

OFFICIAL COUNTY PAPER

Carrizozo News.

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A Journal Devoted to the Interests of Lincoln County.

VOLUME 17.

CARRIZOZO, LINCOLN COUNTY, NEW MEXICO, FEBRUARY 4, 1916.

NUMBER 4

Scholars' Ante-Study Conduct In January

FIRST GRADE

Neither absent or tardy:
Earl Karl
Miller French
William Porter
Roy Richards
Paul Aguayo
Maryella Caldwell
Ethel Johnson
Mildred Jones
Lucille Lacy
Heien Roiland
Angela Whittingham
Eada McMillan
Don English

SECOND AND THIRD GRADES

Neither absent or tardy:
Bonnie McMillan
Lillie May Elliott
Mandie Hamilton
Lillian Lane
Kathryn Statham
Evelyn French
John William Elliott
Kastler Taylor
Walter Foster
Robert Poage
Ray Lovace
Frank Patty
Elmo Lovace
Socorro Verdugo
Maggie Lujan
Alice Aguayo
Alfredo Lopez
George Allen
Excellent pupils:
Edna Lohann
Mandie Hamilton
Bonnie McMillan
Frank Patty
Evelyn French
Andres Sandoval
Kastler Taylor
Albert Roberts
Robert Oramendaz
Chriton Braum
Robert Poage
George V. V.
Kathryn Statham
Rue Shidda

THIRD AND FOURTH GRADES

Neither absent or tardy:
Dora Anderson
Abelina Lujan
Ruth McMillan
Lillian Johnson
Sipriano Duran
Mary Miller
Eva Rowland
Lora Statham

CONTINUED ON PAGE FIVE

Parsons

The Parsons school closed last Friday after a most successful term of seven months. The term just closed was the longest taught here in many years. It is to be hoped the time will not be far distant when we can afford a nine or even a ten months school.

Mrs. Nichols returned to her home on the ranch near Nogal last Saturday. Mrs. Nichols deserves much credit for the work she accomplished among the school children during the past year.

Mrs. J. O. Welch, of Dawson, N. M., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Rice. Before returning home Mrs. Welch expects to make an extended visit with her sister, Mrs. Weber, at Fort Stanton.

Mrs. Woodward, of Chicago, is spending several weeks in the mountains prior to going to California.

Parsons and vicinity is again wrapped in another blizzard. It may rain in other places, or the skies may be blue, but it can always be counted upon to snow up here in the mountains in the winter time. Many people have a surprise waiting for them when they visit these parts in winter time and come without an overcoat. They take into account the latitude all right, but neglect to figure the altitude; and it's the altitude that counts in New Mexico.

The people of Parsons were very much shocked to learn of the sudden death of Mr. Horton, of Evanston, Ill., in Carrizozo last week. Mr. Horton spent some time here last fall and made many friends while here. Mr. Horton took some beautiful pictures of the mountains, as well as of the property of the Parsons Mining company.

Miss Charlotte Rice has returned from Fort Stanton, where she has been visiting her sister since Christmas.

George Reddy and family have moved on to Albert Pfingsten's place on the Mesa, so the Byrd house is vacant again.

The President's Tour

President Wilson during the past ten days has visited a number of the important cities of the country, from New York to Kansas, and has delivered many impressive addresses at each point upon the subject of preparedness. His reception was cordial, as was natural, and his logical manner in handling this important question aroused a hearty response to the president's plan for preparedness. The president returned to Washington fully convinced that the people, as a whole, are in favor of a more efficient army and navy, and expects to press the information thus gained upon congress. Below we present a few striking paragraphs from one of his speeches.

I have come to ask you what is back of me in this task of preserving at once the peace and honor of this country. The judge on the bench has the law behind him, with its bailiffs, sheriffs, national guardsmen and the United States army, but if they ignore in some foreign capital what the president urges as the rights of the people and government of the United States, what is there back of it?

It is necessary that I should come and ask you this question, because I don't know how long the mere word and assistance of your government will prevail to maintain your honor and the dignity and power of the nation. There may come a time I pray God it may never come but it may come in spite of everything we can do, when I shall have to ask "I have had my say, who stands back of it? Where is the force by which the right and majesty of the United States are to be vindicated and asserted?" I assure you there is not a day to be lost. Not because there is any special crisis, but because I do not know twenty-four hours ahead what will happen.

The future does not depend on us, but upon commanders of ships and of submarines and upon biplanes, and upon many other men, big and little.

I have read editorially sneering at the number of notes sent abroad by the government and asking why the government would not in these same papers have seen editorially against the preparation to do anything, war or peace. Is that the temper of the United States? It may be the temper of some editorial offices, but I know it is not the temper of the people of the United States. My natural duties in Washington. I have a certain amount of conscience in being away from the capital for many days at a time, and I would not have come away had I not believed that there was a stronger compulsion of conscience to equate you with the state of affairs.

You are counting upon me to do more than keep you out of trouble. You are counting on me to see to it that the rights of the citizens of the United States, wherever they might be, are respected. You have counted upon me to see that your energies should be released along the channels of trade in order that you might serve the world as the only nation disengaged and ready to serve it. You have expected me to see that the rest of the world permitted America thus to express and exercise her humane and legitimate energy.

But when I, as your spokesman and representative, utter a judgment with regard to the rights of the United States in its relations to other nations, what is the sanction? What is the compulsion? You will say "the force and majesty of the United States." Yes, the force and majesty of the United States, but is it ready to express itself?

If you resist the judge there are the bailiffs of the court; if you resist the bailiffs of the court there are those who assist the sheriff of the county; if you resist the sheriff there is the national guard; if you resist the national guard there is the army of

Germany Defiant

Berlin, February 4.—Information reaching the Associated Press today indicates that under no circumstances will Germany admit that the sinking of the Lusitania was an illegal act.

The new instructions forwarded to Ambassador von Bernstorff, according to this information, contains simply one phase of the new formula of the proposed note of regret for the sinking of the Lusitania. The suggested sentence is short, consisting of only eight words, and does not contain the word "illegal." It represents the extreme limit of Germany's concessions in the Lusitania case.

The view is entertained here that one of the most serious crises of the war has arisen in connection with the Lusitania case, and that it is impossible to foresee the outcome from any indications here. The result of the negotiations appears to hinge solely on the word "illegal."

The Associated Press is informed positively and authoritatively that Germany cannot and will not designate as illegal the sinking of a liner by any submarine. Virtually no other differences in the way of settlement remain.

Dr. Alfred Zimmerman, under-secretary for foreign affairs, in an interview with the Associated Press, expressed the hope that the new formula would offer a possible basis of settlement.

"The government is willing to do everything in its power, and has done everything in its power, to meet American wishes," he said, "but there are limits beyond which even friendship snaps."

"I do not understand America's course. We had thought the submarine and the Lusitania question on the way to arrangement had agreed to pay indemnity and a limit when the United States suddenly made its new demands, which it is impossible for us to accept."

"You must not push your demands too far. You must not try to humiliate Germany."

Dr. Zimmerman left no doubt that the whole crisis centered on Secretary of State Lansing's demand that Germany disavow the sinking of the Lusitania as an act contrary to international law.

He asserted again and again that if the United States desired to drive matters to a breach, Germany could go no further to avoid it, and that the breach, with all its lamentable consequences, must come.

The United States

But if you ignore in some foreign capital what the president of the United States urges as the rights of the people and government of the United States, what is there back of that?

It is necessary that I should ask you this question because I do not know how long the mere word of your government will prevail to maintain your honor.

San Patricio

Probably on account of the nearness of spring, a number of our citizens are courting these days. Rather expensive for some of them, too. We should think the parents would want to set a better example for their children and keep out of courts and trouble.

The postoffice inspectors were here last week and as far as we know, found out what about everybody knows—that the postoffice was robbed of a registered letter containing \$400.

Mrs. Jackson and Mrs. Minters (that's the way it has been spelled for us) visited Mrs. J. E. Watson last week.

Jim Summers, from the Penasco country, has been helping Arthur Wootson with his well.

Albie Stover killed a hog a few days ago.

The farmers expect to begin cleaning out the ditch this week and getting things in shape to begin farming.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Reeves visited at J. E. Wootson's one day last week.

Lon Hunter was down with a turn of corn last week. Going to have some corn bread and milk these cold days.

Joe Jackson, of Arizona, who has been visiting his sister, Mrs. J. E. Wootson, has gone up to visit his brother, Jim Jackson, before leaving for home.

Quite a crowd attended Sunday school at Hondo Sunday. The new school house was used for the first time.

William Kahler and his little girl, Lora, are here on a visit from Santa Fe.

New Fraternal Order Starts Auspiciously

Carrizozo Council of the Praetorians was organized at Lodge Hall Saturday night, when thirty-seven charter members were elected. All present were duly obligated and the secret work exemplified by state manager J. B. Savage, of Roswell. Those present were very enthusiastic and the organizers, J. B. Savage, state manager, and J. R. Moore, general deputy, feel very proud of Carrizozo Council.

The following officers were elected to serve Carrizozo Council until the next annual election:

S. A., Prof. Andrew McCurdy; S. T., Dr. Robert E. Blaney; J. T., H. C. Franklin; F. T., H. C. Chum; S. C., P. E. Lacy; Recorder, E. D. Boone; Snotsayer, Mrs. Naomi Lucas; Lygian, John B. Bard; Sentinel, Roy Textor; Attorney, Buel R. Wood; Praetorian Queen, Mrs. Francis Chunn; Trustees: H. J. Gizzard, T. W. Watson and R. E. Stidham; Guards: Rufus Hughes, Captain; Louis Adams, Allison Stevens and Otis Leggett.

The Council selected the Fourth Thursday night in each month as the regular meeting night. The next regular meeting will be held February 24th.

H. C. Chum has been appointed Deputy for the Praetorians, with headquarters at Carrizozo, and with the hearty cooperation of all the members Carrizozo Council should soon have a hundred members.

Mrs. Clayton Van Schoyck and children left today for El Paso, after having spent the past six weeks here.

When you are in the market for STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES FRESH OR SALTED MEATS COUNTRY PRODUCE, FRUITS, ETC.

