

DECORATION DAY AT FORT STANTON

Memorial Services, Morning, Base Ball Game, Afternoon

Sunday, May 30, was another interesting day for Fort Stanton and its many friends, who had come from all points to attend the Decoration Day exercises held at the cemetery in the morning, and the Roswell-Fort Stanton ball game in the afternoon.

At 10 a. m. the memorial parade formed just outside the cemetery with W. P. Decker as marshal. The following program, preceding the decoration of graves, was carried out, with Mrs. F. C. Smith as choir leader and Lieut. J. R. Besse as organist.

Processional Hymn, "America,"
Invocation Chaplain
Poem, selected
..... Miss Ethel Phillips
Hymn, "Rock of Ages."
Lincoln's Address at Gettysburg Dr. F. O. Barrett
Hymn, "Abide With Me."
Address
..... Chaplain Frund, P. H. S.
Hymn, "Maryland."

CHAPLAIN FRUND'S ADDRESS
"Dear Friends: We meet today in this little cemetery for a purpose that has the tenderness of a funeral without its sadness. For this is not a new sadness, but one which time has softened. To Nature's sign of tenderness, namely, the flowers of decoration, we add 'Blossoms to Blossoms and laurels to laurels.' The great Civil war is passed, its armies have disbanded, their tents struck, their camp fires put out, and their muster roll laid away. Without distinction of nationality, of race, of religion, we honor those who gave up their lives to their country. Without distinction of religion, race or nationality we assemble here today to pay them our best possible respects.

"They gave their lives that we might remain one nation, and the nation holds their memory alike in its arms. The distinctions that separated them in battle are nothing here. Death has given the young cavalry general, the sergeant and the private one and the same brevet. Nature has been equally tender to the graves of all, and our love knows no distinction.

"With a great writer, we say, 'What a great embalmer is death! We who survive grow daily older. Since the war closed the youngest has gained some wrinkle, the oldest some added gray hair. A few more years and then no more tottering figures of those marching files of the Grand Army of the Republic will we see. They are fast fading from earth to join their comrades in happy reunion with the Great General above.

"And, again, what a wonderful purifier is death. Those who fell in battle and whom we honor today, were varied in character, like other men they had their strengths and their weaknesses, their merits and their faults. Yet now all stains seem washed away; their life ceased at its climax, and the ending sanctified all that went before. They died for country—that is their record. They found their way to heaven equally short, it seems to us, from every battle field; and with equal readiness our love seeks them today.

"Dead upon the field of honor, in our memories are the names of many heroes. We treasure them all, and when the name of each

is called we answer in flowers, 'Dead upon the field of honor'.

"And now in conclusion, dear friends, as we so honor the dead soldiers of the past great battle fields because of what they left to us, 'A Land of the Free,' so will we honor the memory of those whose remains have been laid here in this present cemetery. They, most of them, did not have the opportunity to die as those whom we as a nation honor. They no doubt would have been glad to join those ranks, but Divine Providence called to them to fight another battle, just as severe in a way, just as painful, and only at a different time and with a different ending. The pains of a scourging disease demanded of them suffering and a death just as heroic as that of the soldier. And so, as we honor their example in fighting a faithful battle, we pray the great God to have mercy upon their souls. For, with the dead soldier, they need our prayers, our supplications, probably more than this honor given the dead in general.

"Let us, therefore, not forget these souls whose mortal bodies have found their last resting place upon the hillside at Fort Stanton. For one and all, soldier and patient deceased, we ask God's protection and His blessing to their memory."

ROSWELL STANTON 3, ROSWELL 2
The weather held everyone in doubt as to the possibility of a ball game until about 1:30, when, after quite a severe hail storm, the sun appeared, giving cheer to all. There was an exceptionally large attendance, and it is the general opinion that the Roswell-Fort Stanton game was the best of this season, if not in years.

We want to congratulate the Roswell community on the excellent personnel, or type of young men, in the "All Star" team. It is a pleasure to witness a game when the players on both sides have a clear title to the name "gentlemen." We feel that had we lost this game (and one may note from the score it was nobody's until the very end) we would have felt perfectly satisfied, because of the quality of the playing and the general entertainment given us. Here's hoping, too, for future games with the Roswell boys, to be played on either the local or Roswell diamond.

During their stay at the Post the Roswell boys were entertained as special guests of Number 4, and were made to feel perfectly at home; for all know of the genuine hospitality always given by the members of the officers' mess.

Regarding the game, we find that the first of the score tells us much of how the game was played—how well matched were both teams, the positions, etc. We cannot refrain from here calling particular attention to a few feature plays, and notably the pitching and catching of both teams; Bratton's one hand running catch in left field, Sullivan's long running catch of a difficult fly, the double play of Roberts, unassisted; lightning double plays by Miller, Burlinson and Roberts; and the classy playing of Roswell's shortstop. Space prevents us from mentioning other features, each deserving the loud applause from every part of the grandstand and bleachers.

The following was the lineup:
ROSWELL FT. STANTON
White G. Hightower
Hall c Norman
Audriat ss Miller
Higgins 1 b Roberts

The Country Kid

SCHOOL AUDITORIUM

June 18, 1915

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Tom Cunningham-Wayward Son	Gladney White
Frank Blandon-Heavy	Charles Harris
Bill Taylor-Tramp	R. M. Jones
Zeben Cunningham-Old Farmer	J. R. Bell
Jim Jones-The Tough	Emuel Anderson
Mariah Cunningham-Old Farmer's Wife	Mrs. E. D. Lewis
Mary Blandon-Frank Blandon's Wife	Cora Cole
Chick-Farmer's Daughter	Kitty Tinnon
Reuben Thacker-Country Kid	Bob Jones

SYNOPSIS

ACT I
Scene 1. Country home. Tramp causes excitement. City folks arrive. Thrilling fire scene. Reuben to the rescue.
ACT II
Scene 1. Frank Blandon's city home. "Frank, do you love me?" "Curse you! You will never trouble me again."
Scene 2. Country road. Reuben and Chick.
Scene 3. Interior of country home. Dog gets Reuben.
ACT III
Scene 1. Blake mill. Zeben whipped by Mariah. The explosion. Chick pulls Reuben out of water.
Scene 2. Country road. Frank Blandon wanted for forgery and murder.
Scene 3. Exterior of country home. Reuben shows important papers. Frank Blandon arrested. The rightful heir.

Tickets on sale at Rolland Bros. after Monday, June 14. No reserved seats

Bomax 2 b	Burlinson
Amonett 3 b	Coe
Jones r f	Sullivan
Bratton 1 f	Phillips
Goad c f	Dixon
Roswell 0 1 0 0 1 0 0 0 0	
Ft. Stanton 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 2	
ROSWELL, FT. STANTON		
Runs 2	3
Hits 8	8
Errors 3	3
Base on balls 2	0

County School News

Institute will soon be in session, June 14th.
Tinnie and Ruidoso plan to have an extra teacher next term. No teacher can do justice to all classes in the eight grades.

Lincoln county is well represented at the summer terms at the state normal schools; at Silver City are Supl. McCurdy, Misses Ida Schjumpf, Beula Brazel, Gertrude Keller, Olivia Kennedy, Blanche Garvin, Ella Cook, Mrs. Craddock, and J. F. Davis; and at Las Vegas, Prof. J. E. Koonce, Miss Alma McNaughton, and Miss Agneda Baca.

School district No. 29, Texas Park, is arranging to begin early in July for a seven months' term. Most of the mountain schools wish to start early that the pupils may take advantage of the pleasant weather.

Base Ball Sunday

Fort Stanton will be here Sunday to play ball. The Fort boys have been so phenomenally successful this season that we hesitate to make a prediction as to the outcome of the game. However, we may say this, and violate no confidence in doing so: that there won't be so many holes Sunday as the visitors have found in the past.

Lute Jennings Traps Bear

Lute Jennings and one of his boys were here Wednesday from Parsons, bringing with them the carcass of a big bear trapped the night before. The meat they sold to the Carrizozo market. This is the second one of the brain tribe for Este this

year, the first having been purchased by the Patty-Adams market. Lute says that up in the mountain fastnesses there is still much snow and that bears are later coming out than usual

Decoration Day In Carrizozo

Under the auspices of the Civic League, a large crowd assembled at the local cemetery Sunday, May 30th, to decorate the graves of the dead. The League had purchased a large number of small flags, had appointed a committee to secure flowers and evergreens, and with the addition of individual effort a sufficient number of wreaths and bouquets were provided to decorate each grave. Flags were placed on every mound.

It had been the intention of the League to have a joint service conducted at the cemetery by the Methodist and Baptist ministers, but previous engagements called both ministers away and that portion of the ceremonies was dispensed with. However, the Sunday school children, all carrying flags, formed a line of march, and followed by automobiles and carriages, made an impressive procession to the city of the dead. It was a fitting recognition of the day and a beautiful tribute to the memory of those gone before.

Various and Sundry Holes

The well driller has his troubles and occasionally they come in flocks. As an illustration of the latter, the case of Perry and Burrell need only be cited. Pierce Perry and Ernest Burrell have been drilling for several months past in the country between here and Gran Quivira, and, while, in the aggregate, drilling many feet, have not yet encountered water.

In the first hole they reached a depth of more than 700 feet, lost their tools and started a new hole. A depth of over 600 feet was reached in the second hole, the casing was broken, the tools fastened and it had to be abandoned. A third was started, a

depth of over 400 feet has been reached and, if the tools have not been lost since Pierce left the camp Wednesday, the effort to reach China or water is still in progress.

Memorial Day Exercises at White Oaks

Not for many years has there been seen such an abundance of flowers decorating the graves in our cemetery. The beautiful yucca blooms were used on all the graves of Union soldiers, twenty-six in number; and also on the two Confederate graves. Judge Hewitt and Mr. Spence drove out in the Spence car on Saturday to where the cattle had not destroyed the plants and brought back a carload of flowers.

The Grand Army post of White Oaks, consisting of Jno. Y. Hewitt, Lee H. Rudisille and J. C. Klepinger, decorated the graves of their comrades on Sunday morning.

Sunday evening at 7 o'clock the members of the Sunday school and many other citizens of White Oaks met at the residence of Lee H. Rudisille to bestow a memorial of appreciation upon the three surviving members of the G. A. R. Mrs. Samuel Wells, aided by Prof. George Webb and Mrs. William Watson, planned the affair as a surprise to the veteran trio, and it proved a most enjoyable occasion, and one to instill patriotism into the young people assembled. There were speeches, Mr. Webb speaking for the Sunday school and citizens, and Comrades Klepinger, Hewitt and Rudisille for the G. A. R.

Master James Littell made a speech in behalf of the little girls, who presented each of the comrades a basket of flowers.

In the Summer Normal Faculty

Prof. Andrew McCurdy went to Silver City this week and was tendered and accepted a position for eight weeks on the summer school faculty and was assigned to mathematics. His friends here are proud of this recognition of his attainments by one of the leading institutions of the state, and have no doubts of his ability to win new laurels, and that when he returns to take up his duties here he will be all the better prepared to push the school work, which already has a high standing in educational circles.

Has Leg Broken

Ernest Pierce, who has been working on the David Finley ranch, had a leg broken Tuesday evening, about 5 o'clock. He was thrown from a wagon loaded with poles, and the team ran away, the wagon passing over one of his legs. The injured man crawled about a mile and a half, became exhausted and was not located by searchers—the accident not having been discovered for hours afterwards—until about 11 o'clock the following evening. He was brought to town and Dr. Walker was called and set the injured member. Later the young man was conveyed to Roswell, his former home, in Mr. O. Z. Finley's car.

Civic League Concert

The Civic League is preparing a concert to be presented Monday night, June 7, at the Methodist church, the proceeds to be devoted to the cemetery association. The program is not yet complete, but will consist of solos, duets, quartets; also instrumental selections, piano and orchestra. A recitation and possibly a reading will be given, also. The best talent of the town will take part and a musical treat is promised all who attend. Admission will be 35 and 15 cents.

A Shower Party

The Kimbell home was yesterday afternoon the scene of a unique, beautiful and fascinating affair. The event was in honor of Miss Elsie Farley, who is to be married in El Paso on the 10th to Mr. Fraser Charles. There were sixteen girl friends of the honoree present, as follows: Misses Pearl and Vera Harris, Addie Johnson, Ida Grambles, Ula Edmiston, Alma Roberts, Carnie and Kittie Tinnon, Lola Highfill, Harriett Kimbell, Esther Sager, Dorothy McCarty, Kittie Reilly, Georgia Lesnett, Sybil Perry and Iona Stevens.

