

News Notes from Outside Points

FORT STANTON

Miss Rose Lutz, of Lincoln was a member of the Laws auto party which attended the "movies" at the local theater last Tuesday night.

Mr. Follett was a caller at No. 4 on two different days of last week.

Mr. Luther Barnard, traveling solicitor for the El Paso Times, spent Tuesday evening and Wednesday at the Post, the guest of Chaplain Frund and No. 4.

The new stained windows have been placed in the Sacred Heart Chapel which adds greatly to the already neat and cosy place of worship.

"The call" in two reels, Pathe Weekly No. 61: Retagged and The Drummer's Umbrella were the pictures run at the hall last week. A very fine set of pictures throughout.

On Thursday evening, March 12th at the regular evening services now being conducted in the chapel, the chaplain spoke on "The cause of wayward and hypocritical Christians" dwelling at length on the necessity of being a practical member of the church or making it known why the laxity. During Lent sermons are delivered on various evenings while on the other evenings Devotions are held in honor of the coming commemoration of Christ's death and Resurrection.

Special services in honor of Saint Patrick were conducted in the chapel on Tuesday 17th. "Who has the right to wear the Shamrock" was the subject spoken on in the evening.

The "Heasley Studio" is being graced with a fine flag pole from which Old Glory is unfurled daily. This is the kind of patriotism we love to witness and we hope others will follow the noble example set by Mr. Heasley and his partner, Mr. M. Smith.

"A little child shall lead them" sung by Miss Delphilia Brockway in the chapel each evening is bringing many wondering souls to think seriously as only such song sung by a child can do.

The lawn-mower and garden hose have made their appearance, thus another indication of Spring. Mr. Peter Duffy is preparing to have a still more beautiful flower garden than in past years.

For an Easter Souvenir why not send your friends copies of the Ft. Stanton Souvenir books, on sale at the Vanzant Store at moderate prices.

An up-to-date hot house is just completed on the east end of Rest Ave. This with other improvements such as the B. & A. R. R. extension of No. 4 laws, etc make quite an improvement in that part of the Post.

The motor for the moving picture machine has arrived and is being placed by Mr. C. U. Babbs. This makes the local equipment the best in the southwest.

Extracts from Chaplain Frund's sermon on St. Patrick Day in the chapel at Ft. Stanton Tuesday, March 17th:

"This is a day of rejoicing in all Christendom, for who deserves more honor and glory next to Christ Himself than those who followed the closest in His footsteps? Many there are who today have done little if anything to honor St. Patrick and why? be-

cause their hearts and minds filled with the impure the vulgar, which with ignorance places them on a level with the beasts of earth while on the other hand praises have gone up from thousands of good Christian hearts thanking the God of All for giving to the world such an example of true Christian patriotism as found in the life in this great Saint of Ireland. Let us meditate on the words of a great man who says "All men respect a good man; all men admire a great man." St. Patrick was both. Fifteen centuries separate us from the time of his work in Ireland, yet no life is more generally known and certainly no man of that period stands out today with the vivid personality of St. Patrick. He has not faded into a half-mythical personage as have so many of his contemporaries.

Wherever the Irishman abides today, whether on his native sod of old Erin, or in our great Republic, or beneath the stars of the Southern Cross in faroff Australia, he pauses to think of the apostolic man who called his fathers to the knowledge of God and of His Christ, and to bless his name.

He pauses to think of the story of Ireland's greatness in faith and in scholarship; to pray that Heaven's blessings may descend on the old race and that the desire of the Irish people for self-government may be realized.

Though there is much sorrow in the history of the Green Isle, there is also much more to be proud of. Even in its pagan days there is a record worthy of our admiration. Its ancient literature is splendid, and the present day Gaelic revival is bringing that literature to the attention and admiration of scholars.

As a Christian people the tie that binds the Irish of today with their national apostle has never been broken. The race has never proved unfaithful to the Gospel preached by St. Patrick. From the sixth to the tenth centuries the Irish schools taught by monks and nuns, were celebrated far and wide as centers of learning and sanctity, and earned for Ireland its proud title, "Insula Sanctorum et Doctorum." From the monastic system of those ages sprang the missionaries who journeyed far and wide in the continent, and in Britain, preaching the doctrine of Christ, and establishing schools out of which grew universities.

From this glorious history of the past has sprung that love of motherland and liberty second only, in the Irish heart, to love of God and His Church. The loyalty given by Irishman to the old land has been given no less freely to this land of their adoption, as the records of the Revolutionary War, the war of 1812 and the Civil War show.

Today the Irish pledge anew their loyalty to the faith of their great Apostle. His name is a name to conjure with; he is a man amongst men—a man of whom his spiritual children may well be proud.

Let the Irish of Ft. Stanton therefore never forget the renewal of the pledge you made today. No matter who, where or what the occasion may be, always remember the true, honest Irishman is found faithful to God, Church and Country. He that is not faithful to his Faith is not a good citizen, and more he is a dishonest and dangerous man."

Jicarilla

"Bonito," the French-Italian, left for Albuquerque the first of last week.

Andrew McBryayer is sojourning in White Oaks for a while, visiting his sister Mrs. Myler.

T. W. Stoneroad will resume the job of breaking ground for Carabajal this week, his work was interrupted by the blizzard last week.

Cattle drifted considerably in last week's storm, making it necessary to do some extra riding.

A. H. Norton, has his hot beds in "running" order, and ready to plant as soon as they become sufficiently hot.

Gophers are playing havoc in the orchards now by cutting three and four year trees off at the surface. Experiments are being tried with Gopher-go, an exterminator especially recommended by the Agricultural Department.

There was a dance given by Mr. and Mrs. Fambrough at their ranch Saturday evening, to which, many were bid from this place.

St. Patrick's Day is the right time to plant your sweet peas, on other time is so propitious to their success provided, you can work the ground.

E. E. Wilson made a trip to the Patos country last Friday, to bring back some of his run-away cattle.

Colds or grip is prevailing in this settlement, everyone is feeling the sudden changes of the weather.

We owe "all sorts" of apologies to the barbaric treatment to aliens by Villa, since in our model America we let such conduct as the following become common occurrences among the "boys in blue." "Michigan soldiers are chivalrous protectors of the lives and property of the people. At Hancock, the wives of the strikers told how national guardsmen, sheriffs and private guards of the copper magnates kicked and cuffed them to make them testify falsely against the strikers. One woman was kicked in the ribs and beaten by deputy sheriffs—others were thrown in jail and terrorized. Another woman was hit with a gun by a soldier, and two others fired shots into the house. All the semi-savages are not in Mexico, your pardon General Villa."—Exchange.

White Oaks

Messrs. Wayne Van Schoyck, James Lee and Les Harmon made a business trip to Roswell last week. Needed repairs to the car gave them plenty of time for sight seeing. They returned Sunday.

Miss Callie Thompson went to Corona Saturday, returning Sunday.

A number of our young people attended the play at Carrizozo Friday night.

Lawrence Queen gave a picnic dinner to his boy friends Sunday, it being his ninth birthday. Those present were James and Nonnie Littell, Edward Lane, Max Taylor, Alton and Melvin Lee, Orville Palmer.

Miss Merle Koch, of Tucumcari came in Wednesday for a visit with friends, while here she is the guest of Miss Bertha Mayer. The little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Lee has been quite ill for the past few days.

Arrangements are all made for

the mask ball to be given at the Women's Club room next Saturday night. A good time is assured.

Mr. Smithson was here Monday night and entertained a good crowd. He now makes White Oaks once a month and his pictures are always good.

Mrs. W. T. Swoyer and children arrived Monday. Mr. Swoyer who has been here for several days is in charge of part of the work at the "Yellow Jacket" mine and contemplates locating here. We welcome them to the camp.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Spence were Carrizozo visitors Sunday.

