trees in the sun that had just come out and was coaxing the earth to bloom and laughter. He knew that her brown head would be bared in a love for all growing and blooming things. He recalled the last time he had walked along the orchard path, when, after Mother Andrews's death, he had gone to Mary in an impulse of sympathy, but had unfortunately managed to convey some expression of his long repressed love. Then did Mary's brown eyes flash and her gentle mouth stiffen to rebuke.

"Jim Bomar, never let me hear such words from you. There can be nothing between you and me after what has passed. And I cannot bear the sight of your deceitful face."

Jim, sorely wounded, was roused to reply in anger. "Very well, Mary, I will never enter your door until you send for me."

Surprised Aunt Mary in the orchard "telling secrets to the trees," as Mamie called it.

Ten or twelve years ago the silk gown which Grace wore had been familiar to Mary, for Jennie had worn it that fatal summer when she won Jim's love. Even now, with the gray in her hair, Mary felt the old pain fresh at the sight of the hated garment. Jennie had worn that very dress the night she delivered Mary's note asking Jim to meet her at the foot of the orchard—under their particular tree, where Jim had constructed a bench and where they often sat on summer evenings.

On that summer evening Mary had gone to the trying place and waited with her heart full of love and joy. But Jim did not come, and when, deeply hurt, Mary returned to the house, he was leaning over the front gate talking earnestly to Jennie. Later Jennie told her that Jim had sent her a message saying that he had decided he had nothing particular to say to her.

"See, Aunt Mary, isn't my dress full? It's lots wider'n Grace's."

"Maybe, 'tis, but my dress has got a pocket," rejoined Grace, "a real deep one. You can't get to the bottom. Auntie, you feel and see if it has a bottom."

Absently Mary put her hand into the pocket of Jennie's dress. Her fingers touched something that rattled, and she reached again to draw out two letters—Jennie's love letters, no doubt. But no. She clutched them wildly. One was Jim's note to her asking for a meeting. She remembered she had hunted in vain for it after the evening in the orchard. But the other letter was her answer, and that answer had never been opened. Jim had not received it.

Suddenly a hundred little incidents crowded to her mind that made it clear what part Jennie had taken in her life and Jim's. Then a rush of gladness came over her. How she had misjudged Jim!

Mary could have laughed aloud as she thought of Jim and how she could make up to him for his years of puzzled wonder. Then she looked at the little girls staring at her in attraction and began to unfold a plan that delighted them.

When Jim Bomar came home from his afternoon work he could hardly believe the evidence of his senses. An immaculate kitchen gave forth the odor of such a supper as only a good housewife could prepare. In a swept and garnished living room his two girls were dancing about a prettily laid supper table. And beside the table stood Mary, his sweetest, the woman he had always loved; Mary with a smile on her face and a light in her eyes as she stretched a hand to Jim and said:

"I came over to stay to supper, Jim. Am I welcome?"

The light in Jim's face was answer to that question even before his tongue stammered out eagerly a welcome in words.

In the late twilight he went with Mary over the path that only the children's feet had pressed for so long a time and his eloquent eyes told the story. Silently they took their way along the fragrant path until Jim touched Mary softly on the arm and said:

"Mary, this is our tree. See, it is all in glorious bloom. Won't you sit down?"

And the apple blossoms wasted their fragrance and their petals on two unheeding figures while the years of misunderstanding and pain were swept away to make room for the love that was to illumine all the future.

**His Donation.**  
The queer looking, shabby old man, who for months had been going to the library and spending most of his days in the reading room aimlessly scanning the pages of magazines and books with his dim, ineffective eyes, walked up to the librarian the other morning and announced that he had something to say to her.

"What is it?" she asked.

"I want to make a donation to the library," he replied. "I'd like to feel that I done something for it. I ain't got no money to give, but I guess books is always acceptable. These here pamphlets," he continued, handing out two book numbers of a well-known magazine, "I've been keepin' for the last fifteen years and I guess they're pretty valuable, 'sides 'em old. If you'll just put 'em in the readin' room, I'll be glad. You don't never need to say who give 'em to the library. I don't want no fuss made about it."