The robes were decorated with hearts, bells and cupids, also, a profusion of flowers, appropriately and tastefully arranged. In the center of the room hung an inverted umbrella, within which were placed the presents for the bride—those brought by the young ladies and those sent the bride by friends. Underneath sat the bride, while her girl friends danced on the porch, awaiting the shower. Streamers of ribbon were attached to the umbrella and at a proper time a slight pull precipitated the gifts—costly and dainty linens—upon the bride's head. Whereupon the presents were opened by the bride and displayed before the young ladies, the hostess and Miss Helen Rice and Mrs. A. J. Rolland, who assisted the hostess in the preparation of this delightful affair.

Following this came the solving of the Pantry Shelf Mystery, for which a prize was offered—a mixing spoon—signifying a "Start in Housekeeping." A tie resulted between Misses Reilly, Perry and Edmiston, Miss Reilly winning in the casting of lots. In the interim musical selections were furnished by Misses Rice, McCarty, Perry and Edmiston.

Four tables were arranged in the dining room and ice cream and assorted cake served. Lots were drawn to see who should have the honor of dining at the table with the bride. The successful ones were Misses Highfill, Lesnett and Roberts. The bride's cake was then cut by the bride into 16 pieces. It contained a ring, a heart, a thimble, a wishbone and a button. The thimble, symbolical of an old maid, fell to Miss Reilly, who, however, doesn't believe in symbols; the heart went to Miss Kittie Tinnon, and the recipient was blushing compelled to confess its significance—in love; the ring to Miss Lola Highfill, and we expect to have the pleasure of announcing another wedding soon, as it signified the recipient would be the first to be married; the button to Miss Sager, which all agreed was entirely appropriate, as she had often been heard to say: "A bachelor for me!" And the last, a wishbone fell to the lot of Miss McCarty, which all present declared was an unmixed blessing, meaning good luck but single-blessedness.

A Free Trip to Oregon

Jack Mangum, who was arrested here some three weeks ago on a wire from Oregon, was delivered Monday by Deputy Sheriff Baird to Deputy Sheriff Quine, of Douglas, Oregon. Deputy Quine presented a requisition to Deputy Baird which had been honored by Governor McDonald and the prisoner left his quarters in the local bastille for a long hike to Oregon, where he will face the charge of forgery.

Baptist Church

Regular first Sunday services next Sunday. The donations for the parsonage have been bountiful and gratifying.

FROM MINER TO RAILROAD CHIEF

Fred Underwood Began Business Life as Driver of An Ore Cart.

FIDDED FOR COMPANIONS

Admirer of His Music Got Him Job As Freight Handler and Now He Is President of His Rail Line, but still Unpretentious.

By OSBORN MARSHALL.

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Some forty-five years ago a young boy, fresh of face and bright of eye, applied for work at the copper mines situated at Fort Howard, on Green Bay, Wisconsin.

"Ever had a job before?" demanded the mine foreman as he scrutinized the boy's face.

"No," admitted the boy frankly. "I have never worked for wages anywhere before. I have just come from school at Wayland academy."

"Schoolboys aren't fit to work in mines," said the foreman bluntly. "Why don't your folks support you and give you a chance to stay at school and amount to something some time? This is no place for a greenhorn, anyway."

"Well, you see," the boy explained, "my father can't afford to keep me in school any longer. He is a minister in the country near Milwaukee. His salary isn't much, and it isn't always paid at that. There are a good many of us children, and so I thought I'd go to work. I guess I am not so green as I look."

The boy stretched out his muscular young arms to show how much work they were capable of doing. "I know a lot about work, even if I have been to school. I can saw wood and drive a nail. My grandfather taught me that."

"You do look pretty husky," agreed the foreman, and then he looked over the list of vacancies in the mine. "Did you say, boy, that you can drive a horse?"

"What I said was that I could drive a nail," admitted the boy. He hesitated a moment before giving the answer that might cost him the chance of employment. "Well, I honestly haven't had much experience at driving horses, but I don't mind trying. You see, we never could afford to keep horses at home. Will you give me a try at it?"

Promoted by a Runaway. The foreman consented and the next day Fred Underwood—for that was the young fellow's name—arrived early at the entrance of the mine and, after the proper credentials had been presented, he was assigned his cart and horse and told the simple duties of a mine cart driver.

Fred took his seat on the cart with station and confidence. "Anyone could drive a horse like that," he thought as he looked at the mute companion of his toil. "Don't believe that a cannon ball could start him running."

It was easy enough, the work, and, aside from the dirt and the grime, it was not unpleasant. Then, some time the second day—tradition does not say exactly what hour it was—an inspiration came to the horse—an intuitive knowledge that the man at the end of the reins was a greenhorn; that he didn't really know anything about a horse and therefore had no right to be driving one. The horse accordingly pricked up his ears and—with a speed that belied his worn appearance—dashed away, with poor Fred Underwood helplessly tugging at the reins.

When Fred gathered himself together after the runaway and went to the foreman to report the mishap he was convinced that his services would no longer be needed at the mine.

An unexpected greeting was in store for him. "You had bad luck with that horse," said the foreman, "but don't give up yet. There is room for a gang foreman in the mine. Can you boss a gang of miners better than you bossed that horse?"

Fred went to work at his second job with enthusiasm. He used to work hard all day and at night at the cheap boarding house he would get out his fiddle, which he had learned to play in his father's home near Milwaukee, and he would play for his companions till they forgot their troubles and the dirt and the grime and the toil of the mines.

What His Fiddle Did For Him. Among Fred's best friends in the mine was a man who carried the mail from the railroad to the mines. This man, older than himself by many years, was one of the most eager admirers of the newcomer's simple, melodious playing, and so a strong friendship had grown up between them.

One day when he was at the railroad station getting the mail bags the freight master offered him a position as freight handler. He was eager to accept the position, for it carried with it the munificent wage of a dollar a day, but when it came to the real issue the mail carrier had to admit that his sole knowledge of the art of writing was limited to the shaping of the letters of his own name.

"But I know a man that will write you," said the mail carrier to the



"Why, Hello, Jim!" He Said, Stretching Out His Hand to the Brakeman.

freight master. "The fellow that plays the violin at the boarding house. He's been to school and his father is a parson, so I guess he can do more reading and writing than he'll ever need to do in handling freight. Just give him a chance for the job and I know you will want him."

The freight master did give Fred the chance, and after his first day in the freight office there was no question as to his fitness, as freight handlers went, and for a dollar a day he was a good bargain.

In the next thirty years circumstances changed much with the gang foreman of Fort Howard who got his first job with the railroad as freight handler. After several years of apprenticeship in railroad matters, during which he rose from his first position as freight handler in Fort Howard to a position as brakeman and clerk, he was promoted to the position of superintendent of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad. From that position he was appointed general superintendent of the Minneapolis, St. Paul & Sault Ste. Marie railroad, then vice-president of the Baltimore & Ohio and now, for a dozen years, he has been president of the Erie railroad.

In the offices of the Erie railroad Frederick D. Underwood is known as the most democratic and unpretentious of men. It is said—though he does not boast of it himself—that he never forgets the face of anyone whom he has ever known.

In the passenger station of the Erie railroad station in Jersey City, one morning a few years ago, a grizzled man in overalls stood waiting on the platform. He was a brakeman in the employ of the company and he watched nervously, anxiously, the men and women who thronged the station from the incoming trains.

"Are you waiting for friends?" asked the gateman, who had noticed his eagerness.

"No, it isn't that," said the other. "I happened to have a little time between runs and I heard that Mr. Underwood was passing through the station. I worked out at Fort Howard alongside of him in the days before he got a dollar a day. I don't suppose he would speak to me, even if he did remember me, but I would like to say I'd seen him."

"Well, I don't know," said the gateman. "Mr. Underwood doesn't put on any airs. He might speak to you if he remembers you."

Then the two men stopped talking.



At Night He Would Get Out His Fiddle.

for far down the platform, with firm, quick steps, came the man of whom they were speaking. The eyes of many of the employees who recognized him as their chief were turned to him, and he nodded to them as he passed. The brakeman, recognizing him, shrank back as he approached. But Mr. Underwood's keen eyes—as keen as they were when he asked for his first job out at Fort Howard—had been observant.

"Why, hello, Jim!" he said, stretching out his hand to the brakeman. "Where did you come from?"

"Glad to see you remember me, Mr. Underwood," said the man, embarrassed, but beaming with pleasure.

"Don't you 'Mr. Underwood' me," was the railroad president's reply. "I'd like to know how I could forget you after all these years we worked together out at Fort Howard." And Mr. Underwood broke into a laugh that made his companion in overalls feel that, after all, there wasn't such a wide gulf between a railroad brakeman and the president of the road.

Song of the Frog. The long of the frogs is an wonderful as their clothing. The raucous below of the bloated male of the species may not be a Beethoven symphony, but it was enough to inspire Aristophanes to make a failure of human verbal imitation when he wrote "kek-kek-ko-ko-ko." The gentle trill of the little tree toad is not quite the note of the nightingale, but it is more soothing than that of the whippoorwill or the cuckoo, and the chorus of the little froggies which will in a short time be one of the orchestras of spring, has a charm in the rural silences which hardly has a parallel in any of the songs without words.

Her Full Duty. Miss Brightman kept a very attractive little tea room, and when away on a business trip recently she left it in charge of a young woman clerk. The morning she returned she did not think things looked quite as neat and attractive as usual.

"You know, Miss Bristol," remarked the proprietress, as she glanced around, "there is a great deal in having your sandwiches look attractive."

"Yes, Miss Brightman, I know it," was the reply. "I have done everything I could while you were away. I have dusted those sandwiches every morning for the last ten days."—Harper's Magazine.

MEAL ON SEWING DAY

PALATABLE MENU WHEN TIME IS OF VALUE.

Luncheon May Be Simple, Yet With Proper Preparation an Appetizing and Nutritious as the Occasion Calls For.

For a sewing-day luncheon this makes a palatable menu: Asparagus on toast, hot tea biscuit, marmalade and tea.

Use canned asparagus tips. Drench them with cold water the moment the can is opened; drain thoroughly in a colander and warm in a double boiler; put in a little butter during the warming and season to taste. Make a hard toast of white bread, butter the slices and put the asparagus on top; set the dish on a far part of the stove to keep warm while the other things are arranged. Get the baker's tea biscuit of the evening before and rewarm them in the oven, first brushing over the tops with a little milk. There is an American marmalade—orange, of course—that sells at 17 cents a jar. It is delicious.

Menu: Stewed kidneys and rice, raw tomatoes and chocolate eclairs and coffee.

The main dish can be warmed up to advantage, so it can be made the day before. Ask the butcher for a fresh veal kidney or six or eight fresh lamb kidneys. Skin them and soak in ice water and salt for ten minutes. Cut them in half-inch pieces, or smaller if liked, and put them in 1½ cupsful of water to stew. If the kidneys are not from a well-nourished animal less water will be required, as this absorbs the substance. Cook two slices of onion with them and the salt and pepper, letting them get perfectly tender yet not mushy. Cook a cupful of rice in a quart of water and when half done drain it through a colander, put it in a saucepan, set it on the back of the stove, and let it steam half an hour more. On the sewing day rewarm the kidneys in a little butter, and steam the rice until the grains are separated; serve them on the same dish. The eclairs cost three cents apiece.

Menu: Baked beans, Boston brown bread and cocoa.

The canned beans prepared with sugar and tomatoes are fine for this luncheon, while the little five and ten-cent cones of brown bread sold by the baker can be made to take the place of the homemade article.

Put the closed bean can in one double boiler and the bread in another and let them both get steaming hot. Serve on piping-hot plates and, if possible, provide sweet butter for the bread. For a single person this lunch, which is the most substantial that can be had, will cost just 12 cents—five for beans, five for bread and two for cocoa.

Menu: Fresh strawberries and cream, homemade bread, sweet butter and a glass of milk thinned with iced water.

If the strawberries are free of sand do not wash them, as this dims the exquisite taste. Hull them and serve them on a plate with a cone-shaped mound of powdered sugar beside each serving. Have the cream separate, as these delicate berries soon sour after it is put on. The baker sells homemade bread, and yesterday's loaf is more palatable than today's. It is also cheaper. The object of the vicky in the rich milk is to make it more digestible while improving the taste.