A. H. Norton, of Jicarilla, was a business visitor in town Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lin Branum passed through town Tuesday on their way from Carrizozo to their ranch in Coyote canyon.

White Mountain

Messrs. Norman Riggs and Sam Hall, with Miss Hall, returned from Carrizozo Friday night by automobile.

Mr. Harris has been temporarily in charge of our post office in the absence of Miss Hall at Carrizozo.

All the young folks from here attended a dance at Three Rivers Saturday night. The "baile" was most successful having a larger attendance than any other this winter.

Mr. J. O. Nabours, Jr., with his bride, formerly Miss Dorothy Brown of El Paso arrived here last week.

Ed. Ball visited here this week, stopping over night at the Nabours ranch.

Weather here continues seasonable and range grass is showing considerable activity.

Facing \$100,000 Suit

MANY of our readers are acquainted with one of the principals with which this article deals and some of them have heard something concerning the arrest of Mr. E. G. Raffety, of Oscura, when he visited Chicago recently. For the benefit of those not acquainted with the matter we wish to present a slight introduction and the clipping that follows, from a Chicago paper, and the court's verdict will make the situation clear.

Mr. Raffety came to Oscura some seven years ago, built a pleasant home, spent much time and money in developing that section and was instrumental in locating many eastern people and also succeeded in inducing some to invest. Among the investors was a Mr. Beatty, of Chicago, and the proposition looked so good to him that he put up his money willingly, as is shown later. The investor, however, it would appear, became discouraged and endeavored to show that he had been flimflammed. He had Mr. Raffety arrested on the charge of fraud, and results of the trial on that charge are given below. Since the discharge of Mr. Raffety by the court, suit has been entered by Mr. Raffety against Beatty for the sum of \$100,000 for imprisonment and defamation of character. Mr. Raffety is quite well known in this section as a man who has been untiring in his efforts to build up his town and community; many sympathize with him in his difficulties and express the belief, yea even hope, that he succeeds in separating the Chicago man from some of

MISS LOLA HIGHFILL WINS THE PIANO

THE News Piano Contest, as announced previously, came to a close at 1 o'clock Wednesday afternoon, and in the final count Miss Lola Highfill won over her nearest competitor, Miss Alma Roberts, by 47,425 votes. Little activity was developed until just prior to the final count, when many of the leading contestants got busy and the votes and bonuses presented during the final hours almost filled the ballot box.

In addition to the Piano, which was offered by the Publisher's Music Co., of Chicago, and which is a very beautiful instrument, there are eight other prizes offered by our local merchants, ranging in value from \$5.00 to \$35.00. Of these eight prizes the candidate receiving the next highest number of votes to the winner of the capital prize will have her choice, and so on down the line. The eight prizes, the merchants giving them and their value are:

Kelley & Sons, Dressing Table,	\$35.00
Ziegler Bros., Ladies Tailored Suit,	20.00
Rolland Bros., Silver Toilet Set,	15.00
Carrizozo Trading Co., To be selected,	15.00
N. B. Taylor & Sons, Chafing Dish,	10.00
John E. Bell, To be selected,	5.00
Groom's Meat Market, To be selected,	5.00
G. A. Williams, Silver Set,	5.00

The successful candidates, their standing in previous counts and the totals are herewith given:

No.	NAME	PREVIOUS COUNTS	TOTAL
1.	MISS LOLA HIGHFILL	167,600	298,425
2.	" ALMA ROBERTS	133,400	251,000
3.	" KITTY TINNON	111,475	133,950
4.	" PATSY JOHNSON	77,375	79,850
5.	" GLADYS WILSON	44,150	64,350
6.	" BESSIE WHITE	38,150	47,650
7.	" JOHNNIE SPILLER	17,600	17,600
8.	" OPAL MORSE	8,975	9,325
9.	" IONA STEVENS	6,250	7,175

Now, that the contest is over, we desire to thank the merchants for their generous offer of prizes and for the support they gave the contest; also the contestants in their efforts to win the capital prize, the result of which has added a large number of subscriptions to our list and has thus given us a wider field of endeavor; and particularly to the Publisher's Music Co., of Chicago, in its offer of the beautiful piano around which the fight for votes centered. We take pleasure in saying that we found the Publisher's Music Co. to be a thoroughly reliable concern, faithful in its every promise, and its representatives, many of whom we met during the contest, to be pleasant gentlemen, conscientious in the discharge of their obligations to the company they represented, and fair alike to the publisher of the News and the candidates in this contest.

Naturally, each candidate had friends who desired to see their favorite win, and our only regret is that of the number who strove for the greater reward only one could win, but the poignancy of regret is softened by the fact that all the leading candidates will receive prizes, all of which are valuable and, in some measure, a recompense for the effort put forth.

his coin. With this introduction, be arrested. Judge Hill declared to which we believe our fellow Beatty's letters flatly contradicted his testimony. — Tribune.

The COURT: Now, gentlemen, I am going to dispose of this case without any argument whatever. I have listened to the testimony for five afternoons, and I know what I am going to do, and you could argue for five days more and you would not change my mind.

This prosecution is based upon Section 98, Chapter 38:

Now, this preliminary examination is based upon the complaint that is filed, in which the prosecuting witness, Mr. Beatty, alleges that the defendant—

THE COURT: Well, Mr. Beatty is really the party in interest in this suit. In which it is alleged that Mr. Raffety, the defendant in this suit obtained a sum of money from him by means of the confidence game. To say the least, the testimony that has been adduced here in the last five afternoons, has been cumulative and very contradictory. The representations that are alleged to have been made by this defendant are: first that he had a flowing well upon this orchard patch of which he was disposing of a half interest to Mr. Beatty; and secondly, that the Association had obtained a tract of land of 5280 acres.

These are practically all the reasons for the purpose of luring Raffety to Chicago so he could

HELPING THE DOOR TO KEEP WARM



PHILADELPHIA The saying that the poor are always with us was just as true in the revolutionary days as it is now. Even then funds were laid aside that few might suffer from the winter blasts. The foundation laid by the originators of the plan has been added to by numerous legacies and donations until now the numerous coal funds amount to a half million dollars. So far as is known, the last of these funds was established a quarter of a century ago. The principal will never be touched, and the interest will insure the distribution of hundreds of tons of coal annually for all time to come.

By these funds people of all sections and creeds are benefited. Some of the trust funds have restrictions but those limitations are overbalanced by the liberality of others. Practically all of the poverty stricken can have coal to tide them over the winter a severe spell. There is little necessity for any to freeze for besides the endowment funds there are numerous coal and fuel funds, and most of the ward and neighborhood charitable associations have methods and means of supplying coal to the needy of their immediate vicinities.

One can only begin to guess the tremendous amount of good that has been accomplished in the countless homes that have been heated, no one can surmise how many lives have been saved during the period extending from 25 to 145 years, for which the funds have been in existence.

Coal was not even known when the men and women of colonial times started the modest charities which have grown to half a million dollars today. These early foundations were known as fuel funds.

Immense Trust Fund.

The fuel funds that have been entrusted to the board of city trusts alone from 1869 to 1893 have a total value of \$322,079.20. Of this sum, one fund, left by Thomas D. Grover, amounting to \$180,000, diverts \$600 annually to other purposes. Nevertheless, the interest permits the annual distribution of about 850 tons of coal. This coal is given to widows only and, by the provisions of the fund created in 1848, the deaths of their husbands must have occurred in the old district of Southwark. Furthermore, no foreigners can benefit from this particular fund, and the recipients must be housekeepers or roomkeepers.

The total amount of fuel distributed by the board of city trusts in 1910 amounted to 1,428 1/2 tons, at a cost of \$8,697.21. All of this coal was given free to the needy, with the exception of 100 tons provided by the Elias Boudinet fund, for which the recipients were required to pay \$2 per ton.

