

OFFICIAL COUNTY PAPER

Carrizozo News.

\$2.00 Per Annum

A Journal Devoted to the Interests of Lincoln County.

VOLUME 17.

CARRIZOZO, LINCOLN COUNTY, NEW MEXICO, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1916.

NUMBER 7

The Eight Hour Demand

Carrizozo, N. M., Feb. 16, 1916. Mr. X—, City.

Dear Sir:—We beg to acknowledge receipt of your letter under date of February 15, 1916, together with certain enclosed data.

Your somewhat novel method of reply must, of course, be subjected to the generosity of our local editors, but we assure you we will ask as per instructions, and endeavor to prevail upon such editors in order that this opinion will meet publicity in the press.

Your communication has requested this office to render an opinion relative to the principal facts at present involved in the situation of the railroad employee and his respective company. A careful consideration of the data you have placed with us, will be considered as an abstract of such situation. Quoting from an editorial appearing in the issue of the El Paso Morning Times of February 13, 1916: "Certainly no one who has given the matter any consideration at all can conceive of settling the controversy by again raising railroad rates for meeting the demands of the employees for shorter hours and higher wages. If the railroads were allowed to meet these demands in this way, it wouldn't be very long before all commerce, finance and industry in the country would be hopelessly chaotic, and the people of the United States would be confronted with a situation so serious that nothing short of a miracle could save them from national ruin."

From the above it can be readily seen that the eight hour workday is a proposition not within the rights of the railroad employee to demand if he would avoid being attained for treason. This office has failed to find any judicial utterance in the way of dictum or precedent wherein the eight hour day has attached to it any detrimental features. On the other hand the legislatures of the different states together with the federal congress have repeatedly designated eight hours as a legal workday. This situation can, if justice be done to the rail-

CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE

Ancho

Mrs. Wilson's friends from Texas arrived to visit her.

Arthur Wood has returned from a visit to his old home in Texas.

Mr. Pitts has just returned from an Oklahoma Christmas visit.

The whole school intends to visit the petrified forest in Luua some time soon.

A party was held at the school house February 14.

Mr. Talbert was in Ancho on business last Saturday.

The following is good enough to hang up in your home: There is no doubt in my mind, but there is or has been a skeleton of some magnitude in every family; why dig them up? The kingdom of heaven is within you or it is beyond you. Just now I have been wondering how much of the kingdom of God abides in the petty soul where petty neighborhood gossip is the chief knowledge sought, and again I'm wondering if there's room in heaven for persons who carry the rotten crumbs of gossip from door to door, or for those who retail a word here and there to give color to an otherwise harmless thing, thus keeping neighbors at war and friends apart?

Methodist Church

Rev. E. D. Lewis, Pastor.

There will be services at the Methodist church Sunday, February 20, at 11 o'clock. The subject will be, "The Church, Its Nature and Function." People want to know, sometimes, which is the true church. They say, "If I knew which church to join I would not hesitate one moment, but how can I know which is the right one?" We want to consider this subject Sunday morning. You come and worship with us, and bring someone else with you. We will unite with the Baptists again at the evening hour.

Sunday school will open at 9:45. We had 114 present last Sunday morning. We want you to come and help us make the mercury in the thermometer rise. Why not have 125 next Sunday? Junior church at 2 and 3. Senior league at 6:30.

Submarine Controversy

Washington, Feb. 16.—The submarine controversy with Germany cannot be closed until the United States has fully considered the possible effect of the declared intention of the Germanic powers to sink all armed merchant ships of their enemies without warning after February 29. This announcement was made by Secretary Lansing today instead of the long expected announcement of a satisfactory settlement of the Lusitania negotiations.

Preceded by months of negotiations, the Lusitania agreement was presented today by Count von Bernstorff, the German ambassador, in a form which would have been acceptable to the United States had not the Germanic powers announced their determination to regard armed merchant ships of their enemies as warships.

The Lusitania agreement will not be accepted as finally satisfactory to the United States until President Wilson and Secretary Lansing have decided whether any of its terms would be nullified by the principles of the new submarine campaign.

Count von Bernstorff told Secretary Lansing today that it was his personal opinion that, in the new submarine campaign, his government intended to abide by its promise not to sink unresisting liners without warning, given in the Arabic case and referred to in the Lusitania agreement. Mr. Lansing informed the ambassador that such a declaration from his government would be highly desirable.

This is the situation now: As a result of the correspondence in the Lusitania and Arabic cases, the United States had rested secure in the belief that the future conduct of submarine warfare on humane lines and in accordance with the established principles of international law, modified somewhat by the new conditions developed during the war, had been assured. The department had been proceeding lately upon the theory that all that was necessary to be done in the Lusitania case was to cover the past, not the future.

Now, the Austria-German notice of intention to sink armed merchant ships apparently is regarded as having destroyed that assurance and it is deemed useless to try to adjust a past issue while the future is left open with the almost certain assurance of new incidents arising which may lead to the most serious results.

The internal political situation in Germany is regarded here as making the situation grave, because the Von Tirpitz element is understood to be reasserting itself with considerable effect and the subject requires delicate handling because an upset of the Von Bethmann-Hollweg administration would be regarded as unfavorable in its effect.

Germany, it was pointed out, has made no declarations that its pledges in the Lusitania and Arabic cases did not apply to armed ships. On the contrary, this government, on November 7, 1915, in a note to the German government, asserted the right of merchant ships to arm for defensive purposes, although it called attention to the fact that Great Britain had agreed not to arm her merchant ships entering American waters.

From German sources tonight came the statement that it was probable Berlin would give such assurances, but that in doing so, it would request information as to what the United States considers to be defensive armament. Extended negotiations may follow on that point.

Parsons

Notwithstanding the fact that the proverbial ground hog came out of his burrow and saw his shadow on the second of this month, February has been so far an ideal month. This has given the roads a chance to dry up and the people an opportunity to go to town and stock up for another "bad spell."

The first spring blossoms are now found hidden away in warm nooks on the sunny side of the hills. On the opposite, or cold side of the canons, the snow is still deep.

Mr. and Mrs. Ike Wingfield and children have been recent visitors on the Bonito.

J. M. Rice returned Friday from Fort Stanton and brought his daughter, Miss Helen, with him. It is the first time Miss Helen has been home since she left last fall on a trip to California, where she visited many friends and spent a most enjoyable winter.

The Bonito saw mill has started up again and it is probable it will run steadily for some time, providing the weather is favorable.

Solly White is the proud possessor of a very fine new log wagon and he is as happy over the possession of it as a boy with his first pair of boots.

Nels Bjeldaaess and Mr. McReynolds took advantage of the fine weather and good roads to make a trip to Capitan Tuesday after a load of grain.

Mr. Hennessy, of Mihawauka, a stockholder in the Parsons Mining company, stopped over a few days in Parsons on his way home from the California fair.

Mrs. James Reid, whose death was reported in the county papers last week, was for several years a resident of this community. Mrs. Reid was a good friend and neighbor and those who knew her here sincerely mourn her loss.

Harry Lucas and Mr. Joy spent several days hunting in the mountains and returned with the pelts of three foxes, three skunks and one wild cat. A pretty good catch, considering the time of year and depth of snow they traveled through.

Joe Jennings was a visitor in Nogal the first of the week.

The Ladies' Aid met with Mrs. Anderson Wednesday and spent a most enjoyable afternoon.

Mrs. Fresquez Dies

Mrs. Pablo Fresquez died last Friday at Roswell, and was buried there Monday. Mrs. Fresquez was the wife of Pablo Fresquez, and had lived at Picacho, this county, for many years. The family is one of the oldest and most prominent in Lincoln county. Many relatives and friends mourn the passing away of this well known and much beloved lady.

Fort Stanton

"The Epidemiology of Tuberculosis," by Dr. F. C. Smith, published recently in the Journal of the American Medical Association, is considered one of the best ever written on this all-important question or disease. So popular to the reading public is the article that it has been reprinted in neat pamphlet form for distribution.

Last Thursday evening a number of friends tendered Mr. William Bienbauer a complete surprise, it being his birthday. Refreshments, music and cards were enjoyed by all present, among whom were Joseph Phillips, George Oliver, Dr. C. Irby, Captain Vanzant, H. C. Barnes, Mr. Bienbauer and the chaplain.

Next Sunday evening a special non-secretarian religious and patriotic program will be given in honor of George Washington in Library hall, with the chaplain in charge. Special music and several vocal numbers are promised.

Judge Vanzant held a special session of court here last Monday, which lasted the entire day.

Lieut. Roy Monro took for an auto ride Sunday afternoon Miss M. R. Grier, Dr. Charles Irby and D. Lynch. The trip to Hondo and vicinity was enjoyed immensely.

Mrs. F. C. Smith, of No. 1, entertained at dinner last Monday evening, St. Valentine's day, it being her birthday. A number of greetings and presents from her many friends far and near came during the day and evening.

Mrs. Ruoff and James Hanna, R. O. Ferguson and Mr. Lynott visited friends near Angus Sunday.

The lawn around the No. 4 building, which is occupied by the Officers' club, is in the hands of the landscape gardener. The various flower beds are being prepared. A supply of English ivy arrived last week and is being planted near the entrance to the chapel. Fort Stanton will soon resume its title as the most beautiful spot in Lincoln county.

Richard Broeckman, our head plumber, spent last Sunday at

County School Notes

Superintendent C. Y. Belknap, as secretary of the Lincoln County Teachers' Association has secured a number of the best educational talent of the state to speak at the county school meeting in Capitan, March 10 and 11. The meeting will be of interest to patrons as well as directors and teachers. Plan to be on hand.

R. H. Traylor, of Paradise Valley, deeded a school site to School District No. 29. Dr. Watson reports the receipt of \$350 from the state fund for building-aid to assist the patrons and friends of this new district have a house worthy of the cause.

Angus district has paid three more of its bonds, leaving but \$600 bonded indebtedness.

Capitan has also paid a bond. It is now paying interest on \$9,500.

White Oaks has called two bonds to reduce its indebtedness to \$7,500.

County School Superintendent Mrs. Gumm visited the schools at Nogal Mesa, Angus, Alto, Little Creek and White Oaks this week and reports them all in excellent condition, with improved buildings, trained teachers and good attendance.

Angus and Alto schools will have closing exercises together at Alto, February 19. The terms under the Misses Ivy and Lucille Lindsay have been successful.

School District No. 6 plans to open its three schools at Encinosa, Mountain View and Richardson early in April. Jicarilla and Jack's Peak will open at about the same time.

Ladies! See Spirella and Barclay Corsets before buying. Accurate measurements taken in your homes. Telephone No. 1, or address P. O. box 204. Mrs. G. T. McQuillen.

his ranch some miles up the Bonito.

Miss Sallie Brown, of Memphis, a sister of Dr. Allison Brown, has arrived and is the guest of Dr. and Mrs. F. H. McKeon at No. 2.

ROLLAND BROS.

The Lincoln County Druggists

When you wish a prescription filled—get it the quickest way, the safest way, and at the reasonable price. Arthur J. Rolland, the resident partner, gives his personal attention to the filling of prescriptions, the people of Carrizozo and Lincoln County know him, and he knows their personal likes and wishes and has made this store

THE PROMPT, CAREFUL DRUG STORE OF CARRIZOZO

Fills mail orders—prescriptions or goods—by return mail.

Complete line of Stationery and Sundries

Rolland Bros., Fourth Street Carrizozo

IT IS A GOOD BUSINESS POLICY

To open your account at a live, growing bank—there are always reasons for constant growth.

The reasons for our constantly increasing business are courteous and liberal treatment of patrons and a careful, prudential management that conserves the interests of our depositors and bespeaks safety to the funds on deposit and stability to the bank.

We extend you a cordial invitation to open an account. Interest paid on time deposits.

The Stockmen's State Bank
Corona, New Mexico

When you are in the market for
STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES
FRESH OR SALTED MEATS
COUNTRY PRODUCE, FRUITS, ETC.
Don't forget—

PATTY & HOBBS

Second door north of Postoffice

"Prices right" and "Quality guaranteed."
Try us.

Phone 46

Carrizozo, New Mexico



It takes GRIT to start saving money

It takes grit to deny yourself of certain pleasures and luxuries, but you pay off starting.

"You can't grasp the scheme of growth—that success begins as a bud and that the ripened fruit of fortune will never be yours if you kill the blossom of chance by the early frost of neglect"—Herbert Kaufman.

THE EXCHANGE BANK
OF CARRIZOZO NEW MEXICO

GARMENTS FOR BABY

COLLECTION THAT IS SURE TO PLEASE ANY MOTHER.

Almost Impossible That She Should Have Too Great a Supply on Hand, So That It Will Be Always Welcome.

Can you think of any more acceptable birthday gift to a mother than just a useful and dainty collection of garments for the baby? There can never be too many of them, for a child wears out its clothes so quickly and outgrows them as fast, and it is a comfort for the neat mother to have a large wardrobe for her little one. When you plan making presents to a mother, don't embroider a placushion, or decorate a laundry bag, or add to her collection of whiskbroom holders unless she is not near enough to you to be able to accept a more useful gift. Just think how you would like some pretty little garment for your little one and make one or a set for your friend.

For a child of the age of one and a half to three years the best materials for making this wardrobe would be flannel or cambric for the underwear, the same of fine linen for the dress and a nice quality of flannel for the little sacque. Pink and blue flannel are the favorite tints for little ones' sacques, because white, while most fashionable for young children, often turns yellow when washed and it is not always easy to clean white flannel with gasoline. Bonds, dry cleaning is expensive.

The dress is nothing more than the customary yoke and skirt for small children, but how attractive the bit of a yoke may be made with delicate embroidery and narrow Valenciennes lace, or how sweet a little needlework look upon a child's garment! There is a little to sew and the effect is so charming that one has all the fun of making a doll's garment with the

SKATER'S CHIN CHIN COLLAR



This Season's Skating Costumes Excel Anything That Has Yet Come to the Fore in Fashions for This Sport. And One of the Most Popular Innovations is That of the "Chin Chin Collar" Which is Shown Here. The Hat is of White Velours Trimmed With Black Seal.

USE FOR THE OLD RAINCOAT

Can Be Utilized to Make Satisfactory Bathing Suit for Use Next Summer.

Have your old silk raincoat make a nice bathing suit for next summer. Cut the blouse and skirt from the best part and make the bloomers from what is left over, or from material.

Trim it with a bright braid and make a tie and cap from the spare piece. Another use for that old coat is to make it into waterproof bags which are very handy for carrying rubbers or slippers to school this winter.

These bags are made in the shape of envelopes and are half a yard long and nearly as wide. Bind all around with tape and fasten with a snap. At the top and at each end fasten braid a yard long. This makes it convenient to sling the bag over the shoulder and carry in this manner.

Crochet Buttons.

The woman who can crochet can make many pretty varieties of crochet buttons to smarten up her wash dresses for morning wear and ornament her children's frocks. A set of crochet buttons in two sizes, for the front and sleeves of a frock, is a very nice gift suggestion to the girl who is already planning ahead for her Christmas sewing.



Child's Dainty Dress.

added pleasure of knowing that it will be of service.

The underwear should be just as fine and simple as possible and only a narrow frill at the bottom is permissible or an embroidery scallop or a hemstitched or featherstitched hem. If you cannot embroider the edges of the flannel braids there are a number of small braids used for purposes of applique that look as well as lovely as hand embroidery.—Washington Star

GET THE RIGHT NECKWEAR

Its Appropriateness Has the Effect of Making or Marring Any Kind of Costume.

Starched linen and pique collars are attractive below round, youthful faces, but they are hopelessly trying to thin-faced women and on women past the freshness of youth. With these childish collars are worn knotted ties of soft silk in striped black and white, or dotted black and white effects, or of crepe de chine in somber shades. The effect with one of the mannishly tailored suits is very smart indeed, but women of mature years do best to confine themselves to a more formal type of collar, of handkerchief linen or batiste, touched with a little hand embroidery or finished with hemstitching. A collar of some sort, however, must turn over on the dark tailored coat, to give it the correct and up-to-date air. Small snap fasteners attached under the collar and to the collar of the coat will hold these detachable bits of neckwear in trim position.

MUST SHOW THE FOREHEAD

Present Fashions Absolutely Forbid the Concealment of That Part of the Feminine Face.

And now you must have a forehead! The edict has gone forth from the councils of fashion and if you are to be reintroduced at all in the fashion world your forehead must be full polished, bright and high—must be as shining as the nose of your chin.

Foreheads have always been considered good form with old Mother Nature; she'd never think of asking anyone to get on without that very necessary feature, but it's different with the Mother of Modem—for years she's been concealing lovely woman's forehead behind bangs and ringlets and fluffs and such. Now all of a sudden she's changed her mind. She's made allies with the old masters, and she's enlisted the hairdressers and between them they've brought the forehead back to its place of glory.

For the new styles in hairdressing women are studying the old masters—Gainsborough, whose women owe half their beauty to high marble-white foreheads; the Watteau women, whose "eyebrows like aerial bows" were never concealed by curls, or the fair maids and dames of the directorate period, when Tories and other noted painters drew just the thinnest scap of hair down upon the forehead, but with the effect of emphasizing its whiteness and smoothness, rather than veiling its beauty.

Combination Sport Outfits.