Pork Loaf. Two pounds of fresh pork, run through a meat chopper, season with salt, four drops of tobacco pepper sauce, a little sage and mix thoroughly with a pint or more of stale bread crumbs, which have been softened with milk, then well drained. Add to this one egg well stirred into the mixture, and pack into a loaf pan which has been greased. Bake in a moderate oven about two hours. This may be beaten either when hot or cold. The loaf may be shaped with the hands and baked in a roasting pan with potatoes, which have been peeled, around it. Sweet potatoes are particularly good baked in this way.

Pork Chops. Take as many chops as required cut off all fat, then take the chops, dip one in flour, then egg, and then in cracker meal. Salt the flour and meal. Then take the fat, cut it in small pieces and fry out and cook the chops in it. These are delicious hot or cold with a salad. Please try.

Oatmeal Cookies. One cupful melted butter, one cupful melted lard, one teaspoonful soda, one cupful sweet milk, four cupful flour, eight cupfuls rolled oats, 1½ and one-half cupfuls sugar, one tea-spoonful vanilla, pinch of salt. Roll out and bake. Half this quantity is sufficient for a small family.

Cranberry Conserve. One quart cranberries, three-quarters cupful water; boil till soft, then strain, add three-quarters cupful more water, 1½ pounds sugar, one-half pound walnut meats, one-quarter pound seeded raisins, one orange, cut up. Cook till a thin jelly, or one-half hour.

Egg and Beet Salad. If you like salads try this combination made from hard-boiled eggs and beets. Quarter and arrange on lettuce leaves.

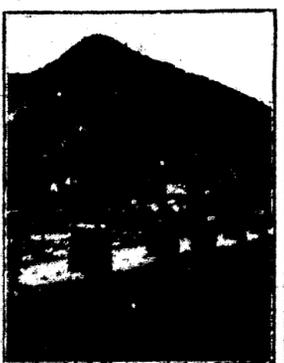
ROAD BUILDING

IMPETUS TO ROAD BUILDING

Secret of Maintaining Country Highway Lies in Keeping It Well Rounded Up and Drained.

Over a good road, we can haul products to market at any season of the year and get full benefit of the highest prices. It is a simple matter to build a good country road, as it is not absolutely necessary that it should be built of gravel or crushed stone. The secret of the maintaining of the country road lies in keeping it well rounded up and sufficiently drained, by arranging it so that the road is about a foot higher in the middle than it is at the edges.

A good dirt road well maintained is not an expensive proposition, writes Eugene J. Hall of Oak Park, Ill., in Farmers' Review. Shortly after every heavy rainfall it should be dragged with a split-log drag. This will fill all of the ruts and depressions and produce a smooth surface well rounded up. After being rounded up with a split-log drag, the roads are made firm



Convict-Built Bridge, in Colorado—Stones Were Taken From Nearby Hillside and Result is Ornamental as Well as Economical.

and sold by means of a heavy roller or system of rollers. This will leave a firm, solid roadbed which will not be seriously injured by heavy traffic.

This system of road building is being followed in many parts of the West with splendid success. When ruts and holes are formed in a road, the jolt and jar of the wheel makes them deeper and forms a pocket for holding water from the first rainfall. This softens the roadbed and deep mud holes are soon formed, while if there had been no ruts or depressions, there and the road had been well rounded up, the water would have run off into the ditches on either side, and the surface of the road would be firm and in perfect condition.

Another good thing worthy of careful consideration in the building of our good country roads is that of the construction of permanent and lasting culverts. Culverts built of stone or concrete cost more than wooden bridges, but they will last a hundred years, and they will not rust or need repainting every year, as iron truss bridges do. In the end, they are the most economical kind of viaduct.

The advent of the automobile and its employment by the more prosperous class of farmers has given a great impetus to road building, too; and the time is coming when we will have more and more good roads in the middle West.

ADVANTAGES OF GOOD ROADS

No Factor Contributes More to Prosperity and Happiness of the Rural Communities.

The convention of the Virginia Road Builders' association draws attention to a subject of prime importance to the people of this state. Scarcely any single factor contributes more to the prosperity and happiness of rural communities than good roads, says the Richmond Dispatch. Good roads mean easy and quick communication, economy in transporting farm products to railway or market, convenient access to the outside world, and a higher average of citizenship, wherever they are found. Virginia has done much of recent years to make its highways measurably equal to those of most other southern states, but much remains to be done. The people as a whole must be educated to a proper understanding of the economic and sociological benefits that good roads confer.

Interest in Draggings Roads. The neighborhood where every farmer takes an interest in dragging the roads will soon find itself pulling out of the mire.

Alfalfa More Popular. Everywhere alfalfa is used it is becoming more and more popular. The better it is known the more it is sown.

Self-Feeder Not Good. The self-feeder is not good for young pigs, as under five months of age they will eat too much.

System to Avoid. Local control has failed to give us a good road system. Let us not go back to it.

FARMER'S WIFE TOO ILL TO WORK

A Weak, Nervous Sufferer Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Kasota, Minn.—"I am glad to say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done more for me than anything else, and I had the best physician here. I was so weak and nervous that I could not do my work and suffered with pains low down in my right side for a year or more. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and now I feel like a different person. I believe there is nothing like Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for weak women and young girls, and I would be glad if I could influence anyone to try the medicine, for I know it will do all and much more than it is claimed to do."—Mrs. CEARA FRANKS, R. F. D. No. 1, Maplecrest Farm, Kasota, Minn.



Women who suffer from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should be convinced of the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health by the many genuine and truthful testimonials we are constantly publishing in the newspapers.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

His Action.

"Ah, squire," saluted the village bore, "what are you doing for your rheumatism these days?"

"Examining the doctors one after another," snarled the old codger, "to see how much they don't know."—Judge.

Broadly speaking, the people are divided into two classes: The people who do things and their critics.

If you wish beautiful, clear white clothes, use Red Cross Bag Blue. At all good grocers. Adv.

"Pleased to meet you" is one thing a man never says to a night draft.

Backache Is a Warning

Thousands suffer kidney ills unawares, not knowing that the backache, headaches and dull, nervous, dizzy, all tired conditions are often due to kidney weakness alone. Anybody who suffers constantly from backache should suspect the kidneys. Some irregularity of the secretions may give out the needed proof. Doan's Kidney Pills have been curing backache and sick kidneys for over fifty years.

A Colorado Case

Mrs. John Brun, Twenty-fifth St., 114 Twelfth St., Issa, Mo. Greely, Co. O. O. I have been suffering from backache and dizzy spells and was alarmed. My feet and limbs swelled and my health was a wreck. Doctors were puzzled and nothing helped me until I used Doan's Kidney Pills. They restored me to good health and I am now free from kidney complaint.

Get Doan's of Any Store, Use a Box DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS FOSTER-PENNINGTON CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Pantine

A Soluble Antiseptic Powder to be dissolved in water as needed For Douches.

In the local treatment of woman's ills, such as leucorrhoea and inflammation, Lozenges of Pantine are very efficacious. No woman who has ever used medicated douches will fail to appreciate the clean and healthy condition Pantine produces and the prompt relief from soreness and discomfort which follows its use. This is because Pantine possesses superior cleansing, disinfecting and healing properties. For ten years the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. has recommended Pantine in their private correspondence with women, which proves its superiority. Women who have been relieved say it is "worth its weight in gold." At drug stores, large box or by mail. Sample Free. The Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass.

Constipation Vanishes Forever

Prompt Relief—Permanent Cure CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS never fail. Purely vegetable—act surely but gently on the liver. Stop after dinner—cure constipation, indigestion, improve the complexion, brighten the eyes. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.



W. H. U., DENVER, NO. 18-1915.

SEEING LIFE WITH JOHN HENRY & George V. Hobart



John Henry On Poker Parties

SAY! did you ever take what little money you had and attend a Poker Party?

Well, in a moment of mental aberration I suggested the proposition to friends with whom she fell for it with loud screams of delight.

Poker parties would be all right if it were not for the fact that somebody has to lose. Not having an ear for music it annoys me to hear the booby squeal.

But Peaches figured it out that she'd invite a small, congenial bunch and with a quarter limit it would be a 100 to 1 shot we could live through the evening without bloodshed.

Hep Hardy was first choice. Hep has two missions in life. One is to go to parties, and the other is saying "Good evening!" to bartenders.

Of course, Uncle Louis Milfordale was invited as was also Aunt Jessica Milfordale. These two relatives were wished on Peaches at birth—they are mine by marriage.

They are nice people, but any time they decide to go around the world for their health I'll be at the dock to see them off.

As my contribution to the kitty we invited Spud Dairymple and his wife, Sybil.

Spud is a Wall Street broker but since the market went wrong some months ago he's been working for a living—paper hanging, I think, or maybe it's real estate.

Sybil used to be a chorus queen but she married Spud and recovered all most entirely.

Poker players, I've noticed, are divided into two classes: The Companions of the Cold Feet, and The Little Brothers of the Boast.

The Companions of the Cold Feet make the most money, but the Little Brothers of the Boast sing Glory Hallelujah and give an occasional squint at the scenery as they march on to the Poor House.

The first Jackpot was finally opened by Sam. We all stayed in and after the draw it was just beginning to look cheerful when Peaches exclaimed eagerly: "Oh, John, do Sixes beat Fulls!"

Everybody present dipped up a titter and the poor girl looked ready to faint.

"Sure!" I said, just to bring her back to earth.

You know, I like Peaches. She's a fine girl and a good wife but from the heart I say she plays poker like a Welsh rabbit, which is without form and void.

Peaches' poker procedure is full of hushed silences and dark surprises.

From a social point of view Peaches is the best fellow that ever drew cards, but with regard to the technicalities of poker, she is what the ancient Greeks would call a Patricia Polivrar.

Sam bet his quarter and Hep Hardy raised him. Peaches, who was next and she hoisted them both to my painful surprise.

The rest of us took to our parachutes and dropped and so did Hep on the next lap.

Then Sam and Peaches began to talk back and forth at each other in sharp, terse terms, all of which meant money and I had to sit there and watch her being dragged to the shambles, powerless to help her.

Every time Sam peeped she was back at him with a raise.

I could see a whole month's household expenses traveling home in Sam's pocket.

I tried to give Peaches the huge call to cease firing, but she never once came to the surface.

Sam had nearly all his checks set in and Peaches peeped over and touched my stack for a handful.

The pot began to look like a picture entitled, "Rockefeller in The Safety Deposit Vault."

Sam was breathing hard and pink spots began to appear on his forehead. His heart was "beating" like an excited carter.

I could almost hear him saying over

and over to himself: "This is a sin and I hate to do it, but I need the money."

Presently, however, his chips were all in, so he repented and called Peaches.

As he did so, he threw on the table a King full of Bullets and proceeded to cover the gate receipts with eager milts.

"Pause!" said Peaches, ever so quietly. "Pause, Mr. Gibson—and walk slowly! I want to keep up with you!" and with that she spread her hand out on the table—four Sixes and a Seven Spot!

Sensation of being Stung for Samuel!

He smiled, a sickly little smile, showed three discouraged teeth, and then for the rest of the evening gave an excellent imitation of a pre-occupied clam.

Peaches the Bunco Kid! Did you get that, "John, do Sixes beat Fulls!" Isn't she a wonder, on the layall!

I opened the next Jack and soon find myself out on the long trail all alone with Aunt Jessica.

She plodded along behind me till she had fourteen dollars in Bad Lands, then she sat down on an ice-hummock, removed her snowshoes and called me.

When I laid down Four Typewriters she called me again—but I'd hate to tell you what it was.

She had Four Deuces all the time and after the first bet she walked into



These Two Relations Were Wished on Peaches at Birth.

one of those Malsons on Fifth Avenue and started to pick out a new gown.

On the second bet she selected a Worth creation with a slit skirt.

After the third bet she bought an opera cloak to go with it.

After the fourth bet she bade the Proprietor ring for a taxi and took her expensive purchases home herself.

Pretty soon came the awful awakening and she had to put everything back in the store.

I don't think Aunt Jessica will ever recover from the shock. She doesn't care anything more for money than you do for your right eye.

And then, to make matters more like a political afternoon in Mexico for the Milfordales, Hep Hardy with a diamond flash climbed the trellis work on the outskirts of Uncle Louis and gave him the gaff for eleven snambucks.

It was a rough night at sea for the Milfordales.

Those two members in good standing in the ancient order of the Companions of the Cold Feet had to sit there all the rest of the evening, playing "em close, trying to get their coin back—which they didn't.