**Slamane English.**  
The proprietors of a Slamane newspaper have distributed handbills containing the following notice:

"The name of English we tell the lastest. Write in perfectly cursive and most correct. No a murder get commit, we hear of and tell it. No's other die, we publish it, and in borders of Bombar, that has each been colliged, and write like the Hipping and the Dicker's, 'sides every town and extention, no not for advertisement. Buy it. Tell each of you it's greatness for good. Ready on Friday. Number first. Everybody's Magazine."

# SMILES

EASILY ADJUSTED.

When the family for which Uncle Statius had worked so long and faithfully presented him with a mule, he was overcome with joy.

"He's a bad kicker, Uncle Stat," said the son of the family. "I told father I didn't see what you could do with an animal that liked to kick and back-better than anything else."

"I got all dat planned," said Uncle Statius, solemnly. "When I narcesses dat animal into my eyart, if he acts contumacious an' starts in to back, I'll gyvino to take him right out'n the eyart, turn it round, an' den harness dat mule in hindside bofo' Dat'll humor him, an' it'll get my eyart up do hill joes' do came."—Youth's Companion.

Have No Doubt.

"Darling," the cuddly little wife wanted to know, "darling, what would you do if I were to die?"

"Love!" he cried passionately, "do not mention such an idea. I cannot bear it!"

"But what would you do?" she insisted.

"Whatever you wished."

"Silly! How could I wish when I was dead?"

"I mean I'd do whatever you wished before you died. Tell me now—burial or cremation?"

Men don't seem to have any finer feelings.

More Modesty.

"I used to think I possessed the artistic temperament—the sacred fire; but I was mistaken. I'm just one among the millions of common people."

"You have no right to say that! You have done some splendid things—things that you could not possibly have done if you had merely been one among the millions of common people."

"No, you're mistaken. I'm just an ordinary, everyday man. Why, my wife has lived with me for eleven years without ever once thinking of getting a divorce!"—Judge.

UNNATURAL FEELING.



Clubman—Shay, Myra, I feel as though I was waiting all 'round you wonder what's got into me?

Mrs. Clubman—You ought to know. You poured it in!

Speaking of Wood Pulp.

Come day there won't be wood enough to make a paper bag.

And all the paper mills—how tough—will straightway chew the rag.

Defending a Pad.

"This pad is the limit."

"What is it?"

"New York girls are having the pictures of their gentlemen friends photographed on their finger nails."

"Nothing remarkable about that."

"No, why?"

"Certainly not. Any girl who thinks much of a young man likes to have him always on hand."

How Another Was Made Ill.

Joe—How are you, old man?

Arthur—Got a beautiful cold, y' know?

Joe—Hard luck, bah Jove. How going out in the cold without your monocle?

Arthur—No. Called on Honory at his house and that wretched dog of his persisted in wagging his tail and creating a draft.—Tit-Bits.

In Which Sense, Maudlo?

Allice—It's mean of you to tell people that when Jack kissed me I didn't resent it.

Maud—I didn't dear. On the contrary, I said that when he kissed you on the cheek you held it up against him for quite a while.

A Sure Sign.

"I know as soon as met Mr. Jones that he was a married man."

"Did he talk to you about his wife?"

"Never mentioned her."

"Then how did you know at once he was a married man?"

"He was such a good listener."

Serious Part Begins.

Jack—Well, old man, she has accepted me and named the day. There's a lead of my heart.

Married Friend—Yes; now the lead is on your shoulders.

The Happy Man.

The biggest egg man chuckled.

"If I were steel I suppose they would dissolve me," he cried.

Herewith he reflected he didn't live too late.

APPLY TO THE GASHIER.