Some of the bright-colored corduroy sport coats have skirts to match, these skirts usually being of the conservative sport lines, amply wide for comfort in action, but not over full, well supplied with pockets, a trifle high in waist line and very often buttoned at the way down the front. The coats are likely to be on Norfolk lines, but occasionally one sees a straight coat loosely belted, pocketed and at any length from hip to knee.

GOOD ROADS

IMPROVE ROADS BY DRAINAGE

One of the Most Important Matters to Be Considered in Construction of Public Highways.

(By E. L. GATES, Illinois.) When it comes to building roads there are a good many problems to solve and not easy ones at that. Riding along in an auto it is easy enough to say when you strike a smooth stretch, "this is fine," and turn on a little more gas, but when you hit a mudhole and ruts you may get your foot on the wrong pedal and the road commission catches it.

It takes labor, time, good material and money to have good roads. Everyone wants the roads, so we will all have to work and spend some of our time and money and boost for better roads.

One of the things most needed is better drainage for the roads as well as for the farms and at this time we will confine this article to the subject of drainage.

Drainage is the most important matter to be considered in the construction of roads. Drainage alone will often change a bad road into a good one while the best stone road may be destroyed from a lack of proper drainage.

There are three systems of drainage that we can use to advantage, and these are underdrainage, side ditches and surface drainage.

Where water stands on a road underdrainage without any grading is better than grading without underdrainage. Underdrainage is not to remove simply the surface water but its greatest help is to lower the water level in the soil.

The action of the sun and wind will finally dry the surface of the road but if the foundation is wet and soft the wheels will wear ruts and these get filled with water during the first rains and the road becomes a sticky mass.

An undrained soil is a poor foundation upon which to build roads as well as anything else. When frost is leaving the ground the thawing is quite as much from the bottom as from the top. If underdrainage is provided the water is immediately removed.

The best and cheapest method to secure underdrainage is to lay a line of farm drain tile on one or both sides of the road. The new road law gives the highway commissioners power to contract with adjoining property owners to lay larger tile than is necessary to drain the road and to permit the contracting parties to drain their lands. This helps the roads and at the same time is a great benefit to the adjoining land.

Side ditches are necessary to all roads but no road can be maintained with the ditch holding the water until it evaporates. In most cases it is cheaper to get the water away from the road than to try to lift the road out of it.

Sometimes roads on the hillsides are left without side ditches. This is a mistake, for if any road needs a ditch it is the one on a hillside, for where there are no ditches the water runs along the middle of the road and wears gullies and as we all know, makes a bad road.

The roads should be so crowned that water can reach the hills or ditches. If all ruts and mudholes are filled, the water will have a better chance to run off. There are several machines made to keep the roads in shape and these need to be used often and at the right time. It is not necessary to spend half a day in trying to get hold of a road commissioner to help open a culvert or let the water out of a hole in the road. Better spend the time in doing it yourself and you will feel better and your neighbor will thank you.

Arteries of Community.

Improved public roads are directly related to better country homes and schools, to the reach and influence of country churches, to the timely market centers. They are the arteries of organized community life.—Home and Fireside.

Road Drags for Upkeep.

The road drag is not an equipment or constructing roads, but it is intended for upkeep. It should not move any large quantity of earth, but takes a small amount of wet earth to or away from the center of the road. It is important to remember that the road drag does not build roads, but aids to keep them in repair.

Using Taxpayers' Money.

There is no better way to use the taxpayers' money than by draining our roads.



Well-Drained Road in Illinois.

WASHINGTON GOSSIP

Congressional Directory Shows Work of Censor

WASHINGTON.—The proclivities of new congressmen to advertise their past exploits and their future aspirations have been severely dealt with by the censor appointed by the joint committee on printing to edit the autobiographies submitted by statesmen for the new congressional directory.



One of the features of the new directory is the brevity of many of the biographies. Consternation reigned in the government printing office several years ago when Representative Lindbergh of Minnesota sent in his biography this: "Lindbergh, Charles A., Republican, Little Falls."

There are more than a dozen similar items in the directory just issued. One of them is the biography of Senator Lane of Oregon, who records himself as "Harry Lane, Democrat."

Senator Thompson of Kansas, who predicted a glorious future for himself in the first directory printed after his election, has evidently changed his view, as the new issue contains nothing even related to the radiant. Similar high personal mention which stood out in a former sketch of Representative Littlepage of West Virginia is missing.

Harry E. Hull, Republican, of Iowa, says he had only ten days to make his campaign as the successor of the late Mr. Pepper, and that he "made a run that was accepted by the whole country as proof of how the farmers would vote and of the weakness of the Progressive cause."

Jeff McLemore of Houston, Tex., asserts that he is "a bachelor and a newspaper man." He also prospectored for gold in 1879, but "did not make a strike." Mr. McLemore also says that he "had but little schooling because of his aversion to teachers."

David H. Kincheloe of Madisonville, Ky., proudly says he is married and "has one girl now seven and a half months old."

Uncle Sam Now Boosting the Goosefish as Food

THE bureau of fisheries is doing its best to exploit the commercial possibilities of the goosefish and has issued a bulletin upon this unappreciated fish in which it gives ten different recipes by which it may be converted into a delicious and appetizing food.

So little is this fish valued by the fishermen of the Atlantic coast that every year they throw away about 10,000,000 pounds. But goosefish is of a higher nutritive value than the famous New England codfish.

This angler, or monkfish, as it is also called, is a most unsightly monster. It has a very large head and mouth, entirely out of proportion to the rest of its body. It is abundant along the Atlantic coast down to the Carolinas, and on trawl lines and in nets with other fish there are gathered more than 400,000, weighing on an average of 25 pounds each, and giving, when cut into steaks, food that in flesh-building qualities is equal to sirloin steak. All of this splendid food is either thrown overboard or left on the shores to decay, and if it were sold even at the lowest price it would pay the fishermen, for they take it without extra trouble.

The appearance of the fish is against it. It averages a length of about three feet, with broad, depressed body, and the powerful jaws are provided with a double row of strong teeth.

The first spine of the dorsal fin is detached and inserted on the snout, and bears a tuft, which serves as a lure for its prey. Its loose, mottled brown skin is covered with numerous short spines, which are regular in size and arrangement around the edge of the jaws.

While its good qualities are only just becoming known in this country the goosefish has long been a favorite in Europe. It abounds in the North sea and other waters of Europe, and its annual consumption amounts to millions of pounds.

Though called the "sea devil" in Germany it is highly esteemed, and there are many ways of preparing it. It is equally popular in Great Britain and Italy. It is also prepared for sale by smoking, cut into small strips and boxed.



Athletic Paradise Is Planned for Washington

WITHIN ten years the District of Columbia will have one of the most complete public amusement parks in the world, if the present plans of Col. W. W. Harts, superintendent of public buildings and grounds, are approved and supported financially by congress. Colonel Harts has mapped out a comprehensive plan for converting the 327 acres of unimproved land southeast of Potomac park and just across from the Seventh street wharves into an athletic "paradise."

The plan is so broad in scope that it can be carried out only gradually. Colonel Harts estimates that ten years should see its completion.

The feature of the plan is the erection of a stadium capable of seating 40,000. "It is not our intention to have a stadium with 40,000 empty seats always gaping across the field," said Colonel Harts. "The tentative plan calls for a U-shaped grand stand with a seating capacity of 16,000. Now, when occasion demands, the two ends of the big 'U' can be extended to the end of the field, and then, if more seats are desired, the 'U' can be completed into a huge oval-shaped stand; seating a world series crowd."

In addition to the big field, there will be 13 smaller baseball diamonds for the use of the public. Some of the other features in the tentative plan are: Two swimming pools, one wading pool, two cricket fields, 28 tennis courts, an 18-hole golf course, four basket-ball fields and a combination roque and croquet field.

Spanish Becomes Popular Study at the Capital

PROMPTLY at 4:35 o'clock two afternoons of each week a score or more of employees of the bureau of foreign and domestic commerce meet in one of the rooms in the department of commerce building to study for a half hour lessons in the Spanish language.

On two other afternoons at the same time a number of employees of the bureau gather to take lessons in Russian.

The language lessons were inaugurated by Dr. Edward Ewing Pratt, chief of the bureau, as a part of the welfare work among his employees. No employee of the bureau is required to study Spanish or Russian or any other foreign language. It is a voluntary matter, paid for in cash by the persons who take the lessons. The expectation is that several of the men now taking Spanish lessons will in time be promoted to field duty and detailed to Central or South America on some phase of the bureau's varied commercial activities. Others will have opportunities to turn their knowledge of Spanish to profitable account in private employment.

The growing commerce between the United States and Latin-American countries makes it very desirable that some of the employees of the bureau of foreign and domestic commerce have a working knowledge of Spanish. While keeping the practical side in mind, however, the satisfaction which comes to persons who master foreign languages also is not being lost sight of.

The Russian language is generally believed to be much harder to master than Spanish, but the growing commerce between the United States and Russia promises to make it well worth while for the few employees who have undertaken a study of the Russian language at their own request.



FROM ONE YEAR'S CROP HE PAID FOR HIS LAND IN WESTERN CANADA

Remarkable as are the reports of the yields of wheat in Western Canada, the marketing of which is now under way, they are none the more interesting than are those that are vouched for as to the value of this grain crop to the farmers of that country.

Some months ago the Department of the Interior, at Ottawa, Canada, wrote to those in the United States who were owners of land in Western Canada that was not producing, advising that it be put under crop. The high prices of grain and their probable continuance for some years should be taken advantage of. Cattle and all the produce of the farm commanded good figures, and the opportunity to feed the world was great, while the profits were simply alarming. The Department suggested that money could be made out of these idle lands, lands that could produce anywhere from 25 to 65 bushels of wheat per acre. A number took advantage of the suggestion. One of these was an Illinois farmer. He owned a large quantity of land near Culross, Manitoba. He decided to put one thousand acres of it under wheat. His own story, written to Mr. C. J. Broughton, Canadian Government Agent at Chicago, is interesting.

"I had 1,000 acres in wheat near Culross, Manitoba. I threshed 34,000 bushels, being an average of 34 bushels to the acre. Last Spring I sold my foreman, Mr. F. L. Hill, 240 acres of land for \$9,000, or \$37.50 per acre. He had saved up about \$1,000, which he could buy seed with, and have the land harrowed, drilled and harvested, and put in stock or shock.

"As a first payment I was to take all the crops raised. When he threshed he had 8,300 bushels of wheat, which is worth in all \$1.00 per bushel, thereby paying for all the land that was in wheat and more, too, there being only 200 acres in crop. If the 240 acres had all been in wheat he could have paid for it all and had money left."

That is a story that will need no corroboration in this year when, no matter which way you turn, you learn of farmers who had even higher yields than these.

G. E. Davidson of Manitow, Manitoba, had 36 acres of breaking and 14 acres older land. He got 2,185 bushels of wheat, over 43 bushels per acre.

Walter Tulmer of Darlingford, Manitoba, had 3,514 bushels off a 50 acre field, or over 53 1/2 bushels per acre. Forty acres was breaking and 20 acres summer fallow.

Wm. Sharp, formerly Member of Parliament for Lisgar, Manitoba, had 80 acres of wheat on his farm near Manitow, Manitoba, that went 53 bushels per acre.

One of the most remarkable yields in this old settled portion of Manitoba was that of P. Scharf of Manitow, who threshed from 15 acres the phenomenal yield of 73 bushels per acre.

These reports are but from one district, and when it is known that from almost any district in a grain belt of 30,000 square miles, yields while not as large generally as these quoted, but in many cases as good, is it any wonder that Canada is holding its head high in the air in its conquering career as the high wheat yielder of the continent? When it is pointed out that there are millions of acres of the same quality of land that has produced these yields, yet unbroken, and may be had for filing upon them as a homestead, or in some cases may be purchased at from \$12 to \$30 an acre from railway companies or private land companies, it is felt that the opportunity to take part in this marvelous production should be taken advantage of by those living on land much higher in price, and yielding infinitely less.—Advertisement.

The Last Resort. Pat's one trouble was that he could not wake up in the morning. His land lady had tried every device she could think of but even the most determined of alarm clocks had no effect on Pat's slumbers.

One day he returned home from his work with a large paper parcel.

"There, now, Mrs. Jones," said he triumphantly, as he unwrapped a huge bell, "and what d'ye think o' that now?"

"Goodness, man!" exclaimed the surprised landlady. "Whatever are you wanting with that great thing?"

As he tucked the bell under his arm and prepared to go upstairs, Pat replied, with a knowing grin:

"Sure, and I'm going to ring it at six o'clock ivry mornin' and wake meself up!"

To Prevent the Grip. Colds cause Grip.—Laxative Bromo Quinine removes the cause. There is only one "Bromo Quinine."—E. W. GROVE'S signature on box, etc.

All Out. "Does not the illimitable ocean vista take you out of yourself?" "No, it is the motion of the boat that does that."

Red Cross Bag Blue, much better, goes farther than liquid blue. Get from any grocer. Adv.

Diplomacy After Midnight. Officer—Go home. Gruff—Gimme shafe conduct.—New York Sun.

THE EIGHT HOUR DEMAND
CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE

road man, be applied to railroads as to other vocations and industries.

Attention is called to the construction placed by the different railroad officials on the demands of the railroad brotherhoods in the coming controversy. Such construction is termed: "Increased pay and changes in working conditions that produce the bigger check." It is necessary to omit a detailed statement here as space is limited. However, when this is accepted in the proper light the demand for eight hours a day accompanied by a rate of pay one-half greater than that received for the eight hours, known as "over-time," contains nothing in the opinion of this office that if granted would render hopelessly chaotic commerce, finance and industry. It must be said that if the large corporations are to be conducted and supported in their present financial condition, to wit: over-capitalization, then such a demand as is now made by the railroad man would instead of paralyzing commerce, act as a healthful purgative, and if not in toto, to a great measure force the railroads to materially recognize that the physical valuation and not the corporate capitalization is the proper basis to consider in paying labor and meeting other items of operating and overhead expenses. This office will grant without hesitation that a railroad capitalized for \$40,000 per mile, and the physical valuation will amount to but one-third of that sum, or in correct figures expressive of similar proportion, cannot, as a matter of impossibility, do business under conditions such as these and avoid judicial investigations and consequent receiverships. To prove that any given railroad can meet all expenses, together with a compliance of the present demands of the brotherhoods, is to force that company to present figures that express its physical valuation, including rolling stock and real and personal property, together with those figures that express its gross annual revenue. Comparison will then cure all doubting Thomases. The above statement is made in full contemplation of the fact that the existing bonded indebtedness must be considered. The law in this regard places the lien of labor superior to that of a bondsman or mortgagee. Our nation, in passing the much discussed "Seaman's Act," is rather in a bad position if no recognition is given to the matters herein presented.

The physical valuation of a railroad corporation, when permitted to dictate and control the financial destiny of itself, will never create fear of the federal courts and will be beyond such controversies as now exist between the employee and the official. Under such a condition a reasonable wage can be paid and the legal workday have its effect, the railroad man can enjoy his fireside and the miracle that will save the nation from ruin will be conspicuous by its absence.

The total amount of power available, coupled with the total loading capacity of the rolling stock and other minor features, are the earning ability of a railroad. To disregard this salient truth is to invite such a situation as now confronts the labor and the official. Time and one-half for all labor expended over eight hours is not an unreasonable demand, for such as it is it is simply a penalty imposed upon railroads maintaining excessive division points from a mileage standpoint. The bricklayers and other union men work but eight hours. Why should an engineer, fireman, etc., in handling freight trains and other equipment be required to labor more than eight hours? Are the division mileages to be an item chargeable to the labor? This office is of the opinion that such a situation is due to the igno-

Race Prejudice
(Santa Fe Radio)

No democrat of weight or influence in the state has taken part in or given impetus to race-issue talk, except to decry the unpatriotic discussion and regret the fact. Nor has any democratic newspaper in the state given space to the dangerous talk, except in endeavor to shut it off.

The deeply regretted existence of the ugly thing is of republican paternity and republican suckling. Therein lies the chief reprehensibility of republicanism in New Mexico today, not even including the lawlessness of the late legislature and its discreditable subserviency to the domination of a set of condemned bosses, who have been sitting at the legislative ear, like satan in the form of a toad at the ear of Eve, whispering devilment in the guise of good advice.

It will not be denied that there exists some race prejudice at all times in the minds of a comparatively few of the narrow minded class of our citizens, but it is a sentiment that lies dormant and harmless until stirred into activity by the demagogic politician for selfish purposes.

The Tucumcari Sun sounds the right kind of a warning note to the unpatriotic politicians when it says: "The fellow who endeavors to stir up race prejudices, whether he is an English speaking person or a Spanish-speaking person, had better look out." Some such signal ought to be hoisted to the masthead of every newspaper in the state, and then be followed by driving the dangerous demagogues into perpetual obscurity.

That the issue, whether more or less acute at this time, is of republican origin and agitation is clear to anyone who looks back over the past a short distance.

The beginning of the present agitation was when Larrazola, Hernandez, Baca, Armijo and others met in this city on July 4th, 1914, under a call to organize some sort of Spanish-American society, which was in reality a race issue movement under cover. That is all there ever was of it, and that is all that is left of it.

Our present congressman, Hernandez, presided at that meeting, and was elected permanent president of the organization. Moreover, many think he became the beneficiary of the movement through his election in November following.