The mills of the gods grind slow

When the company had gone I said to Peaches, "Where did you get that fourth Six and who taught you the game?"

"Oh," she chirped with a smile, "I just picked it up."

"Which?" I said, "the game or the Six?"

She hasn't answered me yet. That was a week ago.

"Anyway, I'm glad you don't belong to the Companions of the Cold Feet," I said to her as I swept the circles away from the spot occupied by Uncle Louis.

"No," she came back at me, "I all ways play with my rubbers on."

"With the rubbers on," I echoed, "Right-O!" and in poker that goes for the neck as well as the feet."

MAKE TROUBLE FOR ROYALTY

Mentally Unbalanced of Both Sexes Source of Constant Annoyance to Rulers.

Lunatic asylums in the old world abound in inmates who are firmly convinced that they are closely related to the anointed of the Lord. It is a very common form of delusion, says a writer in the New York Sun.

Until the outbreak of the present war hardly a week passed without some crank calling either at Buckingham palace or at Windsor castle, demanding immediate admittance to the royal presence. The men usually insisted that they were the real husband of the queen, or else an elder brother of George V, and consequently the lawful heir to the throne.

The women professed to be the lawful wife of the monarch, or else a daughter of Edward VII, born under romantic circumstances. The stories which they told were of the most extraordinary description. As they insisted on haunting the approaches of the palace, and in dogging the movements of the members of the reigning house, whom they persecuted with their attentions, they ended by being arrested and quietly consigned to the public lunatic asylums, where they either remained as permanent inmates, or else were permitted to go free after undergoing a fortnight's detention serving as a salutary warning.

Much of the same practice has been followed at Berlin and Potsdam, where the emperor and empress have ever since their accession to the throne in 1888 been troubled in much the same fashion by mentally unbalanced visitors. In fact, there is not a reigning sovereign in Europe who has escaped this particular form of annoyance.

THIS LUCKY BABY RIDES HIGH

Child of Fortune Takes His Airing on Roof of One of New York's Skyscraper Hotels.

The average of infants in the hotels of Broadway and Fifth avenue is not 1 per cent, but even their calls present no problems to information clerks in the Knickerbocker. Men who have taken telephone calls from Chicago to hear an unidentified woman's voice on the wire asking, "Where is my husband?" promptly replying, "On his way home," are not easily surprised.

"Please send me a baby carriage," by telephone from an apartment in the Knickerbocker yesterday did not jar the information clerk.

"At once, madam," he replied suppressing his promptings to make a cautious inquiry, "touring or limousine?"

In a moment he had learned that Mrs. Barton Craige of Winston Salem, N. C., had arrived with the prettiest baby, and the call was from her room. There was no baby carriage in stock at the Knickerbocker, but one was ready for Baby Craige before the baby was ready for it.

"Can I have it sent to the roof and give the baby an airing there?" came another query. "There never had been a baby on the roof, but the possibilities were instantly canvassed and found spacious. Baby Craige and Mrs. Craige had their outing in the bright sunshine far above the street—New York Herald.

Where Air Wizards Study.

There are already six great aerodynamical laboratories scattered throughout the world. The oldest of these is that directed by Doctor Rianochinsky, at Koutchikino, in Russia; next comes that of M. Eiffel, in Paris, a private institution where this famous engineer has carried out research work of inestimable value for years past.

Paris possesses another laboratory, planned on an ambitious scale, founded at St. Cyr through the generosity of M. Deutsch and controlled by the University of Paris. At Rome there exists a well-equipped laboratory belonging to the Italian aviation corps, and finally there is the admirable aeronautical section of the national physical laboratory at Teddington.

Work of the Body Cells.

The cells of the body may be considered as having receptors through which they appropriate nutrition. Some of these receptors have fixation or repulsive power for the poisonous product or toxin of invading bacteria, or for the bacteria themselves. It is in this way the latter are able to injure the cell. When, however, this injury is done to the cells they manufacture many more receptors which are sent into the fluid tissues, that is, the lymph and blood, where they are free to unite with the toxins and bacteria, thus saving the body cells from their insidious influence.

LEARNED CHINESE TONGUE AND WAYS

That Was Why Two Young San Francisco Boys Made a Big Success.

INSPIRATION IN DOCK YARDS

Determined to Conquer the Markets of the Orient, Rosencrantz and Keegan Accomplished Their Aim in a Dozen Years.

By OSBORN MARSHALL. (Copyright, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

It was in the nature of a genuine romance—was Hilliard Rosencrantz's friendship for Joseph Keegan. They found each other when they were schoolboys in San Francisco, and in spite of difference in race and tradition they both knew from the start that they were kindred spirits. Eighteen years ago they used to wander down to the docks of the port of the Golden Gate and as they watched the incoming steamers—rich with their oriental cargoes or laden with bananas from Tahiti, they would drink in the spirit of adventure and achievement that was waited in with each breath of sea air.

The very bilge water of those Pacific liners," says Mr. Keegan, "used to team with romance enough to fire our boyish imaginations."

It was in these rambles in the dock yards of San Francisco that Hilliard Rosencrantz and Joseph Keegan first decided to learn to speak Chinese.

They had already determined to make money; they had also determined to make it in some form of merchandising. But down there on the docks, with their lungs expanded to the fresh Pacific breezes, they decided with one accord that they would never stoop to the pettifoggery, small dickerings and narrow scheming that they felt would be necessary to win success without a cent of capital in their native land.

They would go out to the unconquered markets of the East and do things in a big, magnificent style. They would, therefore, they decided, learn to speak Cantonese, the dialect of Chinese trade.

Of course in those days about the only Americans who learned Chinese were missionaries, and they didn't usually attempt to learn it till they reached China. The men who traded with Chinese merchants usually employed native interpreters, and so there was little precedent for young Rosencrantz and Keegan in their new ambition.

Learned Chinese in Chinatown. "There is one good way to learn to talk Chinese," Rosencrantz, when their minds were made up to study the language, told his friend, "and that is to get someone in Chinatown to teach us."

So whenever the two young men had a few hours to spend and a little ready money in their pockets they would make an excursion to Chinatown where, under the tutelage of a venerable old Chinaman, they took their first lessons in Chinese.

Needless to say, Chinese is not an easy language, although now that Mr. Rosencrantz has been master of the language for so many years he is unable to see why it should be considered unusually difficult. But the boys were persistent. When they became a little proficient in the language they took advantage of every Chinaman they met to practice their newly-acquired method of expression.

One Chinese laundryman almost dropped his fistron with astonishment one day when the fresh-faced young Americans began briskly to address him in his mother tongue.

At best this was an uncertain and slow method, and when the University of California announced an extension course in the Cantonese dialect the two aspirants to fluency in the Celestial language were delighted.

They joined the class and worked like Trojans at mastering the puzzles of their task. Other men in the course were taking it as a hobby or as a side issue. To Keegan and Rosencrantz it was the most important business in life. And between lessons at the university they haunted Chinatown in search of natives with whom to converse.

In the spring of 1899, at the end of the term, Rosencrantz stood head man in his class, and in recognition of his achievement the resident Chinese consul of San Francisco, the august and honorable Ho Yow, conferred a special commendation upon him.

Not only had Keegan and Rosencrantz learned to speak Chinese; they had learned in their intercourse with the inhabitants of Chinatown something quite as important in their future work as the language. They had become familiar with the peculiar temperament—unfathomable unless you understand it—of the Oriental.

Conquering the Oriental Markets. Then for a few months the two men served their apprenticeship in San Francisco, buying cheap junk and selling it in Chinatown, thereby increasing their knowledge of the ways of the Chinese mind and also accumulating a little capital.

Their ultimate object—that of conquering the markets of the Orient—was ever before their minds, and before long they were ready to make a beginning. With their hard-earned savings they laid in a supply of cheap

goods, and they knew where to find them wherever Orientals were to be found and as a crowning stroke of good luck, they secured the agency for a large watch manufacturing concern. Then they engaged passage on an east-sailing vessel, packed their bags and baggage, sent their wares into the hold of the ship and for one foolish day on the eve of their departure thought they had done all that was necessary.

They chanced to meet a man who had been in China and knew something about the methods of the country.

"Of course you are taking dinner togs?" he said.

"Dinner togs—dress suits!" echoed Rosencrantz, looking anxiously at Keegan. Dinner togs were included in their dreams of things which would be added unto them after they had won success, but which had no part in their present wardrobe. "What should we do with dinner togs?"

"Only this," explained the man who knew, "the Chinese merchants have been doing business with Englishmen, who have educated them to expect a man to dress for dinner. The English always do, you know, and if you expect to get in with these merchants and compete with the Englishmen you will have to do as they do."

When the two young men were alone they regarded each other sadly.

"We have spent all our money," Keegan, sighed Rosencrantz, "but if we must we must."

So together they went sorrowfully to the place in San Francisco where dinner togs were least expensive. It was a serious matter, for when they had provided themselves with the new articles of apparel they had but \$80 in the world to spend them on their venture. They had not been long in China, however, before they realized how fortunate had been this eleven-hour warning, and how wise they had been in heeding it.

Succeeded From the Start. Luck was with them from the start. They stopped first at Honolulu, where they managed to sell goods upon which the commissions amounted to \$1,500. Then they went on to Japan, where they received a check for another \$1,500, and from that time on they were never in need of funds.

In China they made their greatest success because they understood the language, although at first the pros-

pect was discouraging. They found that most of the agents for imported goods were Englishmen who understood little or no Chinese. Those men dealt with wholesale dealers who employed native interpreters. So when Keegan and Rosencrantz appeared, young Americans selling a new line of goods, the wholesalers favored the established English agents, and Keegan and Rosencrantz made few sales.

"Let's play a trick on the English agents," suggested Rosencrantz to Keegan. "Let's go straight to the Chinese merchants, talk to them without an interpreter and sell the goods cheaper than they can get them from the wholesale dealers because we can cut out the wholesale dealer's commission."

Even this was not always easy to do, but the young men had boundless enthusiasm, and in the end it was a policy which brought them success. From China they went on to India, and before long they were dealing in various lines of American-made goods, always working directly with the merchant and leaving out of consideration the middleman.

A dozen years after this first venture in the Orient the names of Keegan and Rosencrantz were well known in business circles in Japan, China, India and Australia, and before long they were ready to make a beginning. With their hard-earned savings they laid in a supply of cheap

God, and this is "man's chief end;" and this the promise of the life that now is and of that to come.—William Hayes Ward in the New York Independent.

Poison Tablets Guarded. Various methods designed to prevent the mistaking of bichloride of mercury for medicine, or some other harmless substance, have been proposed with the idea of making it possible to use this deadly poison as an antiseptic without incurring any danger. Two of the latest of these are extremely simple but evidently effective. One method consists in stringing the tablets together and then bottling them in the usual manner. A tablet can only be detached by cutting the string, and this apparently does away with all possibility of mistake. The other method is to incase the tablets in metal guards so that it is impossible to swallow them. The tablet can be dissolved with the guard in place or can easily be removed from the guard.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Approval. "Of course, you are aware that the King has discontinued the use of alcoholic beverages?"

"It's high time. A man with a particular job on his hands like a king's should never have been allowed to touch liquor in the first place."



Took Their First Lessons in Chinese.



I Could Hear Him Saying Over and Over to Himself, "This is a Sin and I Hate to Do It, but I Need the Money."

THE CARRIZOZO NEWS

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HALEY & DINGWALL

Publishers

Showing Their Hands

When the representatives of the corporations were in Santa Fe looking after their interests before the legislature, drawing up the measures for their legislators to make into laws, it was charged that the controlling power behind the two-thirds republican majority was willing to sacrifice the interests of the people in order to gain an expected advantage through the workings of a vicious tax law. Denials were made and the better element of the republican party—which constitutes its voting strength and is unconscious of the peculiar working of the machine—was again lulled to sleep by specious promises.

It was believed at the time that certain well-known leaders were mixing political dope with the preparation of a tax law, and that belief has been strengthened by subsequent events. By persuasion, threat and the liberal use of the party whip the measure was put through, and although thoughtful and earnest men of both parties feared it, a real tax law was impossible, the session had been frittered away and it was the present law or nothing. And now we are beginning to hear some talk of a political mixture, which was inevitable when it is remembered who the sponsors of the law were—technically outside the legislature, but in reality the power within. So, after the session was almost ended there came forth the "Bursum" bill.