The first of the fuel funds was established in 1769 by James Clapotee, and has a present total capital of \$1,000. The next—the George Emifon fund, with a valuation of \$7,811.18—was created in 1776. Neither of these funds specifically state that they must be used for fuel, but the income has been devoted to that purpose. Together they afford the annual distribution of forty-three tons. The City Fuel fund was established from 1793 to 1809. This is a consolidation of five funds in existence at that time. They are known as the Free Masons' fund, Mr. Hickett's donation, the mayor's court fund, Elizabeth Keenpatrick's legacy and John Bleakley's legacy. The City fund permits the distribution of coal in the old city of Philadelphia alone, and about thirty-one tons are distributed every year.

The J. W. and I. W. Morris fund, established in 1806, is more liberal in its provisions; it looks out for the poor in the old city and in the district of Southwark and the townships of northern Liberties.

Stephen Girard, in addition to his many other philanthropies, did not neglect the bin of the poor. He set aside a fund of \$10,000, with the provision that the "income was to purchase fuel between the months of March and August in every year forever, and in the month of January in every year forever distribute the same amongst poor white housekeepers and roomkeepers, of good character, residing in the (old) city of Philadelphia." Some fifty-seven families living in these limits benefit from this fund.

The residents of the Northern Liberties district receive 4 1/2 tons from the James Dutton fund, created in 1833. The Esther Waters fund, created in 1883, does not specify any special restrictions, except that the beneficiaries must be found upon special inquiry to be most deserving of such aid." The coal distributed from this fund amounts to 73 1/2 tons.

Another large fund, known as the Paul Beck fund, which gives away 8 1/2 tons of a winter, is confined to the old city limits, and specifies that it shall be given to the "outdoor" poor. This fund was established in 1844.

Three years later the Spring Garden Fuel fund was established, providing for warm homes for the needy residing in the Spring Garden district east of Broad street. This has an invested capital of \$3,200, and permits the distribution of some 16 1/2 tons of coal.

Frederick A. Shonff was the first to create an additional fund after the war. This was in 1874. It permits of an annual distribution of about 24 tons of coal.

A fund of \$10,000 was left to the poor of the city "without respect to color or creed" in the will of Mary Shields, probated in 1880. For the last twenty-three years some 43 1/2 tons have been distributed annually from the Shields legacy. The Shoybert fund, of like value, created in 1883, allowed the distribution of 0 1/2 tons during 1912. The incomes from the two legacies are not equal.

Many Distribution Methods.

The board of city trusts has many methods for the distribution of coal under its care. All of the families benefited are carefully investigated. The funds are managed in such a way that there is always a large cash balance for a stormy day, or for any other emergency that warrants its use. The year 1912, for which the last official report is made, was not especially severe, nor were the times bad, so that the cash balance that was set aside from the numerous incomes amounted to about \$15,000.

In addition to these free funds, there are a great number of others that permit the selling of coal at half rate to deserving persons in humble circumstances. The best known of these is the Harto Grandom Coal fund, commonly known as the "Widow's Coal." This fund, which amounts to more than \$100,000, provides for the distribution of coal to widows at half price. The fund has been incorporated since 1840, and a specific clause among its provisions states that the income is not to be used for anything else. About 5,000 tons of coal are supplied to poor women annually. The fund is managed by a board of directors, composed of prominent men. Each one has a district, and he has charge of the distribution in that particular section.

Edwin G. Dixon, who is the chairman of the board, said that all of the cases are thoroughly examined and efforts are made to help the worthy, and particularly those who, struggling for a living, are trying to help themselves. Frequently the directors receive complaints from charitable associations because they have furnished

coal to certain women, with the report that these women go out scrubbing every day and by their careful thrift are able to make ends meet. Mr. Dixon says it is this very type of woman the Grandom fund tries to help. The fund is overrun with applicants every year, and has all it can do to handle the cases under its care at present.

Besides the free and half-rate coal systems, many methods have been devised to assist the poor to get their winter's supply. Savings fund and other plans which permit them to pay for it on installments have been in existence for nearly a century. Probably the oldest and most important of these is the Fuel Savings Society of the City and Liberties of Philadelphia, established in 1821. Its object is to teach the industrious poor the benefit they may derive from saving small amounts from their earnings during the spring, summer and autumn, and so provide themselves with fuel for the winter. Deposits not exceeding one dollar at a time are received, and coal is delivered to the depositors during the winter for the amount of their credit. The income of the society is applied to a reduction of the price of coal, and in that way assists the poor.

Mothers Get Supply of Coal.

This method of encouraging the poor to prepare for the stormy weather is practiced in many of the charitable societies, and neighborhood houses, especially those managed by friends. The Bedford Street mission, where Comly B. Shoemaker is president of the managers, not only helps the people of the neighborhood, mostly foreigners, to save, but also distributes the coal. It is not an unusual sight to see a long line of women leaving the Neighborhood house, on Kater street above Sixth, with buckets and bags of coal.

Many carry the coal, in their old-country style, on their heads. Twenty-three pounds are given to a bucket. In cases of destitution the coal is given free. During the course of a season about 25,000 buckets are sold at the mission and more than 1,000 buckets are given free, in addition to the coal supplied in half-ton lots.

The mission sells coal in ten and half-ton lots at cost to the depositors in its savings fund. Miss Mary Boyd, who for years has acted as missionary for the society, visits the homes and receives the money for the coal during the warmer seasons. Not more than a dollar is received at a time, or less than a nickel. Miss Boyd investigates every case.

Another worthy coal saving plan is that of the Whittier Center, which has for its object the assisting of poor negro families. It was formerly managed by the Starr Center, 725 Lombard street, but last year was turned over to the Whittier Center. Many prominent young women entered into this work, and during the sweltering days in summer can be found going from door to door in the side streets of the negro section encouraging the inhabitants to save for the next winter's coal and be prepared for the blizzards and frosts. Coal clubs have been formed, and the members meet at the center, bring their savings and have entertainments and socials.

Besides supplying coal at half rates, the Union Benevolent association of 716 Spruce street loans stoves to those in need of them. A few years ago, when stoves were more generally used, about 500 stoves were distributed every season, but now there is a demand for only about seventy stoves.

Many other organizations, including the Home Missionary society and the Matzo and Fuel association, a Jewish society, have means of assisting those in distress to get coal.

Where Ceilings Count.

The landlord was very seriously disturbed by the final clause which the prospective tenant insisted upon writing into his lease.

"Decorate the ceiling every six months," he exclaimed. "Ridiculous, I never had such a request from any other tenant, and many of them have been unreasonable enough to heaven know."

"May be none of them was a barber," said the tenant. "I am. The ceilings of ordinary trades people don't count for much, because nobody is going to spend much time staring at them. With a barber it is different."

"The average man spends a good deal of time every year looking up at some barber's ceiling, and the least the barber can do to make it tolerable for him is to give him something interesting to look at."

"I have known men to change barbers just because they got tired of staring at the same old ceiling. May be you have changed as that account yourself before now."

The landlord consented to the unusual clause.

Trousel Out of Service.

When, last March, Burgomaster Troemel of Usedom went to Algora and enlisted in the Second Foreign Legion, Germany made an international incident of it.

Like many similar cases, there was a great deal of bluster, but nothing more. The controversy ended when the newly-enlisted private published a declaration that he had nothing to complain of.

The enlistment was for five years. But Troemel has just been discharged for disability—deafness—after having been for some time in the Oran hospital.

That Germany's fear for his safety was groundless is shown by a new statement, that he regrets that he has been discharged before his term was ended.

DIZZY, HEADACHY, SICK, "CASCARETS"

Gently cleanse your liver and sluggish bowels while you sleep.

Get a 10-cent box. Sick headache, biliousness, dizziness, coated tongue, foul taste and foul breath—always trace them to torpid liver; delayed, fermenting food in the bowels; or, sour, gassy stomach.