Larrazola was "chief cook and bottlewasher" at that meeting, and only recently, at an educational meeting of the school teachers of Taos county, he seemed to think it apropos of educational matters to call attention to the small number of Spanish-Americans on the roster of state officials. The superintendent of schools of that county, who is also editor and publisher of the Taos Valley News, seemed

of the official, for the shipment of merchandise under the present development of the locomotive should never be less than twelve and one-half miles per hour. If such a shipment is greater or is required in its movements to be less than twelve and one-half miles, the additional expense can be a penalty chargeable to neither the people or the laboring man, but to the corporation as an item of loss. The boxcar, or merchandise car, is never used to its utmost efficiency during any given time. The writer has certain data that gives the per cent of this boxcar efficiency as fifteen per cent during a year.

Believing that this will meet with your approval and that you will express yourself again to us along these lines, we will at this time close, and beg to remain, Sincerely yours,
ASKREN & WOOD,
Per Wood.

San Patricio

There is quite a lot of sickness among our people now.

Frank Randolph has been having a very bad attack of rheumatism.

Miss Maggie Lucero, who has had employment at Fort Stanton, is at home sick. Dr. Woods has been attending her.

Miss Petra Maes has been right sick with pneumonia.

Dr. Laws was called to see Mrs. Frank Wallace Sunday.

Mrs. J. J. Reeves stayed from Friday till Sunday at the home of her brother, Allie Stover.

There was a box supper Friday night at Hondo, given for the benefit of the Sunday school at that place.

Luis Montano put in most of last week rebuilding his dam.

Allie Stover and Jim Gonzales have put in a concrete dam. They expect to save and use all the dam water this summer.

The ditch workers began work on the San Patricio ditch Monday morning.

Robert Matchler stayed Saturday night at J. J. Reeves', who did his best to comfort Robert in his lost love.

Mr. Rose and Mr. Munro were out riding Sunday in Mr. Rose's car.

Miss Juanita Lucero is at home from Fort Stanton, where she has had employment.

Ebb Jones was in town this week from Tucumcari.

to think Larrazola's dragging in of the subject was pertinent to educational matters, as he published the speech, commented on this feature of it, and has been hammering away on the race issue with renewed vigor ever since.

But, while the democratic press and leaders are in nowise responsible for or engaged in the agitation, yet it behooves the party to take note of the fact that the persistent republican agitation is likely to make some inroads on the democratic vote. Race pride is quite human and is easily touched by the plausible and selfish demagogue.

Let us meet the issue by showing its purely republican origin, its wholly selfish purposes, and its dangerous tendencies against the welfare of our American citizenship.

Intermediates Meet

The "Intermediates" of the Methodist church held their quarterly social in the form of a Valentine party Monday evening, at the home of Miss Harriett Kimbell. Every member, except one, was present, there being twenty-four on the roll. The evening was spent in games, contests and music. Not a dull moment for any one throughout the entire program. At St. Valentine's postoffice each guest was presented with a beautiful valentine as a souvenir of the occasion. Refreshments of sandwiches, chocolate, and heart-shaped cakes were served.

The big bargain offer of the El Paso Times will soon close and if you have not yet turned in your subscription you better hurry.

Remember you can only get the bargain offer of \$3.90 for a year's subscription to the Daily and Sunday Times from February 2 to February 29.

The Times, in making this remarkable reduction for twenty-seven days should receive the praise of every reading man, for it gives them an opportunity to secure the one big newspaper published in the southwest at a cost of a little more than one cent a day. The Times at \$8 a year is little enough, but at the bargain offer of \$3.90 it certainly is within the reach of everyone. Get ready, don't delay, bring your order for the Times to this newspaper and your subscription will receive prompt attention.

NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS

All property owners are requested to call at assessor's office before March 1st, and make a rendition of their property for the year 1916.

H. M. COHN, Assessor
Feb. 18-25.

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION

Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing between Michael Doring and Leon W. Nuhn, doing business under the name of the Pure Food Bakery, has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. Leon W. Nuhn succeeds to the business on a rental proposition. He is authorized to collect all outstanding accounts, and will pay all bills owing by the firm.

(Signed) MICHAEL DORING,
LEON NUHN
Carrizozo, N. M., January 17th, 1916. Jan. 28-Feb. 18.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

D. O. ASKREN, BUELL WOOD,
ASKREN & WOOD
LAWYERS
Carrizozo Office - Exchange Bank Building

SETH F. CREWS
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Will practice in Federal and State Courts
OSCURO, NEW MEXICO

GEORGE SPENCE
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Rooms 5 and 6, Exchange Bank Bldg.
CARRIZOZO, NEW MEXICO

CHARLES L. KENNEDY
LAWYER
Mining Law Specialist
Office: 101 Broadway, Houston, Texas
With Law Office, WHEAT, DAVIS & WHEAT

GEORGE B. BARBER
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
CARRIZOZO, NEW MEXICO

FRANK J. SAGER
FIRE INSURANCE
Notary Public

R. E. BLANCY
CARRIZOZO, NEW MEXICO

D. S. PETERSON
CARRIZOZO, NEW MEXICO

JAS. E. GROYER
CARRIZOZO, NEW MEXICO

T. J. KELLEY
CARRIZOZO, NEW MEXICO

Carrizo Lodge
No. 11
Knights of Pythias

Carrizo Lodge
No. 41
A. F. & A. M.

Carrizo Lodge
No. 41
A. F. & A. M.

I. O. O. F.
CARRIZO LODGE
NO. 30

CITY TAILOR SHOP

Cleaning, Pressing and Alterations - Specialty in Fur and Fancy Tailoring. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Anderson's Barber Shop,
JAMES HENDERSON.

CORN MAIZE AND KAFFIR
Straight or Mixed Cars. Chops of All Kinds. Quality and weights guaranteed. Write or wire us for prices.
BURDICK & STONE
Clovis, N. M.

Notice of Publication
In and for the County of... State of New Mexico

Notice of Publication
In and for the County of... State of New Mexico

Notice of Publication
In and for the County of... State of New Mexico

Notice of Publication
In and for the County of... State of New Mexico

Notice of Publication
In and for the County of... State of New Mexico

Notice of Publication
In and for the County of... State of New Mexico

Notice of Publication
In and for the County of... State of New Mexico

Notice of Publication
In and for the County of... State of New Mexico

Notice of Publication
In and for the County of... State of New Mexico

Notice of Publication
In and for the County of... State of New Mexico

Notice of Publication
In and for the County of... State of New Mexico

Notice of Publication
In and for the County of... State of New Mexico

Notice of Publication
In and for the County of... State of New Mexico

Notice of Publication
In and for the County of... State of New Mexico

Notice of Publication
In and for the County of... State of New Mexico

Notice of Publication
In and for the County of... State of New Mexico

Notice of Publication
In and for the County of... State of New Mexico

Notice of Publication
In and for the County of... State of New Mexico

FORD

The Western Garage
Has the
Local Agency for the Ford

A Carload of Fords have arrived
and are being assembled

Roadster \$390 f.o.b. Detroit, Mich.
Touring Car, 440 f.o.b. Detroit, Mich.

A General Supply of Ford Accessories will be kept on hand

Western Garage

Special Facilities
For Banquet and Dinner Parties.

Carrizozo Eating House
F. W. GURNEY, Manager.

Table Supplied with the Best
the market affords.

HUSBAND RESCUED
DESPAIRING WIFE

After Four Years of Discouraging Conditions, Mrs. Bullock Gave Up in Despair. Husband Came to Rescue.

Catron, Ky.—In an interesting letter from this place, Mrs. Bettie Bullock writes as follows: "I suffered for four years, with womanly troubles, and during this time, I could only sit up for a little while, and could not walk anywhere at all. At times, I would have severe pains in my left side.

The doctor was called in, and his treatment relieved me for a while, but I was soon confined to my bed again. After that, nothing seemed to do me any good.

I had gotten so weak I could not stand, and I gave up in despair.

At last, my husband got me a bottle of Cardui, the woman's tonic, and I commenced taking it. From the very first dose, I could tell it was helping me. I can now walk two miles without its bringing me, and am doing all my work."

If you are all run down from womanly troubles, don't give up in despair. Try Cardui, the woman's tonic. It has helped more than a million women, in its 50 years of continuous success, and should surely help you, too. Your druggist has sold Cardui for years. He knows what it will do. Ask him. He will recommend it. Begin taking Cardui today.

Write 191 Chattanooga Medicine Co., Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions on your case as 164-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent in plain wrapper, 14c.

THE CARRIZOZO NEWS

Published Every Friday at
Carrizozo, Lincoln County, New Mexico

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Carrizozo, N. M. June 2, 1918

Subscription Rates, \$2.00 per year; six months, \$1.00

HALEY & DINGWALL

Publishers

Announcement

We wish to announce to prospective candidates, who may desire to present their claims to the people through these columns during the approaching campaign, the terms and conditions for such announcements in the NEWS.

Candidates announcing for county offices will be charged the sum of \$10.00, and district and legislative announcements \$15.00, cash to accompany the announcement. Each candidate announcing will be given a short reading notice, calling attention to his candidacy, but not an elaborate one. If candidates desire more space it may be secured by the payment of our regular rates for line readers.

A pretty scrap is staged for the republican state convention between Senator T. B. Catron and Frank A. Hubbell, erstwhile boss of Bernalillo county. The senator has an ambition to succeed himself, while Mr. Hubbell's ambition is to don the senatorial toga himself. It promises to be a beautiful scrap, one in which brains and experience possessed by the present senator will be pitted against a younger man a man recognized as an astute politician, with so much of this world's goods that he is willing to part with a good part of it in order to attain the coveted position. Then again, Mr. Hubbell, being a native son, will appear mightily to the voters, turning power of the republican party. It looks like good by for Uncle Tom.

Copper and tungsten, two minerals in which the United States leads, are bringing the highest prices on record. These high prices are due to the European war, but are likely to continue after the war closes, for each metal has been used for the manufacture of war material and each has been destroyed almost as rapidly as manufactured. The arts of peace will require all we can produce after war's demands have been satisfied. There is nothing to fear, apparently, from the metal market.

The most rabid critics of the Wilson administration are those who believe the president's attitude has been too pacific. That character of criticism comes from men who use blood as a beverage and froth at the mouth every time Mexico or the warring countries of Europe are mentioned. That class of man habitually makes the most fuss but has the least votes.

The fact that President Wilson has kept our country out of war with the battling nations of Europe and at the same time maintained the dignity and honor of the nation has been productive of more favorable comment than all the jingoes can drown, even though the latter are a loud-mouthed bunch.

The democrats of the state are first in the field with an active organization, but the republicans are supplying the larger list of candidates, announced, prospective and receptive.

The University of New Mexico library now contains 12,000 catalogued volumes, exclusive of pamphlets and exchange publications.

Root has sounded the republican keynote. It's familiar the tariff.

Crush, Or Be Crushed

All idea of peace at this time appears far from the thoughts of the European combatants. The allies are straining every nerve to crush Germany's imperial ambitions of conquest, while on the other hand Germany and her allies are putting forth every effort to hold what they have and to get more. Why there is little prospect for immediate peace has been well expressed by General Joffre of the French army, which represents the feelings, perhaps, of all the warring peoples. The general says:

"Peace today would be a crime toward posterity. It would only be an armistice in which every nation would continue feverishly to prepare for war. The French nation is too intelligent to deceive itself or to be deceived. We are not fighting a nation with the same ideas as our own, but a nation drunk with the idea of imperial domination, a nation that believes that in the progress of the world there is no place for little nations. The decision as to whether Europe will continue as free and independent states will be made in this war alone. Either we win the right now to continue democratic and peaceful or we surrender Europe to the imposition of an imperial idea. You will find, wherever you go, that the French people know this. You will find them absolutely of one opinion. They are prepared for anything, and they know what the issue is. We do not need to lie to our soldiers. No matter how long the war lasts it will be fought out until we have conquered the right to leave a heritage of peace to our children."

Worthy of Consideration

The following, from a Louisiana paper, strikingly states the reasons why people of that section fail to "get on." It may be applied with profit to our own locality. It reads:

"The average Louisiana farmer gets up early at the alarm of a Connecticut clock, buttons his Chicago suspenders to Detroit overalls, puts on a pair of cowhide shoes made in Ohio, washes in a Pittsburgh tin basin, using Cincinnati soap, and dries on a cotton towel made in New Hampshire, sits down to a Grand Rapids table, eats hot biscuits made with Minneapolis flour, Kansas City bacon, and Indiana grit fried in Omaha lard, cooked on a St. Louis stove, buys Irish potatoes grown in Colorado and canned fruit put up in California, seasoned with Rhode Island spices, claps on his old wool hat made in Philadelphia, puts New York harness on a Missouri mule, fed on Iowa corn, plows his farm, covered by a Massachusetts mortgage, with an Indiana plow. At night he crawls under a New Jersey blanket and is kept awake by a Louisiana dog, the only home product on the place and wonders why he keeps poor."

"Moral: Patronize home industries. Spend your money where it will give you a market for what you grow, and thus make money and increase the value of your farm. This is public spirit and the highest form of patriotism."

W. B. Thomas, son of Mrs. S. J. Potts, has gone to Lake Charles, Louisiana. He expects to return in a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace L. Gumm left the first of the week for the eastern end of the county. Mrs. Gumm will visit the schools in that section and if the roads permit will go as far as Arabela and Meek on the same mission.

High School Athletes Meet

Athletes representing every high school in New Mexico meet at Albuquerque April 28 and 29 in the fourth annual interscholastic track and field meet competition, a meeting which has gathered added interest and importance this year because it is the first annual meeting of the State Interscholastic High School Athletic association, organized last November at the state teachers' convention.

If Roswell High school wins the meeting in April that school will become permanently possessed of the handsome loving cup which has been the coveted prize of the three former meetings and for permanent possession of which three successive victories are required. The Albuquerque High school won the initial meeting four years ago. The last two have been won by Roswell. An annual championship banner also is awarded.

At these meetings the State University is official host to the visiting athletes. The only expense to contestants is that for railroad fare.

Each high school in the state, or other school of equal rank, supported by taxation, is eligible and may enter up to fourteen men in the meeting, which is divided into thirteen events, covering all of the customary track and field events.

At present details are being worked out for an interscholastic basketball tournament to be played in the evenings during the meeting. These it is expected can be announced in a short time.

The interscholastic meet is being held earlier this year as a result of a referendum of the high schools taken by the university authorities and which disclosed a desire for earlier dates as tending to interfere less with final examinations and commencement exercises.

Just received, a car of Maize and Kafir Corn. We also have a small amount of straight Buckwheat Flour in stock. Humphrey Brothers.

The pump at the Willow Springs broke down this week, and, as a result, the extraction of coal has temporarily ceased. The management hopes to again be taking out coal soon.

J. K. SUCH WATCH AND JEWELRY REPAIRING

ALL WORK GUARANTEED

Denney & Osborn Land Office

R. L. Ransom Plasterer & Contractor

Estimates furnished on all kinds of plastering and cement work

THROUGH DAILY SERVICE

ROSWELL-CARRIZOZO MAIL LINE

Leave Roswell 8:00 a. m.
Leave Carrizozo 8:00 a. m.
Arrive Roswell 4:45 p. m.
Arrive Carrizozo 4:45 p. m.

INTERMEDIATE POINTS

Picacho - Tinnie
Hondo - Lincoln
Capitan - Nogal

Through fare one way \$8.40, intermediate points 8 cents per mile.

ROSWELL AUTO COMPANY OWNERS AND OPERATORS

Foxworth-Galbraith LUMBER COMPANY.

Shingles, Doors, Sash, Mouldings, Building Paper, &c.

Sewell's Patent, and everything in the line of Building Material.

Carrizozo : : New Mexico

The Titsworth Co.

WHOLESALE and RETAIL

We carry in stock:

Hog Wire
Barbed Wire
Wagons
Buggies
Hacks
Cement
Portland Cement
Coal
Cotton Seed Cake

Drugs
Paints
Groceries
Boots and Shoes
Dry Goods
Ammunition
Lubricating Oils
Grain Bags
Iron Roofing

Our prices are reasonable

The Titsworth Co.

CAPITAN, NEW MEXICO

A Welcome Awaits You

At

THE STAG

Where your presence is appreciated and the Best Values given

All Goods First Class ∴ POOL

JOE R. ADAMS, Prop.

Carrizozo, N. M.

The Carrizozo Bar

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

Wholesale Prices on Selp's Beer to Outside Dealers.

M-O-N-U-M-E-N-T-S

We carry the largest stock in the Southwest. Freight prepaid, every job guaranteed. Write for designs and estimates.

Bowers Monument Company

215 East Central Albuquerque, N. M.

Carrizozo Livery

Chas. A. Stevens, Proprietor

General Transfer and Drayage Business

PROMPT SERVICE

Livery Barns
Main Street

Best Corrals
El Paso Avenue

Phone 32

FIRST-CLASS TEAMS, BUGGIES, HACKS

Safe and Reliable Transportation Anywhere

Notice for Publication

02144 02154
Department of the Interior
United States Land Office
Roswell, New Mexico

January 27, 1918

Notice is hereby given that Theron E. Huxton, of Carrizozo, N. M., who, on February 3, 1911, made HD E. Serial No. 021431 for NE 1/4, Sec. 15, T. 8 S. R. 11 E. N. M. P. M., and on July 26, 1911, made add'l HD E. Serial No. 027544, for Lots 1, 2 and 3, Section 11, and W. 1/4, Section 12, Township 8 S., Range 12 E. N. M. P. M., has filed notice of intention to make Final Three Year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Albert H. Harvey, Clerk Probate Court, in his office, at Carrizozo, N. M., on February 27, 1918.