Don't forget—
PATTY & HOEBS
Second door north of Post office

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

Phone 46

Carrizozo, New Mexico

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

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

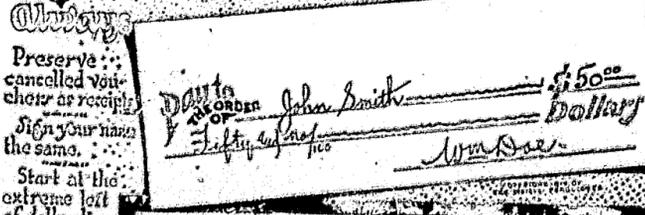
Special Facilities
For Banquet and Dinner Parties.

Carrizozo Eating House

F. W. GURNEY, Manager.

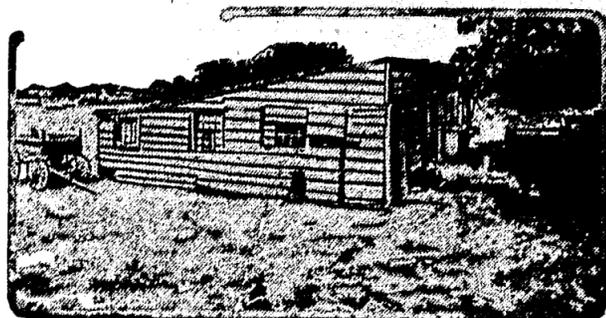
Table Supplied with the Best
the market affords.

How to draw a check



THE EXCHANGE BANK
CARRIZOZO OF CARRIZOZO NEW MEXICO

On Barren Island



TYPE OF BARREN ISLAND HOMES

WELL named is Barren Island. Far removed is it from the haunts of civilized man, though included within the geographical confines of Greater New York. And for the most part barren are the 1,500 or 1,600 inhabitants of civic or national ideals, even of ambition to better their condition to make their days and nights conform measurably to standards such as other folk enjoy who are adopted sons and daughters of Father Knickerbocker a great and growing family, says the New York Sun.

Anyone with the desire to visit foreign shores and without traveling more than an hour or so from City Hall park, can descend into the subway near by the municipal building, take a train for Canarsie, and at Canarsie landing step on board a steamboat which leaves there at frequent intervals bound Barren Island. In an hour, more or less, the traveler will have arrived at his destination at a land mass, an Arctic explorer put it in a general direction south by east from the main borough of Brooklyn. Near by, toward the west, is Sheepshead bay, to the east is Jamaica bay and not far off is the group of Rockaways. Thus it will be seen that Barren Island, while off the beaten track of travel, is by no means inaccessible. Yet when the traveler sets foot on shore there and takes one comprehensive glance around he will realize that in all but location he is in a foreign land.

The principal "center" of Barren Island is its one great industry, that of handling refuse of the big city of which it is a humble part. This central spot is marked by the work of the reduction company, upon the operation of which Barren Island and its inhabitants depend. Eastward from this great garbage plant stretches the one main avenue—Broadway it is

ing therefrom treasures that their parents can sell or barter—bits of metal, occasionally pieces of gold or silver jewelry, now and then a scarf-pin or cuff link, a watch charm and once in a while a diamond ring or stud.

"It is hard to believe," said one of Commissioner Goldwater's men, who has been on a trip of investigation, "but down at Barren Island almost every foramen or other important personage wears diamonds—and I am told that every one of them was picked up in those heaps of refuse. This, remember, after the refuse has been screened, crushed and examined with minute care for just such valuable pickings."

Russians, Slavonians, Poles and negroes apparently constitute the predominant strains of population, although other peoples are to be found, including Italians. Rumor has it, in fact, that the political leader of Barren Island's little squad of voters is himself an Italian, and a very keen one at that. Life down there may not be all beer and skittles—although if health department surmises are correct a considerable part of it may be beer or liquid cousins thereto. But so far as can be ascertained by an outsider the Islanders are for from an unhappy community. They work hard, it is true, in and around the reduction plant, at least the men do; and their womenfolk seem to work just as hard about their little homes, while the boys and girls, when they are not attending school, find plenty of occupation in searching for hidden treasure in those huge heaps of refuse.

Happy Boys and Girls.

The boys and girls of Barren Island form the leading part of the population, so far as observation of the outside visitor can detect. Of course they do not wear clothing made for



PICKING OVER THE RUBBISH

called, possibly so named many years ago by someone with a keef sense of the ludicrous. For this particular Broadway is bounded on one side by a marsh, a good, representative oozy marsh at that; and along the other side are perched the one-story homes of the employees of the garbage plant. In many of these little shacks it is said that two and sometimes three families exist. In a majority it is alleged that boarders are taken. In fact, some of those who have been looking over social conditions at Barren Island seem inclined to think that entirely too many boarders are taken in some of the tiny shacks that serve as dwellings.

Fifth and Diamonds. Not many months ago, two or three of Commissioner Goldwater's staff journeyed down to Barren Island, made a careful survey of health conditions and came back home with a report that caused astonishment in the health department offices. They found a partial supply of good water on the island; but also found that a large proportion of the people were drinking water from surface wells. Furthermore, it was found that modern sanitary conveniences are practically unknown; that fables and ducks and cows and goats wallow side by side in the muck of "Broadway" that while there is a school on the island there is no truancy officer, and that because of this the children may go to school or not just as they choose. Also that a large majority of them prefer to spend their days in rummaging into the high heaps of refuse, and

them or fitted to their years and size. But there is a delightful picturesqueness about their old shawls, the shoes far too large, when existent at all, and frankly lacking too or upper; about the enveloping skirts, the occasional scarerow hat—a wealth of gypsylike color and a most attractive abandon, testifying to the fact that in the opinion of these little people the most important occupies but a small and unimportant place in the general scheme of the universe.

And happy? Why, those sprites of the refuse heaps are as cheerful and joyous as if they were wading through fields of wild flowers up in Westchester county and chasing butterflies and gathering early apples instead of scurrying up a hill of refuse and then delving below its surface in the hope of discovering a bit of china or a silver teaspoon, an old watch chain or other trinket that can be polished and brightened and eventually sold.

Religious life on Barren Island is represented by two churches, wherein services are held on Sunday. So far as could be ascertained no resident pastor has been assigned to Barren Island for many years, if ever. It is cited as a fruitful field for sincere missionary effort by those organizations of one denomination or another which so generously provide medical missionaries, teachers, preachers, as well as schools, churches, chapels and hospital services for other islands than Barren—Isles of the South Pacific, for example, as well as for Eskimos of the polar region, the inhabitants of India, Central Africa and many others in remote parts of the world.

Hopes Women Will Adopt This Habit As Well As Men

Glass of hot water each morning helps us look and feel clean, sweet, fresh.

Happy, bright, alert—vigorous and vivacious—a good clear skin; a natural, rosy complexion and freedom from illness are assured only by clean, healthy blood. If only every woman and likewise every man could realize the wonders of drinking phosphated hot water each morning, what a gratifying change would take place.

Instead of the thousands of sickly, anaemic-looking men, women and girls with pasty or muddy complexions; instead of the multitudes of "nervy wrecks," "rundowns," "brain fags" and pessimists we should see a virile, optimistic throng of rosy-cheeked people everywhere.

An inside bath is had by drinking, each morning before breakfast, a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it to wash from the stomach, liver, kidneys and ten yards of bowels the previous day's indigestible waste, sour fermentations and poisons, thus cleansing, sweetening and freshening the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach.

Those subject to sick headache, biliousness, nasty breath, rheumatism, colds; and particularly those who have a pallid, sallow complexion and who are constipated very often, are urged to obtain a quarter pound of limestone phosphate from any drugist or at the store which will cost but a trifle but is sufficient to demonstrate the quick and remarkable change in both health and appearance awaiting those who practice internal sanitation. We must remember that inside cleanliness is more important than outside, because the skin does not absorb impurities to contaminate the blood, while the pores in the thirty feet of bowels do.—Adv.

Her Bad Break.

Maggie was a maid in the employ of a Gotham family. One afternoon two woman visitors rang the bell, and, telling them to be seated, Maggie went into another part of the house to see if her mistress were in.

"I am very sorry," said the maid, returning a minute later, "but Mrs. Brown went out and won't be back till dinner time."

"That is too bad," exclaimed one of the women, as the callers started for the door. "And to think, too, that I have forgotten my cards. I will have to—"

"Never mind the cards, ma'am," interjected Maggie, with a kindly disposed smile. "I told the mistress your names when I went upstairs."

GIRLS! GIRLS! TRY IT, BEAUTIFY YOUR HAIR

Make It Thick, Glossy, Wavy, Luxuriant and Remove Dandruff—Real Surprise for You.

Your hair becomes light, wavy, fluffy, abundant and appears as soft, lustrous and beautiful as a young girl's after a "Danderine hair cleanse." Just try this—moisten a cloth with a little Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. This will cleanse the hair of dust, dirt and excessive oil and in just a few moments you have doubled the beauty of your hair.

Besides beautifying the hair at once, Danderine dissolves every particle of dandruff; cleanses, purifies and invigorates the scalp, forever stopping itching and falling hair.

But what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use when you will actually see new hair—fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—growing all over the scalp. If you care for pretty soft hair and lots of it, surely get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any store and just try it. Adv.

Queer Cattle.

"Begorry! them shitory writers are the queerest creatures in the world." "An' phwy so?" "Shure, an' don't their tales come out av their heads?"

Piles Relieved by First Application. And cured in 30 to 45 days by FAYO OINTMENT, the universal remedy for all forms of Piles. Druggists refund money if it fails.

Improvement on the Early Model. "How's your boy getting on at school?" "Fine. Sometimes I think he actually knows almost as much as I thought I knew at his age."

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

Combination Gift. "What are you knitting, dear?" "A shawl to send to Mr. and Mrs. Jones with our united love."

Economy of Language. Passenger (entering car)—Fine morning, conductor. Conductor—Fare.

But silence would improve some people's conversation.

COMFORT IN NEGLIGE

SOMETHING THAT EVERY WOMAN CAN APPRECIATE.

Design Given Here Can Be Used as a Morning Dress if So Desired—Looks Well With or Without Train.

Every woman knows the comfort of a well-made, attractive and yet loose and simple negligee. This design is one of the simplest possible for a negligee, which partakes of the nature of a morning dress, and can be worn as such no matter who unexpectedly calls. The top is a plain kimono top with loosely fitted sleeves, confined to the wrist by a very dainty cuff. The collar also takes away from the kimono idea and gives a dressy touch to the upper part of the garment. This negligee may be made with or without a short train, although a train on a short woman always gives her the appearance of greater height and grace. The best materials for making up this negligee are Japanese and Chinese cotton crepe, which are made as well in America as in the Orient. Printed challoes and wash silks, and silk crepes are all admirable for making up simple negligees, because they all can be easily washed, without losing their color or shape.