A third knock, a ruff "Come in!" and the rear stained, now office boy stood before the manager.

"P—please, sir!" he blubbered. The manager looked up sharply.

"P—please, sir!" he blubbered again. "Well, well," asked the manager, "what is it?"

"P—please, sir, I upset a p—packet of envelopes," said the office boy, dabbing his streaming eyes with his coat sleeve, "and the c—cashier k—kicked me!"

"Good gracious, my lad!" snapped the manager irritably. "You don't expect me to attend personally to every detail of business, do you?"—Answers.

WANTED TO KNOW.



Willie (aged seven)—Say, pop, did a man ever shoot the Niagara Rapids?

Pop—Yes.

Willie—Well, if he had only gotten half way through would they have been half shot?

His Need.

The aviator made his prayer: For what he felt his death: He cried aloud, "Oh, give me air! I do not want the earth!"

Hoping for the Best.

"I expect you be able in about five years to retire and live on the interest of my investments."

"That's fine. But I didn't know you were making investments. What are they?"

"I haven't made any so far, but I have three very beautiful daughters growing up."

A Soft Answer.

"What are doing there?" asked the man of the house, sitting up in bed.

"My dear sir," replied the gentlemanly burglar who was rummaging the bureau, "I am endeavoring to find the lost pistol of which the poet has so feelingly written."

The Secret Out.

"Have you seen Timson lately?"

"No."

"I thought not. He was wondering only last night if you had left town."

"Confound that fellow. I'll never borrow another dollar from him as long as I live!"

The Result.

"The young aeronaut who boasted his flying machine and his method were perfect, fell out when he tried to soar 50 feet."

"What a come-down!"

POOR PIDO.



Little Elo—Oh! take me up, mother; it's too maddy.

Mother—Walk across, that's a good girl; mother has all she can do to carry poor Pido.

Bliss.

The aviator cries: Seems slightly on the wane; For "Rats" no longer care To see an airplane.

Then Trouble Began.

"What betrays of the plant cake I baked for you," demanded the dancer.

"I took it to a jeweler's to have my monogram engraved on it," explained the dancer.

Apparently.

"There is a great deal of polite attention going around."

"Yes, indeed. Most of our politeness is fiction."

Their Locality.

"Where is the best place to go to get catfish?"

To pussy-willows, you idiot."

**Express Messenger Robbed**  
 Yesterday morning's dispatches contained the following account of an attempted hold-up in Texas, which was frustrated by the express messenger:

Express messenger David Trousdale on the Sunset limited train No. 9, Wednesday morning killed two unknown train robbers who attempted to hold up and rob the westbound limited train just west of Eldridge on the Del Rio division of the G. H. & S. A.

Covering engineer Grosh, conductor Erkel, express messenger Trousdale and porter Robinson, the two train robbers cut off the engine, mail and baggage car and, after running it half a mile down the track, started to loot the express matter in the baggage car. Messenger Trousdale took a desperate chance while in the car alone with one of the two bandits, grabbed a wooden mallet and beat the robber's brains out with one terrific blow. Seizing the robber's rifle, the messenger then shot the top of the second robber's head off as he crawled into the car to assist his companion in crime.

The men were heavily armed and carried bottles of nitroglycerine, sticks of dynamite and caps with which to blow the express safe. Neither of the men was identified by anything on their persons, although a notebook was found in the pocket of one of the men containing names and addresses of associates in Oklahoma and Arkansas. Both men were Americans and it is believed that there was a third who escaped after the second was killed. A posse under sheriff Allen, of Sanderson, is searching the hills for the missing bandit.

**PASSENGRS REWARD MESSNGR.**  
 The passengers on the limited train, who were saved from being robbed and possible death by the bravery of the messenger, gave him practically all of the money which they had with them in appreciation of his heroism. Trousdale is from San Antonio, and runs between that city and El Paso on the limited trains. He arrived in El Paso Wednesday afternoon on board the delayed train, which he had saved from robbery and possible destruction at the hands of the train robbers.