Poisonous matter clogged in the intestines, instead of being cast out of the system is re-absorbed into the blood. When this poison reaches the delicate brain tissue it causes congestion and that dull, throbbing, sickening headache.

Cascarets immediately cleanse the stomach, remove the sour, undigested food and foul gases, take the excess bile from the liver and carry out all the constipated waste matter and poisons in the bowels.

A Cascaret to-night will surely straighten you out by morning. They work while you sleep—a 10-cent box from your druggist means your head clear, stomach sweet and your liver and bowels regular for months. *Adv.

Many a man's popularity begins and ends with himself.

Putnam Fadeless Dyes color more goods than others. Adv.

A girl can't throw a stone, but that is no reason why she shouldn't have an aim in life.

Ten smiles for a nickel. Always buy Red Cross Bag Blue; have beautiful clear white-clothes. Adv.

Astrology.

Sonny—Pa, what is a comet?
Father—A comet is an Atlantized star; that is, it consists mostly of gas.

Only One "BROMO QUININE"

To get the genuine, call for full name, LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for signature of E. W. GROVE. Cures a Cold in One Day. 25c.

Information Wanted.

Bill—This paper says the University of Wisconsin, Madison, now gives a theoretical course in football.
Jill—What I want to know is, can a fellow lose an ear or a nose theoretically?

A Bungler.

Miss Jagers (angling for a compliment)—They say plain girls are always religious. Now, I'm not at all religious.
Mr. Fortnit (gallantly)—Yes, but there are exceptions to all rules, you know.—Puck.

Cold Cured by Cold.

"Without having gone anywhere near either pole," writes a correspondent of the London Chronicle, "I have had my experience of the fact that intense cold outside stops the cold in the head. We were six men, essaying to ascend on the Grand Combin, in the Alps (over 14,000 feet). From our first attempt we were driven back by a thunderstorm and a stay of some hours to dry in the hut with the stove going woke up all the microbes. When we returned to the hut next day from the valley, there were at least four severe colds among us, with sneezing and sore throats. On the third morning we traversed our peak slowly cutting snow and ice steps in weather memorably bitter even for that height. On the other side it suddenly occurred to me that I had no 'cold' left, and the others made the same discovery."

DYE EASILY MADE AT HOME

One of the Best of Preparations That Can Not Hurt the Most Delicate Fabric.

A cheap and good dye is made with gasoline and tube paints. It will not hurt the most delicate fabric. One may secure any shade of color simply by adding more or less paint to the gasoline. For plumes, fine laces, etc., take one quart of gasoline, and one tube of paint the desired color. Put in only a little of the paint at first and mix thoroughly. If the color is too light, add paint until the right shade is secured. If too deep add gasoline. Test it by dipping in a piece of cloth. Carefully place lace on a piece of muslin to dry. As it begins to dry take needles and hold the lace in place, stretching it evenly while damp. If you discover a light spot apply more color to that particular spot.

Garments that would be ruined with old-fashioned dyes can be made to look like new with this process. When coloring plumes, hold them by the stems and keep them moving in the dye until they are thoroughly and evenly colored, then shake them in the air until the gasoline dries and the feather becomes fluffy again. Be careful not to use the gasoline near a fire or exposed light.

White or cream-colored ribbons or flowers that seem hopelessly discolored can be given a beautiful shrimp pink by dipping in water into which red ink has been dropped, the amount of the latter being governed by the depth of the color wished. Ordinary liquid wash bluing used in the same way will tint feathers, wings, etc., a pretty pale blue.

WOMAN WOULD NOT GIVE UP

Though Sick and Suffering; At Last Found Help in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Richmond, Pa.—"When I started taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was in a dreadfully run-down state of health, had internal troubles, and was so extremely nervous and prostrated that if I had given in to my feelings I would have been in bed. As it was I had hardly strength at times to be on my feet and what I did do was by a great effort. I could not sleep at night and of course felt very bad in the morning, and had a steady headache.

"After taking the second bottle I noticed that the headache was not so bad, I rested better, and my nerves were stronger. I continued its use until it made a new woman of me, and now I can hardly realize that I am able to do so much as I do. Whenever I know any woman in need of a good medicine I highly praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. FRANK CLARK, 3146 N. Tulip St., Richmond, Pa.

Women Have Been Telling Women for forty years how Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has restored their health when suffering with female ills. This accounts for the enormous demand for it from coast to coast. If you are troubled with any ailment peculiar to women why don't you try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound? It will pay you to do so. Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

Light Talker.

"What sort of conversationalist is Whipple?"

"He ought to preface every one of his remarks with 'Appropos of nothing in particular.'"

HOUSEHOLD QUESTIONS

Steel articles should be dusted daily, and once a week polished alternately with fine emery paper and emery powder mixed with oil or paraffin.

A matter of vital consideration in a successful home is the color of the rooms. It should be simple and restful always, because home is a place of refuge.

If you are afraid of draughts, have screens covered with coarse muslin to fit into your windows just like ordinary fly screens and use them at night.

Those who cannot eat pastry, yet require a nice baked apple pie, should prepare some apples in the usual way for stewing, and put into a pie-dish with sugar to taste and the strained juice of a lemon. Then cover with fine, stale breadcrumbs, pour a little warm milk over them and bake until the apple is soft and the top nicely browned.

If convenient the waffle batter may be made the evening before it is used. The cakes will be lighter and any batter which is cooked fast, such as griddle cake or fritter, is more easily digested if made long enough ahead to allow the starch grains in the flour to swell so that they will burst when heat is applied.

Lemon Crullers.

Sift one quart of flour with one teaspoon of baking powder. Cream together one cup of sugar and one tablespoon of lard, add one-half cup of milk adding juice of one lemon and one-half teaspoon cinnamon (ground). Beat one egg until light and fluffy, stir into the flour and mix to a stiff paste, roll thin and cut into strips six inches long and one-half inch wide. Drop into deep hot fat and fry a golden brown, turn and lift with a knife. Lay crullers on brown paper and sprinkle with sugar. Will keep indefinitely and will taste quite fresh if placed in the oven a few minutes before serving.

Quick Loaf Cake.

One cup butter, two cups sugar, one and one-half cups milk, one cup cooked potato yeast, a teaspoon nutmeg, two eggs, three cups bread flour, two teaspoons baking powder. Cream the butter, add the sugar gradually, then the well beaten eggs and yeast. Sift the flour, nutmeg and baking powder together and add to cake mixture alternately with the milk. One cup of scoured raisins and one-half cup citron cut fine may be added, if desired. Bake in loaves one hour. This makes two loaves.

To Serve Cranberries.

Instead of the usual cranberry sauce, why not arrange it in this manner?

Take halves of apples and cook in a strip of boiling sugar and water until they are soft. The strip holds them in perfect form, while in water, alone they would boil together.

Place these cooked halves in sherbet cups or sundae glasses, and round this place the cranberry sauce. This looks beautiful on the table, and is delicious.

Kisses.

Beat the white of an egg to a stiff froth, add 13 teaspoons granulated sugar and a few drops of vanilla (I do not like to put very much vanilla into anything I give my baby) and beat all together; drop by small teaspoons on plain white paper (not buttered) placed on inverted baking tins, and slightly brown in a moderate oven. If the heat of the oven is right they ought to puff up light. We all like them very much.—Joybell.

Raspberry Jam Sandwiches.

Slice bread into fingers or triangles and spread lightly with butter and raspberry jam. Sprinkle with chopped walnuts or pistache nuts and put together.

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In the care of baby's skin and hair, Cuticura Soap is the mother's favorite. Not only is it unrivaled in purity and refreshing fragrance, but its gentle emollient properties are usually sufficient to allay minor irritations, remove redness, roughness and chafing, soothe sensitive conditions, and promote skin and hair health generally. Assisted by Cuticura Ointment, it is most valuable in the treatment of eczemas, rashes and itching, burning infantile eruptions. Cuticura Soap veers to a wafer, often outlasting several cakes of ordinary soap and making its use most economical.