Claimant names as witnesses:
Antonio M. Vega, Joseph George, John George, John M. Vega, all of Carrizozo, N. M.
EMMETT PATTON,
Register

Jan. 27-Feb. 25.

Notice of Publication

In the District Court (Spring Term, A. D. 1918,
County of Lincoln

No. 2191
The Titsworth Company, a Corporation,

vs.
Manuel Anania and Marianna Xi' de Anania, his wife; Tomaso Anania and Estefania de Nejeres Anania, his wife; Andres Nejeres and Antonia N. Mosca de Nejeres, his wife; Terribio Penn, heir at law of Antonio T. Ujile, deceased, and Lorenza de E. Penn, his wife, and all other unknown heirs of Antonio T. Ujile, deceased, and all unknown claimants of interests in the premises adverse to the plaintiff, and Pedro Pina.

The said defendant, in above named, are hereby notified that a suit in Chancery has been commenced against you in the Third Judicial District Court for the County of Lincoln, State of New Mexico, by said Titsworth Company, a corporation, whereby said corporation seeks to quiet title to certain lands lying and being situated in Lincoln County, described as follows: Southeast Quarter, Southeast Quarter, Section Ten, Township Eleven South, Range Seventeen East, N. M. P. M., and that unless you enter or cause to be entered your appearance in said suit on or before the 31st day of March, A. D. 1918, decree pro-confesso thereon will be rendered against you.

(Real)
ALBERT H. HARVEY,
Clerk

Boal H. Wood, Attorney for Plaintiff Corporation
Carrizozo, New Mexico Feb. 4-Mar. 3.

Notice for Publication

02045 02051
Department of the Interior
United States Land Office
Roswell, New Mexico

January 15, 1918.

Notice is hereby given that Herbert Hayward, of Carrizozo, N. M., who, on January 11, 1913, made HD E. Serial No. 02045, for SW 1/4, and on June 23, 1914, made add'l HD E. Serial No. 027391, for the SE 1/4, Section 17, Township 8 S., Range 11 E. N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Three Year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Albert H. Harvey, clerk of the Probate Court, in his office, at Carrizozo, N. M., on February 25, 1918.

Claimant names as witnesses:
Charles P. Lemons, Lorinda B. Spellman, John G. Tator, B. Earl Serry, all of Carrizozo, N. M.
EMMETT PATTON,
Register

Jan. 21-Feb. 18.

Notice of State Selection

Department of the Interior
United States Land Office
Las Cruces, New Mexico

February 5, 1918.

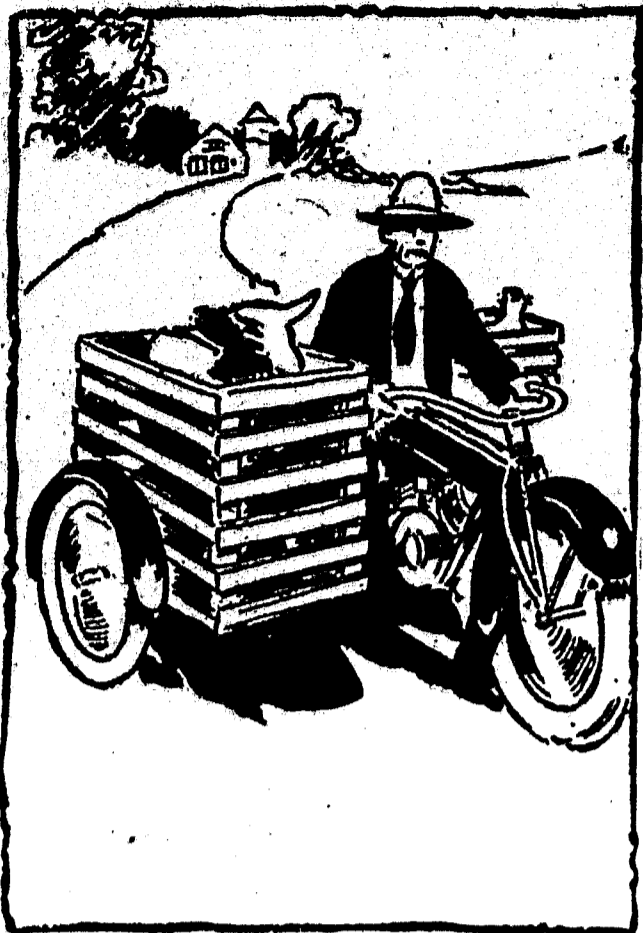
Notice is hereby given that the State of New Mexico has filed Indefinite School Land Selection, Serial 01309, List 6815, for the following described unappropriated, unreserved, non-mineral public lands:

ENEW Sec. 34, T. 9 S., R. 8 E., N. M. P. M.
The purpose of this notice is to allow all persons claiming the land adversely, or desiring to show it to be mineral in character, an opportunity to file objection to such location or selection with the Register or Receiver of the United States Land Office, at Las Cruces, N. M., and to establish their interests therein, or the mineral character thereof.

JOHN L. BURNSIDE,
Register.

Feb. 11-March 10,

NOVEL USE FOR MOTORCYCLE



MISSOURI FARMER USES HIS MACHINE TO TRANSPORT LIVE STOCK TO MARKET.

Quite an unusual employment is made of a motorcycle and side car by a Missouri farmer, who has converted the vehicle into a quick delivery machine for carrying certain products to market.

By securely fastening a crate over the rear wheel and placing another on the chassis of the side car, he is able to transport a considerable load with dispatch and without particular difficulty. His country place is more than 30 miles from St. Joseph, but with this delivery van he recently carried a calf and a dozen chickens to market and returned within a few hours' time.

MAP OUT A SYSTEM

Regularly in Oiling and Greasing Automobile Will Bring Good Results.

NEGLECT ALWAYS PAID FOR

Frequent and Intelligent Attention to Car is Effort Well Directed—Some Directions Which Are Worth Keeping in the Memory.

If an automobile owner will map out a simple, regular system for oiling and greasing his car his satisfaction will reach the maximum and his troubles the minimum. His car will be 99 per cent efficient and his worries decreased to a considerable extent.

A very effective system of oiling and greasing which will prove satisfactory, even to one having little knowledge of a car, is outlined hereinafter:

The front spring bolts and shackles should be well greased once to every 300 or 400 miles of travel. Neglect at these parts will soon produce noise. The same attention should be given to the rear spring joints. The rear axle gear-set and transmission gears should be inspected and lubricated at least once to each 2,000 miles of travel. In this connection one should bear in mind that there are many inferior greases on the market and attention should be paid to the proper selection of materials.

The clutch-shifting parts and brake joints should be kept well oiled at all times. In oiling the magnets or other ignition devices one should bear in mind the functions which these parts perform.

Too liberal a use of oil at these points will often cause trouble and in some cases put the ignition out of commission. Two or three drops of oil once in every 2,000 miles will be sufficient. This rule may also be applied to the care of the starter.

Motors having water pumps should be given attention at this point. The grease cups should be kept filled with hard grease and given a turn every day or two providing the car is in constant use. In oiling the motor itself great care should be exercised in using oils of the proper weight. It is a very good idea to keep a close tab on the oil gauge and the oil feeders. Oftentimes the feeders become clogged, or they may run too freely. This is a waste on the one hand and a serious neglect on the other.

All moving joints exposed to the dust and dirt should receive constant care as to oiling. Dry spring leaves can be lubricated by separating the leaves and allowing a mixture of graphite and oil to run between them.

Wheel bearings should be packed with hard oil at least once in every 2,000 miles. Much care should be used in greasing the steering gear and all connecting parts. A fairly soft grease should be used on the steering knuckles, as any binding here will make steering difficult.

Such attention will necessitate a little expenditure of time, but it will be an effort well directed and will insure greater efficiency, longer life to the mechanics and a sweeter running car.

DOES AWAY WITH ROLL

NEW FRONT SPRING INTENDED FOR SMALL CARS.

British Engineer Has Designed Apparatus Which is a Combination of Many Good Points.

At a time when many mechanically inclined Americans construct their own automobiles from spare parts and discarded old cars, the type of front spring shown in the accompanying illustration should be of particular interest. Springing the front axle of a light car has always been a difficult matter, particularly if the spring is to be a transverse one, pivoted in the center, since in such a case the car shows a tendency to roll on uneven roads. To overcome this well-known tendency a British engineer has designed a type of front spring which combines the good points of the cantilever with the lightness and strength of the front transverse type. The two sections of the spring are joined by two spring clips, equally distant from the center and the ends



The Spring Eliminates the Roll of Small Motor Cars.

of the springs. The end of the frame rests upon these clips, so that no front axle is required. As each spring, because of the position of the clips, acts as a cantilever suspension, the car rides easily, while the wheels rise and fall in parallel lines. There is no appreciable roll, even on rough roads at high speed.—Popular Science Monthly.

New Spark Plug Detector. A spark plug detector is the latest device of motordom being placed on the market.

This automatic instrument is very simple in operation, and anyone not experienced with ignition system of gasoline engines may quickly determine which spark plugs are missing and which are firing.

This instantly places the motorist at the very root of motor troubles by proving out the working condition of the spark plugs first, thus locating and replacing the defective plugs with clean ones eliminates the uneven running of the motor.

This detector is the latest invention of an expert who has designed a number of successful motor cars during the last ten years. He found that the prevailing practice among the great majority of gasoline engine users is to condemn the carburetor first, while the ignition system with its complications is the last to be examined.

Must Repair Rural Mail Road. The post office authorities here, it is said, have notified the Illinois highway commissioners that the bad stretch of road three miles west of Rochelle, on the Lincoln highway, must be repaired at once or the department will discontinue rural free delivery on that route.

The rural carrier does not sympathize with the thrifty farmers of the vicinity, who have been charging \$2 for hauling tourists out of the numerous mudholes.

GOOD OUTLOOK FOR INDUSTRY

Shipbuilding Plants Engaged to Full Capacity for Months to Come.

RECORD YEAR IS PROMISED

Governmental as Well as Private Work Will Keep Yards Busy—United States Steel Corporation Arranging for Large Extensions.

Shipbuilding plants in the United States are working to full capacity, but can increase their output from 15 to 60 per cent within a year, according to information obtained by the New York chamber of commerce through a canvass of the leading shipyards of the country. The replies show that the tonnage under construction or order at present is double that of any year in the last ten. According to one prominent shipbuilder the amount of oceangoing merchant tonnage now building in the United States for American registry has increased tenfold since July 1, 1914. One leading New England plant, which has a construction capacity of \$10,000,000 a year, has work on hand for 15 months, of which one-half is for merchant tonnage and the other half government work. Another New England plant, with a capacity of \$1,500,000, has 12 months' work on its books. In the Delaware and Chesapeake sections fully 100 vessels are being constructed. On the Delaware river 82 vessels are being built, in an aggregate 383,000 tons; valued at \$58,000,000.

Recently authorized additions to the plants of subsidiary companies of the United States Steel corporation will cause an outlay of from \$15,000,000 to \$20,000,000, according to reports in Wall street. The improvements will include the erection of a sulphuric acid plant and a tin plate plant at Vandergrift by the Gary American Sheet & Tin Plate company.

The Illinois Steel company will build a benzol plant at Joliet and the American Steel & Wire company will build a rod mill at its Cuyahoga works and an open hearth plant at Newburgh.

The New Jersey Zinc company posted a notice at its plant in Palmyerton, Pa., announcing that a bonus amounting to 10 per cent of their earnings for the year would be awarded all employees as a New Year's gift. It is stated that \$250,000 was distributed in paying the bonus. The company also announces a special dividend for the stockholders of 10 per cent, in addition to the regular quarterly dividend of 4 per cent.

Mining operations expanded in the last half of 1915 so that the record for the entire year was lifted above all previous years, both for production and value. In the western states alone, according to a review of the year by the United States geological survey, metal production showed an increase in value of more than \$130,000,000 over 1914. The year's gain in value over 1914 for the whole country was more than \$250,000,000.

Australian workers call their jurisdiction disputes "overlapping," and this question was the subject of an important conference called to the Hawarrs Labor council to deal with the overlapping of unions on the south coast. The conference agreed that "whatever constitutes the major portion of the work upon which a man is employed shall be considered his classification."

New Year's announcements of an increase in wages were received by the 20,000 employees of the Ameskeag and Stark cotton mills at Manchester, N. H., directors of the two corporations having voted for the increase, in line with the action of various other New England mills. The amount of the advance was not stated, but probably will be about five per cent.

A circular has been issued to the shop stewards throughout the Clyde area, intimating that 1,000 members of the A. S. E. not engaged on war work during the week end are wanted to register to supply week-end squads to relieve men who have been working throughout the week.

In the first seven months of 1914 there were 830 industrial disputes in England, involving 423,000 workers; in the last five months there were only 137, involving 23,000. In July, 1914, 99 new disputes were started; in August, 1915, there were only 15.

Thirteen hundred cotton mill operatives employed at Fitchburg, Mass., by the Park Manufacturing company would receive a 5 per cent increase in wages effective January 8, according to announcement by Arthur H. Lowe, treasurer of the company.

According to a statement given in the house of lords, out of Britain's soldiers now serving with the colors, about 843,000 are married.

In Los Angeles, Cal., 24.1 per cent of the workers are on part time.

An agreement with the officials of the Wabash whereby the wages of more than a thousand yardmen will be increased \$25,000 a year was announced at St. Louis.

Out of 35 Canadian postal clerks in Saskatoon 24 have enlisted. Winnipeg has sent 23 out of 178, Calgary 21 out of 78, Regina 11 out of 41, and Edmonton 14 out of 50.

LABOR LEADER IN PROTEST

Conditions in Porto Rico Not What They Should Be, in Assertion Made by Organizer.

Santiago Iglesias, an organizer for the American Federation of Labor, and editor of the official newspaper of Porto Rican trade unionists, makes serious if not too detailed accusations concerning the manner in which workmen are treated in that island. An insufficiency of schools and of school books for poor children is one of the lacks, according to this critic. He says further: "The sugar corporations are actually owned by a body of absentee landlords or great influential men who look upon the workers merely as cheap labor and stand in the way of any effort to educate them or improve their status. These men are being helped by the government and by a large number of politicians and exploiters of the people. The island of Porto Rico is not now governed practically by the influential institutions of the United States but by a reactionary element of the American and Spanish type that looks upon the workmen as inferior beings. The corporations have been given all the power that could be given to them to exploit the mass of laborers. We saw men working on the sugar plantations cutting cane, working and hauling 15 hours a day, for 40 to 45 cents wages. Several of the sugar refineries have a system of truck or company stores, or, as we labor men have designated them, 'pluckme stores,' where the employers pay this 40 or 45 cents a day with little checks for 15 or 16 hours' work, which checks, of course, are redeemable only at the company's store."—Chicago Daily News.

The International Typographical union passed, by a referendum vote, a proposition to increase the per capita tax five cents a month to increase the facilities of the Union Printers' home at Colorado Springs. This will obtain an additional amount of \$30,000 a year. The home has been established for more than 20 years and has cost a half million dollars. Included in the equipment is a tuberculosis hospital, recognized as one of the most complete in the United States.

The American Window Glass company announced a new price card, effective for all domestic and export business. It carries an advance of from 12 1/2 per cent to 15 per cent on the various sizes and is made to apply to all grades of window glass. Increased demand because of improved building operations and the withdrawal of the Belgian factories from the international field has created an unprecedented condition in the domestic factories.

Employees of the Interborough (N. Y.) Rapid Transit company and the New York Railways company will receive an increase in wages beginning the week of January 2, aggregating \$370,000 a year, according to an announcement made by President Theodore P. Shonts. The wage increase authorized by the boards of directors of both companies on December 21 will affect about 11,000 employees on subway, elevated and surface lines.

Ten per cent increase in wages for 14,000 employees of the Calumet & Hecla and subsidiary mines, mills and smelters was announced by General Manager James McNaughton. In making the announcement the general manager said the increase would continue at least until July 1. Wages in the Michigan district, he said, were higher before the increase just announced than ever before.

The employees of the Savage Arms company plant, at Utica, N. Y., received \$150,000 from the concern as a New Year's gift. Those receiving salaries were given the equivalent of a year's pay, while the operatives doing piece work were rewarded on the basis of time employed ranging from \$10 to \$400.

In Ohio the state supreme court has upheld the decision of the Toledo court of appeals that Superintendent Frederick of the Cleveland public schools has the right to discharge teachers who belong to the Grade Teachers' club, an organization affiliated with the Cleveland Federation of Labor.

A decree establishing a minimum wage of \$3.50 a week for 10,000 women and girls employed in retail stores in this state went into effect January 1. The decree was issued by the minimum wage commission and, while not mandatory, it has been accepted by nearly all of the retail stores in the state.

During the last two months the International Association of Machinists has negotiated agreements in various cities in the East and South, which provide for increases in wages of from 15 to 30 per cent, and reduce the number of hours of labor from ten to eight hours per day.

Alabama, whose legislature meets only once in four years, has enacted a new child labor law, a compulsory school attendance law, an excellent desertion and nonsupport law and a state-wide juvenile court law.