The sash, which is worn with this pretty garment, can be passed through a strap at the back and not confined around the waist, except when one wishes to give the wrapper the appearance of a dress. Now that all



Simple Negligee.

dresses are wider than formerly, the writer would suggest adding an extra fold of the goods in the middle of the back when cutting out the pattern. This can be gathered to the upper portion, and in no way interfere with the general set of the design. A collar and cuff of plain color are attractive with net, or lingerie, or lace collar and cuff placed over the stationary one. This makes it possible to remove the white finishing touches and keep them always washed and fresh.

GOOD CRIB FOR THE BABY

Clothes Basket Inexpensive and Makes Ideal Sleeping Place for Small Ruler of the Household.

If you do not want to go to the expense of a bassinet that baby will soon outgrow it is a good idea to utilize an ordinary clothes basket, which

NOT HARD TO BEAUTIFY BACK

Massage and Cold Cream Will Be Found to Work Wonders With the Skin.

Dame Fashion has pity on her devotees. She refuses to take into consideration their shortcomings. Thus she decrees this year that décolleté gowns must be very, very décolleté in the back, in spite of the fact that few women have beautiful backs to display.

Yet if we are to be in fashion this year we must wear our evening frocks cut, out generously in the back, and to create a pretty effect the average woman must do something to beautify her back.

Just because you have pretty skin on your face, don't take it for granted that your back and shoulders can boast of so fine a covering. There the skin as a rule is much coarser, its texture and color are quite different from your pink and white complexion.

Unless your back is badly formed, and few women are thus afflicted, you need not despair of beautifying this part of your anatomy. Massage will do wonders in making the skin fine, and various bleaching lotions can be applied to lighten the color. The greatest difficulty the average woman will encounter is the fact that she cannot take this treatment alone. Either a maid, a sister, a mother, or a kind friend must be pressed into service, for it is almost impossible to reach one's own back to massage it properly.

The beautifying treatment is very much like that applied to the face. First lay small bath towels or large

NOVELTY IN MILLINERY



"As Light As a Feather"

Talk about light, fluffy, tempting and wholesome Jelly Rolls, Cakes, Biscuits and other good things! My! but

CALUMET BAKING POWDER

certainly beats the band for sure results—for purity, economy and wholesome bakings. Tell your mother to try Calumet Baking Powder on the money-back guarantee.

Received Highest Awards New Calumet Brand Has Eligible Patent Case



Cheap and big can Baking Powders don't save you money. Calumet does—it's Pure and far superior to sour milk and soda.

Different From Her Ma. Ho—Why is it that there's never a match in the house? She (certainly)—I can't make matches. Ho—That's strange; your mother could.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

"CASCARETS" ACT ON LIVER; BOWELS

No sick headache, biliousness, bad taste or constipation by morning.

Get a 10-cent box.

Are you keeping your bowels, liver, and stomach clean, pure and fresh with Cascarets, or merely forcing a passageway every few days with Salts, Cathartic Pills, Castor Oil or Purgative Waters?

Stop having a bowel wash-day. Let Cascarets thoroughly cleanse and regulate the stomach, remove the sour and fermenting food and foul gases, take the excess bile from the liver and carry out of the system all the constipated waste matter and poisons in the bowels.

A Cascaret to-night will make you feel great by morning. They work while you sleep—never gripe, sicken or cause any inconvenience, and cost only 10 cents a box from your store. Millions of men and women take a Cascaret now and then and never have Headache, Biliousness, Coated Tongue, Indigestion, Sour Stomach or Constipation. Adv.

Sorry He Spoke.

A senior of one of our large manufacturing concerns came through the store and noticed a boy sitting on a counter swinging his legs and whistling merrily. The senior eyed him severely, as he confronted him, and inquired: "Is that all you have to do?" "Yes, sir."

"Very well; report to the cashier and tell him to pay you off. We don't need boys like you around here."

"But, sir," said the astonished boy. "I don't work for you. I have just bought some goods and am waiting for the bill."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Dr. Pierre's Pleasant Pellets are the original little liver pills put up 40 years ago. They regulate liver and bowels.—Adv.

Short (who is but five tall)—Do you believe that brevity is the soul of wit?

Miss Long—Well, not in your case.

SHIRRED SOCKETS

A very attractive dance frock for a young girl is made of pink taffeta. On each side of the skirt there is a patch pocket, shirred at the top, and decorated with a little spray of blue and pink chiffon flowers.

RUSSIANS ON THE ROUMANIAN FRONTIER.



This picture, which has just reached America, was taken at the mouth of the Danube on the Russian Rumanian frontier. The men are all veterans of the Polish campaigns, and to say the least they are hardy, rugged fighters. They are part of the huge Russian army which has been mobilized at this region presumably for the invasion of Bulgaria.

TO GUARD WARSHIPS

Floating Shield Suggested as Protection Against Torpedoes.

Carried Onboard, It Is Figured, a Submarine's Torpedo, Striking It, Would Explode Harmlessly—Advantages Over Chain Net.

Washington.—The battleship of the future may plow her way through the seas towing on either side an immense steel shield which will parallel the vessel from bow to stern and which will form a defensive bulwark from waterline to keel-level.

Such is the plan of a Philadelphia inventor, who has filed with the navy department plans for thus safeguarding American battleships from torpedo attack in case of war. These steel shields would give a battleship much the appearance of a man carrying a window shutter under each arm. In the case of the battleship, however, the long tubular float which would support the upper edge of the torpedo-shield on the surface would be the only part of the shield visible.

The shield, as proposed, is remarkably simple in construction, and while the navy experts have not passed upon its practicable features it promises to supersede the old chain net used with many war vessels at the present time. The advantage claimed for the shield is that it is towed on edge through the water and cuts down the headway of the towing vessel but little. This cannot be said for the chain net, which seriously impeded the vessel.

The idea of a steel shield, carried from twenty to thirty feet out from the side of the vessel, is based on the fact that a submarine usually has a chance to fire but one torpedo at a ship. The shield would receive the blow of the torpedo and cause the projectile to explode far enough away from the vessel to make the explosion practically harmless in so far as the battleship itself is concerned. Of course part of the shield would be hopelessly demolished, but the whole shield, long as a battleship, can be furnished, it is estimated, for \$50,000.

These shields need only be carried when the battleship enters a war zone where submarines are known or are expected to be operating. One of the clever features of the plan is to disguise the floats, supporting the shield in the water by its upper edge, as submarines. The float, under ordinary circumstances, is a long tube of steel, which is but little wider, comparatively speaking, than the width of the shield itself.

Assuming that these floats are made larger and painted to resemble submarines, an enemy submarine, rising for observations to port or starboard, probably would be deceived by the looks of the "dummy" on either side of the vessel, and, if she attacked at all, would attack by torpedo only from a distance, which would greatly diminish accuracy of aim. Should the torpedo strike the defense screen it would appear that a submarine itself had been struck and the attacking craft would, in all probability, escape before discovering the mistake.

Particularly, however, is the shield adapted to protection of vessels in harbors, where submarines have occasionally penetrated and wrought great havoc to vessels of all sorts.

When a vessel equipped with one of these shields goes into action the shield can be cast adrift and picked up after the engagement.

Another plan suggested is to equip these shield floats with life lines, which, when the shields are cast adrift at the beginning of an engagement, would serve as a support for survivors of vessels which might be sunk.

The greatest objection to the torpedo nets carried on vessels at the present time is their tendency to rise to the surface as the vessel gains speed, besides materially reducing the speed of the towing vessel.

Enlightened.
"Did you ever write a tragedy?" we asked the famous dramatist. "Yes, once," he replied, "but I thought it was a comedy up to the night it was produced."

CZAREVITCH IS NO WEAKLING

Mystery Surrounding the Illness of the Heir to the Russian Throne Is Cleared.

London.—The mystery which for more than three years has enshrouded the injury and illness suffered by the czarvitch, heir to the throne of Russia, has been cleared by Right Rev. Dr. Bury, bishop of northern and central Europe, who has been in close touch with the czar and who recently returned from Petrograd.

In a lecture at York on "Russia and Siberia," Bishop Bury said the rumors circulated in England and elsewhere at the time of the czarvitch's illness were without foundation in fact. He declared the czar personally had informed him that there is no reason to suppose the czarvitch will not grow up to be a strong man.

The czar's son suffered from nothing more serious than a skin affection, said Bishop Bury. The fact that no official cognizance was taken of the rumors, because they were groundless, led in some sections to a belief that there was some portion of truth in them.

The czarvitch, said Bishop Bury, was a very high-spirited boy and would climb trees and indulge in games when he could get away from his tutor. The almost trifling nature of his illness was well known in Petrograd, but all sorts of stories were told in London clubs.

WANTS NATIONAL BIRD DAY



Miss Katherine Minnehan has opened headquarters at Orange, N. J., for the inauguration of a series of bird days in our national calendar and for the establishment of organizations throughout the country which shall advocate better protection for the fast-disappearing feathered creatures of our hemisphere.

DAKOTA BOY IS FINANCIER

Lad Fourteen Years of Age Makes Good Profit in Sheep in One Year.

Ipawich, S. D.—Gerald Parshin, fourteen years of age, gives promise of being one of the financiers of the country.

On September 5, 1914, the boy went to M. A. Slocum, a friend, and told him that he had a chance to buy 25 old ewes from Robert Jones at a bargain. Mr. Slocum went with the boy to the bank and signed a note with him thereby enabling the boy to get the funds.

This week the boy entered the bank, paid over \$33.60, his note with interest, and remarked that he had cleaned up \$110.80 clean profit on his sheep during the year. He had sold \$23 worth of wool and had sold his original purchase and their increase, less five sheep the coyotes had killed, for \$166.40.

She Killed a Deer.
Virginia, Minn.—Mrs. E. V. Pitkanen enjoys the distinction of being the first Virginia woman to kill a deer. Mrs. Pitkanen is home from a hunting trip in the country about Markham. She shot a buck weighing about 150 pounds. Hunting licenses have been issued to 15 Virginia women since the big-game season opened.

FIND MANY SUCKERS

Post Office Inspectors Amazed at Credulity of People.

Ordinarily Clever Persons Fall for All Sorts of Fake Schemes—Stock Swindle Favorite Bait for the Gullible.