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LOCAL & PERSONAL

W. A. Connor came down from Ancho today.

H. S. Hanner was down from White Oaks Saturday to Monday.

Miss Callie Thompson has been appointed postmaster at Corona.

F. M. Deel, the Ancho general merchant, was down a day or two this week.

Dancing class every Wednesday night at bank hall.—Mrs. J. H. Cody.

Mr. and Mrs. Len Brannum motored down Monday from their Coyote Canyon ranch.

Dr. J. H. Cody is prepared to test your eyes and fit glasses for the same. Capitan, N. M.

Mr. and Mrs. O. P. Humphrey and son, Perry, were here Wednesday from their Little Creek home.

Will Smith, formerly of White Oaks but now living at Douglas, Arizona, spent a part of this week here and at White Oaks.

If you want salt fish, fresh fish, fresh oysters or anything else kept in a first class meat market we have it.—Groom's.

Seaborn T. Gray was here the early part of the week from Capitan. He is about recovered from his recent serious illness.

Charles A. Spess, a prominent attorney of Las Vegas, spent a day here this week, looking after the interests of his clients.

Steel King Wagons, Strong, Durable, Made to carry weight. Sold by C. D. Mayer, White Oaks, N. M.

A very unpleasant storm struck this section Wednesday night. For a few hours the wind blew a gale and ice was in its every breath.

\$45.00 will buy 1 1/2 H. P. Galway Gas Engine and pump jack, in good repair. See W. W. Stadtman. 3 131

William E. and Phillip H. Blanchard were here Wednesday and Thursday from their ranch on the Macho. A very report range conditions excellent and stock in good condition in their section.

Emil Fritz, an old time and honored citizen of the county, was in one day this week from the Fritz-Lutz sheep camp west of the mal pais.

Hon. A. H. Hudspeth, U. S. Marshal, has been here the present week, looking after some governmental affairs. He left today for the Sacramento mountains of Otero county.

T. J. Guilfoil, assistant traveling auditor, was here from Monday to Wednesday of this week. Mr. Guilfoil made an audit of the county books in December and was here at this time reporting the results of his findings to the proper authorities.

Card of Thanks

I wish to tender my sincere thanks to the many friends for their aid in THE NEWS Piano Contest, which has just closed, in which I was awarded the piano; and also to THE NEWS and the Publisher's Music Co., for their generosity in offering the piano and for the fair dealing and just treatment accorded me. I am highly elated over my success, appreciate most fully the value of the instrument and again tender my sincere thanks to friends who made it possible for me to win it. LOLA HIGHFILL.

Pittman-Highfill

A QUIET wedding occurred here Sunday afternoon at the county clerk's office, the contracting parties being Walter C. Pittman and Miss Lena Highfill, Justice Massie performing the ceremony. Only a few intimate friends of the couple were present. The groom is a well known railroad man and the bride is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Highfill. To the newly wedded pair THE NEWS extends best wishes.

Auto-Motorcycle Collision

SATURDAY, about 5 o'clock in the evening, an automobile and motorcycle collided which had serious results. The car was driven by S. L. Northlane and on the motorcycle were Maurice Edmiston and Emil Anderson. The car was coming from the east along El Paso avenue and the motorcycle was going up 4th street, toward the depot. At the old postoffice corner each driver discovered the other and both turned to avoid a collision, but failed, and the car ran over the motorcycle with its two riders. The two riders were pinned beneath the car, and when extricated from their perilous position by willing hands it was feared both had been fatally injured. However, upon further examination, it was found that Maurice Edmiston sustained a broken leg and was otherwise battered and bruised, and Emil Anderson received serious cuts about the face and was bruised about the back quite painfully. Edmiston was taken to Dr. Paden's hospital, given immediate attention and was conveyed to the company hospital in El Paso, accompanied by his mother and Dr. Paden. Anderson had his wounds dressed and has sufficiently recovered so that he is able to be out. It was a very serious accident, as it was, but could, and would, have been much more serious had either or both of the machines been going at a rapid rate.

The Forty Year Test

An article must have exceptional merit to survive for a period of forty years. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy was first offered to the public in 1872. From a small beginning it has grown in favor and popularity until it has attained a world wide reputation. You will find nothing better for a cough or cold. Try it and you will understand why it is a favorite after a period of more than forty years. It not only gives relief—it cures. For sale by all dealers.

Minstrel Decided Success

THE minstrel given last Friday night by the pupils of the eighth grade and high school was a decided success. The main hall of the school building was packed and jammed with local and out of town people and the applause accorded the performance attested the esteem in which the audience regarded the effort. The Indian maids acquitted themselves creditably, their songs, recitations and choruses being well received. The black and tan minstrels were howlingly greeted and the performance evidenced the training that the promoters had given it. The receipts were a little above \$80.00, which made a very respectable payment on the school piano.

Grand Jury Report; March 1914 Term

To the Honorable Edward L. Medler, Judge of the Third Judicial District, In and for Lincoln County, New Mexico.

Honorable Sir:— We, your Grand Jury, have the honor to submit this, our final report:

We have been in session eleven days, have held two night sessions, and during this time have investigated sixty-nine (69) cases, examined ninety-eight (98) witnesses, returned forty-six (46) true bills, two (2) informations, and twelve (12) no true bills.

Through committees appointed by us, we have made examinations of the various county offices, jail, court-house, and the general condition of the county property in Carrizozo, and the special reports of these committees are hereto attached; we emphasize some of the things made mention of the jail and building committee, which is attached hereto, viz: We recommend the appointment of a janitor, for the care of the county property, at once, and wish to

HOUSES FOR RENT

W. W. STADTMAN.

call particular attention to the report of the building committee, on matters pertaining to the county buildings.

We wish to call the attention of the board of county commissioners, to the condition of county property in the town of Lincoln, which we are reliably informed, is in a bad state of repair, we feel that with the expenditure of a small amount of money, this property could be put in repair, either for renting or sale.

We note a number of irregularities in the procedure of the various Justices of the Peace courts, within this county, a case being brought to our attention, wherein the Justice of the Peace in Precinct Number Eight, in assessing a fine for a misdemeanor in the sum of fifty-five dollars, allowed the defendant to go free without bond, and gave him until May first to pay the amount of the fine.

We are informed that this is irregular, and call the attention of the Court to this fact.

In another instance the Justice of the Peace of Precinct No. 15, failed to send in any papers to the Grand Jury, although he had bound over a man to await the action of said jury.

Our attention is called to a boy named Charles Gist, 17 years of age who is confined in the County Jail; we understand that he was sentenced to four months in the County Jail for stealing a Rifle of the value of \$5.00; we consider the sentence excessive and as the boy has been in Jail for three months, we recommend his immediate release and request that a copy of this recommendation be forwarded to Gov. W. C. McAdams.

We also recommend that some action in the case of an old man by the name of Whitaker, who is now confined in the County Jail, for Vagrancy. The man is old and unable to take care of himself and we believe that he can be placed in some of the many soldiers' homes in the South, as he is a Confederate Veteran.

We are pleased to report to the court that we have not found a single indictment for horse or cattle stealing; this fact we consider unusual.

We wish to express our thanks to the Court, the District Attorney and the Officials of the Court for the courtesies extended to your Grand Jury in the discharge of its duties.

There being no further business before us, we respectfully ask the Court to discharge us.

JAMES O. NABOURS, FOREMAN.

We have delayed today's issue in order to get the report of the grand jury, but as it's report was not presented until a late hour and as the special reports were so exhaustive, we are unable to do more than produce the body of the report and give a synopsis of the special reports.

The special report on court house, jail and grounds was, perhaps, the most scathing arraignment of conditions and, of course, the authorities in control of any thing in the history of the county. This was especially true with reference to the jail. A number of recommendations were made with reference to buildings and grounds and the court announced its approval of the recommendations and its intention to see that they were followed.