Now Mr. Bursum, Mr. Springer, Mr. Spiess, nor any member of the "inner circle" that might be mentioned, did not hold a certificate of membership in the last legislature, but it is a well known fact that Santa Fe was the home of these "interested" persons during the sessions of the legislature. And it is true with every session of the legislature of New Mexico and account for much of the evil laws we now have, due solely to the mixing of politics with business. Business is usually the sufferer when politics enters.

It will not be amiss, in considering the workings of the tax measure, to note that the corporate interests had their representatives at the capital every day during the legislative sessions; and it therefore need surprise no one that the corporations "submitted," with only a mild protest, to the workings of the law. Corporations are entitled to just and fair treatment, but no more so than the humblest citizen.

The point is that the people, in

the election of representatives, selected men who are too ready to listen to special pleaders and forget the interests of the common geezer who is unable to supply an advocate. Relief from burdensome taxation and disagreeable laws cannot be expected as long as such conditions exist. There's a remedy.

The state tax commission is making a mighty struggle to find a way of fairly administering a law that was obviously unfair from the beginning; and, while the commissioners have the support of all right minded citizens in their efforts to bring about success, many there are who feel that the wish is father to the hope and that the law makes success almost impossible. The operations of the law prevent free and independent action of the board—requires certain accomplishments but limits the authority. Tax-paying time will very likely convince some of the error of their ways. In the abolition of the State Equalization Board the people have but "jumped out of the frying pan into the fire."

Germany's Note

Germany's note—it can scarcely be dignified as an answer—to the United States is a distinct disappointment. Not because the imperial German government refuses to do this or that, or agrees to do this or that, but because it does neither—merely dodges and evades every proposition put up to it by the Washington government.

It is true, it pleads justification, in a measure, but the whole tenor of the note is to produce delay, get the matter down to negotiations and prolong the affair. It does not appear to be certain of its ground—in fact, its continual use of the terms "according to information," "believes," "must have been aware," etc., betrays a weakness of its position, and a cherished desire to shoulder the blame on her enemies.

Some counter propositions are submitted, which the German government full well knows will not be acceptable, and cold bloodedly awaits the action of the United States—hoping, apparently, to force our government to commit some overt act and thus give the kaiser a chance to again appeal to God to assist him in just and righteous battle.

Our country does not want war, has no selfish ends to be attained by an appeal to arms, even against her will, but Germany is pursuing just the kind of tactics that will provoke it. Un-

A Bit of Sunshine

A newspaper, like an individual, may have merit and may accomplish some good for a community and for mankind, but is given little credit for so doing; because the public takes it as a matter of course. But place the shoe on the other foot and the public is not a bit backward in expressing its disapproval. Therefore, when we do receive a commendation, we feel like giving it to the world; for commendations are like "Angel visits—few and far between." With this explanation, we feel that our readers will pardon the pride we exhibit in presenting the following:

June 1, 1915.

Mr. Jno. A. Haley, Carrizozo, N. M.

Dear Sir:—Permit me to express my appreciation of the splendid brief editorials you have been giving us in the News on the present great war. Your last, "Will Germany Equal France?" gives us the facts in a nutshell, is provocative of thought, and should, as it undoubtedly will, stimulate more reading of history, present and past.

Sincerely,
HERBERT HAYWOOD.

Teachers' Institute Notice

Lincoln County Teachers' Institute will be held in Carrizozo, June 14-26. Fee, \$2.00; examination, \$1.00 extra.

One of the requirements of the teachers of New Mexico is Institute attendance for at least ten days. All persons expecting to teach in this county must record with the county school superintendent, this attendance before a teacher's contract is signed.

Address any inquiries to
MRS. W. L. GUMM,
Supt. Lincoln County Schools,
5-28 St Carrizozo, N. M.

Public Notice

Public notice is hereby given that bids will be received by the undersigned, Treasurer and Ex-Officio Collector of the County of Lincoln, State of New Mexico, at his office in the court house at Carrizozo at 10 o'clock a. m. Saturday, June 26, 1915, for the purchase of school bonds, to be issued by School District No. 20, Lincoln County, New Mexico, within the limits of which district the town of Hondo is situated.

The amount of bonds so issued is to be \$2,500, and the issue will be in bonds of \$500 each, payable in thirty (30) years, with interest at the rate of not to exceed 6 per cent, payable semi-annually at the office of the county treasurer of the county. The aggregate sum of the bond issue amounts to \$2,500.

No bids will be considered for a less amount than ninety (90) cents on the dollar, and must be made for the full amount of the aggregate bond issue.

The bonds so issued are to be dated July 1, 1915, and bids must be for bonds and accrued interest. Bidders are to furnish, bonds and necessary papers for completion of sale of bonds.

T. W. WATSON.

Treasurer and Ex-Officio Collector of Lincoln County, New Mexico.

Dated Carrizozo, New Mexico, May 20, 1915.
5-21-6-18

Carrizozo Lodge,

No. 41,

A. F. & A. M.



Carrizozo, New Mexico. Regular Meetings: January 30, February 27, March 27, April 24, May 21, June 18, July 15, August 12, Sept. 19, Oct. 16, November 20, December 17.
H. E. FINE, W. M.

S. F. MILLER, Sec'y

I. O. O. F.

Carrizozo Lodge

NO. 30

Carrizozo, N. M. Regular meeting nights, 1st and 3rd Fridays in each month.

O. T. Nye, Sec. T. W. Watson, N. G.

R. L. Ransom

Plasterer & Contractor

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CARRIZOZO NEW MEXICO

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WHOLESALE and RETAIL

When in need of considerable quantities of goods, get our prices before buying. We are also anxious to get your small orders.

Welch & Titsworth

CAPITAN, NEW MEXICO

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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Will practice in Federal and State Courts

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GEORGE SPENCE

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Office in Exchange Bank Building

Carrizozo - New Mexico

FRANK J. SAGER

FIRE INSURANCE

Notary Public

Office in Exchange Bank, Carrizozo.

CHARLES L. KENNEDY

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YOU WILL FIND MY PRICES RIGHT.

SEEING LIFE with JOHN HENRY



by George V. Hobart

John Henry on Turkey Trotting

(Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

SAY! did you ever get ready and go to a Turkey Trot party?

Scold no—I deserve it, Paw!

You wouldn't think it, but here in New York the Pet of Fortune makes it his life's work to burn money in some hard put for an excuse to Light the Match.

When a Palooka with nothing in his attic but shrouded wheat falls heir to a hatful of Mazuma he quickly realizes that the money has to be ignited—but how to do it!

The awning that hangs between his pompadour and his eyebrows becomes care-furrowed from trying to figure out just how to set fire to the coin Dad left him without attracting the attention of the police.

The Poor Thing soup discovers that it's awfully hard to invent a new style in Financial Bonfires, so he falls back on the first-and-best method of ignition—and Gives a Party.

He knows that his bundle of green and yellow pathfinders will burn with a brighter flame if he can induce a lot of Night Riders to tarry by his hearthstone during the ceremony.

And joy in abundance is his when they begin to kick the ashes around his \$5,000 apartment with their slippered feet.

Having heard Peaches breathe a desire to be Among Those Present at a Turkey Trot, our friend Hep Hardy got busy with his favorite paying teller and gave one.

I tried to explain to friend wife that she'd find herself in a bluish-producing atmosphere where she'd hear them discussing White Slave dramas, hot from the Grand Jury room, but she merely stung me with a dimpled smile and said, "Tush; come on; let's lease a taxi!"

Hep lives in one of those expensive shacks where the entrance is made up to look like the room Louis the Fifteenth used to get shaved in.

When you step in the front door you think you've suddenly arrived at a forced sale of art objects and bric-a-brac.

The attendant who greets you with a grin like a comatose catfish must have been at one time a Captain in the Imperial German Army, for he still

celebrates present, with the exception of those who were busy stepping on each other's feet in the joyous dance.

Peaches and I sat down to watch the mad revels, but as we did so a music box concealed in our little-tete-a-tete sofa began to play "Snookey Ookums," so we arose hurriedly and decided to stand during the rest of the carnival.

When we hurriedly arose to the occasion a Literary Gnat whose name is Georgie Nathan got the laugh of his life.

"Pardon me!" he said, giggling, "but to a man with my keen sense of humor the episode of the concealed music box was intensely ludicrous. Now that my laughter has subsided would you mind doing it over again that I may study the situation from a psychological point of view?"

What are you going to do with a fried smelt like that?

I wanted to coax him into one of the bath rooms and turn the shower on him, but Peaches begged me not to dampen his youthful ardor, so I told him what particular ingredient of a cheese sandwich he resembled and passed him up.

Georgie is fearfully erudite. With his thumb and forefinger he picks big words out of his bulging forehead and assembles them into neat little paragraphs. These he carries on a tray to a magazine where kind-hearted men pay him money and beg him not to come back until he has spent it all.

Georgie was getting along very nicely until one day somebody told him he was clever—then he fell apart.

Now he makes up his pieces in front of a mirror and when he thinks of something devilishly cute he and his reflection exchange loving glances. Then he pins a medal on his breast and quits work for the day.

Somebody should take off Georgie's watch and slap his wrist real hard.

In the meantime the war dance of the Manhattan Indians went bravely on. It was catch-as-catch-can all over the place.

They swayed and toddled and wobbled and bobbed, each and all of them trying hard to conceal the fact that they were human beings.

They danced the Lamb Duck and

PIES OF RARE MERIT

SOME RECIPES THAT HAVE ESTABLISHED WORTH.

What is Known as the "Pie of Five" is Excellent—Good One Made With Brown Sugar—Delicious Spice Pie.

The Pie of Five.—One large, juicy lemon, one cupful of sugar, one egg, one good-sized potato and one cupful of water. Grate the rind of the lemon and add the lemon juice and egg. Beat well. Grate the potato or put through food chopper. Stir well with the other ingredients and then add the water. Place in a double boiler or saucepan and let thicken, and "bake" in two crusts.

Brown Sugar Pie.—Two-thirds of a cupful of brown sugar, one tablespoonful of butter and two tablespoonfuls of milk. Cook until waxy looking, then take the yolks of two eggs, one heaping tablespoonful of flour and one and one-half cupfuls of milk. Mix all together smooth, add to the above ingredients, cook until thick, and add vanilla. Have a baked crust, use the whites beaten stiff for the top, and return to the oven for a minute or two.



There Was Peaches With Hep Hardy Hoofing It Down the Room.

to inquire if we were having a good time.

"Great!" I answered; "but, say, Hep! you're being getting some new statuary, haven't you? What's that over in the corner there, with the bright lights around it—A Venus de Milo with the arms restored?"

"Let go!" Hep snickered. "That's Claribel Swift of the Frivolity Theater."

"Oh!" I said; "what's the matter—did the dressmaker disappoint her?"

"Why, no," Hep assured me; "she's wearing the latest in French creations—the cobweb gown."

"Well, why not get the poor girl a screen; she'll catch cold," I suggested just as Lord Humbo of Merry England hawhawed his way over to us, whereupon Hep whispered something to me about being kind to the nobility and moseyed away.

"Ripping, isn't it?" said, His Lordship.

"Which one?" I queried; "that makes seven I've counted in half an hour."

"What are you referring to, I mean to say?" monocolled the son of a Belled Earl.

"The skirts," I answered; "they've been ripping ever since the music started. Some of these ginks do the Turkey trot like a hungry man going up an apple tree for a midday meal."

"Quite so," placidified the last of his race, "but I was referring to the affair—the party! Ripping! I didn't think I was going to like America, I mean to say, but these Turkey Trot parties have quite won me over—quite. I attend them constantly. I was broken-hearted when they closed the cabarets, at one o'clock. Disgusting, really! What is life without the turkey trot—nothing! What is one's existence without the tango—nothing. I mean to say, Take away my Bunny Hug and what have I left—nothing! Separate me from my Boston Dip and life becomes a drear expanse. What's the use of going to restaurants any more? One can't eat one's soup without turkey trot music. I've tried it—and it splashes."

You know when the bug bites as deep as that it does no good to yall for peroxide.

"I say, old chap," His Lordship rattled along, "where's your charming wife? I should like awfully to do the New Orleans Drag with her—what?"

"She doesn't dance," I said. "One foot is a Presbyterian; the other a Methodist—nothing doing."

"I think she does splendidly," the truant from the House of Lords came back at me. "Ah, there she is now with my friend, Hardy; doing the Cincinnati Clog, aren't they?"