Washington.—The records of the post office department, and more especially of the head of the post office inspectors, show that a large part of the American people still love to be humbugged. The inspectors marvel at the credulity of some citizens who give up their hard-earned savings in one wild grab for riches. Only on rare occasions are banks, even the smaller ones, caught in the crush which follows the exposure of a fraudulent concern.

Some of the schemes are extremely clever, while others are crude, but somebody always "falls" for them, clever schemes frequently attracting intelligent persons whose credulity is amazing.

Not long ago a bunch of postal crooks were on trial in Kansas City, charged with operating fake mining companies. They had ten or twelve different companies going at one time. One of the witnesses was a Virginia farmer who thought he was pretty smart.

"Yes," he said to an inspector, "this company is a fake all right. I admit I was stung on its stock, but I've got right here certificates of stock in several other companies that I know are all right. Their stock is increasing in value right along."

The credulous Virginian was asked to display his wares. He did so. He was horrified when informed that the men on trial were promoting all of the companies in which he was a stockholder, that all were fakes and existed on paper only.

A favorite scheme with the fake stock concerns is to start the sale of their stock at ten cents a share. After a time, when the "suckers" begin to bite well, the price is boosted to 15 cents. This convinces them that there is something in the company, and they buy more. The stock keeps rising to perhaps 30 cents, when an announcement is forthcoming to the effect that the company has secured all the money it requires for capitalization.

Shortly afterward funds are required for "promotion," and another scheme is started on its way. Not infrequently the "promoter" of the fake concern will advise persons who are seeking to purchase more stock that the lists have closed, but they have been able to purchase a block of another stock which some concern was forced to let go of and can sell it very cheap. This usually brings in the "long green."

One scheme of the Kansas City bunch was to send out in advance letters soliciting shares of a certain stock at 20 cents each. Persons receiving such letters had nibbled before, of course. After a short time another letter would come along, ostensibly from an entirely different concern, offering to sell this same stock for, say, ten cents. Having a week or so before received an offer of 20 cents for this identical stock, persons receiving the second letter sent in their subscriptions, receiving in return a bunch of worthless certificates. After the receipt of the fake certificates they would get into communication with the concern or individual offering to pay 20 cents per share for it, only to learn that all the stock desired had been secured from other persons meanwhile.

The only explanation which postal experts can advance for the degree of credulity shown by persons who get into the tolls of mail fakers and frauds is that most of them probably have worked hard all their lives and, seeing what appears to them to be a rainbow of promise pointing to ease and plenty for old age, take one grand leap after another—the number depending on how hard they are hit each time and how much money they have.

London's Inns and Hotels.
It is stated that of London's 680,000 buildings, 500 are inns and hotels.

WASHINGTON GOSSIP

No Law Forbids Spies to Sketch Our Defenses

WASHINGTON.—The United States has no law which prohibits spies of foreign countries from making sketches, photographs and plans of the appearance of fortifications and the topography of the land surrounding them, in time of peace, it was pointed out by the department of justice the other day. In time of war martial law prevails as to the treatment of foreigners or agents of foreign governments engaging in such occupations.

Any person in the government service giving out information regarding the interior of fortifications may be punished by law and any private citizen who makes drawings or pictures of the interior of fortifications

may be apprehended, but so far as the outward aspects of forts are concerned, spies of any country are welcome to all the information they can get under present laws.

This state of affairs is regarded by some persons as especially dangerous with relation to aviation fields. A foreign spy could make complete plans of aviation fields of the United States government, showing where hangars and other buildings are situated without violating any existing law.

It has been suggested that congress this winter make some provision for more adequately protecting American military secrets from foreigners, and this idea may be incorporated in national defense legislation.

Annual Animal Social Register of Washington

THE annual animal social register of the United States government has appeared. Only about fifty names were added to these bipedal and quadrupedal elite. The list forms a group as exclusive as that contained in any blue book of the genus homo, and not even the state department's diplomatic list is censured by the chief justice of the United States Supreme court, not to mention a vice president, members of the senate, and private citizens of national note.

When that grave scientific body, the Smithsonian regents, with Chief Justice White as their chancellor, assembled in Washington they received the annual report of the National Zoological park. That report contains three pages of itemized animals at the park (called by proletarian humans the "Zoo"), and each animal therein is mentioned by name, and the state of health of many of them is reported upon.

The document contains much chatty comment, not to mention a birth register, of our most elite zoological families. Other more "zoos" may get into reports, but they are not printed at the government printing office, and stamped with any such high approval as that of the Smithsonian regents.

Social affairs at the Washington zoo during the last year became vastly more cosmopolitan, it appears, though no less exclusive, because of the advent of Mrs. Diamond Rattlesnake, whose jewels dazzled the horseshoe at the Snake Cage opera. Mr. Great Horned Owl added much zest to the night life, and Miss Whistling Swan and the Misses Mocking Bird were in great demand at the afternoon musicales (given when animals are fed at 3:30).

At every first night, especially when Miss Silver Pheasant sang, was old Mr. Bald Eagle, and he caused much gossip among the older set by his attentions to the petite Miss Grass Parakeet. Likewise there was much whispering behind fins and wings when Mr. Black Snake, a villainous-looking gentleman, arrived in company with Miss Barred Owl, a beauty of the sleepy oriental type.

Washington Man Owns Famous Maximilian Opal

EVER since the late Gen. Marc Antony, triumvir of Rome coveted an opal owned by a senator of that empire, who prized the stone so highly that he left Rome rather than give it to Antony to carry around to Cleopatra, opals have been more or less in the limelight of dynasties, emperors and nations.

Today there walks about the streets of Washington a man who can reach into his left-hand vest pocket, if he will, and show you the dazzling, opalescent gem, famous in Mexican history as the "Maximilian opal." The man is Herbert J. Browne, whose hobbies include sailing boats, the single tax, and collecting opals.

This particular opal came Mr. Browne's way because he got three shiploads of ammunition to General Carranza's agents in time to turn the tide in favor of the constitutionalist cause.

The Maximilian opal, as famous among those versed in historic gems as is the Hope diamond, was owned by Emperor Maximilian, was given to General Miramon, his chief of staff, and was found on the body of the latter after the two were executed at Queretaro, an incident that marked the final chapter in the romantic history of the empire of Mexico.

In the early summer of 1914 New York papers carried a little item to the effect that "some of the ammunition which is being supplied General Carranza is being taken out of Galveston on vessels chartered by someone who has assumed the name of Herbert J. Browne, a well-known Washington newspaper man."

Herbert J. Browne's abilities as a skipper, it would seem, were not even known to his friends in the newspaper business. But it was he who, in his own name, took out papers as captain of the vessels, gave Havana as his destination, and when he reached open water turned their prows toward Mexico.

White House Collection of China Is Notable

ONE of the most interesting pieces in the White House collection of presidential china is an old plate recently given by Miss Mary Custis Lee, daughter of Robert E. Lee. This plate is one that was used by George Washington, and aside from being of inestimable value historically, is of greater age than any other piece in the whole collection. It is a dinner plate of the well-known and famous set usually referred to as the Cincinnati china.

Miss Lee came into possession of it through her maternal grandfather, George Washington Parke Custis, whose grandmother, Martha Washington, willed it to him. The presentation of this historic piece was made to Miss Margaret Wilson for the collection. The White House collection of presidential ware is one of the most interesting historical collections in the country, and an interesting story is attached to the acquisition of every piece of it.

The collection was begun with parts of sets of dinner services found in the White House used by seven presidents. It was placed in two cabinets in the lower east corridor of the mansion, which were designed by Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt.

Eight shelves were filled with china used during the Lincoln, Grant, Hayes, Arthur, Harrison, Cleveland, McKinley and Roosevelt administrations. This original collection has been augmented by gifts from descendants or friends of the various presidents until it now fills four cabinets and approaches completion.

One shelf is filled with pieces from the state dinner set which Mrs. Roosevelt ordered, and which is still used as the state set. It is of beautiful Wedgwood, decorated with a simple colonial pattern in gold and the reverse of the great seal of the United States enameled in colors on each plate. This set contains more than twelve hundred pieces.

CATARRH IS STAGNATION PERUNA IS INVIGORATION

Catarrh means inflammation. Inflammation is the stagnation of blood—the gorging of the circulation with impure blood. Of course you can't be well under this condition. It means, headaches, indigestion, kidney trouble, coughs, colds, etc.

Peruna. By assisting nutrition it increases the circulation, invigorates the system, removes the waste matter and brightens you up.

Over 44 Years Of service to the public entitles it to a place with you.

It Makes Good The Peruna Company Columbus, Ohio You can get Peruna in tablet form for convenience.

Made Him Hot.
"I saw you talking with a well-known reformer yesterday."
"Yes. We had quite a lengthy discussion."
"Well, did you feel uplifted?"
"No, but some of the remarks he made raised my temperature considerably."

ENDS DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, GAS

"Pape's Diapesin" cures sick sour stomachs in five minutes—Time It!

"Really does" put bad stomachs in order—"really does" overcome indigestion, dyspepsia, gas, heartburn and sourness in five minutes—that—just that—makes Pape's Diapesin the largest selling stomach regulator in the world. If what you eat ferments into stubborn lumps, you belch gas and eructate sour, undigested food and acid; head is dizzy and aches; breath foul, tongue coated; your insides filled with bile and indigestible waste, remember the moment "Pape's Diapesin" comes in contact with the stomach all such distress vanishes. It's truly astonishing—almost marvelous, and the joy in its harmlessness.

A large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapesin will give you a hundred dollars' worth of satisfaction.

It's worth its weight in gold to men and women who can't get their stomachs regulated. It belongs in your home—should always be kept handy in case of sick, sour, upset stomach during the day or at night. It's the quickest, surest and most harmless stomach doctor in the world.—Adv.

Rather Discouraging.
"Well, Twobills, how are you getting along in politics?"
"Can't say that I'm making much progress."
"No."
"I've climbed into half a dozen political bandwagons and every one of them broke down before I'd traveled far enough to reach an office."

STOP EATING MEAT IF KIDNEYS OR BACK HURT

Take a Glass of Salts to Clean Kidneys if Bladder Bothers You—Meat Forms Uric Acid.

Eating meat regularly eventually produces kidney trouble in some form or other, says a well-known authority, because the uric acid in meat excites the kidneys, they become overworked; get sluggish; clog up and cause all sorts of distress, particularly backache and misery in the kidney region; rheumatic twinges, severe headaches, acid stomach, constipation, torpid liver, sleeplessness, bladder and urinary irritation.