Another special report recited that members of the grand jury had been approached by two different persons, naming the individuals, asserting that improper proposals were made concerning the disposition of cases before the grand jury. The court instructed the district attorney to prepare citations and have them show cause why they were not in contempt of court.

Court will take a recess today; Judge Medler goes to Estancia tonight on some Torrance county matter, and expects to return Tuesday and reopen court here. A number of minor cases have been disposed of the past week, and the big grind will begin when court reconvenes.

Notice for Publication

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, U. S. Land Office at Howell, N. M.

Notice is hereby given that Benitacio Bamora, of Capitan, N. M., who on Dec. 15, 1903, made ID. E. Serial No. 13772, for Lots 2-3 and 4, Sec. 3, Twp. 9-S., Range 12, N. H. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make five year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Clement Hightower, U. S. Commissioner, in his office, at Capitan, New Mexico, on April 26, 1914. Claimant names as witnesses: Joseph W. Swan, Robert Swan, Henry Bliva, Sabino Guerra all of Capitan, N. M. T. C. TILLOTSON, Register.

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Capitan - New Mexico

Facing \$100,000 Suit
(Continued from Page 1)

presentations that are alleged to have been made, and which are alleged to have been fraudulent. Now there is a wide difference of opinion among witnesses that have testified here in this case. Some state positively and distinctly that Mr. Rafferty said that there was a flowing well upon this tract of ground; and that the Association had acquired the possession of 5280 acres. Other witnesses, equally credible, and practically of equal number, have testified that there was no such thing said in their presence. It merely summed down to what was stated to Mr. Beatty by Mr. Rafferty, the defendant in this case.

There are certain other evidences, however, which are in the form of letters, contracts and exhibits, that the Court has to take into consideration in determining what was the real transaction between these parties. And the correspondence flatly contradicts the testimony of Mr. Beatty, the prosecuting witness in this case, flatly contradicts it. I have in my mind a very serious doubt, in the first place, as to whether there was any intention on the part of this defendant to make a misrepresentation. However, I will say this that I know that land agents become very enthusiastic in selling and disposing of their land. But I have a very serious doubt in my mind as to whether there was any intention on the part of this defendant to make a misrepresentation. I have a very serious doubt in my mind as to whether Mr. Rafferty said that there was a flowing well upon this tract of ground, or that this Association owned 5280 acres of ground. And I haven't the least doubt in the world but what Mr. Beatty so understood it. But this being a criminal case, being tried before me the same as it ought to be tried before a jury, the same rules of evidence ought to govern. And there being a doubt in my mind, I would have to resolve that doubt in favor of and to the benefit of the defendant.

So far as Mr. Snyder is concerned, there is no necessity for this Court paying its compliments to Mr. Snyder. I did not bank but very little upon his testimony; and his actions in the case are not worthy of consideration. The defendant will be discharged.

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ROLLAND BROS.

YES BURGLARS DID IT.
Those valuables should have been in the safety vaults.



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The Burning of Batoum

An Audacious Hazard of Nikolai, Independent Agent, as Related by His Lieutenant, Summers
By H. M. EGBERT

(Copyright, 1913, by W. G. Chapman)

Two years ago, when the revolutionary movement in Russia was at its height and frightful excesses, perpetrated both by the government and the nihilists, were reported daily in all the newspapers of western lands, the world was appalled to learn that a great part of Batoum, the largest city in the Caucasus, had been consumed by fire.

Batoum is the center of the Russian oil-refining business. It is the only place that rivals the Pennsylvania and Kansas fields. Inexhaustible gushers of petroleum exist everywhere in its vicinity, and oil-ships from Batoum pass oil-vessels from New York harbor on every sea. Naturally, a Russian city of this description is a hot-bed of revolution.

A feature of the conflagration, which though half forgotten amid the greater disaster, excited much speculation at the time, was the blowing up of the oil-ship Caspian, which lay in the harbor.

This is how the series of events began. A general strike had been proclaimed by the nihilists, in answer to the edict establishing martial law in the city. The refinery owners, whose interests made them close allies of the government, had grown equally embittered and exasperated. The refineries were all situated upon the water front, and a large number of strike-breakers had been employed by the owners and lodged and fed within these buildings, so that the strikers could not approach them. There they worked, night and day.

Out in the basin lay the Caspian, waiting to take on board a cargo of refined oil for Glasgow. The revolutionists had sworn that she should not sail. Nikolai and I had hurried to Batoum at the first outbreak of trouble, he was at the head of the inner section of the party, and if the strike succeeded in bringing the government to terms it would immensely increase their prestige throughout the Russian empire. It would even react upon St. Petersburg, where the czar had just convoked the duma and was wavering between constitutionalism and absolutism.

All hinged upon one thing. If the Caspian sailed with her cargo of oil, it would demonstrate that the revolutionists cause was hopeless. The most not call but how was the threat to be translated into action? The police boats patrolled the stretch of water that lay between the vessel and the land. Moreover, it was not necessary to bring the Caspian to the dock, for a pipe line had been laid down between her and the refinery, and through this the crude oil, when ready, would be pumped into the hold. In two days, or at most, in three, the strike-breakers would have restored order and resumed the suspended operations within the great building.

The revolutionists opened negotiations with the governor general. If he would suspend martial law and summary executions, business should be resumed. They sent Nikolai to him with such proposals. We went up to the palace upon the hill and were admitted to General Kaulbars, a man of sinister fame who, having failed in the Manchurian campaign, had been sent back to shoot down men of his own nation that aspired to freedom.

Kaulbars was seated at the table of his office in uniform. He heard Nikolai in scornful silence, fiddling with his black beard and twining his long fingers round each other nervously.

"You tell me that, unless I suspend martial law you will blow up the Caspian," he said suavely. He seemed to think for a moment, then pressed a bell upon his table twice. Instantly a pair of armed guards appeared at the door, their rifles turned full upon Nikolai and myself.

"Take these men out and hang them in the courtyard," he said.

Although Nikolai had spoken in the vulgar Russian of the laboring man, now, without a sign of trepidation, he addressed Kaulbars in his own dialect.

"I wouldn't do that," he said positively.

"Why not?" demanded Kaulbars, starting from his seat in astonishment.

"Because his majesty would be annoyed with you," said Nikolai; and, unpunishing his lapel, he exposed to the general's view the insignia of the Black Hundred, that murderous organization very close to the emperor's heart.

Kaulbars signed to the soldiers to depart. "Who are you?" he stammered. "Why did you come to me with threats?"

"General," said Nikolai, "you failed to hear me patiently. I did not threaten to blow up the Caspian. I was repeating to you the absurd threats of the nihilists. I came to assure you that I can lay my hands upon the inner council; I know where they meet and what they plan."

Kaulbars started to his feet excitedly. "I will lead a battalion there," he cried. "At once!" Nikolai responded. "The house is fortified; they have three pieces of artillery, which they brought in, in oil drums. And there are two hundred men with Mausers and Browning pistols. Why, general, the town is full of American correspondents, and since his majesty was mistakenly persuaded into relaxing the censorship of the press, they would telegraph to their papers that civil war has broken out. How would that affect your interests?"

The general sank back into his chair. "But I must have them," he muttered, wiping the sweat from his brow. "What shall I do?"

"Give me six men tomorrow evening," said Nikolai. "Let them meet me at the corner of Presbykoff street, with picks and shovels. That is all I require to exterminate revolution in Batoum."

And he went on to expound his scheme. As Kaulbars listened I saw the sweat start out upon his face again; I could not understand the words Nikolai uttered, but I could see that Kaulbars was badly terrified. At last he stood up.

"I agree," he said. "But, one of the six goes armed. And, at the first sign of treachery, he will shoot you. You see," he went on apologetically, "these cursed nihilists have taken to forging badges of the Black Hundred now, and it is my duty to be on guard against every man. Curse this appointment! I wish I were back in St. Petersburg. Yes, one of the six goes armed. And I shall be that, Captain—?"