Women engaged in the manufacture of war munitions in Britain will be paid the same rates as men on piecework, and arrangements are under way for the establishment of day rates for women on the basis of equal pay for equal work.

Employees of the Canadian Pacific railway, Saskatchewan division, contributed recently \$3,718.95, which was more than sufficient to provide three machine guns promised the government.

Pennsylvania has carefully drafted laws relating to child labor and vocational education.

Coptic Monks of the Sahara



DWELLERS IN THE DESERT

I HAVE come on horseback over reed-covered swamps and burning desert to an enigmatical looking building which has the shapelessness and silence of a ruin, writes a traveler in the Sahara desert. The cream-colored walls are lined, patched, broken, gigantic. It is a rectangular fortress. There is but the entrance, and that is a small one and heavily barred. A bell rope hangs down the wall by the door. Jingle, jangle! I ring the bell. There is a long silence and I ring again. Then a disheveled, barefooted monk laboriously undoes the little door in the wall. I present the letter which I bear from the patriarch, and I am admitted.

The monks are pleased; all shake hands. I sit on one divan and five of them on another. A novice washes my hands, another brings me a glass of brown liquid—water full of medlar fiber in suspension. When I finish this he brings a glass of pink sugar water, then coffee all round—thimblefuls of sweet coffee. The abbot, a fine looking fellow with regular features, broad face, black mustache and beard, and with an open space showing the freshness of the lower lip, is talkative. He has a towel wrapped round his brows for turban, and fingers black beads as he talks. Next to him is a comfortable looking monk in a blue smock and a white knitted skull cap on his head. Next to him, an old fellow with wizened bare legs and feet, old yellow rags on his grizzled head, a ragged black cassock over his gray underclothes.

"What do you do all day?" I asked. "Pray, read, sing," they answered. "What do you think of the war?" "The war does not touch us. If they come and kill us we do not mind, but we pray each day that God will bring it soon to a close."

"If the Arabs come, what will you do?" "If they shoot at us we will throw bread to them; that will be our reply." "Are you content to live out here in the Sahara while all sorts of great events are happening in the world, and content to have no news and never mix with the people of the city? In England we are too busy, one could not escape to a place like this even if one wanted to."

The abbot gave me a remarkable reply: "I think there is room for everybody—one seeks money, that is his way; another does his duty and plows, that is his way. There are many ways. You know of Martha and Mary. Martha was right, but Mary's good part was right also."

They Are Christian Fanatics. There were only sixteen monks, and including hermits there would not be more than 150 of these holy men in the desert altogether. There remain but four monasteries, whereas in the fourth century there were several hundred. Seven thousand holy bachelors and virgins learned of Ammon and his virgin bride alone. Here lived many of the most eccentric of the hermits and world deniers of the early church, the men who without knowing it gave Christianity tremendous advertisement. The man who prayed to God, kneeling for years on the tops of high columns, the men and women who had themselves bound to crosses or laden with irons, the saints who tamed the beasts of the forest, all gave to Christianity public interest and interesting lore. It became even fashionable to retire to Nitria and deny the world. Monasteries sprang up over the caves and cells of the saints, and gold and jewels poured into the monasteries. Art was bestowed on the building of new churches, and celebrated artists painted the frescoes on the walls. Not an inch of these little desert temples was left uncovered by Byzantine fresco.

But the Saracen came and murdered the cultured clergy, and tore away the jewels, as was fit, and rolled down many a wall, wrecked many an altar. The holy brotherhood was annihilated and there was a sixty-years' gap in history. Then a wilder type of Christian took possession, converted Arabs, for the most part, and they knew little Coptic, and so brought Arabic roses

and liturgies. They repaired the damage and put up Arabic inscriptions, and built round their temples impregnable fortress walls with drawbridges at a height of forty feet. They withstood sieges and persisted to this day.

The abbot showed me round the monastery. The buildings were all a patchwork of ruin and repairs and changes. The frescoes had been white-washed out in nearly every part. The old stained glass, broken and shapeless, was mortared in with new glass. And yet there was a real odor of antiquity in the place. The patterns in the ikons were but dust patterns, and the face of the Virgin crumbled away as the abbot took the picture down to show me. In a niche here and there left by accident were the original frescoes in wonderful purple and crimson, pictures of the saints, their faces and bodies all of that unearthly and mystical shape and color to which the early Christians loved to attribute citizenship of heaven.

The lecturer had a nail on which to fix the candle. The communion cup was swathed in the oldest vestments of the monastery. In a cupboard in one church they showed me the mummies of sixteen patriarchs, unwrapped one a little and showed me his dry, brown flesh. The seventeenth patriarch of the Coptic church is ninety-four years of age, and will be embalmed and put with those others in his turn. Here also in one of the churches is the mummy of the primitive hermit Macarius, once a candy seller in Alexandria. The church, perhaps, took the idea of embalming the saints from the Egyptians, and the fresco from the hieroglyph. The books from which the service is read are all copied books, beautiful specimens of calligraphy spattered on every page in a hundred places with new and ancient spots of candle grease. From the vault of one of the churches hang seven old dusty ostrich eggs. A monk explained to me that as the ostrich looks to its egg as the most precious thing in life, so they look to God in their prayers—at least the egg is to remind them.

Bread and Books. We went into the fortress church, the only entrance to which is at a height of forty feet by a bridge from the outer rampart. They showed me how the bridge could be drawn in and the monks be safe from assault of arms. Upon the ramparts a novice had his duty beside a pile of bread and a stoup of water. When Bedouin beggars ring the monastery bell he lowers them bread and water in a basket. They showed me the illuminated books of a thousand years old, and the scribe's cell where, among many quills, a monk still copies the scriptures day by day. They showed me one chapel, the floor of which was covered with chilies drying, the long room where every night all the monks gather about the abbot to read the gospel and discuss its meanings, and the massive doors, two feet thick, of wood and iron, meant to resist the Arab.

The monks were most kind, simple and loving. It was an amusing spectacle at lunch. I lunched; everyone else waited on me. An Abyssinian boy washed my hands, two monks shelled eggs all the time and filled my plate, two others stripped cucumbers for me, another kept helping me to hot milk soup in which slabs of sugar were dissolving. The abbot stood above me with a feather brush, waving the flies off. At one time there were a dozen shelled eggs in my soup and five pared cucumbers beside me. I lunched and slept a little. Then my horse was brought out and I rode back to the village on the other side of the salt marshes. There an enterprising British company is producing thousands of tons of caustic soda annually. The old hermits those this spot in the desert because of the death-dealing odors which intensified their denial of the world, but in another era comes another point of view. Still, as the abbot said—there are various ways of seeking God.

This is a wide world; but, nevertheless, it harbors many narrow men.

The Red Circle

by Albert Payson Terhune

AUTHOR OF "THE FIGHTER," "CALEB CONOVER," "SYRIA FROM THE SADDLE," ETC. NOVELIZED FROM PATHE PHOTO PLAY OF THE SAME NAME BY WILL M. RITCHEY.

Copyright, 1914, by Albert Payson Terhune

SYNOPSIS.

"Circle Jim" Borden, who derives his quoted name from a red birthmark on the back of his right hand, is released from prison after serving his third term. One member of every generation of the Borden family has been branded with the Red Circle birthmark and that member has always been a criminal. Jim and his wayward son Ted are the only known living of the Borden kin. Max Lamar, a detective, is detailed to keep an eye on "Circle Jim." June Travis and her mother, of the wealthy set interested in the reform of ex-convicts, meet Borden as he is released. "Circle Jim," realizing that his family is a menace to society, enters the bedroom where Ted is sleeping and turns on the gas. Lamar chances upon "Circle Jim" and Jim is killed. The last of the Borden, says Lamar. But the next day he sees the Red Circle on the back of a woman's hand outside a curtained automobile. June Travis marked with the Red Circle, robe Grant, a loan shark. Great employs Lamar. Mary, June's nurse, discovers June's theft and the Red Circle on her hand and tells her she is "Circle Jim's" daughter, though Mrs. Travis does not know. Mary is turned away suspicious from June's room as the veiled woman and is pursued by Lamar.

FOURTH INSTALLMENT IN STRANGE ATTIRE

Max Lamar, gripping with both hands the corner of the black coat that protruded from the locked garage door, drove his shoulder full against the door panel, again and again. But the wood held firm. "It seems to be a deadlock," laughed June, forcing her merriment with a mighty effort. Miss Travis broke in Lamar. "Will you help me? I can't let go here. Will you hurry around to the front door of the house this garage belongs to, and explain matters?" Then ask leave for me to break the door down. I can do it if you'll hold the coat corner for me. "Hurry! I hold it now," suggested one idea flashing into her fur brain. "I'll hold the coat while you try to smash the lock. "I don't like to batter down people's property," he answered, even in the name of the law, "without asking their permission." "But—" "Indeed," he added, "this veiled woman is strong. Whenever she tugs at her coat, it's as if I can do to hold my corner of it. She might wrench it out of your hands." "Yes," agreed June under her breath, "that's exactly what I mean her to do. But she forbore to say it aloud. And after a second look at Lamar's set jaw she mockily turned away toward the house. Mary on the inner side of the garage door had listened panting to



"Even the Tailor's Label is Gone!" the brief dialogue. As she heard June's light step receding on the driveway gravel, she threw all her strength into one last wrench at the recalcitrant coat. The cloth was stout and Max Lamar's grasp unshakable. But the tug caused two of the coat's upper buttons to fly half way across the garage. One of Mary's lean shoulders slipped out of the garment. That gave the captive woman her inspiration. In trembling haste, she unfastened the remaining buttons. Freeing herself, she left the imprisoned coat to fall to the greasy floor of the garage—Max Lamar still gripping its corner, on the door's far side, with futile energy. Across the greasy floor, through the

gloom, Mary groped her way. She found the opposite wall, and felt along its all but unseen surface. At the farthest corner, her numbed fingers touched what they sought—the lintel of a door. It was the garage's little back door, giving on the alley, behind the grounds. For one suicidal moment, she thought this back door was locked. But it was only stuck from long disuse. She threw her whole fragile weight against the dirt-crustled portal. A shower of dust and spiders' webs cascaded down upon her head. But the door quivered at the impact. She heard voices—one of them Lamar's. And again she cast herself against the door. This time it flew wide; with a whining of hinges and a clatter of falling debris; and the rush of her onset drove her half way across the alley, outside. Daring back to close the door behind her, the old woman cast a fearful look up and down the alley. The coast was clear. Incontinently Mary took to her heels. Max Lamar clung doggedly to the coat corner that protruded from the garage's front door. He heard muffled noises from within. But they were so faint and the door was so thick, that he could not classify them. Nor, indeed, had he time to. For, presently, June reappeared around the corner of the big house. With her were a hatless and rather annoyed-looking woman in a morning gown and a highly interested butler. "Madam, I am very sorry to disturb you like this. But we have chased a thief into your garage, as Miss Travis has probably explained to you. I have hold of this corner of the fugitive's coat, as you see. Will you let me break the lock of your garage door and get in? Of course, I'll pay."

"If I may suggest," said the woman in frigid politeness, "it might be better to go into the garage by the back door, before breaking my locks. Had that occurred to you, Mr. Detective?" "If I let go of this coat—Miss Travis, will you hold the coat corner for me while I go around to investigate? Please!" "Why, yes," quaveringly assented June, taking hold of the cloth, along side Lamar's own grip. "I'll do my best. I'm pretty strong." As he disappeared, June pressed her face close against the door. "Mary!" she whispered eagerly; and "Mary! Mary!" No answer. Then in a moment, the sound of a key in the lock. The door swung open. The woman of the house stood in the garage threshold. June found herself holding the corner of the empty coat. "She—she is gone?" stammered June, her temples pulsing and buzzing with swift relief. "Yes," snapped the woman, "she got out of the coat and then out of the back door. Your detective friend is exploring the alley for her. I'm going to watch him pick up clues. It is quite amusing. Almost as amusing as Field day at a lunatic asylum."

A new terror beset June. The coat that she still held, was a menace. She began to realize this. Lamar would assuredly seize upon it as a clue. From the maker's name, he could in time trace its ownership to her. She turned the coat over, exposing the label. With a jerk she tore it away and thrust it into the front of her dress. She heard Lamar returning, and she carelessly dropped the coat across the sill of the open door. "Well?" queried June, interestedly, as Max came in sight around the corner of the garage. "What news of the veiled woman?" "Got clean away," he reported, sulkily. "No trace of her." He caught sight of the coat lying where June had dropped it. His look of chagrin brightened to one of keen eagerness. He snatched the coat from the greasy floor and twisted around so as to bring the inside of the neckband into view. And again his face darkened. "Clever woman!" he muttered. "Even the tailor's label is gone. Well, there's only one thing left to do. I'll take this coat to police headquarters and have Allen send a man around with it to every tailor in the city. One of them is bound to recognize it. And we'll catch our woman that way, before another day's ended."

They left the grounds and gained the sidewalk. "I want to thank you ever so much, Miss Travis," he said, "for being such a brick; and helping me as you have, today. But for your showing me where you had seen the veiled woman, I should never have gotten on her track. It was splendid of you." "It wasn't," she contradicted. "I was glad to be of any help. When I was hanging on to that ridiculous coat-corner, like grim death, I felt quite a heroism. But—" "There's another thing," he said, hesitatingly. "A thing I hate like blue poison to say; but it's got to be said. Will you try to forgive me, in advance?"

"How ominous!" she laughed. "What is it?" "When that Jap butler of yours showed you the torn note, an hour ago," said Max, uncomfortably, "do you know what I thought? I thought you were the veiled woman." "Mr. Lamar!" cried June, her sweet voice vibrant with amazed reproach. "Won't you forgive me?" he pleaded. "What was I to think? It all seemed to fit in, with such horrible exactness. How else could I account for part of the stolen note being found in your room? And your explanation seemed so lame—so unconvincing. The simple truth often does, you know. Won't you forgive me, please?" "You—you doubted my word?" murmured June, incredulously. "You actually thought that I could—" "I'm so ashamed!" he broke in. "But I paid for my mistake, I never was more hideously miserable in all my life than I was at that very moment. Nothing could make me suspect you again," he concluded vehemently. The moment she was in her own room the lightness of manner fell from her, like an ill-fitting garment. Her face was suddenly drawn and haggard. Gradually the Red Circle crept into sight on the back of her white hand. "Nothing can stop him," she repeated. "Nothing can save me—except myself!" Taking her room telephone from the desk, she ordered her limousine brought from the garage.

Ten minutes later June Travis entered a men's outfitter's shop of the cheaper sort, on a downtown street. To the very admiring clerk who strutted forth from the back of the store to welcome her, she said: "My brother is to leave the hospital today. He is recovering from smallpox—Don't be frightened. I haven't been near him. He has just telephoned me that they destroyed all his clothes, to prevent infection. And he wants me to buy him a new outfit."

Lamar, meantime, swept like a whirlwind into the private office of Chief of Police Allen. "Got her!" he announced. "At least I've got hold of one end of the chain dreamed it was you, until I saw that miserable coat stuck in the garage door. Why, you might have been arrested and all sorts of terrible things!" "There, there!" soothed Mary. "It's all right! It's all right, honey! I'd do a million times more'n that for my little girl, any day in the whole year. Just you forget all about what I did. It's what I'm here for." "Forget it?" cried June. "Never as long as I live! Oh, Mary, you were so—" The girl's eyes narrowed. The back of her right hand began to throb. "I'm so tired!" she murmured, "and I'm so faint, with all this fright and danger. It's given me a sick headache. I'm going to bed. Tell mother, won't you? And say I don't want any dinner sent up to me. I want to go to sleep and not be disturbed till tomorrow morning."

Chief Allen still sat in his private office, clearing up some odds and ends of the day's official routine, before going to his club for a belated dinner. Night had fallen, but a broad streak of moonlight lay athwart the window sill. His secretary came in from the outer office. "Young fellow outside there, chief," he announced. "Wants to see you. He's a dummy. Not deaf; but he's dumb. Here's a note he scribbled for you. He's from Mr. Lamar."

The chief took the slip of paper his secretary tendered, and read the three written lines it contained: I am dumb. Cannot talk. But I can hear. I must see the chief of police. Mr. Lamar sent me. "Oh, all right. All right," grunted the chief. "I suppose I'll get my dinner some time between now and Christmas, if I have luck. Bring him in." The secretary vanished, reappearing in a moment with a young man in tow. The visitor was quietly dressed and wore on his head a golf cap, which it evidently did not occur to him to remove in the august presence of the chief. He also carried under one arm a crook-handled Malacca cane. Unbidden, the caller seated himself gracefully in a chair beside the chief's desk and drew from his pocket a little scratchpad and a pencil. With-

out taking off his right-hand glove, he wrote a line or two on the pad, tore off the sheet and handed it to Chief Allen. The chief read: My name is Atman, ladies tailor. Mr. Lamar wishes me to look at the coat he left with you this afternoon. "Get it," Allen commanded his secretary. "It's that black coat I told you to take to the detective bureau."