The moment your back hurts or kidneys aren't acting right, or if bladder bothers you, get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any good pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush clogged kidneys and stimulate them to normal activity; also to neutralize the acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts cannot injure anyone; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which millions of men and women take now and then to keep the kidneys and urinary organs clean, thus avoiding serious kidney disease.—Adv.

Too Deep for Him.
"Young Mrs. Dubwalle is a romantic person. She has an idea that her soul and Dubwalle's soul were seeking each other for centuries before they met."

"When she starts to talking that way how does Dubwalle act?"
"He appears so ill at ease that I'm sure if the poor fellow really thought he had a soul he would apologize profusely."

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.

SYNOPSIS.

"Circle Jim" Borden, who derives his name from an angry red birthmark on the back of his right hand, is about to be released from prison after serving his third term. It is a matter of history that no 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 Borden, are the only known living representatives of the Borden line. Max Lamar, a detective, is detailed to keep an eye on "Circle Jim," June Travis and her mother, members of the wealthy set who are interested in the reform of ex-convicts, meet Borden as he is released. "Circle Jim" catches his son in the act of stealing. Realizing that his family is a menace to society, he enters the bedroom where Ted is sleeping and turns on the gas. Meanwhile, Lamar chances upon an underground passage where "Circle Jim" has taken refuge and in a fight, Jim is killed. "The last of the Bordens and the end of the Red Circle," says Lamar. But the next day he is assailed by the sight of a woman's hand outside a curtained automobile, showing the Red Circle on the white flesh. Lamar scribbles down the number on the license plate.

SECOND INSTALLMENT

"PITY THE POOR!"

A fox, living in a forest full of rabbits, is likely to grow fat. George Grant dwelt in a community of human rabbits, men who needed money and needed it so badly that they were ready to pay any price to get it. Grant did not grow fat on their needs. But his bank account did.

He was the city's most prosperous loan broker, which meant he was also the city's most heartless loan shark. His offices were forever crowded with needy clients. His big desk was full of tabulated pigeonholes. And every pigeonhole was stacked with a piteous array of promissory notes, of mortgages, of sight drafts, and similar sorry documents.

One day—it was the same that Max Lamar caught his fleeting glance of the Red Circle on a woman's white hand, as a closed automobile whizzed past him—George Grant got up from this famous desk in his private office, stretched his lean arms lazily, and went into the adjoining room where stood his capacious steel vault.

Entering the vault and switching on the electric light, he began to search through the tiers of compartments along the rear wall. The paper he wanted was not easy to find, and his search continued for several minutes.

At last, he discovered what he sought. Consulting the document, he made one or two notes from it on the back of an envelope; then switched off the light and turned to leave the vault.

But, instead of the sunshine from the office beyond, he faced black darkness. The vault door had been shut. So silently had it closed that, engrossed in his search, he had not observed it was no longer open.

Grant pushed against the steel door. It did not yield to the pressure. It had been shut tight.

Grant drew in a deep breath and shouted at the top of his lungs. The vault resounded deafeningly to his bel-lows. But the thick walls absorbed the sound.

Turning back into the vault and switching on the light once more, he pulled out a steel cashbox from its compartment and, using it as a bludgeon, began to hammer with desperate force on the unyielding door, punctuating his blows with shouts for help.

After an interminable time, a clerk—John Saals by name—who chanced to pass through the adjoining room,

scared, he slumped into his desk chair. But, suddenly, as if the chair were upholstered with hornet-stings, he leaped to his feet again, with a yell that brought his employees in the outer offices crowding wonderingly to the door.

Papers were scattered in every direction; and drawers and pigeonholes were open—and empty! Fervidly, Grant looked from pigeonhole to pigeonhole.

Every last one of them had been ransacked; and every document had been stolen from them!

"Cleaned out!" croaked Grant, dazedly. "Robbed! I've—I've been robbed!"

"Which of you has been in this room in the last half hour?" he asked, unconcernedly as he could force his dry throat to voice the query.

For a moment no one answered. Then Saals timidly volunteered: "I was in here, sir, about twenty minutes ago. Maybe twenty-five minutes or—"

"What in blazes were you doing in here?"

"I just stepped inside the door, sir," quavered Saals, "to show in the lady."

"The lady?" snapped Grant. "What lady?"

"Why, why, the lady who had the appointment with you, sir. She said she'd meet you in the hall and you'd told her to wait in your own office. She—"

"I haven't met any woman in the hall," denied Grant, "and I didn't tell anyone to wait here for me. What was her name?"

"She—she didn't say, sir. I supposed—"

"Young or old?" demanded Grant.

"I—I don't know, sir. She—"

"You wall-eyed idiot!" roared Grant. "d'ye mean to tell me you haven't sense enough to know whether a woman is young or old?"

"Not when she's all swathed up in a heavy black veil, like that lady, sir," answered Saals, "and with a big, loose, black coat that hides her figure."

"I seen her, Mr. Grant," shrilled the office boy. "I didn't see her come in. But I seen her go out. 'bout five minutes ago, it was. She had a bunch of papers she was carryin'."

Grant waited to hear no more. Snatching his hat, he sprinted for the street.

He had left his automobile at the curb in front of his office.

Half way across the pavement Grant halted, mouth ajar. The car was not there. Neither was the chauffeur.

George Grant turned in rage upon the building's special policeman who was standing in front of the entrance.

"Blake!" he demanded, "where in blazes is my car? I told Garvie to stay here till I came out. Did you move him on?"

"Me?" said the policeman. "No, indeed. Someone else did, though. 'Bout five minutes back. A woman—"

"A woman?"

"In a long black coat and a black veil."

He summoned a passing taxi and tumbled aboard.

"Police headquarters!" he commanded.

Chief of Police Allen was always glad to see his former subordinate, Max Lamar. For a decade the two had been close friends. So it was with a nod of real welcome and a jolly word of greeting that he hailed Max, as the latter came excitedly into his office at about the time George Grant was boarding the taxicab.

"What's up, Max?" asked the chief, noting his friend's unwonted haste and perturbation.

"Everything's up," put in Lamar. "The Red Circle, among other things."

"The Red Circle?" echoed Allen. "Why, man, the Red Circle's wiped off the books, for keeps."

"Not 'is. It was. It's back again!"

"What are you talking about? 'Circle Jim Borden's dead. So is his son. Who else is left?"

"A woman?"

"A woman? What woman?"

"I don't know."

"Jim left no daughter. His wife died, years ago. You're dreaming. You've worked on this 'Red Circle' game so long, you're daffy over it."

was in my vault just now, the door was shut on me and a lot of notes of people who owe me money were stolen out of my desk.

"My clerk says he saw a veiled woman go into my office. She was seen coming out again with a handful of documents bound up in a rubber band. And when I went down to my car," he continued in mounting excitement, "she'd stolen that, too. And my chauffeur—"

"What was the number?" asked the chief, taking out a pencil and drawing a scratch-pad toward him.

"The number of my car? It was 126,694."

"The duce it was!" cried Lamar, dropping the license book and striding forward. Lamar produced a card and handed it to Chief Allen.

"That's the number I jotted down," he said. "The number of the car with the Red Circle woman in it."

"126,694!" read the chief.

"What's that? What's that?" demanded Grant eagerly.

Brusquely he snatched the card from the chief. It slipped from his awkward fingers as he grasped it, and fell to the floor beneath the window sill.

Grant stooped to pick it up. As he rose, his gaze fell on the busy street just outside, with its hurrying traffic on sidewalk and asphalt.

At the same moment a big automobile wriggled out of a vehicle-jam and flashed past the window. Grant gave one incredulous look, then bawled:

"There's my car! There it is, now! See?"

"Come on!" exclaimed the chief as he bolted from the room with Lamar and Grant at his heels.

At the outer entrance of police headquarters a motor-cycle policeman was dismounting.

"Follow that car!" ordered the chief. "That limousine there. The number's 126,694. Get it!" In the alley at the side of police headquarters a departmental automobile was awaiting. The chief gave a swift command to its drowsing chauffeur, then jumped into the tonneau, Lamar and Grant piling in after him.

Some time later, they had come to a jarring standstill alongside the automobile they sought. It was stand-

ing near the entrance of a small park. The chauffeur was in his seat, unconcerned, as though in front of his own employer's door.

Lamar and the chief tumbled out of their car before it had fairly stopped; and they ran at top speed toward the captured limousine.

The tonneau of the limousine was empty!

Grant was dancing in fury and shaking his fist at his mildly surprised chauffeur.

"What d'ye mean by it?" he shrieked. "What'n blazes d'ye mean by it, Garvie?"

The chauffeur had been fumbling in his pocket. Now he produced a card, and sullenly handed it to his employer.

"There's your own orders," he growled.

Lamar, glancing over Grant's shoulder, saw the card was George Grant's own; and that on it, above the name, was scrawled in pencil:

O. K. Take bearer where she wishes.

"Well I'll be—I'll be—" sputtered the bewildered Grant.

"Where is she? What became of her?" demanded Lamar.

"Which way did she go?" persisted Lamar.

"Down that path to the left. Funny business, I call it, to—"

Lamar had already started in the direction the chauffeur pointed out; and the chief and Grant ranged alongside of him as he strode along.

"We'll look down this path to the end," suggested the chief, "and then we'll separate and quarter the whole park for her. 'She may have left the park at the far side."

But the veiled woman in black had not left the park. She had merely left the park path and had crept into the shrubbery.

She sped along like a black wraith; noiseless, furtive, uncanny. Once she raised her right hand to part some bushes that barred her way.

The hand was small, white, infinitely graceful in contour. But on its back throbbed an angry crimson scar; outlined like an irregular ring.

Through the high bushes she crept; and into a tiny glade hemmed in by shrubbery. There she halted. Dearly

she slipped out of the shapelessly enveloping black coat. The coat was lined with white satin. The woman's dress also was snow white. With quick skill, she proceeded to fold the coat inside out, in such way that no portion of the black was visible. Then she draped it carelessly over her white-sleeved arm.

Raising both hands to her head; she undid the thick black veil, took it off, rolled it into a ball and tossed it into the bushes.

A black-clad woman, shrouded in an impenetrable veil, had entered the thicket. Less than a minute later, a girl in white dress and white toque, and carrying on her arm a white wrap, emerged upon the farther path, and sauntered in leisurely fashion toward the park's opposite entrance.

Once, she glanced nervously at the back of her right hand. But at once her frown of apprehension cleared away. The Red Circle had again become invisible.