"Skobloff," said Nikolai with a bow; and then we left him.

When we were back in our quarters Nikolai explained his scheme to me.

"I told the governor general," he said, "that the nihilists, working as employees of the city council, have succeeded in laying a dynamite mine under the palace, controlled by an electric wire which runs from their headquarters in the suburbs, a mile away. Of course he wanted to dig it up. I represented that such an attempt would have disastrous results, and propounded an alternative scheme. The other end of the wire, I explained, runs into their arsenal, by disconnecting the wire mid-way, and establishing a miniature battery underground the current can be reversed and sent into the revolutionists' headquarters, where an accomplice will have attached a side-wire running into the revolutionists' cordite store. One touch of a button, and the fort goes into the air. Picture the general's joy! I found by a few judicious questions, that he knows nothing at all of electricity. He is too terrified to remain in the palace, so he himself will take charge of the party of excavators; and at the first sign of treachery, he will shoot. I told him that it might be necessary to destroy a few harmless people in blowing up the fort. 'Burn the whole cursed town, if you want to,' he answered. So there you are, Summers."

Then from a desk he drew a large sheet of blue paper, which he spread out on the table in front of him.

"Do you know what this is?" he asked.

I saw a multitude of white and red lines traced upon it, but their meaning was incomprehensible to me.

"This," said Nikolai, "is a map of the underground city of Batoum. It is the only complete map in existence, although, of course, it exists in sections. The sewers are known to the sewage department, for instance, and the gas mains to the gas companies. It was prepared for the inner section by one of the city engineers. It is very useful to know what one is living over."

"Here," he continued, tracing his finger along a series of thick, white lines, "are the sewers, which come to the surface in the suburbs as open ditches. Here are the gas mains—not many of them as yet." He pointed to a broad ribbon of red which shot into the map from without and divided into several branches, all terminating in parallel lines along the waterfront. "What do you suggest there to be?" he asked.

I shook my head.

"That is the underground pipe line. It runs from the oil gushers toward the mountains through the city, taps some local gushers, and connects with the terminal refineries. The crude oil is there converted into the commercial product, and loaded upon the ships—or, in our case, pumped through a submarine pipe into the hold of the Caspian. Now do you begin to glimpse my plan?"

"I understand that you are to blow up some buildings with dynamite, which the governor general will think are strongholds of the nihilists," I answered. "But what that has to do with the pipe line, or how you will blow up the Caspian, is still a puzzle to me."

"You are very slow at deduction," said Nikolai impatiently. "Now let me explain fully. We are not going

to set off any dynamite. There exists no dynamite, outside the brain of Kaulbars. What we shall do is this: Tomorrow night we meet him and his excavators at the appointed spot and lead them out to here." He put his finger down upon a part of the map. "Here the oil pipelines and the main gas-pipe cross one another—although the fact is probably unknown to both the oil and the gas companies. Here the oil pipeline swings around for the refineries, and, ten feet immediately below, is the gas main.

Here we pretend to dig for the electric wire which supposedly connects with the dynamite store. Kaulbars will not get down into the mud, and his soldiers will obey my orders without understanding or questioning. We take with us some lengths of rubber hose. We cut a hole in either pipe and switch off the flow. The oil, diverted from its natural channel, streams through the gas main. The gas, choked off by the oil, flows into the oil pipe, which is temporarily emptied. The result?"

"The oil pours through all the branches of the gas main, into every home, comes into contact with the light, and sets fire to the city," I cried.

"Precisely. But since only the officers and police have gas in their homes, the poor will not suffer. And the gas, rushing through the oil pipe into the refineries, comes into contact with the lights and explodes with terrific violence; moreover, it passes straight through the pipe-line beneath the water into the hold of the Caspian and the work of the revolutionary party is accomplished."

He looked at me triumphantly, and I saw, not the horror of the scheme, with its attendant holocaust of lives, but only the master-plan of a master-mind. I grasped his hand fervently.

received the password from the governor general. At last we emerged into a wilderness of building lots, a desolate district among the oil fields, where the rank autumn growth struggled against the black ash from the refineries that lay thickly over all. Nikolai stopped at a small post which indicated the turn of the subterranean oil-pipe.

"Here is the most suitable place," he said in a low voice. "You have the battery, Summers?"

I drew the two dry cells which I had brought from my overcoat pocket. Kaulbars looked at them suspiciously. "For generating the current," Nikolai explained. "Two cells are sufficient to detonate the arsenal. My confederate has run the wire into the center of a heap of loose cordite. No, these are not bombs, General. See!"

He let them fall into the grass, then picked them up and stood them against the post. "Now to work," he said, and snatched a pick from the nearest soldier. I took another, and we began to break up the ground, while Kaulbars, buttoning his military overcoat tightly around him, seated himself upon the grass and watched the operations with some interest. At our command the soldiers fell to work, and soon a large hole had been excavated. Then we set to with the spades, leaped into the excavation, and shoveled until we could hardly throw up the earth to the edge of the pit. At last the picks choked.

"That's the gas main," whispered Nikolai. "We must have missed the pipe. Widen the hole!" he directed the soldiers, and the excavation began to spread out in all directions, until all at once an immense earthen pipe, of wide dimensions, appeared above our heads amidst the crumbling soil.

"What are you doing?" asked Kaulbars in alarm.

"Burned out a carbon fuse," called Nikolai. "Now for the oil-pipe line, Summers."

We clung to the sides of the pit and renewed our toil. This pipe was stronger, however, and it required a violent effort to break it. A large, irregular hole suddenly appeared, and a sudden rush of oil drenched us to the skin.

The fluid was spurting under the force of the pumps. For a moment we could make no headway. It bathed us, running down our clothes, twisting us round; we clung to the hose, which writhed and spun in our hands like an enormous snake. At last, with a final effort, we thrust it into the orifice. A little jet of oil spurting beside it, but meager in comparison with what we had dammed back.

"How long," cried Kaulbars in an agitated voice, "how long, becoming nervous. I saw the revolver tremble in his hand as it was turned, now upon Nikolai, now upon myself. Nikolai scrambled out of the pit, I followed, and we stood, dripping with oil, two hardy human figures, in front of the governor general.

"It is finished!" said Nikolai slowly.



I SAW THE REVOLVER TREMBLE IN HIS HAND.

"It is the plan of a genius," I exclaimed.

Kaulbars and his men were already upon the spot when we arrived at the corner of Presbykoff street upon the following evening. The general was dressed as a captain of sappers. Behind him his six men stood at attention.

"It is something of a tramp," said Nikolai, as he greeted him. "If you will follow us—"

"I shall accompany you," said Kaulbars grimly. "And if you play us false, Captain Skobloff!" He hesitated and looked back. Two men sprang forward and grasped me; two more grasped my companion.

"Search them," said the governor general.

We were neither of us armed. When this became patent to Kaulbars, he apologized with some uneasiness. "The truth is, Captain Skobloff," he said to Nikolai, "I am really at my wit's end, surrounded as I am by spies and traitors. I confess that I have had suspicions of you. There are four Captain Skobloffs in the army list; but three are stationed in Moscow and one is upon special duty in Vienna."

"I am he," Nikolai answered, and began to speak of men at the emperor's court. Kaulbars had been an attaché there. The last vestige of suspicion disappeared.

"And now let us get out," said Nikolai; and he led us through the deserted streets, with their patrols at every corner, who challenged us and

struck up his arm; there was a report, and the bullet went high above our heads. The governor general stood irresolute and trembling; his soldiers, their leader having issued no command, wavered also.

"Look!" shouted Nikolai.