The train robbers got on the engine at Dryden at 11:35 p. m. covering engineer Grosh with their six shooters, and ordering him to keep the train in motion until the iron bridge west of Eldridge was passed. Conductor Erkel, who was in charge of the train, sent porter Robinson forward to see what the trouble was, when the train stopped at the bridge. The porter was covered by the robbers, and when conductor Erkel went to investigate he, too, was covered with rifle and made to throw up his hands. Engineer Grosh was made to alight from his engine and walk back to the side of the baggage car containing the valuable express matter.

**Carrizozo Woman's Civic Improvement League.**

Forty-two charter members of the Carrizozo Woman's Civic Improvement League held a satisfactory initial meeting at Real's hall on Tuesday afternoon at three o'clock.

The president, Mrs. George L. Ulrick read the constitution and by-laws of the organization which will be put into pamphlet form later.

To facilitate the easy handling of a difficult task, that of cleaning up the town, Carrizozo was divided into six districts, a chairman appointed by the president over the work of each respective district who selects her two assistants as co-workers.

Under the head of Standing Committees, the following ladies were appointed: First district, Mrs. Frank Gurnsey; second district, Mrs. Harry Dawson; third district, Mrs. J. J. Rolland;

fourth district, Mrs. J. E. Farley; fifth district, Mrs. Carl Smith; sixth district, Mrs. R. E. Hoffman.

The committee on constitution, Mrs. Stanley Squire, assisted by Mesdames A. E. Long, H. B. Hamilton, Samuel Miller, B. O. Kolar.

The junior work which has to do with interesting the school children, initiating them into civic work, teaching them cooperation in public spirited matters of importance to the place in which they live, Mrs. Frank J. Sager was appointed as chairman, to be assisted by Mesdames H. S. Campbell, Baird French, William Riley, Edwin Walker.

Mrs. A. J. Rolland was given charge of the social arrangements. A dance is already being arranged for an early date, the proceeds of which will be the nucleus upon which the Civic League expects to build its fund for cleaning up the town.

Men are to become Honorary Members upon giving their aid in any way to this association for the betterment of general conditions in and around our town.

The Civic League will meet every other Tuesday, in Real's hall at three o'clock, the next meeting to be March 26.

**At the Baptist Church.**

Bible school at 10 a. m. At 11 a. m. chart lecture on the religious conditions of the U. S. and especially the south and west, telling what the various denominations are doing according to the government report. If you will come you may learn something that will surprise you. Young people's meeting at 3 p. m. B. Y. P. U. at 7:45. In the evening a sermon.

C. I. WALKER, Pastor.

**National Fire Insurance Co. of Hartford Connecticut.**  
 Total Assets.....\$11,837,740.27  
 Total Liabilities....8,207,464.21  
 Surplus to Policy Holders \$3,630,276.06.  
 FRANK J. SAGRE, Agt., Carrizozo, N. M.

**The Exchange Bank, Carrizozo, New Mexico.**

Transacts a General Banking Business Issues Drafts on all Principal Cities of the World. Accords to Borrowers every accommodation consistent with safety. Accounts solicited.  
**INTEREST PAID ON TIME DEPOSITS.**

**STOP AT**

**THE COMMERCIAL HOTEL**  
 Mrs. W. T. PECK, Prop.

Table supplied with GOOD HOME COOKING  
 Special Rates by Week or Month.  
 Next Door to The Carrizozo Livery Co.

**Stoves and Ranges. Builders' Hardware.**

**N. B. TAYLOR & SONS**  
 Blacksmithing and Hardware  
 CARRIZOZO & WHITE OAKS  
 Tinware, Prints, Glass, Oils of all kinds.  
 Harness, Ammunition, Etc.