Lamar, hastening along the path, with Grant and the chief, saw a beautiful girl, all in white, coming toward him around a bend in the walk. At a glance he recognized her.

"Miss Travis!" he exclaimed, clasping the white hand she held out to him. "This is good luck! I didn't know this park was a favorite walk of yours."

"Oh, but it is!" laughed June, "I love it. It's so quiet and pretty. But I didn't expect to find a busy detective wandering dreamily about in it. I thought detectives wore always—"

"Crime specialist, please, Miss Travis," interrupted Lamar. "That is, if you don't mind. If you know how I hate that word, 'detective—!'"

She became aware of his companions, who stood a pace or two distant, fuming at the delay.

"I won't detain you, Mr. Crime Specialist," she said, gayly; adding, as she moved away: "But, don't forget, you promised to call and tell me about your work."

"Did you suppose I could forget it?" he made answer. "And—may I call tomorrow afternoon? Are you going to be at home?"

"Yes, yes. Please come then Good-by."

He turned and swaggered out of the room before the astounded Grant could so much as swear at him. The letter was typewritten and very brief. It ran:

Mr. Joseph Brown: The notes which you gave George Grant for a loan at outrageous interest rates have been destroyed. Therefore, your debt is cancelled.

One Who Pities the Poor.

Grant was still raging, wordlessly. When Saals came in to announce one John Peterson, an elderly, stoop-shouldered man, who entered on the heels of his announcer.

"Mr. Grant," said the old man, offering the loan broker a letter. "This came by the morning mail. I thought it was only fair to show it to you."

Grant, his eyes blurred with fury, was barely able to note that this letter was a typewriter duplicate of Brown's.

"It's—it's a lie!" he stormed. "A trick! I have your notes safe in my desk here."

"I will take that chance, Mr. Grant," replied the old man, turning to go. The loan broker lurched dizzily to his feet. Just then Saals intruded again.

"Mr. Grant," said the clerk, "there's seven or eight more people in the outer office; all of them with typewritten letters from—"

"Kick them out!" howled Grant. In five minutes, he was bustling into a downtown office whose outer door-glass bore the legend:

"Max Lamar, crime specialist."

"Mr. Lamar," began Grant as soon as he could get his breath. "That veiled woman has cinched her theft by this—and this—" slamming the Brown and Peterson letters on the desk in front of Max, "and by a lot more of the same kind. Get her for me. Get her. To blazes with the expense! Get her!"

June Travis emerged from her bedroom, heavy-eyed from sleeplessness, and, in pretty negligee, entered her sitting room. Mary was standing there, awaiting her. June as she had done since babyhood, went over to kiss the old woman good morning. Then, and only then, did she notice that Mary made no move to meet her as she came forward; that she did not speak, and that her face was blank with grief.

"Why, Mary!" cried the girl, "what is it? What's the matter? Is mother—"

Mary cut short the queries by thrusting forward the charred promissory note.

"This is the matter," she said grimly. "Dearie, you must tell me what it means."

June stifled a little cry of fear; then impulsively snatched the burnt paper from the nurse's hand and made as though to burn it.

"Tell me, dearie," murmured the old woman. "Tell me all about it. You are unhappy and you've gotten into mischief. Tell Mary, little girl."

"I think I've gone mad," said June. "I can't understand it any other way. I can't account, any other way, for the fearful power that has taken hold of me, from time to time, this past day or two."

"It began just the other day," she whispered. "All in a flash. You remember, I told you about my going to the prison with mother, the day 'Circle Jim Borden was released—and the way he repulsed me when I spoke to him?"

"Yes! Yes!" assented Mary, her

lined face paling and an unaccountable shudder convulsing her slender old body.

"Well," resumed June, "just a few hours after I left the prison, all at once I had the strangest sensation. It seemed to start in my brain and go all over me. It was as if something had snapped, in my soul. I can't explain it. And the strangest impulses came surging through my mind. I—I felt like a criminal!"

"Dearie!"

"I did. I felt as a criminal must feel. I felt a craving to commit crime; a love for its perils, a hideous



Mary Was Standing There, Awaiting Her.

crafty wit at escaping the law's punishment. It was—it was—" "Little girl! Little girl!" soothed Mary, as a sob choked June's hushed voice.

"It's true," persisted June, miserably. "I am a criminal. Listen: I had heard from so many poor people about George Grant and the way he bled them, that I had always hated the man. I had longed to rescue some of his miserable victims—the people he kept poor by wringing outrageous interest money from them. But I never had thought it would be in my power to do it."

"Then, in a moment, when this queer criminal impulse attacked me, I saw how I could punish George Grant and free some of his slaves. It came to me as an inspiration. I put on my black motor coat—the white-lined one there in the closet—and a black veil. I went to his office and managed to get in. He was in the vault. I shut the vault door. Then I rummaged through his desk, got all the notes I could lay my hands on and came away."

"Oh!" gasped Mary.

"Then," pursued June, "the same strange impulse made me scribble on one of his cards on the desk an order to his chauffeur. I made him take me away in Mr. Grant's car. I know if I went on foot I might be traced."

"Oh, my dear! My dear!" moaned the horrified old woman. "And you did all this? You, the sweet, honest little girl I—"

"Yes," sobbed June. "Isn't it horrible? I can't understand it any more than you can, now that the mania has left me. It is as though some stranger had done it. I can't realize it was I. Why, I stole—I lied—I forged—I, June Travis, who have always been so intolerant when I heard of other people being tempted to do such things. Mary! Tell me: what am I to do?"

Her voice broke in a wail. She sobbed uncontrollably on her nurse's breast. The old woman, dumfounded, grief-stricken, sought nevertheless to calm her as best she could.

"We must never tell anyone," decreed Mary at last. "Not a soul on earth. We must keep it a secret, just between us two. I'd give my life, dearie, sooner than let any harm come to you. And it shan't! Mary'll protect her little girl. But if other folks should suspect—"

"And," broke in June, "I haven't told you the worst part of it, yet."

"Is—is there more?" quivered Mary. "Oh, don't say there's worse yet!"

"There is," June returned. "That day—that day when I felt something snap in my soul, I felt a burning sensation on the back of my right hand. I looked and—oh, it has come and gone, there, off and on, ever since! It is like some hideous birthmark. It isn't there this morning, but—"

She looked at the back of her hand, as she spoke; and cried aloud in sudden despair.

"It's there again!" she wept. "See! And I had hoped it had gone away for ever."

She held up her right hand. On its snowy surface glowed a crimson ring, like an evil star. At sight of it, Mary sprang to her feet in mortal fright.

"The Red Circle!" babbled the old woman, her voice hoarse and indistinct with horror. "The Red Circle! After all these years! The Red Circle! Oh, God, help us! God, help us all! The curse! The Red Circle!"

(END OF SECOND INSTALLMENT.)



The Office Force Crowded Around While the Cashier Unlocked the Vault.



The Veiled Woman.

close to the vault, heard a muffled tapping and paused to investigate. He called the cashier, who alone of the employees, knew the vault's combination. The whole office force gathered inquisitively around the cashier as he unlocked and threw open the door. Out raled Grant.

"Who did that?" he sputtered, hoarsely. "What fool shot that door on me? Speak up, or I'll fire the whole worthless bunch. Who did it?"

There was a confused mumbering from the scared employees. Grant's rattle eyes searched every face. He read there nothing but blank bewilderment.

Still shaky in the knees from his

Laura Jean Libbey's TALKS ON HEART TOPICS

FRIENDSHIP MISCONSTRUED.

In hours of bliss, we oft have met;
They could not always last.
And though the present I regret
I'm grateful for the past.

It does not follow that though a man has an admiration for a woman he is in love with her. He may take pleasure in her society, like to hear her views on subjects, knowing she is a good talker. Their similarity of tastes often causes him to seek her companionship, yet it must not be concluded that she has touched the love chord in his heart. A man may even enjoy taking a bright woman to entertainments or gatherings, pleased at being her constant escort and at the attention she receives. But this is not an indication that he intends to make love to her or cares to be nearer and dearer than just a friend.



The trouble is that men of this kind are apt to call too often on such a girl friend, quite forgetting that they are sitting out there would be lovers whom they find in her parlors and driving them away. The young woman's hopes are raised, as well.

Nor can she be blamed for misconstruing his friendship for a tender sentiment. Friendship is one thing; love is quite another. Friendships claims should not stand in the way of the girl enjoying the same privilege with others who could be quite as agreeable if allowed the chance. It is a somewhat foolish girl who would fasten her friendship upon one man only if she knew it was to end as it began. Men who have made up their minds that theirs should be visits of friendships only should not call too often upon the woman. They should be careful too, that their conversation should not drift into sentiment or their handclasp become too tender or lingering at parting.

It's all of these little indications, the compliments he pays her and what he says, that give a girl hope. Her heart feeds upon it. She is neither a stick nor a stone. A woman a dower of tender love has come to her, even though no avowal of love has passed between them. Nor has he offered his heart and hand in marriage. As soon as he is aware that he has become nearer and dearer to her than all others he raises the old cry she has misconstrued his friendship. The flame of love could not have burned had he not have lighted the lamp of expectation. There never was a claim more abused than that of friendship between man and woman. When it seems likely to become a necessity to one of the other and wedlock cannot be the immediate outcome, it had best be snapped asunder, ere the cord becomes too closely knit to break without regrets. When a woman begins to watch for a man's comings and he to count the evenings until he shall be by her side again, they have wandered together out of friendship's path into the broader, more beautiful path of love. Friendship is often misconstrued when it should be called by its right name—awakened affection.

LIVING IN A FOOL'S PARADISE.
You kissed me? My heart my breath and my will
In delicious joy for a moment stood still
Life had for me then no temptations, no charms
No vision of rapture outside of your arms.

There are so many people living in a fool's paradise without realizing it that it would seem almost unkind to awaken them from their dreams. First and foremost are the women who have met the "one and only" and fallen in love at sweet sixteen or thereabouts. The lover has kept on calling and making love for the next decade of years, or so. Of course, his heart has gone out to her, or he wouldn't keep coming. But he is sorely satisfied with courting—so much so that he has never proposed marriage. The girl lives in a halo of rosy expectancy. Will her hopes ever be realized? The chances are they will not. The hard-working old father toils early and late, spending all he earns upon his trio of pretty daughters, who sit in the parlor crocheting, reading French novels and playing the piano. Poor old dad is sure the girls will marry well! He will have three young, strong, able-bodied sons-in-law to take care of him in his old age. Mistaken expectations! He is living in a fool's paradise. It would be like taking candy away from a baby to take hope away from him.