I looked and, suffering rag-time! His blue-blooded Nibs was right. There was Peaches with Hep Hardy hoofing it down the room and making the occasion a jubilee of joy.

Gasp! I fell back on the trick sofa and let "Snookey Ookums" play to the bitter end.

"Bind up his wounds, Doctor; with proper nursing we may pull him through."

His Outlook.

"Life seems all upside down!" moaned the baby, when they reversed him because he had swallowed a button.

"At any rate, you're well healed," responded the parents, each of whom held one.

Little Pitchers.

"Grandma, are you with the circus?"

"Of course not, child. What makes you ask such a thing?"

"I heard pa say that when you come to visit us, we'd have an elephant on our hands."



Meantime the War Dance of the Manhattan Indians Went Bravely On.

wears his Uhlan uniform with the hand-painted sleeves and the Marillo panels inserted in the silk stockings.

Some class, take it from Uncle Jasper!

There is such an air of subdued elegance and concentrated luxury about the lay-out that you want to rush to a telephone, call up your office and tell them there that you're never going to work again as long as you live.

The elevator doors swing open disclosing a picture post card of a Turkish scraggle—whatever that is. Then a West Indian chauffeur, all dolled like Sir Walter Raleigh on his way to see Queen Elizabeth, gives you the high sign and shoots heavenward while you sink to your wail in the Persian rug on the floor of the gilded cage.

Hep's parade grounds are on the twelfth floor. His apartment consists of eleven rooms and nine baths. Through an oversight the dining room and the butler's pantry have no bath attached, but Hep says that defect will be remedied if he has to drop another \$3,000 a year into the Kitty.

The Party was in full blast when we reached the scene of the Confagration.

A string orchestra, concealed behind a lot of aristocratic rubber plants scattered enough rag-time for everybody to dip in and help themselves, so up and down through Hep's library into the drawing-room, through the living-room, across the hall, and through the card room, around the foyer, back through the sitting room, down the hall again and back into the drawing-room, the various couples pranced and galloped and wrigled and squirmed and loosed each other into the belief that this was Life.

Hep met us at the door of the Fun Factory and introduced us to all the

Simping Cinnamon Bear; the Lingering Drag and the Jack Rabbit Jump; the Boston Antelope, and the Philadelphia Scramble. Every once in a while they'd stop, take a long breath and then off again into the Buzzard Blend and Walrus Wiggle.

Each individual tried to act as a special agent for the Zoo?

"How do you like it?" I asked Peaches.

"It's awful," she gasped. "Look at that girl over there. Why does she try to act like a penknife?"

"Come out of the hardware store," I answered. "She's doing the Armadillo Headback!"

Just then Hep came up and asked Peaches if she wouldn't glide out and dodge the furniture with him, whereupon the Queen of my Sungalow shuddered from hairpins to shoe buckles, murmured, "I don't know how," and hid her head in my shoulder.

"It'll fix that," squeaked Hep, and two minutes later we were confronted by a thick-set individual who talked in chunks.

His name was Manuel Hoehenstein and he had a map on him like a cross-section of the McAdoo tunnel.

"Why don't you get out and hit the hurdles with the hoppers?" he inquired.

"My wife wasn't brought up in a circus," I went back at him; "and I'm a shine acrobat."

"Aw, say, it's a cinch, this bunk Turkey Trotting," Mr. Hoehenstein informed us. "Why, in ten minutes I can learn anybody that isn't a war veteran with two wooden legs. I got a Studio where I learn everybody—ten dollars a lesson. Why, I've learned some of the sweetest Society dames in this burg. You know I used to be a bookmaker, but there's more money in this game. It's a ten to one shot and

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Grapefruit Pie.—First bake a shell as for lemon pie, then make a filling as follows: Mix one tablespoonful of cornstarch in a little cold water, and over this pour one cupful of boiling water. To this add the juice of two grapefruits, the grated rind and juice of one orange, the beaten yolks of two eggs, and the white of one, and a small piece of butter. Put all in the double boiler and cook until thick, stirring all the time. When done, put in the shell. Now beat up the white of the second egg with one-half a cupful of sugar until thick, and spread with a knife over the pie. Put in the oven and let brown lightly. Serve cold. This makes a delicious pie.

Delicious Spice Pie.—The yolks of three eggs, one and one-half cupfuls of sugar, one cupful of cream, two tablespoonfuls of flour, two-thirds of a cupful of butter, one teaspoonful of spice, cloves, cinnamon and nutmeg. Mix the flour and sugar together, then cream with the butter. Add the yolks of the eggs, beating thoroughly. Next add cream and spices. Use the whites for the frosting.

Turnip Pie.—Put two cupfuls of mashed cooked turnips into a basin, add three-quarters of a cupful of brown sugar, three well-beaten eggs, two tablespoonfuls of molasses, one tablespoonful of melted butter, one tablespoonful of powdered ginger, one teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon, and one-quarter of a teaspoonful of salt. Mix and bake in one crust like a pumpkin pie.

Sweet Potato Pie.—Bake the sweet potatoes and cut them in half-inch slices, put them in a pie plate on the lower crust, fill the plate, and sprinkle with butter and sugar and a little water. Put on the upper crust and bake.

PARAMO of SANTA ISABEL

FEW persons who live in the temperate zone are aware of the fact that there is quite a large section of country in tropical America, even at the Equator which is a land of sleet and storm during the greater part of the year, where many of the trails are frequently closed to men and beasts attempting to cross are frozen to death. Such a region is the Andean paramo, in the Republic of Colombia.

Three years ago Dr. Arthur A. Allen, explored that elevated land in search of bird specimens, and he has described it in the American Museum Journal. The following paragraphs, says the Bulletin of the Pan American Union, embody substantially the more important features of Doctor Allen's interesting account:

The paramo of Santa Isabel lies about two days' journey from Solento, the largest town on the Quindio trail, which crosses the central Andes, and on clear days, especially at dusk, can be seen at several points rising above the forest-capped ridges to an altitude between 16,000 and 17,000 feet. Beyond it and a little to the east lies the paramo of Ruis, and, most magnificent of all, Nevada del Tolima, with its crown of crystal snow gleaming in the rays of the setting sun. Many travelers pass over the trail without ever a glimpse of the snows to the north, seeing only the banks of clouds that obscure even the tops of the moss forest and hide all but the near distance.

One morning in early September the naturalists slung their packs and started for the paramo of Santa Isabel. From Solento the trail to the paramo leads first down into the Boku valley and then follows the river's meandering course through groves of speckled palms nearly to its source, when it turns abruptly and begins a steep ascent of the mountain side. The palm trees, in scattered groves, continue to nearly 9,000 feet, where the trail begins to zigzag through some half-cleared country, where the trees have been felled and burned over, and where in between

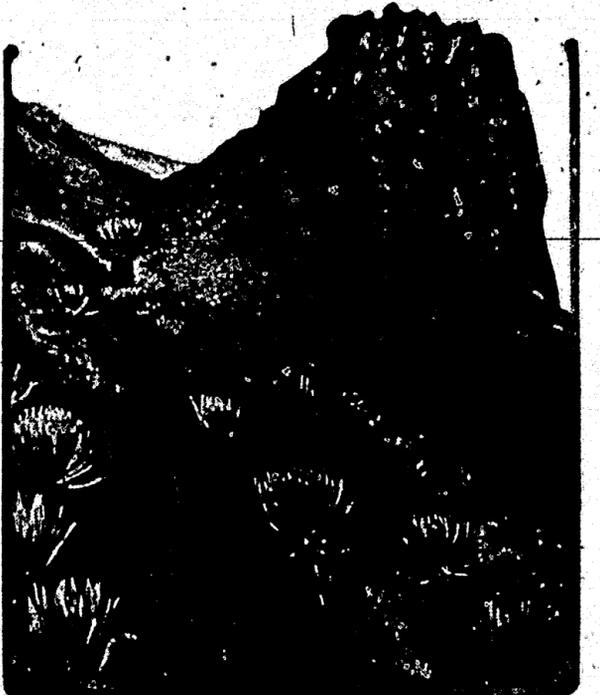
many hours of travel up the mountain from 9,000 to about 12,000 feet, where a sudden change occurs. The trees become dwarfed, their leaves small and thick, heavily chitinized or covered with thick down, and remind one of the vegetation about our northern bogs with their Andromeda and Labrador tea. Here, too, the ground in places is covered with a dense mat of sphagnum, dotted with dwarf blueberries and cranberries and similar plants which remind one of home.

Out Upon the Paramo.

A cool breeze greets the traveler, sky appears in place of the great dome of green, and suddenly he steps out upon the open paramo. He has been traveling through the densest of forests, seeing but a few paces along the trail and only a few rods into the vegetation on either side; he has grown nearsighted, and even the smallest contours of the landscape have been concealed by the dense forest cover. Suddenly, there is thrown before his vision a whole world of mountains. As far as he can see in all directions, save behind him, ridge piles upon ridge in never-ending series until they fuse in one mighty crest which pierces the clouds with its snow-capped crown. This is the paramo of Santa Isabel.

At this point the party dismounted and led their horses along the narrow ridge. They looked in vain for the jagged peaks that are so characteristic of our northern frost-made mountains. Here even the vertical cliffs did not seem entirely without vegetation, and as far as could be seen with binoculars the brown edges and the gray frailejones covered the rocks even up to the very edge of the snow. All about them the strange mulleinlike frailejones, as the native call them, stood up, on their pedestals, ten or even fifteen feet in height in sheltered spots; down among the sedges very many lesser plants similar to our North American species—gentians, composites, a hoary lupine, a buttercup, a yellow sorrel, almost identical with those of the United States.

Birds also, several of which proved



ON THE PARAMO OF SANTA ISABEL.

to be new to science, were numerous, but all were of dull colors and reminded them in their habits of the open-country birds of northern United States. A goldfinch hovered above the frailejones; a gray flycatcher ran along the ground or mounted into the air, much like the northern horned lark; an ovenbird flew up ahead of them resembling a meadow lark; a marsh wren scolded from the rank sedges; and almost from under their horses' hoofs one of the large Andean snipes sprang into the air with a characteristic bleat and went zig-zagging away. On a small lake which they came to, barren except for a few algae, rode an Andean teal, surprisingly like the northern gadwall. And so the story goes on. Here almost on the Equator, but 12,000 feet above the level of the sea, they had left the strangeness of the tropics and come upon a land that was strikingly like their own.

He Was a Sufferer.

"Madam," said the tattered and torn supplicant to the benevolent lady who answered his timid rap at the door, "have you any old clothes you can spare for an unfortunate victim of the European war?" "I think I have, my poor man; but how does this happen, surely?" "No, madam," humbly replied the sufferer; "but my wife has sent all my clothes to the Belgians."

—Harrisburg Times

the charred stumps a few handfuls of wheat have been planted and now wave a golden brown against the black.

Wonderful Cloud Forest.

And next the Cloud Forest! It is seldom that the traveler's anticipation of any much-heralded natural wonder is realized when he is brought face to face with it. Usually he feels a tinge of disappointment and follows it by a close scrutiny of the object before him in search of the grandeur depicted, but not so with the Cloud Forest. According to Mr. Allen it surpasses one's dreams of tropical luxuriance. It is here rather than in the lowland jungle that nature outdoes herself and crowds every available inch with moss and fern and orchid. Here every twig is a garden and the moss-laden branches so gigantic that they throw more shade than the leaves of the trees themselves. Giant branches hang to the ground from the horizontal branches of the larger trees and in turn are so heavily laden with moss and epiphytes that they form an almost solid wall and present the appearance of a hollow tree, trunk 15 or 20 feet in diameter. One should pass through this forest during the rainy season to form a true conception of its richness, though even during the driest months the variety and abundance of plant life covering every trunk and branch are beyond belief.

The great forest, occasionally interrupted by clearings, continues for

CAFFE-FEET-BLANC-MANGE.

Clean and wash thoroughly. Put on to boil in four quarts of water (if all four feet are used) and reduce by boiling to one quart. Strain and stir in a cool place to become cold. When cold take off all the fat, remove all the scummings at the bottom. Put with the jellied meat one quart of good, fresh, sweet milk; sweeten with sugar to taste and flavor. If lemon peel, grated, or cinnamon is used for flavoring add it before boiling with milk, but if peach water, rose water or essence of lemon is to be used, add it (flavoring) after boiling with milk. Let the ingredients to be boiled so for about ten minutes, then strain through a fine sieve into a pitcher and stir until it cools. While blood warm put into molds that have been previously wet with cold water to harden.