**THE HEADLIGHT SALOON** JAS. P. WALKER Proprietor.

Carrizozo, New Mexico.  
 Billiard and Pool Parlor in Connection.  
 All kinds of Bottled Beer, Cokes, Whiskies, Brandy, and Wines. T. B. GALT  
 Bonded Whiskies \$1.50 per quart.  
 Beer Pints, 15 Cents.  
 Two Good Pool Tables for Sale.

**Angus**  
 A heavy rain fell at Angus Saturday and Sunday, causing the river to rise to quite a depth.

Messrs. R. J. Copeland, Henry Blankenship and August Settle made a business trip to Carrizozo the first of the week.

The Angus school is preparing to have an Easter entertainment April 7th. Everyone invited.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Beckman made a short visit to Angus last Thursday.

Miss Cora Copeland visited at Alto over Sunday, with Miss Ethel Stuart.

Tom Zumwalt has been doing some carpenter work for Fred Pfingsten on the Long place.

Cap Henley and Bill Bragg made a business trip to Carrizozo the first of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Wells visited with Mrs. Emma Peters on Monday, returning home the same evening.

Mrs. Geo. Barrett and little daughter Elsie were shopping in Angus Monday.

Fred Pfingsten Supt. of the Bonito farms came up from the Lower ranches Monday evening returning the next day.

Tom Bragg and wife made a business trip to Angus one day last week.

Mrs. Gid Thorp visited with her sister Mrs. Adam Zumwalt the first of the week.

Some people seem to be obliged to talk mean of others. That seems to be their only subject of interest on which to spend an hour in neighborly conversation. Soon you will hear what they said and naturally you get as mad as a hornet, unless you are an angel. Since that is seldom the case, we would advise you to be wise and cool off. Remember that gossipers have very little judgment and common sense.

When you have rheumatism in your foot or instep apply Chamberlain's Liniment and you will get quick relief. It costs but a quarter. Why suffer? All dealers.

**NEW SPRING GOODS**

**WOOLEN GOODS**  
 Spring weight goods in exclusive dress patterns in all the newest shades. Ranging in price from 50c to \$2.00 per yard.

White Serge with a black hair line stripe, 44 inches \$1.00 per yard. 54 inches wide \$1.50 yard.

**WASH GOODS**  
 We have a very large line of Plisse Voils, Marquesetts, Imperial Chambry, Zephers and Batiste. Ranging in price from 8 1-3c to 50c per yard in all shades.

**MILLINERY**  
 36 Fisk Pattern Hats on display at our store. The assortment is large and you will no doubt find something that will appeal to you. Give us a look.

**LADIES' WAISTS**  
 Just received our new Waists in Silk and Lawn that are the best ever shown in town.

**LADIES' DRESSES**  
 Our Lingerie Dresses are making a hit with every one. Prices from \$2.00 upward.

**LADIES' OXFORDS**  
 Our Shoe Department is complete. We are showing Swedes, Vici, Gun Metals and Tans in the Lace, Strap and Colonial Ties.

**TRIMMINGS**  
 We have all the latest Trimmings in Buttons, Fringes and Ball Trimmings to match the goods we sell you. Owing to our space we are unable to mention every item. It is a pleasure to show you.

"If it's not Good, We'll make it Good."  
**CARRIZOZO TRADING COMPANY.**



**I HAVE JUST THE PLACE FOR YOU**

"Mr. Perkins, I think I have just the place you are looking for. Come in today. Owner wants to sell, as he is going west. Better come right in, as this place won't be on the market long." The real estate dealer finds the Bell Telephone useful in notifying a customer of a real estate bargain.



**EVERY BELL TELEPHONE IS A LONG DISTANCE STATION.**  
**THE MOUNTAIN STATES TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY.**

**HENRY LACEY, Manager.**

If you have trouble in getting a telephone, you may know that there are many who travel from place to place every Monday and that they are always ready to help you. Henry Lacey has nothing to crow about, because there are many world powers fall out of the map and when a popular man in Mexico or any of the American republics want to be President, they are always ready to help you.