The single woman goes to live with her married sister. She is carrying a fair salary and thinks she may as well give board money to the family. The nephews and nieces come to Aunt Sally with all their woes. And they don't forget to bring their wants to her, too. She is never absent from

her employment, but she is never able to save a dollar. There is always something doing in the want line. She is delighted to gratify their little whims. In banking on their love and gratitude in the future, she is living in a fool's paradise. Her awakening comes when she finds that her life is wholly apart from theirs. She cannot support herself with the dollars she has spent.

Mothers usually live in a fool's paradise, but this is natural to motherhood, it seems. They have glorious visions of fame and fortune, wealth and happiness for every one of their offspring who sits about the family board. If Tommy is too fond of wine when he is grown to manhood, she makes excuses in her heart about "wild oats," etc. She is sure he will turn over a new leaf and turn out to be the flower of the family. Pretty daughter Mary, whom she has indulged to the point of spoiling her, and who she is quite sure will marry a great titled nobleman, falls in love with a wood chopper and marries him. So on, all along the line of hopefuls. Thus bubbles of hope, one after the other, burst. But she enjoyed herself while she lived in her fool's paradise.

The arrogant son of a millionaire lives in a fool's paradise if he thinks he can get any girl he looks at. He wakes up when he finds that the handsome, sturdy young mechanic has beaten him all to a frazzle in love's race.

Yet dwellers in fool's paradise are always happy.

ARE ALL MEN "MATEABLE?"

These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume. The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in its own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite.
Therefore, love moderately; long love doth so;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Because you see a man is single, don't jump at the conclusion that he is waiting to fall in love with some sweet woman. He may not be a mate for one reason or another.

He may have a heart like an omnibus, always room for one more in it. Therefore he's not to be appropriated by any particular one. Business may absorb him to such an extent that he finds more pleasure in looking over his books and accounts from early morning until the wee sma' hours than he would in having a wife to claim part of his attention. Then, again, he may be a man subject to attacks of old love dreams; forswearing love of all womankind because he had loved and lost in his early youth or had been the victim of an unwise affection.

Few men have to run the gamut of youth to their middle thirties without coming in contact with some one whom they could love had they considered it advisable after long and earnest thought.

The single man who will not woo or wed, be he bachelor or widower, knows what he is about, having his own good reasons. Hence, let him alone if you would not incur his secret enmity by inviting him to call. If you are a marriageable woman and taking an interest in him.

No man is so busy that he hasn't time to think of some fair faced woman. If his heart is touched, that directs his inclination to seek her society. The most bashful country youth that ever lived knows how to tell his love to the girl who has struck his fancy. No man is too diffident to ask a woman to marry him if he really wants her. Most women think that the wealthy single man should marry when they see poor young men taking wives unto themselves, though it costs them an effort to stretch out their income to cover the expenses of two. The rich man, more often than not, imagines that every woman who looks at him has an eye to his fortune. His belligerent nature is aroused, and he flings to the winds all temptation to love and wed.

Nine times out of ten the man who is considered unmateable has loved too well some sickle sweetheart, who has wedded another. This is the secret of many a man's keeping single who the world believes was born heartless.

If the unmateable man have their heart trouble and secret romances, it is better not to attempt to pry into them. Gentleness, womanliness and sympathy will be much more of a magnet to draw him toward a woman than for her to attempt to make a target of his heart, interesting Cupid to dart his arrows his way in her behalf. Few women are clever enough to discern the man that are mateable and those who are not. Those who seek women's society can always be charmed into matrimony.

And He Paid Willingly.

A Deloit man went to Kansas City recently on pleasure bent and left Friend Wife at home. Shortly after his return he and his wife were invited to a party. The wife laid out her husband's overcoat and lest she should forget her gloves, she placed them in the overcoat pocket.

On the way to the party Friend Husband put his hands in his pockets, discovered the gloves and immediately had a nervous chill. A few minutes later, at a dark place in the street, he threw the gloves away. After the party the wife asked her husband for her gloves.

"I have not had your gloves," he replied.

"Yes, you have. I put them in your pocket before we started."

Gradually the husband saw a great light, and the next day it cost him \$7.50 for new gloves.—Deloit (Kan.) Call.

WAYS TO USE LEMONS

FIVE SUGGESTIONS THAT ARE OF REAL MERIT.

Made into Pie, Its Tart Flavor Will Be Appreciated by Many—Lemon Butter a Delicacy Highly Considered.

Lemon Pie.—Two slices of stale bread, two-thirds of an inch thick; one cupful of boiling water, one cupful of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, the juice and grated rind of one lemon, two eggs. Dissolve the bread in hot water; add the sugar, butter, lemon and yolks of the eggs, well beaten. Bake in a moderate oven. When done make a meringue of the whites of the eggs and pile on top. Brown in a very slow oven.

Lemon Souffle.—One cupful of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, two tablespoonfuls of flour, the juice and grated rind of one lemon, one cupful of milk, two eggs. Cream the butter, sugar and flour together. Add the juice and rind of the lemon, then the beaten yolks and the milk. Add the well-beaten whites last. Bake in a pudding dish placed in a large pan half full of boiling water. This is a most convenient pudding to make in a hurry, as it does not need a sauce. The top is a delicious soufflé and the bottom a creamy sauce.

Lemon Butter.—Half cupful of water, half cupful of flour, half cupful of sugar, one egg, salt. Boil the water and add the flour mixed to a paste. Then add the sugar, the egg well beaten and a pinch of salt. Cook until stiff and creamy. Take off from the stove and add four tablespoonfuls of lemon juice and a teaspoonful of grated rind. Spread between slices of bread for the children's sandwiches.

Lemon Cheese Cakes.—One heaping tablespoonful of butter, two-thirds cupful of sugar, two eggs, one lemon. Cream the butter and sugar, add the yolks of the eggs, well beaten, and the juice and grated rind of the lemon and cook till thick in a lemon boiler. Bake in muffin pans, lined with pastry, and cover the tops with meringue made from the whites.

Lemon Cream Pie.—Half cupful of water, one tablespoonful of cornstarch, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, two eggs, one lemon. Line two plates with pastry and bake. When cold, put together with the following: Boil the water and add the cornstarch, mixed with a little cold water, and the lemon juice. Beat the yolks of the eggs with the sugar, add a pinch of salt and cook all together till thick. Make a meringue of the whites and spread over the top. Do not put together till just before it is to be served.

Delicious Sweet Scones.
Whole wheat flour, one pound; lard or butter, two ounces; sultana, one ounce; carbonate of soda, three-quarters of a teaspoonful; tartaric acid, half a teaspoonful, free from lumps; buttermilk or sweet milk, one teaspoonful; golden syrup, one teaspoonful (about two ounces). Put flour into a basin and thoroughly mix in the butter, sultana, soda and acid. Pour the syrup into the milk and add this to the dry ingredients, working it into a smooth dough. Knead as quickly as possible, roll out to half an inch in thickness, cut in rounds.

Apple Omelette.
Soften one-third of a box of gelatin in one-third of a cupful of cold water, then dissolve it in one-third of a cupful of boiling water. Add one cupful of sugar, stir over boiling water until dissolved, then add the juice of one lemon and one cupful of unsweetened apple sauce. Let stand until it begins to thicken, fold in the stiffly-beaten whites of three eggs, beat until white and frothy, turn into a ring mold and place on ice until firm. Unmold and serve with sweetened whipped cream in the center.

Delicious Meat Flavoring.
Garlic vinegar makes meat rich and tender and gives it a delicious flavor that is hard to define. It is made by placing in a quart bottle a small garlic, which is replenished as the vinegar is used. Pour into the pores of the meat as much vinegar as it will absorb, then brush over with olive oil.

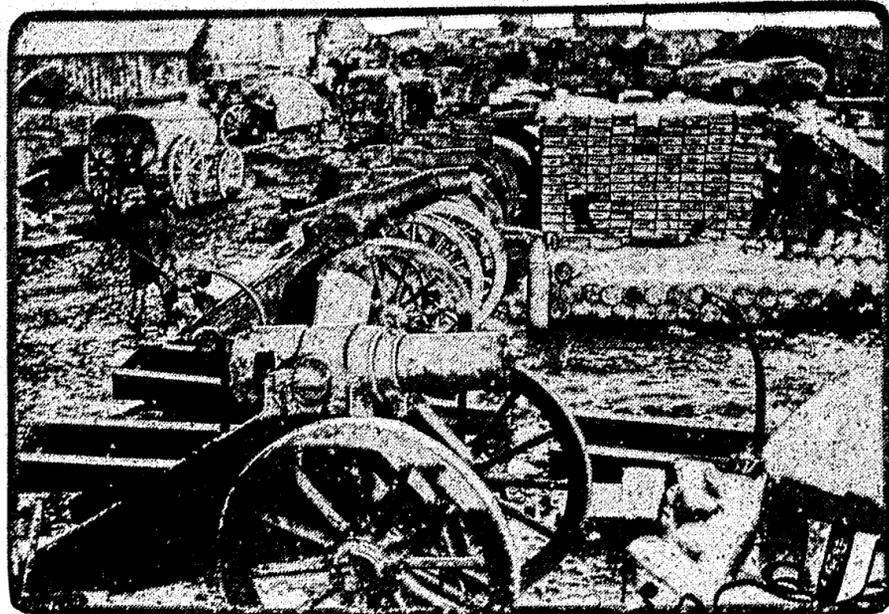
Fish Mash.
Place pound of salt fish in dish on second cover of stove with cold water to cover. After it soaks a while change the water again and let it just steam, but not boil. About 6 or 7 boiled potatoes. Chop all together and fry in pork fat till brown. Molt on a little with milk.

Lemon Pie.
Cupful of sugar, two tablespoonfuls flour, small piece of butter (melted), grated rind and juice of one lemon, yolks of two eggs, one cupful milk, whites of two eggs beaten stiff; bake in one crust for 45 minutes in a very slow oven.

For Sandwiches.
To make a good sandwich filling take one cupful of whipped cream, a pinch of salt, a little lemon juice, and one-half cupful of nut meats. Mix and spread between thin slices of bread.—Mother's Magazine.

Ginger Cookies.
Two cupfuls of molasses, one cupful sugar, one cupful shortening, one cupful water, two teaspoonfuls soda, salt, teaspoonful ginger, sour to make dough. Will make six dozen cookies.