Presently the secretary returned with the coat. The caller took the coat, handling it with the deft skill of a born garment-worker. At last, looking up from his inspection, he reached for his scratchpad, glancing doubtfully once more at the coat, then scribbled: I am almost sure this is one of ours; but I can't swear to it. Kindly let me take the coat and show it to my head officer. He will know at once, and our books will show who bought it. The chief read the scrawl, his bushy brow contracting. "Lord, man!" he broke out, "I can't turn the thing over to you, like that. It is going to be needed as evidence." The caller got up, as though to depart. "Hold on," said Allen, on second thought. "You can take it. But I must send an officer with you to make sure it gets back here all right when your cutter has had a look at it."

Answering a surmons, a policeman entered—a tall, lank man, new to the force. "Meeks," instructed Allen as the officer saluted, "go along with this young fellow to his shop or wherever his cutter happened to be. Don't let that coat out of your sight. And as soon as he's done showing it to his cutter, bring it

back here and deposit it with Humanson in the detective bureau." For seven or eight blocks, after she left police headquarters June Travis hurried on, from street to street, Policeman Meeks ever close at her side. The officer's eyes never for an instant left the coat that hung over his companion's arm. The girl was in despair. She had planned so cleverly this kidnaping of the coat! She was helpless, despairing. And with the blind instinct of the despairing, she unconsciously turned her steps homeward. "Where does this cutter of yours live, anyhow, Dummy?" the policeman was asking. June paused, uncertainly. This farce could not go on much longer. Meeks was beginning to grow suspicious. A quarter block ahead, the boulevard split into a "Y." At the left it continued at its present level. At the right ran a flight of forty marble steps, leading downward to a terraced avenue one tier below the boulevard on the city's hillside. And then, as ever of late in her moments of direst need, an inspiration came to the girl. Once more she took up her former brisk stride; the grumbling Meeks close behind her. As they came to the fork of the boulevard, she halted again. "Well," growled Meeks, "which way, now?" She pointed down the long flight of marble steps, snowy in the vivid moonlight. The man hesitated. She glanced at him and saw the reason. His eyes were fixed in stupid wonder at the right hand with which she was pointing. On the surface of the hand gleamed the Red Circle; mercilessly distinct in the clear light. June caught the policeman roughly by the arm with her other hand, pointed again toward the terrace beneath them, and started down the steps at a run. Fearful of losing sight of the precious coat, the policeman also broke into a lumbering run, protesting: "Hey! Go easy there! What's your hurry? Want me to break my neck?" Even as he spoke, June planted her feet firmly on one broad step and came to an abrupt standstill. Meeks could not check his own speed as suddenly. So he lunged ahead a stop or two. As he lumbered past her, the girl deftly swung her stick, holding it by the ferule end. The crook handle caught Policeman Meeks neatly around the left ankle. At the same instant, June braced herself, and jerked backward with the stick. Policeman Meeks' body smote the stairway about six steps farther down; bounded in air; missed a step or two; then struck the stairway again and proceeded to roll rapidly down the remaining twenty-four steps. For a bare half-second, the patrolman lay half-stunned and breathless. Then he scrambled groaningly to his feet, sore all over. "Jone!" croaked Policeman Meeks, still catching his breath with difficulty. "Gone!"

It was Yama's custom, on moonlit nights, to take his Japanese flute from his tin trunk in the storeroom and to fare forth into the farthest reaches of the Travis garden; there to lean pensively against a tree in the midst of a clump of shrubs, and, his eyes on the moon, to play sentimental and hideous Japanese melodies to it. Tonight, Yama was tooting away right dreamfully, when the sound of crackling bushes broke in upon his music. He stepped out of the shrubbery clump to investigate. Then, the flute fell from his nerveless fingers and he stared goggle-eyed. Across a patch of lawn a figure was running; its feet soundless on the turf. The figure reached the house. It paused, at the bottom of a vine trellis; then skillfully began to climb the trellis. It reached a second-story balcony; stepped over the railing and began to fumble with the long French windows of a room. The windows opened and the figure glided into the room; softly closing the windows behind it. The spell was broken. With a yell of alarm, Yama grabbed up his fallen flute and dashed for the house. A second or so later burst unceremoniously into the library where Mrs. Travis and Mary were sitting. "Scuse!" he sputtered. "Scuse, please! But man climb up to honorable Miss June's room!" The woman flew upstairs. Yama, prudently arming himself with a large poker, followed. When he reached the second floor Mrs. Travis was already hammering frantically at the locked outer door of June's suite. "What is it?" called a drowsy voice from inside. "Quick!" called Mary. "Let us in, dearie! There's a man—" "In a minute," yawned June's voice from the bedroom; "I can't find the light."

The girl, never pausing for an instant, was hurling her manly attire into a closet, garment by garment, as she replied. She tore off her wig, shook down her hair, flung a negligee wrapper around her, rumbled the pillows and threw back the coverings of her bed, and presently appeared, sleepily blinking, in the doorway. "My dear! My dear!" shrieked Mrs. Travis. "Come out quickly. There's a burglar in your rooms." "A burglar?" repeated June, sleepily across. "How silly! There can't be." "Who saw this wonderful burglar?" she asked, as they stalked poking be-

hind the portieres of the sitting room. "Yama saw him," said Mrs. Travis. "Or he thought he did." "Oh!" laughed June. "Yama, eh? I might have known it. This is the fourth burglar in six months that Yama has discovered, and that nobody but Yama was able to see. And he has waked us with no less than three fireless fire scares." "But," insisted Yama, "I did see him. He climbed the trellis to bedroom window there an—" "That bedroom window leading out on the balcony is locked from the inside," reported Mrs. Travis. "I tried the fastenings myself, just now. Yama, if you give us any more foolish scares like this—" "And please," begged June, "if the burglar ghost is quite exploded, won't you all run away and let me get back

to bed? My head aches frightfully. It was all right when you waked me up. Now it's starting in again. Good night," she went on, kissing Mrs. Travis and then Mary. "I'm so sorry you two old dears were frightened. Yama seems to be giving us rather more than our share of the yellow peril lately." But she carefully avoided Mary's questioning eyes as she spoke.

Chief Allen's delayed dinner was destined to still further postponement. As he scuntered into his club and headed for the dining room, the first person he chanced to see was Max Lamar. "Look here, old man," the chief balled him in mock rage, "if I starve to death it'll be your fault. What the deuce do you mean by sending that Noiseless Tailor to see me just when I'm starting out to feed?" "What Noiseless Tailor?" asked Lamar, mystified. "A taller's dummy?" "No, a dummy tailor. The one you sent to look at that veiled woman's coat. The young fellow who says his name's Atman or something like that. He blew in on me just as I was getting ready to—" "Who blow in on you?" demanded Lamar. "I haven't sent anyone to see you today." "Your mind's softening at the edges," accused the chief. "I'm speaking of that ladies' tailor who came from you, ten minutes ago, to get the coat—" "I tell you," reiterated Lamar, "I don't know what you're talking about. I haven't even seen any ladies' tailor."

"Good Lord!" groaned the chief, in sudden consternation. "Sold out! He's got the coat and—say! Come back to headquarters with me, on the run, Lamar." They bolted from the club, jumped into a taxicab at the door and set out at top speed for police headquarters. In a dozen sentences, as they rode, Chief Allen outlined the story of June's visit. As he finished his trown cleared away. "We're getting all het up over nothing at all," he said. "I forgot; Meeks is with him. I told him to keep his eyes on the coat." The taxi stopped in front of police headquarters. As the two men got out they saw a disheveled form limp up the steps just ahead of them. "Meeks!" yelled the chief. Policeman Meeks tried to salute, faintly. But the effort was a ghastly failure. "The coat!" thundered the chief as he dragged Meeks into his private office; Lamar followed close behind them, and shut the door. "The coat! Where is it? And where's the crook you were told to keep watch on? Speak up! Where is he?" "I don't know, chief," babbled Meeks, almost in tears; "he done me up. Rolled down a flight of steps and—" "You ape!" snarled Chief Allen; "you blundering, cowardly bonehead! You let a man half your size do you up! You—" "He tripped me," sniffed Meeks. "When I got up he had beat it." "With the coat?" asked Lamar, fiercely. "Yessir! 'Twasn't my fault. I—" "I'll have you broke for this, you nincompoop!" stormed the chief. "Got clean away, did he? Coat and all? And not a clue to find him by?" "Only one clue," coweringly suggested Meeks, "and that don't amount to anything, I s'pose." "What was it?" "He—he had a big, red ring—a birthmark like—on the back of his right hand. I took notice of it when he—" "The Red Circle!" bellowed the chief, his nerves a-tingle, "the Red Circle—again!" (END OF FOURTH INSTALLMENT.)

hind the portieres of the sitting room. "Yama saw him," said Mrs. Travis. "Or he thought he did." "Oh!" laughed June. "Yama, eh? I might have known it. This is the fourth burglar in six months that Yama has discovered, and that nobody but Yama was able to see. And he has waked us with no less than three fireless fire scares." "But," insisted Yama, "I did see him. He climbed the trellis to bedroom window there an—" "That bedroom window leading out on the balcony is locked from the inside," reported Mrs. Travis. "I tried the fastenings myself, just now. Yama, if you give us any more foolish scares like this—" "And please," begged June, "if the burglar ghost is quite exploded, won't you all run away and let me get back

to bed? My head aches frightfully. It was all right when you waked me up. Now it's starting in again. Good night," she went on, kissing Mrs. Travis and then Mary. "I'm so sorry you two old dears were frightened. Yama seems to be giving us rather more than our share of the yellow peril lately." But she carefully avoided Mary's questioning eyes as she spoke.

Chief Allen's delayed dinner was destined to still further postponement. As he scuntered into his club and headed for the dining room, the first person he chanced to see was Max Lamar. "Look here, old man," the chief balled him in mock rage, "if I starve to death it'll be your fault. What the deuce do you mean by sending that Noiseless Tailor to see me just when I'm starting out to feed?" "What Noiseless Tailor?" asked Lamar, mystified. "A taller's dummy?" "No, a dummy tailor. The one you sent to look at that veiled woman's coat. The young fellow who says his name's Atman or something like that. He blew in on me just as I was getting ready to—" "Who blow in on you?" demanded Lamar. "I haven't sent anyone to see you today." "Your mind's softening at the edges," accused the chief. "I'm speaking of that ladies' tailor who came from you, ten minutes ago, to get the coat—" "I tell you," reiterated Lamar, "I don't know what you're talking about. I haven't even seen any ladies' tailor."

"Good Lord!" groaned the chief, in sudden consternation. "Sold out! He's got the coat and—say! Come back to headquarters with me, on the run, Lamar." They bolted from the club, jumped into a taxicab at the door and set out at top speed for police headquarters. In a dozen sentences, as they rode, Chief Allen outlined the story of June's visit. As he finished his trown cleared away. "We're getting all het up over nothing at all," he said. "I forgot; Meeks is with him. I told him to keep his eyes on the coat." The taxi stopped in front of police headquarters. As the two men got out they saw a disheveled form limp up the steps just ahead of them. "Meeks!" yelled the chief. Policeman Meeks tried to salute, faintly. But the effort was a ghastly failure. "The coat!" thundered the chief as he dragged Meeks into his private office; Lamar followed close behind them, and shut the door. "The coat! Where is it? And where's the crook you were told to keep watch on? Speak up! Where is he?" "I don't know, chief," babbled Meeks, almost in tears; "he done me up. Rolled down a flight of steps and—" "You ape!" snarled Chief Allen; "you blundering, cowardly bonehead! You let a man half your size do you up! You—" "He tripped me," sniffed Meeks. "When I got up he had beat it." "With the coat?" asked Lamar, fiercely. "Yessir! 'Twasn't my fault. I—" "I'll have you broke for this, you nincompoop!" stormed the chief. "Got clean away, did he? Coat and all? And not a clue to find him by?" "Only one clue," coweringly suggested Meeks, "and that don't amount to anything, I s'pose." "What was it?" "He—he had a big, red ring—a birthmark like—on the back of his right hand. I took notice of it when he—" "The Red Circle!" bellowed the chief, his nerves a-tingle, "the Red Circle—again!" (END OF FOURTH INSTALLMENT.)

hind the portieres of the sitting room. "Yama saw him," said Mrs. Travis. "Or he thought he did." "Oh!" laughed June. "Yama, eh? I might have known it. This is the fourth burglar in six months that Yama has discovered, and that nobody but Yama was able to see. And he has waked us with no less than three fireless fire scares." "But," insisted Yama, "I did see him. He climbed the trellis to bedroom window there an—" "That bedroom window leading out on the balcony is locked from the inside," reported Mrs. Travis. "I tried the fastenings myself, just now. Yama, if you give us any more foolish scares like this—" "And please," begged June, "if the burglar ghost is quite exploded, won't you all run away and let me get back

to bed? My head aches frightfully. It was all right when you waked me up. Now it's starting in again. Good night," she went on, kissing Mrs. Travis and then Mary. "I'm so sorry you two old dears were frightened. Yama seems to be giving us rather more than our share of the yellow peril lately." But she carefully avoided Mary's questioning eyes as she spoke.

Chief Allen's delayed dinner was destined to still further postponement. As he scuntered into his club and headed for the dining room, the first person he chanced to see was Max Lamar. "Look here, old man," the chief balled him in mock rage, "if I starve to death it'll be your fault. What the deuce do you mean by sending that Noiseless Tailor to see me just when I'm starting out to feed?" "What Noiseless Tailor?" asked Lamar, mystified. "A taller's dummy?" "No, a dummy tailor. The one you sent to look at that veiled woman's coat. The young fellow who says his name's Atman or something like that. He blew in on me just as I was getting ready to—" "Who blow in on you?" demanded Lamar. "I haven't sent anyone to see you today." "Your mind's softening at the edges," accused the chief. "I'm speaking of that ladies' tailor who came from you, ten minutes ago, to get the coat—" "I tell you," reiterated Lamar, "I don't know what you're talking about. I haven't even seen any ladies' tailor."

"Good Lord!" groaned the chief, in sudden consternation. "Sold out! He's got the coat and—say! Come back to headquarters with me, on the run, Lamar." They bolted from the club, jumped into a taxicab at the door and set out at top speed for police headquarters. In a dozen sentences, as they rode, Chief Allen outlined the story of June's visit. As he finished his trown cleared away. "We're getting all het up over nothing at all," he said. "I forgot; Meeks is with him. I told him to keep his eyes on the coat." The taxi stopped in front of police headquarters. As the two men got out they saw a disheveled form limp up the steps just ahead of them. "Meeks!" yelled the chief. Policeman Meeks tried to salute, faintly. But the effort was a ghastly failure. "The coat!" thundered the chief as he dragged Meeks into his private office; Lamar followed close behind them, and shut the door. "The coat! Where is it? And where's the crook you were told to keep watch on? Speak up! Where is he?" "I don't know, chief," babbled Meeks, almost in tears; "he done me up. Rolled down a flight of steps and—" "You ape!" snarled Chief Allen; "you blundering, cowardly bonehead! You let a man half your size do you up! You—" "He tripped me," sniffed Meeks. "When I got up he had beat it." "With the coat?" asked Lamar, fiercely. "Yessir! 'Twasn't my fault. I—" "I'll have you broke for this, you nincompoop!" stormed the chief. "Got clean away, did he? Coat and all? And not a clue to find him by?" "Only one clue," coweringly suggested Meeks, "and that don't amount to anything, I s'pose." "What was it?" "He—he had a big, red ring—a birthmark like—on the back of his right hand. I took notice of it when he—" "The Red Circle!" bellowed the chief, his nerves a-tingle, "the Red Circle—again!" (END OF FOURTH INSTALLMENT.)

hind the portieres of the sitting room. "Yama saw him," said Mrs. Travis. "Or he thought he did." "Oh!" laughed June. "Yama, eh? I might have known it. This is the fourth burglar in six months that Yama has discovered, and that nobody but Yama was able to see. And he has waked us with no less than three fireless fire scares." "But," insisted Yama, "I did see him. He climbed the trellis to bedroom window there an—" "That bedroom window leading out on the balcony is locked from the inside," reported Mrs. Travis. "I tried the fastenings myself, just now. Yama, if you give us any more foolish scares like this—" "And please," begged June, "if the burglar ghost is quite exploded, won't you all run away and let me get back

to bed? My head aches frightfully. It was all right when you waked me up. Now it's starting in again. Good night," she went on, kissing Mrs. Travis and then Mary. "I'm so sorry you two old dears were frightened. Yama seems to be giving us rather more than our share of the yellow peril lately." But she carefully avoided Mary's questioning eyes as she spoke.



The Back of Her Hand Began to Throb.

hind the portieres of the sitting room. "Yama saw him," said Mrs. Travis. "Or he thought he did." "Oh!" laughed June. "Yama, eh? I might have known it. This is the fourth burglar in six months that Yama has discovered, and that nobody but Yama was able to see. And he has waked us with no less than three fireless fire scares." "But," insisted Yama, "I did see him. He climbed the trellis to bedroom window there an—" "That bedroom window leading out on the balcony is locked from the inside," reported Mrs. Travis. "I tried the fastenings myself, just now. Yama, if you give us any more foolish scares like this—" "And please," begged June, "if the burglar ghost is quite exploded, won't you all run away and let me get back

to bed? My head aches frightfully. It was all right when you waked me up. Now it's starting in again. Good night," she went on, kissing Mrs. Travis and then Mary. "I'm so sorry you two old dears were frightened. Yama seems to be giving us rather more than our share of the yellow peril lately." But she carefully avoided Mary's questioning eyes as she spoke.