INDIAN CURRY OF MUTTON.

Fry four chopped onions in butter, add a teaspoonful of curry powder, a teaspoonful of salt and one cupful of chopped apples. Stir in a cupful of rich milk and a tablespoonful of flour rubbed smooth with a little cold water. Simmer till thick and add two pounds of breast of mutton cut in squares, soured and browned in a little butter. Simmer till meat is well done; it may be found necessary to add a little more milk or water from time to time. Serve very hot.

ROLLED OAT WAFERS.

Tablespoonful butter, one cupful sugar, two eggs beaten separately, two cups rolled oats, one-half teaspoonful bitter almonds, two teaspoonfuls baking powder. Melt butter, pour over sugar; then add yolks, beaten whites, flavoring, meat and baking powder. Drop in teaspoonfuls on buttered pans.

ROOKS.

Two-thirds of a cupful of butter or shortening; one cupful of sugar; two eggs, 1 1/2 cupfuls of flour, a teaspoonful each of cinnamon and cloves and a cupful of chopped walnuts and dates mixed. Bake as drop cakes. These improve with age, if you are successful in hiding them!—Good Housekeeping Magazine.

CODFISH A LA MOE.

One cupful salt codfish picked fine, two cupfuls mashed potato, one-half cupful butter, one pint cream or milk, two eggs well beaten, salt and pepper to taste. Mix well bake twenty to twenty-five minutes in the dish in which it is to be served.

Mr. James McDonald, Oakley, Ky., writes: "I overworked and strained my back, which brought on Kidney and Bladder Disease. My symptoms were Backache and Burning in the stem of the Bladder, which was sore and had a constant itching all the time—broken sleep, tired feeling, nervousness, puffing and swollen eyes, shortness of breath and Rheumatic pains. I suffered ten months. I was treated by a physician, but found no relief until I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. I now feel that I am permanently cured by the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Dodd's Kidney Pills, 50c. per box at your dealer or Dodd's Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Write for Household Hints, also music of National Anthem (English and German words) and recipes for dainty dishes. All sent free.—Adv.

A Difference.
"Does Mrs. Holdup play bridge?"
"No; she works it."—Baltimore American.

CUTICURA COMPLEXIONS
Are Usually Fresh and Clear, Soft and Velvety. Try One.

The Soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal. Thus these supercreamy emollients promote and maintain the natural purity and beauty of the skin, scalp, hair and hands under conditions which if neglected might disfigure them.

Sample each free by mail with book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. XY, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Definition.
She—What did you call bachelor?
He—Men who have contemplated matrimony.

Important to Mothers
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson* in Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for *Plether's Castoria*.

Work of Torpedoes.
Torpedoes cost over \$5,000 each; consequently they are not discharged unless there is a fair chance of hitting the object aimed at. So far the vessels hit by torpedoes have been stationary or only moving slowly; but it is probable that as the crews of submarines become more expert they will be able to hit a warship occasionally when she is moving at a high speed.

As Seeing the Invisible.
No great purpose "has" ever been achieved by any individual until his spirit has first gone out into some wilderness solitude and there discovered its native strength, its absolute invincibility when it relies upon no help but that of God. This is the experience of all the greatest among men. They go apart from their fellows for awhile, like Moses, into the land of Midian, or like our Lord himself into the wilderness, or like St. Paul into the Arabian desert, and there, in solitary communion with God, from that highest of all companionships, they drink in strength to fit them for the work of our lives. Alone with God, they see visions which fill their souls, visions which never fade afterward even in the light of common day, but which serve as beacon lights to guide them, through storm and darkness, till the purpose of their lives is fulfilled.—Edwin H. Eiland.

IN A SHADOW
Tea Drinker Feared Paralysis.

Steady use of either tea or coffee often produces alarming symptoms, as the poison (caffeine) contained in these beverages acts with more potency in some persons than in others. "I was never a coffee drinker," writes an ill woman, "but a tea drinker. I was very nervous, had frequent spells of sick headache and heart trouble, and was subject at times to severe attacks of bilious colic. "No end of sleepless nights—would have spells at night when my right side would get numb and tingle like a thousand needles were pricking my flesh. At times I could hardly get my tongue out of my mouth and my right eye and ear were affected. "The doctors told me to quit using tea, but I thought I could not live without it—that it was my only stay. I had been a tea drinker for twenty-five years; was under the doctor's care for fifteen. "About six months ago, I finally quit tea and commenced to drink Postum. "I have never had one spell of sick headache since and only one light attack of bilious colic. Have quit having those numb spells at night, sleep well and my heart is getting stronger all the time. "Named given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read 'The Road to Well-being' in pages. Postum comes in two forms: Postum—Cereal—the original form—must be well boiled; Postum—Powder—Instant Postum—a soluble powder—dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water, and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. See the tin. Both kinds are equally delicious and contain the same good stuff. "There's a Reason" for Postum. —sold by Grocers.

NEWS and GOSSIP OF WAS

Vice-President Now Has a Nice Flag for Himself

WASHINGTON.—Vice-President Thomas R. Marshall has a flag of his own and it is an official banner. This means that every time he visits an American warship and is piped over the side he will enjoy the pleasurable emotion of knowing that the V. P. flag is fluttering from the masthead. The V. P. flag is a snow-white square of bunting, on a field of which is a blue bird representing the eagle in the coat of arms of the United States. This makes the V. P. flag the reverse of the president's flag, which consists of the coat of arms of the nation on a blue field. This is the first time in the history of the American navy that there has been prescribed for vice-president a distinctive flag for vice-president a distinctive flag to be displayed on naval vessels while he is on board one of them. It remained for Secretary Daniels to provide Mr. Marshall with a flag. It grew out of the fact that Vice-President Marshall was going to San Francisco to represent President Wilson at the Panama-Pacific exposition. When the president arranged for himself to be represented in this manner, and plans were made for the vice-president to be received on board the armored cruiser Colorado, the flagship of Admiral Howard, it occurred to Secretary Daniels that a more fitting reception in the attendant ceremonies should be accorded him than those previously prescribed. Hence the new flag. This new flag has now been permanently prescribed for the vice-president in the future and will hereafter be displayed on ships of the navy whenever the vice-president is on board. The ceremonies attending a visit of the president to a ship of the navy include the manning of the rail by the crew, hoisting his flag and firing a salute of 21 guns upon his arrival, and hauling down his flag and firing a second salute upon his departure from the ship. The honors given the vice-president were formerly the same as those given the president, except that the rail was not manned by the crew and the salute of 19 guns was given only upon his departure, and the national colors were displayed during the salute.

What National Bird Reserves Do for the Farmer

It is believed in Washington that the farmers in many parts of the United States have little idea of the extent to which the federal government goes to protect them and their interests from harm. Department of agriculture officials have often cried out against the wanton slaughter of birds, declaring that these birds were necessary to keep down the insect pests and thereby protect the farmers' crops, but they have not stopped at this. Without much ado, they have been selecting the quiet, isolated nooks of the country as bird reserves, as places where the birds could go and under the protection of the authorities rear their young in security and comfort. At the present time there are 74 such bird reserves scattered throughout the entire country, and especially on the lonely islands that are found along the different coasts. These reserves have been created through reference from the interior department to the president, who signs executive orders declaring the place to be a reserve. Immediately these places come under the general law which makes it unlawful to kill birds, take their eggs or to willfully disturb the birds. A maximum fine of \$500 and a sentence in jail for six months are provided for violations of this law. The bird reserves now existing are being administered under the direction of the biological survey of the United States department of agriculture. During the last year nine new bird reserves were established, scattered between Alaska and Porto Rico; two new ones in Alaska, one of which, in the Aleutian Islands, was established not only for the purpose of protecting native birds, but also for the encouragement of propagation of fur-bearing animals, reindeer and food fishes. Other bird reserves established during the year were in Arkansas, Alabama and Mississippi and also the Canal zone.



"Mystery" of Chimney of the British Embassy

ANOTHER "mystery" of international politics was uncovered in Washington recently by an American newspaper man. Fired by memories of the romance and intrigue in Washington during the Russo-Japanese war and by a knowledge of the "secret service" now going on in connection with the devious route of Mexican politics, but steered by the dignity of that solemn, imposing, red-brick pile, the British embassy, at the corner of Connecticut avenue and N street northwest, the reporter linked arms with luck and inquired at the embassy: "What happened when you had your chimney fixed?" "Said chimney is in the chancellery between that building and the residence next door. The chimney wouldn't draw, and, therefore, there was not enough fire to warm the chilled secretaries and attaches. Hundreds of Washingtonians who had whispered to one another the story of how a bricklayer was employed to block up an opening in the chimney, and how a set of dictaphone wires was found there, were doomed to read an unravelment of this "mystery" of international politics that is amusing rather than important. Here it is as it came from one of the embassy attaches: "What happened when we had our chimney fixed? Why, the fire burned all right. What did we find? Why, we found an awful lot of dust and soot. Charley is going to get a scolding for letting that chimney get so dirty." "A Dictaphone Easily Could Be a Diplomat's Delight."

What Becomes of the Holes in Postage Stamps

ONE who passes by the bureau of printing and engraving in Washington may often see on a concrete platform a number of barrels being roughly "headed up" and loaded into wagons. If he takes a peek into one of the barrels he will see that they are filled with most peculiar looking stuff which he will be at a loss to identify. It is composed of very small particles seemingly of all the colors in the rainbow. If the passer-by asks one of the workmen what the queer stuff is, he will be told "just holes," and further inquiry reveals that it is composed of the tiny disks made by the machines through which the sheets of postage stamps are run for perforation. They fall into baskets and being of no use whatever, are barreled up and carted to the city dump. The bureau of printing and engraving turns out a barrel and a half of these "holes" every week day, which means nine barrels a week and 468 barrels a year. It is needless to say no one ever counted the number of "holes" in a barrel, but as the bureau prints 12,000,000 stamps a year and there are 21 perforations for each stamp, or a total of 252,000,000 holes for the year's output, it is evident that each of the 468 barrels contains approximately 536,333 holes.



QUEST PAGE OF UNITED STATES

Human Tablets in University of Pennsylvania Records Deeds of Babylonians.

A number of ancient Sumerian tablets, recording the deeds of the Babylonians thousands of years ago, have been deciphered by George A. Barton at the University of Pennsylvania museum. One of these tablets, which tells how a farmer rid his field of locusts and caterpillars, is dated 4,000 B. C. and is the oldest piece of writing extant, according to an announcement made by officials of the museum. The farmer, Doctor Barton's translation says, called in a necromancer, who "broke a jar, cut open a sacrifice, a word of cursing he repeated, and the locusts and caterpillars fled." For this service he received a tall palm tree. That a canal was constructed in Babylonia nearly 5,000 years ago is shown by another tablet dated "The year the Divine Naram-Sin opened the mouth of the canal Erlin at Nippur." Naram-Sin was a king in Babylonia and is supposed to have financed the construction of the waterway which gave Nippur transportation facilities with the rest of the world. A third tablet, dated 3200 B. C., records the transfer of land and a quantity of grain for bronze money. Gold and silver were known at that time, but were not used as currency.

Outclassed.
Member of Anarchist Society—Gentlemen, I wish to resign!
President—But vy, brozzer? Vy would you leave us?
Member—Ach! I der iss no more glory in dis bomb business; eet iss becoming vulgar; everybody is doin' it!—Punch.

Doubtful Assurances.
"Do you think they approved of my Eastern sermon?" asked one of our well-known ministers.
"Yes, I think so," replied his wife; "they were all nodding."

WHY FAMOUS PASTRY COOKS USE KC BAKING POWDER



The patrons of our first class hotels and restaurants are exacting—they demand the best. Women go where the pastry and cakes are noted for their excellence. Men are attracted by hot bread and biscuits—when fresh and moist and light.

The pastry cook with a reputation uses K C Baking Powder because he knows that results are certain; every time everything is as good as his best.

Then, too, with K C Baking Powder he can mix the various kinds of batter before the rush of the meal begins and bake as needed so that every order goes to the table fresh and hot, yet the last he bakes are just as good as the first.

The reasons behind these reasons is that K C is really a blend of two baking powders. One commences to give off leavening gas as soon as moistened. The other requires both moisture and heat to make it active. Dough or batter will remain in a partially leavened condition for hours, and when put in the oven, will come up as light as if mixed a moment before.

For cookies, pancakes, doughnuts and the like, which cannot all be baked at once, K C is indispensable. For all baking the double raise makes doubly certain.