A stream of light sprang into the sky; another, and another. From every refinery chimney came a leaping tongue of ruddy flame; the palace glowed again; the quarters of the officers hung out broad banners of fire. It rose into the air, this universal light, in twisting spirals that locked and interlaced, like streamers of the Northern Lights. And all along the harbor front the fires sprang into life, passing from dock to dock. Only upon the waters the shadows brooded. Then, as we watched, we heard a muffled, distant roar, and a volcano of flame seemed to spring from the bed of the sea; columns of fire shot upward, and a dense pall of smoke, following them, hid everything from view. It was a sickness deeper than that of night, though rent here and there by the red streamers that quivered at its heart.

The Caspian had been strewn, smaller than shingles, on the breast of the waters. And with it, two parts of the city of Batoum had disappeared.

Nikolai touched me on the elbow. Kaulbars had dropped his weapon and stood dodging and smiling at the flames. Fear seemed to have annihilated his mind, and he regarded the destruction of his palace as the end of

his term of exile in the Caucasus. Whether he suspected Nikolai of this work or believed that he had merely failed to frustrate the revolutionists' design we never knew. We backed slowly away; then, seeing that Kaulbars still made no signal, we strode off through the bewildered soldiers. They called and moved after us; we walked away faster; while they waited, a wave of darkness rushed toward us across the fields, composed of stinging particles of ashes and soot. It enveloped us; hand in hand we groped our way through the distracted city to safety.

CHINESE OF THE OCCIDENT

Men of Business Are the Ideal of Both United States and New Republic.

The soldier is, relatively speaking, unimportant in American life. As compared to other countries and other times, even our statesmen, with the possible exception of our presidents, are not held first in our estimation. In spite of all convictions under the Sherman law, and the many disclosures of business lobbies, a "successful business man" comes near to being our national ideal.

We are beginning even to utilize business in fiction in a way that previous generations have not done. Always there have been "business men" in literature. Shakespeare wrote of Antonio and Shylock, but it was not the technique of their business that he chose to portray. To glorify merchandising and to put in a novel the science of salesmanship in a thing that is probably peculiar to this age. Neither soldier, sailor, poet nor politician is looked upon with such regard as the American business man.

And this should have its good effect. The more esteemed a calling the better its standards. A nation that looks up to its industrial leader puts a premium upon making business a high calling. Already at least two colleges, Harvard and Dartmouth, have business schools, not so much to teach the student business practice as to give him a broad business vision and a high business standard, such an attitude toward his calling as is common among the professions that require special training.

In a way we are becoming the Chinese of the occidental world, says the World's Work. We are doing now what they have done for centuries, glorifying the merchant and neglecting the soldier who with us for centuries past in fact and in fiction has been the dominant man of our national ideal.

"STUPID VICE OF SWEARING"

Magazine Explains Why It Has Practically Been Banned From Its Pages.

For two months I was printer's devil for the proprietor of the Volparisco Vidette. I learned to set type and makoup the paper, but what I most remember was learning to swear. Profanity was then the accepted etiquette about a country newspaper office. The oath meant nothing. They were not even ingenious or amusing, and they were not indicative of strong feeling. It was simply an ugly habit, like tobacco chewing—which I got to hate there because the loafers in the office used to spit on the floor about the type cases, from which I often had to pick up type. I soon became expert in profanity myself, and could scarcely utter a centence without an oath. When I got over the habit of swearing, I got over it entirely. Ever since it has come to me a vice no stupid as it is ugly.

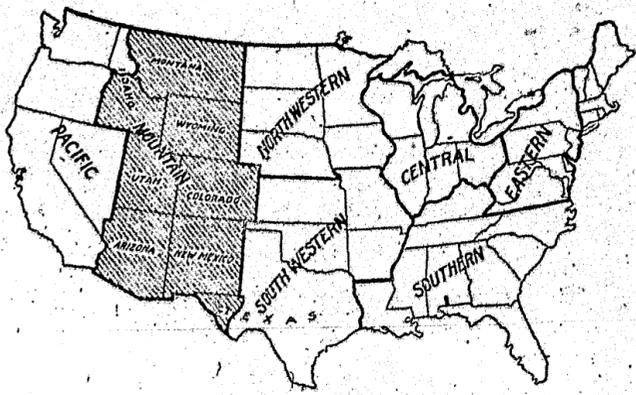
I have always been against using profane expressions in McClure's Magazine, except where the author could convince me that they were absolutely necessary for the truthful portrayal of character—and then the author had to be some one who knew what he was talking about.—McClure's Magazine.

Scant Praise to the "Good Losers."

Maj. M. M. Beck thinks too much credit is given to a "good loser." "A man," he says, "fighting for a principle should never be a 'good loser.' The men who for years unsuccessfully fought slavery in this country, in congress and on the restraint, were not 'good losers.' They suffered defeat after defeat and yet always came back. The name may be said of the men and women who have been fighting the liquor traffic. Defeat has only made them more zealous and determined. General Grant was not a 'good loser.' At Pittsburgh Landing and in the battles against Lee on the way to Richmond rovers and seeming defeat only nerved him for more determined efforts. General Thomas would never have won or deserved the cognomen of the Rock of Chickamauga if he had been a 'good loser.' Colonel Roosevelt has none of the earmarks of a 'good loser' in the fight he has espoused for equal opportunities and better conditions for the common people of this land of the free."—Kansas City Star.

Too Wise to Start a Hunger Strike.

"A white man was talking, down to the postoffice this mornin', 'bout dat 'ar M'r Paakyhurst, de English sufferer," said old Brother Belgianback. "Nigh as I could make out, sab, de lady s'w' she wouldn't eat 'nuth' twelf dey dose emigrated her, or s'p'ct like dat. 'Lk-well, sab, wid all deo respect to a white lady, if my old male was to take dat notion—she ain't never 'flicted me symptoms like it yit, but I s'ys, if he should—I'd soon remark, 'Ah, he, Bradder M'r, much obliged; 'nless de lady y' said de me' der am for de cow!'"



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"The Corporation Different"

Arbor Day Proclamation

In response to a universal call for the conservation of our natural resources, in harmony with the movement to have agriculture taught in every school in the State, and with the desire of arousing in the youth of the land an intelligent appreciation of the dependence of all upon nature, it is important that our State have the opportunity of fittingly observing Arbor Day.

Now, therefore, I, William C. McDonald, Governor of the State of New Mexico, by virtue of the authority of law and in accord with the spirit of the times, do hereby designate and proclaim Friday, March Twenty-Seventh, as Arbor Day.

To be formally recognized in all the schools of the State, and I urge that on this day, teachers, pupils, and patrons unite in such appropriate tasks and exercises as will leave a permanent desire in the mind of each one to become an active agent in the conservation of all useful things, so that the spirit of the day may create a healthy influence in the lives of our boys and girls, leading them to devote not one or two special days in the year to the study of trees, birds, flowers, school gardens, good roads and nature study, but parts of every day, to the conserving and enriching of plant and animal life.

Given under my hand and the Great Seal of the State of New Mexico, at the capitol in the City of Santa Fe, this 13th day of March, A. D. 1914.

WILLIAM C. McDONALD,
(GRANT SEAL) GOVERNOR.
By the Governor:
ANTONIO LUCERO,
SECRETARY OF STATE.

Notice for Publication
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
U. S. LAND OFFICE at Roswell, N. M.
Feb. 7, 1914.
Notice is hereby given that the State of New Mexico by virtue of an Act of Congress approved

June 29, 1910, has filed in this office selection of the following land:
Lot 20, serial number 02820 NW 1/4 NW 1/4 Sec. 12, NW 1/4 SW 1/4 Sec. 13, NW 1/4 NE 1/4 Sec. 15, T. 4 S., R. 10 E., containing 120 acres.
Lot 20, serial number 02820 NW 1/4 Sec. 21, T. 4 S., R. 10 E., containing 120 acres.
Lot 20, serial number 02820 NW 1/4 Sec. 21, T. 4 S., R. 10 E., containing 120 acres.
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