Chief Allen's delayed dinner was destined to still further postponement. As he scuntered into his club and headed for the dining room, the first person he chanced to see was Max Lamar. "Look here, old man," the chief balled him in mock rage, "if I starve to death it'll be your fault. What the deuce do you mean by sending that Noiseless Tailor to see me just when I'm starting out to feed?" "What Noiseless Tailor?" asked Lamar, mystified. "A taller's dummy?" "No, a dummy tailor. The one you sent to look at that veiled woman's coat. The young fellow who says his name's Atman or something like that. He blew in on me just as I was getting ready to—" "Who blow in on you?" demanded Lamar. "I haven't sent anyone to see you today." "Your mind's softening at the edges," accused the chief. "I'm speaking of that ladies' tailor who came from you, ten minutes ago, to get the coat—" "I tell you," reiterated Lamar, "I don't know what you're talking about. I haven't even seen any ladies' tailor."

"Good Lord!" groaned the chief, in sudden consternation. "Sold out! He's got the coat and—say! Come back to headquarters with me, on the run, Lamar." They bolted from the club, jumped into a taxicab at the door and set out at top speed for police headquarters. In a dozen sentences, as they rode, Chief Allen outlined the story of June's visit. As he finished his trown cleared away. "We're getting all het up over nothing at all," he said. "I forgot; Meeks is with him. I told him to keep his eyes on the coat." The taxi stopped in front of police headquarters. As the two men got out they saw a disheveled form limp up the steps just ahead of them. "Meeks!" yelled the chief. Policeman Meeks tried to salute, faintly. But the effort was a ghastly failure. "The coat!" thundered the chief as he dragged Meeks into his private office; Lamar followed close behind them, and shut the door. "The coat! Where is it? And where's the crook you were told to keep watch on? Speak up! Where is he?" "I don't know, chief," babbled Meeks, almost in tears; "he done me up. Rolled down a flight of steps and—" "You ape!" snarled Chief Allen; "you blundering, cowardly bonehead! You let a man half your size do you up! You—" "He tripped me," sniffed Meeks. "When I got up he had beat it." "With the coat?" asked Lamar, fiercely. "Yessir! 'Twasn't my fault. I—" "I'll have you broke for this, you nincompoop!" stormed the chief. "Got clean away, did he? Coat and all? And not a clue to find him by?" "Only one clue," coweringly suggested Meeks, "and that don't amount to anything, I s'pose." "What was it?" "He—he had a big, red ring—a birthmark like—on the back of his right hand. I took notice of it when he—" "The Red Circle!" bellowed the chief, his nerves a-tingle, "the Red Circle—again!" (END OF FOURTH INSTALLMENT.)

hind the portieres of the sitting room. "Yama saw him," said Mrs. Travis. "Or he thought he did." "Oh!" laughed June. "Yama, eh? I might have known it. This is the fourth burglar in six months that Yama has discovered, and that nobody but Yama was able to see. And he has waked us with no less than three fireless fire scares." "But," insisted Yama, "I did see him. He climbed the trellis to bedroom window there an—" "That bedroom window leading out on the balcony is locked from the inside," reported Mrs. Travis. "I tried the fastenings myself, just now. Yama, if you give us any more foolish scares like this—" "And please," begged June, "if the burglar ghost is quite exploded, won't you all run away and let me get back

to bed? My head aches frightfully. It was all right when you waked me up. Now it's starting in again. Good night," she went on, kissing Mrs. Travis and then Mary. "I'm so sorry you two old dears were frightened. Yama seems to be giving us rather more than our share of the yellow peril lately." But she carefully avoided Mary's questioning eyes as she spoke.

Night and Dawning

By H. M. EGBERT

(Copyright, 1915, by W. G. Chapman.)

"I don't know what to do with myself evenings," sighed Ronald Cray, leaning out of the back window of his bachelor apartment and surveying the gloomy flats around him.

Two months before he had been summoned home from New Mexico, where his power dam had made him famous, to take charge of the engineering department of his company at headquarters. His salary was ample, he had wealth, he was only twenty-five; yet he had managed to make no acquaintances in the big city.

A fresher life in the West had made him different from the average city-bred young man; he thought the metropolis stiff and its people devoid of interest.

Suddenly, as he leaned out, surveying the huge buildings and speculating how many thousand lives ran on in them, a light sprang into being in the building opposite, on the fifth floor, on a level with his. Behind a drawn shade he saw the silhouette of a man.

He was stooping over a table and, as Cray watched, he saw the shadow of a woman behind him. Suddenly her hand plunged downward. The elongated object in it looked like a poniard. It struck the man in the side of the neck and he rolled over.

The woman stood looking at him for a moment; then, with a gesture of triumph, she flung the poniard out of the window, raising the shadow little. Cray heard a metallic tinkle in the court below. Then followed darkness.

He leaned out, astounded at what he had seen and hardly believing it real. How long he waited he did not know. Suddenly his bell rang.

He went out into the passage and saw, standing outside the door, one of the most beautiful women whom he had ever met. She was twenty-three or four. Her eyes gleamed with feverish intensity, her hair was disheveled and her hands were red.

"Save me! Hide me! Help me!" she pleaded.

Cray did not hesitate an instant. He pulled her through the doorway and led her to the bathroom. He filled the



Saw the Shadow of a Woman Behind Him.

basin and washed her hands, drying them on a towel afterward. Then he took her into his spare room.

"You're quite safe here," he said in a low voice. "Nobody saw you come in. You can stay as long as you want to."

She crouched in a corner, glaring at him like a hunted beast. He hesitated, then he closed and bolted the window and withdrew, leaving the door open.

For half an hour he waited, fearing that he would hear the bolt snap, that she would try to plunge down into the court below. But hardly a sound came from the room. When at last he returned she was lying on the floor asleep.

He placed her on the couch and she did not awaken. Her sleep was of profound exhaustion. All night Cray sat up, waiting. Sometimes he stole in to look at her, but she never stirred. It was not till the sun was well up that he heard her moving.

She came forward unsteadily and looked in at him as he sat by the window.

"Where am I?" she cried. "Who are you?"

Cray rose and took her by the hands. "I am a friend," he answered. "You are safe here—safe to come or to go."

She burst into hysterical sobbing. When at last he had quieted her the girl told Cray her story.

She had met a man in her home in Virginia, three months before. He had asked her to be his wife. Her parents mistrusted him; she followed him stealthily, to learn too late that all that had been said about him was true. He was a gambler, a swindler. She remembered those three months with loathing. Her horror of him had grown. He had deceived her with a mock ceremony, lied to her—at last she had learned that he had a wife already.

She had written home, but her letters were returned unanswered. She had nowhere to turn, she was ignorant of any trade, and the man held her by his lying promises. He had almost got his divorce, he said; he loved her; for her sake he would reform, if only she would trust him.

She had waited for him the evening before; then there was a dreadful blank in her mind, and she had recovered to find herself standing over the body. And she had fled wildly for shelter.

Cray patted her hands. "You stay with me until the trouble blows over," he said. "I want a housekeeper. You will be quite safe here. I shall let it be known that you answered an advertisement. When all is ready I will help you to a new life. You trust me?"

"She looked at him helplessly. 'I am so ignorant,' she wept, 'I must trust you. I have nobody else.'"

"You will not regret it," said Cray. And he knew the girl was safe there. Nobody came to call at his little apartment.

The murder occupied two columns of his morning paper, but the only clue was that afforded by a negro janitor, who had seen a woman ascending the steps a few minutes before the tragedy. And he stated that her hair was fair. The unknown woman's was ebony dark. Cray felt safe.

The poniard was found, but gave no clue. And gradually the interest waned. Nobody knew the murdered man, who had very good reasons for disguising his identity.

As the days passed Helen Ware came to trust Cray absolutely. She cooked for him, mended his clothes, resolutely refused to take the money that he pressed upon her. "I can never forget what I owe you," she would say. But sometimes there would be spells of weeping. "I did not mean to kill him," the girl would moan. "I do not remember anything, except sitting at home waiting for him with bitterness of heart; then I heard him come in and went to him—and I was standing over him with the dagger in my hands."

"You don't recall the dagger?" "Yes. It was a curio of his; some friend from a savage country had given it to him. I must have snatched it from the wall and stabbed him."

As the weeks turned into months, Cray found himself torn between two impulses. He wanted to let the girl go to some scene where she would be able to take up her life anew. And yet—he knew that she loved her. Her helplessness, her charm, the bond between them had created an intimacy that was infinitely sweet. He had been offered a new position in the West. One night he took his courage in his hands and asked her to be his wife and go with him where all memory of the past could be forgotten.

He knew by her looks that she loved him. But she would not.

"It is your pity for me, Ronald, not love," she said, sighing. "I love you, but I can never be your wife so long as this curse of blood lies on me."

"You acted rightly," he cried hotly. "No jury would have convicted you. Helen, dearest, forget it and come with me."

"I cannot," she answered sadly. "I must leave you, and you must forget."

But on the next day something happened which drove all thoughts of parting from their heads. The wife of the murdered man was arrested charged with the crime.

It was known that she had been in the city that day. She had threatened him; the negro janitor identified her as the woman he had seen near the apartment house. And Ronald and Helen watched the unfolding of the grim trial with dismay.

On the evening before the last day Helen spoke to Ronald about what lay uppermost in her mind.

"I cannot let that woman be convicted," she said. "I must go down to the court and offer my confession."

Ronald could not dissuade her. He knew that it was the only possible thing.

And all day they sat in the dreary courtroom listening to the intolerably long summing up. The jury had at last retired. Ronald had persuaded Helen not to speak unless the verdict was "guilty."

It was hours before the jury returned. A murmur spread through the courtroom. The face of the foreman was deadly white. He trembled and looked away from the prisoners' straining eyes. There could be no doubt what the verdict was.

Suddenly Helen sprang to her feet. Ronald rose and kept his arm about her. She faced the prisoner and stretched out her hand.

But before a word could leave her lips the woman in the dock uttered a shriek and recoiled, clutching at the air.

"Yes, I am guilty," she cried. "He lied to me, deceived me. I learned that he was supporting another woman, who was passing as his wife. I dogged him to his home. I entered after him. I saw him in the hallway, and over his head a larger hung. It seemed placed there for me. I struck him—and then the other woman came out—and she stands there!"

And she collapsed unconscious upon the floor.

Helen fell into Ronald's arms. "It is true! It is true!" she cried. "I remember everything!"

The verdict of "manslaughter" was further eased by a mercifully light sentence, and, with the obstacle to their marriage removed, Ronald and Helen went West, where they started upon their new life together.

Kin Hubbard Essays

THE QUACK SPECIALIST

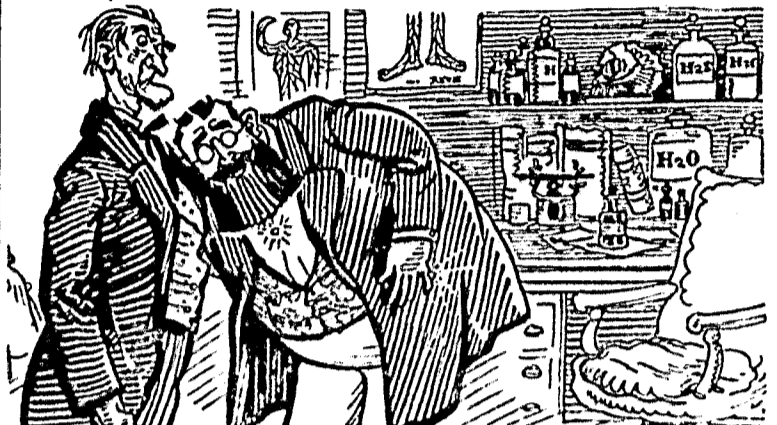
By KIN HUBBARD.

Nobody's ever so brave that he couldn't be scared by a quack specialist. A feller kin distinguish himself on the field o' battle or show his courage in a thousand different ways an' yet emerge from a short, crisp consultation with a fat, glossy quack specialist tremblin' like a dime's worth o' liver. That's the quack specialist's business. He don't care how strong and brave you are. All he asks is a little heart t' heart, or liver t' liver, talk with you.

After a quack specialist gets you in his studio he first sets about t' git a line on your financial condition an' he expects you to be just as frank an' honest with him on this subject as you are

A quack specialist with a frock-coat an' four column beard stopped for two days at the New Palace hotel last week an' here's some o' th' questions he asked Tipton Bud, who went t' consult him:

Do you own any real estate? Are your muscles sore after diggin' a cellar? Are you hungry before breakfast? Does eatin' a Kiefer pear give you a warped view of life? Durin' th' heated summer months do you hesitate when confronted with some arduous task? Are you sullen an' melancholy after you've paid for a one-rib roast? Do you notice heaviness o' th' eye-



"He Don't Care How Strong and Brave You Are. All He Asks Is a Little Heart t' Heart, or Liver t' Liver, Talk With You."

when you try t' describe th' sharp, dartin' pain which departs ever mornin' at twenty minutes after th' hour from th' base o' your skull an' runs thro' without change t' your right heel. He has several ingenious little preliminary questions bearin' indirect ly on your case which he asks, an which, if answered truthfully, gives him a fair workin' clew on your income. No quack specialist in his right mind will disturb a tumor unless there's a farm behind it, an', while there's been great progress made in the profession o' surgery, it's impossible t' remove a tumor without disturbin' th' farm.

However, no feller wuz ever so poor that a quack specialist couldn't at least remove eight dollars from him for a bottle o' brown water. An' jist t' make th' operation seem more difficult he'll advise you t' give up ter-backer.

ids when you try t' watch a ten thirty film?

Do you awaken with a start when a neighborin' planner strikes up after hours?

Do you feel a wantin' inclination t' fly a kite as th' years go by?

Are you ever seized with indecision when you have your choice o' two kinds o' soup?

Do you ever notice a low, muffled gurgle in th' region o' th' pipes that carry th' air back t' th' lobes o' th' lungs while plowin'?

So what could Tipton Bud do? I wuz up t' him t' either linger along for another week or begin treatment at once. He didn't know nothin' 'bout th' connection o' th' anatomical o' th' capillary extremities o' th' vena cava with those o' th' portal vein an' he wuz in no mood t' take chances.

REFORMS

By KIN HUBBARD.

Next t' th' letter that we long for th'er haint nothin' that comes as slow as reforms.

After many anxious years o' waitin' two thirds o' th' states o' th' Union have passed laws fixin' th' weight o' a bushel o' corn at fifty six pounds. It has been a tedious process but th' people won in the end. For years th' prune hoghead stood uncovered near th' grocery door while th' tub oysters reclined agin' th' hitechin' rack an' th' mackerel barrel wuz th' prize catcher o' th' period. It's a wonder those who went t' hear Jenny Lind or Henry Clay ever lived t' tell th' tale when you think o' th' ole-time grocery.

Folks used t' wait patiently fer Saturday t' come t' take a bath or depended on musk. It took years an' years t' break up th' ole musk practice. Th' business men used t' take ten minutes t' worry down a heavy dinner an' indigestion reaped a rich harvest. T' day th' humblest tanker takes three hours. He's thinkin' while he eats, but he's away from th' din o' th' addin' machines an' th' odor o' musty bills. A feller's personal ap-

five minutes on th' leading drayman an' then th' most pop'lar bill poster has t' wait on th' most prominent merchant, who attempts t' resign in favor o' a well known attorney. It will take some time t' break up this practice but sure some more sanitary means should be devised whereby cold slaw an' beans kin be taken int' th' stomach.

Girls use t' shake with fear an' tremblin' as they were led t' th' altar. Now they beat you t' it. Folks use t' wear thick, soggy bannel under wear an' dance till daylight in close, stuffy halls without excitin' comm' at t' day they'd be put out o' th' buildin'.

Right now there is a little under-current o' objection t' our present day method o' handlin' soup. Th' feelin' 'll grow as time goes on an' finally crystallize itself int' a general revolt an' become af'ed with our world wide crusade agin' useless nooses. It's bound t' come. Th' feller that eats soup like a walrus is doomed.

Why, it wuz as late as th' eighties before we begun t' question th' ad-



"Folk Used t' Wait Patiently fer Saturday t' Come t' Take a Bath or Depended on Musk. It Took Years an' Years t' Break Up th' Ole Musk Practice."

pearance never used t' occur t' him till th' church bells rung or a circus come t' town, an' it often took th' funeral o' someone near an' dear t' make a feller put on a Prince Albert. A feller used t' think that if he had better clothes at home he wuz all set. T' day th' advantages o' bein' dressed up kin hardly be overestimated if you're sellin' somethin'. There's a little reform wave t' day that is gatherin' force from many quarters regardin' th' free lunch fork. Th' free lunch fork used t' make th' whole world kin, but we're wakin' up. Fer years we've all been usin' th' same fork in friendly rivalry. Sometimes th' prominent merchant has t' wait

visibility o' sideburns. It took heroic work, but t' day you won't even encounter a set in th' felt boot districts. Trousers used t' be lined as late as seventy years after th' Declaration o' American Independence, an' many o' us, even t' day, turn purple with rage when we remember how our big toes used t' get caught in th' linin'. All these reforms took time. It is needless t' call attention t' th' women's clothes o' t' day. Fer years women stuck t' th' same old waist line. T' day it fluctuates like an Adam's apple an' adds variety an' excitement an' robs th' passin' show o' it's ole monotony an' sameness. t'Protected by Adams Newspaper Service.