Follow the example of the professional cook and your baking will be equal to his.



W. L. DOUGLAS

Men's \$2.50 \$3 \$3.50 \$4.00 \$4.50 \$5 \$5.50 SHOES
Women's \$2.00 \$2.50 \$3.00 \$3.50 & \$4.00 SHOES
Boys' \$1.75 \$2 \$2.50 \$3.00 MISSES' \$2.00 & \$2.50
YOU CAN SAVE MONEY BY WEARING W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES

W. L. Douglas shoes are made of the best domestic and imported leathers, on the latest models, carefully constructed by the most expert last and pattern makers in this country. No other make of equal price, can compete with W. L. Douglas shoes for style, workmanship and quality. As comfortable, easy walking shoes they are unsurpassed.

The \$2.50, \$3.00 and \$4.00 shoes will give you good service as other makes costing \$4.00 to \$5.00. The \$4.50, \$5.00 and \$5.50 shoes compare favorably with other makes costing \$6.00 to \$8.00. There are many men and women who wear Douglas shoes because they will tell Douglas shoes cannot be excelled for value and price.

CAUTION! When buying shoes stamped on the bottom. Read the name W. L. DOUGLAS. If you do not see the name W. L. DOUGLAS on the bottom of the shoe, it is not a Douglas shoe. Beware of cheap imitations. If your dealer cannot supply you, write for Illustrated Catalog showing how to order by mail. W. L. Douglas, 210 Sparks St., Brockton, Mass.

If you could visit the W. L. Douglas factory at Brockton, Mass., and see how carefully the shoes are made, and the high grade leathers used, you would then understand why they look and fit better, hold their shape and wear longer than other makes for the price.

W. L. Douglas shoes are sold through 800 dealers in the large cities and shoe dealers everywhere.



He—Is she a good dancer?
She—Not "scrupulously"—California Pelican.

It often turns out in after years that the faint heart which failed to win the fair lady was something of a blessing in disguise.

METZ

5 Passenger, Gray & Davis, Electric Light and Starter, 25 N. P. \$600

Greatest hill climber; 30 to 35 miles on 1 gallon gasoline. 10,000 miles on one set of tires. Folding top. One in a Mohair top, 100 inch wheel base, wood or wire wheels, 25x3 1/2 inch tires, weight 1,200 pounds. METZ and GARRETT Electrical Motor Co., Boston and Worcester.

The Colorado Cartercar Co., 1636 Broadway, Denver, Colorado, LIVE AGENTS WANTED.

Pianos Player Victrolas

Mention catalog you are interested in and we'll send it free, prepaid, with full information of our "EASY PAY PLAN." We prepay freight charges and sell under a "money back" guarantee.

THE KNIGHT-CAMPBELL MUSIC CO., Denver, Colo.

BEE SUPPLIES

Best quality at lowest prices. New illustrations and catalog free. Write for it.

Call 10 lbs. Theobroma Honey PURE HONEY \$1.75 postpaid. Full 10 lbs. Amber Striped Honey (Clover flowers) \$1.85 postpaid. The Colorado Honey Producers Assn., Co-Op, Denver

PANAMA HATS

Send us your hats to be braced and blocked. We can do all work in guaranteed. Price for Ladies' or Men's Hats, \$1.00. We pay return charges. Write Hat Factory, 1247 Broadway, N. Y. City.

HOWARD E. BURTON BRAYER AND SHARPENING
Specimens please: Gold, Silver, Lead, St. Gold, Steel, Brass, Tin, Zinc or Copper. No mailing cartons and full price list sent on application. Lead-Free, Co. No. Ref. Carbonate Not. Bear.

BLACK LEGS

Black Legs Surely Prevented by... Write for booklet and name only. The Southern Laboratory, Berkeley, California.

WORMS.

"Worms," that's what's the matter of 'em. Stomach and intestinal worms. Nearly as bad as diphtheria. Cost you too much to feed 'em. Look bad—arse bad. Don't physic 'em to death. Spohn's Cure will remove the worms, improve the appetite, and keep 'em up all round, and don't "physic." Acts on glands and blood. Full directions with each bottle, and sold by all druggists.

SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Chemists. Goshen, Ind., U. S. A.

The Point of View.

The Optimist—There's nothing like hope.
The Pessimist—There certainly isn't—for fooling a person.

There are difficulties and dangers before our nation today just as great as any our forefathers faced. To meet and conquer them requires all the moral brawn and muscle this nation can muster. Therefore the problems of corruption in business and politics; the terrible scourges of intemperance and the drug habit, and the social evil, deadly to soul and body alike; there are the problems of moral education, of marriage and divorce, of the treatment of dependents—prisoners, defectives, paupers, etc. Any one of these left unconquered would devalue our country as no war could.—Rev. N. T. Houser.

Certain-teed Roofing

Is guaranteed in writing 5 years for 1-ply, 10 years for 2-ply, and 15 years for 3-ply, and the responsibility of our big mills stands behind this guarantee. Its quality is the highest and its price the most reasonable.

General Roofing Manufacturing Co., World's largest manufacturers of Roofing and Building Paper.

New York City, Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Kansas City, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Seattle, London, Hamburg, Sydney.

EVERY WOMAN

wishes to look her best. You will never know what YOUR BEST is until you try ZONA

the wonderful healer and beautifier. Send one dime and we will mail you a beautiful opal jar of ZONA with a 10-cent silk sponge for applying.

Write at once. Zons Company, 40 N. Wacker Drive, Chicago.

LOCAL & PERSONAL

J. O. Nabours and Sam C. Hall were here Tuesday from White Mountain.

Miss Elsie Farley came up from El Paso and has been visiting friends the past week.

Miss Sybil Perry arrived the past week from Plainview, Texas, where she has been attending school.

Tom Tucker, cattle inspector, whose home is in Alamogordo, has been here twice the past week inspecting cattle.

Miss Ida Grumbles reached home the past week, having the past week attended school at the Agricultural college.

Mike Doering, who has been in El Paso the past three months, returned this week and will take personal charge of his wall paper stock.

Prof. J. E. Koonce was here Saturday evening on his way to Las Vegas. He will attend the summer session of the state normal in the meadow city.

J. H. Charles was here the past week from Amarilla, Texas, receiving and shipping a bunch of yearlings he had purchased from local cattlemen. Mr. Charles visits this section annually in search of cattle.

George B. Barber and Henry Lutz are each planning the erection of dwellings. Both buildings, we understand, are to be of a substantial nature and will be quite an addition to the residential portion of the town.

**J. K. SUCH
WATCH AND JEWELRY
REPAIRING**

ALL WORK GUARANTEED
Denney & Osborne Land
Office

Mrs. John M. Penfield and children of Lincoln are here this week, guests of various friends.

Mrs. George B. Barber is visiting in Alamogordo this week. She expects to return the early part of next week.

Miss Helen Rice came down from Parsons Sunday, and is a guest of the Kimballs. She will return home Sunday.

Blanchard Bros. were in town this week from their ranch on the Macho. They recently disposed of a portion of their flock of sheep at a top figure.

Miss Esther Sager reached home Friday last on her return from Ward-Belmont College, Nashville, Tenn. This is her second year at that institution, and after spending her vacation at home she expects to return next fall.

Local showers have fallen the past week in various portions of the county, not sufficient, generally, to be of great benefit. However, the Capitan-Lincoln country reports two heavy rains the past week which will start things going in that section.

William M. Barnett returned this week from the Bonito country, bringing a six-horse load of lumber from the Bonito saw mill. Mr. Barnett had been assisting the Parsons Mining company in distributing poles for the power line, which was completed Sunday and the work of setting the poles has begun.

Alford Harris, who looks after the Bar W stock interests in the Pecos valley, is laid up as the result of an accident. A horse pitched into a wire fence with him, he became entangled, was dragged off, and then the horse hit him in the stomach with his hoof. A broken rib and other injuries resulted from the rough experience.

We handle Flour, Feed and Salt. Just received a car of fine Colorado Oats, and we are always pleased to quote prices. Humphrey Bros.

At the Water Hole

Mrs. Thomas W. Watson had a number of ladies at her home yesterday afternoon, from 3:30 to 6:30 to meet Mrs. John M. Penfield, who is visiting from Lincoln. The work and conversation, the latter full of reminiscences, as it was a gathering of old friends of the guest of honor, were indulged in and was concluded by the hostess serving a dainty lunch of sherbet and cake.

White Oaks

Mr. and Mrs. George Reddy visited relatives on the Bonita a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Taylor and daughter of Artesia are here for a few days, the guests of the family of John Townsend.

Clay Van Schoyck left Sunday night for El Paso, where he has accepted a position with the Southwestern Electric & Machine Co.

Messrs T. A. Spencer, of Carrizozo, and Edwin Mechem, of Alamogordo, were here a short time Monday.

D. H. Smith of Boulder, Colo., is here investigating the tungsten properties in the vicinity.

G. W. Hopkins came up from Carrizozo Sunday.

Mrs. J. W. Wilkey arrived Sunday evening from El Paso to join her husband, who is associated with Mr. Kniffin in remodeling the cyanide plant.

Miss Monie Wilson of Artesia, N. M., is here visiting her aunt, Mrs. L. H. Rudisille.

A reception was given Sunday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Rudisille in honor of the surviving veterans. The evening was spent in singing patriotic songs and short talks were made by Hon. John Y. Hewitt, Prof. B. H. Dye, Lee H. Rudisille and J. C. Klepinger.

M. A. Palmer and family are moving to their ranch in Texas Park.

Mid-Summer Wear for Men, Women and Children

SPECIALLY PRICED NEXT WEEK

Little Boys' Wash Suits

95c

Oliver Twist and Knickerbocker Styles. Values, \$1.25 and \$1.50

A lot of Women's Silk Hats, Red, Green and combination colors

75c

Children's Barefoot Scuffer Sandles

SIZE 5 to 8 **85c**

SIZE 8 1/2 to 11 **90c**

SIZE 11 1/2 to 2 **95c**

White Striped Serge and Mohair **35c yd.**

Values to 75c yd. pretty for summer skirts

Men's Silk Hats

75c

Blue, Brown and Grey

Women's Low Shoes

\$1.95

Patent and Gunmetal

Carrizozo's Economy Center

ZIEGLER BROS.

We Live up to Our Advertisements

Methodist Church

Rev. E. D. Lewis, Pastor
There will be held the annual Children's day service Sunday night at 8 o'clock at the church. The children will have charge of this service and there will be songs, recitations, drills, etc. If you miss this service you will miss a treat. Come.

Sunday school at 9:45 a. m., D. S. Donaldson, superintendent. Junior church at 3 p. m. Senior league at 7 p. m. Prayer meeting followed by teachers' meeting and choir practice Wednesday night at 8 o'clock.

Classified Advertisements

Home rendered lard that is pure. Patty & Adams.

See us for poultry, butter, eggs etc. Patty & Adams. Phone 46.

Phone 46 any cut of Fresh meat. Also groceries and lunch goods.

FOR RENT—Four room house in good neighborhood. Inquire at Exchange Bank. 6-4 4t



Over Mountain and Plain

A single telephone connected with no other is about the most useless thing in the world; but connect it with one other and both at once become servicable.

The more telephones connected together through an exchange, the more valuable is the service of each individual telephone.

Likewise, the service of a telephone exchange having no connection with the exchanges of other communities is of very little value.

To furnish service of the highest efficiency and greatest value every exchange must be connected by Long Distance lines with every other exchange, and every telephone with every other telephone.

These Long Distance lines, in this western country, must necessarily traverse rugged mountains and desert plains—line expensive to construct and costly to maintain.

In the territory of this company, 82,916 miles of Long Distance lines connect our 367 exchanges and 237,000 telephones.

That is what makes possible Universal Service. That is what makes YOUR service valuable.

The Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Co.

Nearly all the Men OF CARRIZOZO ARE READY TO Buy a New SPRING and SUMMER Suit



Every man wants the best for his money, and every good store endeavors to give the best for the money. This store has sold clothing for a number of years. It knows more about clothing than most stores. That's the reason we sell

Kuppenheimer Clothes

They give better style, better fabrics, better fit and better value. **Kuppenheimer Clothes** are priced from \$18 to \$27.

Palm Beach Suits Special, \$7.50

Panama and Straw Sailors---all styles---one here to please you

Walkover Shoes are Exclusive Here

The Carrizozo Trading Company

Quality First

Then Price