DISTINCTLY A "WAR BABY"

Kitten's String of Names Left No Doubt as to the Sympathies of Its Small Owner.

A certain little Philadelphia girl is distinguished chiefly by her fondness for cats and kittens, which she much prefers to dolls.

Several days ago she was sitting on the sunny steps of the front porch, tenderly nursing on her lap a coal-black kitten; very small as yet, but sturdy and full of promise.

"What a pretty kitten!" remarked a neighbor in passing. "What do you call him, my dear?"

"I call him Allie," was the reply. "Allie! I think you must mean Alice, do you not?" suggested the lady with a smile.

"Oh, no, not Alice! His name is Allie," corrected the child. "His right name," proudly, "is George Albert Nicholas Peter Victor Emmanuel Joffre; but father says that is a heavy load for such a little fellow to carry, so I call him Allie for short."

As the lady proceeded up the street she heard a childish voice say tenderly: "Come, Allie, we must go in. It is time for you to have your rations."

HEAL YOUR SKIN TROUBLES

With Cuticura, the Quick, Sure and Easy Way. Trial Free

Bathe with Cuticura Soap, dry and apply the Ointment. They stop itching instantly, clear away pimples, blackheads, redness and roughness, remove dandruff and scalp irritation, heal red, rough and sore hands as well as most baby skin troubles.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postpaid, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere. Adv.

Didn't Need the Ball.

Two neighboring football clubs had been drawn together. Local rivalry ran riot with the feelings of the players, and hard knocks were the order of the day. At the end of the first half each side had scored a goal, and several men had been wounded and winded in the fray.

Neither side being able to add to the score, the game resolved itself into a free fight. At last the ball rolled, and someone volunteered to go for a new one.

"Oh, never mind a ball," shouted a player from behind a bundle of ban-dages, "let's go on with the game!"

Not Great Hairs but Tired Eyes make us look older than we are. Keep your eyes young and you will look young. After the Moving Pictures Your Eyes Don't Tell Your Age. Murley's Eye Remedy Co., Chicago. Sends Eye Book on request.

In Willie's Dream. "Wanna't that a funny dream I had last night?" said little Willie to his mother.

"Why, what did you dream, dear?" she asked him. "Why, you know, you went with me over where," was his reply.

Piles Relieved by First Application

And cured in 6 to 10 days by LAGO OINTMENT. The ointment is made of the best of ideas. Guarantees refund money if it fails. 10c.

His Way. She Aren't you just devoted to maintain? He Well, I do like roast lamb when it's well roasted and served with mint sauce.

Very Much So. "What a fresh complexion Miss Glayce has!" "Yes, she's just put it on."



5 Passenger, Gray & Davis, Electric Lights and Starter, 25 H. P. \$600

Greatest Hill Climber: 88 to 90 miles on 1 gallon gasoline. 10,000 miles on one set of tires. Stewart Speedometer, one man motor top, 100 in. wheel base, 32 3/4 inch tires, weight 3,500 pounds. METZ Distributors for Colorado, New Mexico, Wyoming and Western Nebraska.

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

PATENTS

SPORTIVE CAREER NEAR END. Mr. Pipwillow Was in Position to Prophecy With Confidence as to Kitty's Future.

Mr. Pipwillow looked at his garden, shook his fist at his neighbor's cat, then, humming a hymn of fellow hate, made his way to the nearest drug store.

Ten minutes later he was tomping the offender to his garden once more with a saucer of milk and something which came from a bottle bearing a red label.

"Hallo!" came his neighbor's voice, blithely, over the fence. "My cat heau troubleing you again, eh? It's a playful little way o' cats to make a racing track o' next-door's cabbage-patch."

"I suppose it is," said Pipwillow, gently, as he was purring over the saucer. "Perhaps yours has nearly finished his training gallop. I wonder 't be surprised if he's doing his best lap now!"

Her Mental Status. "That surely was a paradox you brought into the family, my dear?" "What do you mean?" "The cook you said you got out of an intelligence office."

Youth is going to do things tomorrow that old age didn't do yesterday.

Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty.

Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress After Eating. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

Black Leg. LOSSES SURELY PREVENTED by Carter's Little Liver Pills. The quantity of Carter's products in use at any 18 year of circulation in various and foreign parts. THE CUTLER LABORATORY, Berkeley, California.

Parker's Hair Balm. A toilet preparation of merit. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 25c. and 50c. at Druggists.

W. N. U., DENVER, NO. 1-1915.

Net Contents 15 Fluid Drachms

900 DROPS

CASTORIA

ALCOHOL - 3 PER CENT. Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of

INFANTS & CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Recipe of Old Dr. J. C. FLETCHER

Pumpkin Seed -
 Aloe Sassa -
 Licorice Slices -
 Anise Seed -
 Sassafras Bark -
 Hyacinth Root -
 Senna Seed -
 Castor Seed -
 Wintergreen Flavor

A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Facsimile Signature of Dr. J. C. Fletcher

THE CASTOR COMPANY, NEW YORK.

At 6 months old 35 DROPS - 35 CENTS

Exact Copy of Wrapper

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria Always Bears the Signature of

Dr. J. C. Fletcher

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CASTOR COMPANY, NEW YORK, U.S.A.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

P. G. Peters and little girl came over from Capitan Saturday. A brand new baby girl, arrived Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ben Lujan. Mother and babe getting along nicely.

Charles A. Stevens made a trip this week out to his ranch, which is about 35 miles northwest of town, and reports grass starting in fine shape. If not matted by a cold snap later on it will be excellent early range.

Ralph Barber returned this week from Montana, where he has been the larger part of the past year.

Jacob Ziegler returned this week from El Paso. Mr. Ziegler has been under a specialist's care for a month, and returns much improved.

Samuel Wells was a business visitor from White Oaks Mounday.

Julian Serna passed through Mounday from Capitan on his way to El Paso. He was accompanied by his daughter, whom he was taking to El Paso for medical attention.

Mrs. G. T. McQuillen and two little daughters returned Saturday from Roswell. Clarritte, the older girl, underwent an operation for appendicitis and, notwithstanding the loss of an appendix, feels like a new girl.

Edward Fox and family left Tuesday night for Welcome, Minnesota. Mr. Fox is a well known mining man of this county, has some good copper property here and hopes to return soon and begin the extraction of the red metal. Copper is now selling at 27 and 28 cents, and it doesn't require a mountain of ore, at those prices, to make a profit-producing mine. The best wishes of a host of friends are with Mr. Fox in his endeavor to develop our mineral resources.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Lemon, Mrs. John Lee and James Lee were here yesterday from White Oaks.

Otto Martens, George L. Castle and Lee B. Chase were here Wednesday from Ocuero, the former making proof on his homestead and the two latter witnesses.

Serious fears are expressed by orchardists of this county over the prospect for fruit this year. The present continued warm weather is calculated to advance the orchards to a point that a frost later may nip the trees in the bud.

P. Faher, a miner, came in from El Paso Tuesday enroute to Roswell, and stopped at the Adams Hotel.

Frank Babbly arrived Wednesday from Texhoma, Oklahoma. He is a plasterer and is engaged with George Williams on a local contract.

Perry Humphrey was over this week and says he is no longer a farmer. He has rented his place to one who knows.

Baptist Church
Rev. J. M. Gardner, Pastor

The revival conducted by the pastor is still in progress and is being attended by the largest crowds ever known to go to church in Carrizozo. Last Sunday night and the Sunday before it was impossible to seat the people in the evening service. The pastor is preaching the old-time religion and many have accepted Christ as their savior.

The pastor will preach Saturday at 7:30 p. m., "On a Mountain Trip in the Philippine Islands, or Two Ways." Sunday at 11 a. m., "Follow Me" (to Christians); 7:30 p. m., "Follow Me" (to the un-saved). Monday evening, men's meeting, "The Making of a Man With Facts to Face, or Stepping Stones to Hell."

Mrs. J. M. Gardner will give a lecture Saturday at 2:30 p. m., for mothers, all women over eighteen years of age welcomed, "Some Things Every Mother Ought to Know"; Sunday at 2:30 to young women over twelve, "Some Things Every Young Woman Ought to Know."

The W. M. U. will give a baked goods sale at Kelley's store at 4 p. m. Saturday, the proceeds to go to missions.

The B. Y. P. U. is growing rapidly and the Sunday school is larger than it has been in years. We want you to come and visit our Sunday school, and if you are not a member of some other Sunday school, join ours. We have classes for everyone from the beginners to the fathers and mothers. Everybody is welcome at all services of our church.

Sheriff Lands His Man

Sheriff Chavez returned Monday night from a four day chase after a man giving his name as Albert Inman, who was charged with stealing a horse, saddle, gun and numerous accessories from Thomas Keehn, Ocuero, the alleged crime having been committed on the 11th. And he didn't return empty handed; he had the prisoner and also all the property that had been stolen.

The sheriff left immediately upon receipt of information that the crime had been committed, driving through in his car direct for the Rio Grande, landing first at San Antonio. He went to San Marcial, then to Palomas, and not finding the trail decided that he was ahead of his man. He then took the back track and encountered his man at the Bar L. Slash ranch, on the Jornada. Inman was arrested and all the chattels recovered except the gun, which had been disposed of, and learning to whom the gun had been sold, that also was recovered, and prisoner and property brought to Carrizozo.

Tuesday the prisoner was given a hearing before Justice Massie, before whom he entered a plea of guilty to grand larceny, and was remanded to jail in default of \$1,000. Quick work, Mr. Sheriff—keep up the good work.

Basket Ball Saturday

By all means attend that big, snappy basket ball game at Real's Hall Saturday evening. The boys from El Paso will be here and the boys from Carrizozo are already here to capture the heavy end of the score keeper's page, if such a thing be possible. The boys are doing some good fast practice. Come out and see them play. Encourage good athletics and you'll be enjoying yourself and doing the boys a good turn all at once. The game will begin promptly at 8:30 and 25c satisfies the door keeper's appetite. Be there with bells or anything else a rooter loves.

M. B. Foreman has returned from a visit to Roswell.

School Notes

The base ball germ is beginning to make its influence apparent in the student body, and the national game is rapidly being dragged back into the limelight. Present indications point to a good strong nine.

The high school girls sold home-made candy at noon Thursday with the usual liberal patronage. This method proves an ideal plan to raise money, and at the same time provide the children with wholesome sweets at about cost. The money will be used for substantial purposes, and the same plan obtains with the use of the proceeds of these sales in all grades.

Contractor Joe White has been busy all this week on the fire escapes which were ordered by the last grand jury. It was found necessary, in order to make the escapes all efficient, to cut a hole in the south end of the building upstairs and to connect the two rooms at this end by an emergency door. The outside door leads to a tin lined slide which will effect a rapid delivery of the occupants of this end of the building to safety below. On the other side a window will be used as an exit and no door will be required. With the fire drill organized immediately after the safety agitation, the building can be emptied on short order, and this new method of escape will only be necessary in case of a conflagration in the hall of an advanced nature.

The pupils of Mrs. H. G. Clunn will give another recital of music, both vocal and instrumental, at the school building this afternoon. Many interesting numbers will be given and a large number of interested patrons and music lovers is expected to attend.

E. G. Neyts, of Lincoln, has a position with the Western Garage.

J. R. Anderson, wife and three children came in Thursday and are quartered at the Adams House temporarily. Mr. Anderson has lived the past twenty years at Warlow, Oklahoma, but decided to come to the southwest and may make Carrizozo his future home. He is a carpenter and should have no difficulty in securing plenty of work here.

The Women's Bible Class

Of the Methodist church held its second monthly business and social meeting at the home of Mrs. R. J. Forrest Wednesday afternoon. Organized January 9th with a membership of four, for mutual helpfulness in everyday social life, the rollcall now includes twenty-five names. Under the efficient leadership of Mrs. E. D. Lewis a very enthusiastic group of women has been gathered, meeting at the members' homes; where they exchange ideas in planning their home problems, and in the ways they can be useful to others of the community, do not overlook having something of amusement and a good time, and eat a bite of something—as is the custom at the close of labor. The officers are Mrs. E. D. Lewis, teacher; Mrs. A. C. Ladd, president; Mrs. P. E. Lacey, vice-president, and Mrs. R. E. Stidham, secretary-treasurer; and a committee of four to care for the social interests.

In a contest to discover "The Occupation of the Man in Cloth," Mrs. R. T. Cribb secured first prize and Mrs. A. C. Ladd the booby prize; this following the business session and an hour spent industriously. A dainty luncheon was served by the hostess of the afternoon.

Classified Advertisements

Home rendered lard that is pure. Patty & Hobbs.

STANDARD Sewing Machine for sale. Almost new. Inquire at Carrizozo Eating House.

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

FOR SALE—Horses and mares, or will trade for Ford car. Inquire News office.

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

Chautauqua Coming

D. L. Newkirk, of Artesia, a brother of the quill, was here yesterday in the interest of a chautauqua circuit, and for the purpose of booking Carrizozo for the series. A meeting was held in the afternoon at which a number of citizens signed a contract to bring the attractions here. There are to be five numbers presented, but the dates have not been definitely arranged. If possible the entertainments will be brought here in June.

Catholic Church
Rev. J. H. Grama, Pastor

Mass will be held next Sunday at 10 a. m. Sunday school at 2 p. m.

Notice of Sale
Ray Stoddard, Plaintiff.

Ocuero Development Company, Defendant. Notice is hereby given that under and by virtue of an execution issued in the above styled cause, upon a judgment rendered in said cause on the 27th day of October, 1914, upon an action for wages, said judgment being in the sum of \$24 and \$7.50 costs; I did on the 25th day of January, 1915, levy upon the following described personal property of the defendant situated in the town of Ocuero, Lincoln County, New Mexico; to-wit: One Fairbanks Nine Horsepower Gasoline Engine and Trucks. One Austin No. 3 Well Drill. One Cable, One Stem, One Six Inch Bit. One Eight Inch Bit, One Twelve Inch Bit. And that I will, at 10 o'clock a. m., on the 18th day of March, 1915, in said Town of Ocuero, New Mexico, sell said property, or so much as is necessary, to the highest bidder for cash to satisfy said judgment and costs and interest thereon amounting to \$1.45 and the costs of said execution and this sale. [Signed] POSEPHO CHAVES, Sheriff. Feb. 18—March 10. By J. E. BAIRD, Undersheriff.

..Kuppenheimer Clothes..

Suits and Overcoats At Reduced Prices During February

New Spring & Summer Clothing Will Arrive Early This Month

Carrizozo Trading Company
QUALITY FIRST THEN PRICE

A Few Unusual Specials In Men's Winter Goods

MEN'S SHOES

Odds and ends and broken assortments of Men's \$5 and \$6 Florsheim Shoes. No undesirable styles and a size for almost every foot, at **\$3.90**

MEN'S HATS

Just a few of these Men's Soft Felt Hats. We think they're mighty fine values; you will, too, when you see them. \$2.50 and \$3.00 value for **\$1.75**

MEN'S DUCK COATS

Men's Blanket Lined Duck Coats. Still lots of cold weather. We are asking such a low price you'll get your money's worth this season and have lots of coat left for next fall. **25⁰ Reduced**

MEN'S FURNISHINGS

Worth while savings on Men's Furnishings. \$1.50 Dress Shirts, light new patterns **\$1.20** 3/4 Mercerized Sox **\$1** \$1.25 Two-piece **95c** four pairs for **Underwear**

The Biggest Values Ever Offered In Men's and Boys' Winter Suits and Overcoats. At no time can you purchase such high grade goods for so small prices as now in effect.

RARE BARGAINS IN CLOTHING

The biggest Clothing value we have ever offered. Men, when you see the clothes we are offering for one ten dollar bill you'll fall, sure. A lengthy description here isn't necessary. Suffice to say they are dandies **\$10**

MEN'S OVERCOATS

After such a mild winter we find ourselves slightly overstocked on Men's Overcoats. We offer you your choice from a very complete stock at a reduction of **25⁰**

BOY'S GOOD WOOL SUITS

Here's an announcement the mothers will be pleased to read. You can buy your boy a good Wool Suit worth \$5 and \$6 that he'll be proud to wear. In this lot we are offering for **\$3.65**

MEN'S HIGH GRADE SUITS

An offer in Men's Suits not to be overlooked. Men's \$18 and \$20 Suits in very desirable colors and weights that can be worn the year around **\$15**

1916 Catalog of the University of New Mexico

Ready on or about March 15

If interested in the work of the State University now or in the future write today and have a copy reserved to be sent you on publication, without charge.

Address DAVID R. BOYD, President, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

FEED YARD

HAY AND GRAIN IN CAR LOTS
All Competition Met in Prices on These Commodities
Roomy Yard - Stalls - Water

Wm. Barnett EL PASO AVENUE
Phone 86

JOHN E. BELL

Quality Groceries
FANCY AND STAPLE GOODS

The Only Exclusive Grocery in Carrizozo

Fruits, nuts, candies and vegetables in season

Stoves and Ranges. Builders' Hardware.
N. B. TAYLOR & SONS
Blacksmithing and Hardware
CARRIZOZO & WHITE OAKS
Tinware, Paints, Glass, Oils of all kinds, Harness, Ammunition, Etc.

ZIEGLER BROTHERS

CARRIZOZO'S ECONOMY CENTER :: WE DO AS WE ADVERTISE