CAPTURED FROM THE SERBIAN ARMY



In the great onslaught on the Serbs by the central forces, the former lost a great many of their fighting weapons and quantities of ammunition. The photograph shows siege mortars and great stores of ammunition taken from the Serbs.

ITALIAN AUTOMOBILE BATTERY READY FOR ACTION



Italian automobile brigade of long-range guns ready for action against the Austrians. The guns are mounted on heavy motor cars and can be moved rapidly for great distances.

TURKISH ARTILLERY CROSSING MESOPOTAMIA DESERT



The recent losses of the allies in the vicinity of Bagdad were due in great measure, according to military experts, to the able manner in which the Germans added their Turkish allies. The photograph shows a Turkish artillery division, made up of Turks and Germans, going across the Mesopotamia desert to meet the British.

MAKES RIFLE RECORD FOR WOMEN



Elizabeth Dean, a sixteen-year-old high school girl in Cambridge, Mass., by shooting 31 consecutive bull's-eyes on a 300-yard rifle range with a regulation army Springfield rifle has set a world's record for a girl. The slip of a girl went on to the Massachusetts rifle range at Wakefield, Mass., with her uncle, Lieut. Harry J. Dugane of Company A, Eighth regiment, M. V. M., and without a shoulder pad thrice fired the ten shots allowed her for each round and scored perfect bull's-eyes. The thirty-first shot was a hit, but on the next she just touched the ring nearest the center of the target and thus stopped.

Bread Leavened With Snow.
The use of fresh, dry snow as a leavening agent is not new, but the way in which it acts seems to be misunderstood to some extent. The popular explanation is that the raising of the dough is due to ammonia in the snow. As a matter of fact, snow contains but a very slight amount of free ammonia, probably not more than one part in a

million. This quantity is, of course, by far too small to cause any expansion of the dough. The leavening action is due to the entrapped air in the snow. The air expands on heating to several times its original volume, thus expanding the dough. Steam is formed at the same time and aids in the rising process.—C. M. Vail, Colorado Agricultural college.

ROBERT CAPELLE



Robert Capelle is a German steamboat agent on the west coast, who was caught by government agents because he was suspected of having disbursed \$350,000 for purposes that violated United States neutrality. After being in seclusion for several weeks he returned to his home in Mill Valley, Cal.

Fatal Wheat Sales.
If Napoleon, says the London Chronicle, had been as good an economist as he was a soldier he might have succeeded in forcing us to surrender during that critical period, 1810-12, when the "continental system" was strictly enforced and our own harvests failed us. With starvation staring us in the face Napoleon, hoping to drain us of gold, actually permitted us to buy continental wheat—at about \$7.10 a quarter. In the circumstances the precious grain would have been cheap at any price, as Napoleon afterwards found out to his cost.

SCHOLARS' CONDUCT IN JANUARY
CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE

Lois Jones
Harry Cole
Charlie Cole
Blake Lovelace
Alvie Porter
Excellent pupils:
Sipriano Duran
Adelaida Verdugo
Isadore Chavez
Preciliano Padilla
Sam Kennedy
William Kahler
Abelina Lujan
Ruth McMillian
Ella Rowland
Adele Lahann
Alvie Porter
Julian White
Harry Cole
Lois Stidham
Blake Lovelace
Lois Jones

FIFTH GRADE

Neither absent or tardy:
Birda Lacey
Herndon Reily
Myrtle Rowland
Nellie Sandoval
Alta Carl
Excellent pupils:
Lucy Sandoval
Herndon Reily
Myrtle Rowland
Maria Juregui
Janett Johnson
Dulcia Smith
Mary White
Ora Rowden

SIXTH GRADE

Neither absent or tardy:
Daniel Elliott
Johnnie Cole
Lorene Brazel
Ruth Schaeffer
Cora Davis
Alma Lacey
Grant Morse
Joe De Olivera
Juan De Olivera
John Boyd
Floyd Rash
Excellent pupils:
Johnnie Cole
John Boyd
Claire Adams
Lorene Brazel

SEVENTH GRADE

Neither absent or tardy:
Oreno Stevens
Clarissa Leggett
Catherine Pine
Excellent pupils:
Marie Davis
Clarissa Leggett
Ruth Edmiston
Catherine Pine
Oreno Stevens
Dero Stevens
Albert Bixler

EIGHTH GRADE

Neither absent or tardy:
Linza Brannum
Elmer Eaker
Deon Miller
Pink Roberts
Lassie Ayers
Pearl Kennedy
Isabella Tinnon
Excellent pupils:
Linza Brannum
Elmer Eaker
Deon Miller
Gordon Pine
Pink Roberts
Sallie Johnson
Sam Bechea
Isabella Tinnon
Opal Morse
Pearl Kennedy
John Rowland

Mrs. Samuel Wells, of White Oaks, was taken to El Paso Wednesday and placed in Hotel Dieu for an operation. The operation was arranged for this morning, the result of which we have not learned.

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION

Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing between Michael Doering 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 DOERING, LEON NUHN
Carrizozo, N. M., January 17th, 1916.

Orsa S. Sterns and family visited El Paso this week.
Agent L. Brown and Charles Pierce, the depot freight man, went to El Paso yesterday on No. 7.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Campbell left this week for New Orleans. They will extend their visit to Florida and perhaps spend a month or six weeks amid the orange groves.

The smiles and laughter stirred up by Bud Fisher's Mutt and Jeff in the El Paso Times drive many a care away. Laura Jean Libbey's daily "Talks on Heart Topics" and President Wilson's "Our Country" appears daily in the Times.

The regular subscription price of the Times is \$8 a year, but during the bargain offer from February 2 to February 29 the

price will be \$3.90 to new and old subscribers. A saving of \$4.10 on a year's subscription.

Every reader of a newspaper in this vicinity should take advantage of this offer. You can give your order to the News and it will be promptly forwarded.

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



Maintenance Problems

Interruption in Long Distance service means annoyance and loss of time to our patrons.

Intense heat, extreme cold, lightning, wind, sleet and snow are relentless enemies of "outside" telephone plant.

The elements are continually warring against our poles and wires.

Often an attack results in only the breaking of a single wire; occasionally the result is miles of broken poles and tangled wires.

Sometimes the trouble is near headquarters; often it is far up on the wind swept mountains.

Wherever and whatever it is, our repairmen, bravely defying the elements, hurry to the scene to make the needed repairs.

Many a wreck caused by winter storms costs thousands of dollars to repair, and has caused our repairmen to suffer hardships almost unendurable.

But the lines must be kept open. Telephone service must be as nearly continuous as it is humanly possible to make it.

The maintaining of a telephone plant in this mountainous country is a problem rarely considered by telephone users.

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Carrizozo, New Mexico

T. E. KELLEY
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Carrizo Lodge No. 11
Knights of Pythias
Meets every Monday evening in the Masonic Hall. All members are urged to be present and visiting Knights welcomed.
G. T. McQuillen, E. A. O. Johnson, C. C. K. of R. & S.

Carrizozo Lodge, No. 41, A. F. & A. M.
Regular Communications of Carrizozo Lodge No. 41, A. F. & A. M., for 1916:
January 15, February 12, March 18, April 15, May 13, June 10, July 8, August 12, September 9, October 7, November 4, December 9 and 27
J. B. HARVEN, W. M.
S. F. MILLER, Secretary.

I. O. O. F. Carrizozo Lodge NO. 30
Carrizozo, N. M. Regular meetings, 1st and 3rd Fridays in each month.
WM. J. LANGSTON, N. G.
DR. T. W. WATSON, Sec'y.

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Department of the Interior,
United States Land Office,
Rowell, New Mexico.

January 18, 1916.
Notice is hereby given that Herbert Hayward, of Carrizozo, N. M., who, on January 11, 1915, made D. E. Serial No. 026315, for SW 1/4, and on June 23, 1915, made add'l D. E. Serial No. 027391, for the SE 1/4, Section 11, 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 23, 1916.
Claimant names as witnesses:
Charles P. Lemons, Lorrinda B. Spillman, John G. Tuxtor, H. Earl Berry, all of Carrizozo, N. M.
EMMETT PATTON,
Jan 21-Feb. 18, Register.

Notice of State Land Selections
Department of the Interior
United States Land Office
Rowell, New Mexico,
November 30, 1915.

Notice is hereby given that the State of New Mexico, under the provisions of the Acts of Congress approved June 21, 1905 and June 20, 1910 and acts supplementary and amendatory thereto, has filed in this office selection lists for the following described lands:

List No. 6200. Serial No. 033227. SW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 27, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6661. Serial No. 033228. NE 1/4, SW 1/4, Sec. 10, N 1/2 SW 1/4, Sec. 11, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6662. Serial No. 033229. SW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 10, NE 1/4 NW 1/4, SW 1/4 NW 1/4, Sec. 10, N 1/2 SW 1/4, SW 1/4 SW 1/4, Sec. 13, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6663. Serial No. 033230. SW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 13, SW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 14, NW 1/4 NW 1/4, SW 1/4 NW 1/4, Sec. 15, N 1/2 NE 1/4 SW 1/4, Sec. 22, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6664. Serial No. 033231. NW 1/4 NW 1/4, SW 1/4 NW 1/4, Sec. 2, N 1/2 NE 1/4 SW 1/4, Sec. 23, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6665. Serial No. 033232. N 1/2 SW 1/4, SW 1/4 SW 1/4, Sec. 24, N 1/2 NE 1/4 SW 1/4, Sec. 24, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6666. Serial No. 033233. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NE 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, SW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 18, Lots 1, 2 and 4, NE 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 19, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6667. Serial No. 033234. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, SW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 19, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6668. Serial No. 033235. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6669. Serial No. 033236. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6670. Serial No. 033237. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6671. Serial No. 033238. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6672. Serial No. 033239. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6673. Serial No. 033240. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6674. Serial No. 033241. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6675. Serial No. 033242. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6676. Serial No. 033243. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6677. Serial No. 033244. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6678. Serial No. 033245. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6679. Serial No. 033246. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6680. Serial No. 033247. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6681. Serial No. 033248. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6682. Serial No. 033249. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6683. Serial No. 033250. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6684. Serial No. 033251. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6685. Serial No. 033252. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6686. Serial No. 033253. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6687. Serial No. 033254. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6688. Serial No. 033255. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6689. Serial No. 033256. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6690. Serial No. 033257. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6691. Serial No. 033258. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6692. Serial No. 033259. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6693. Serial No. 033260. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6694. Serial No. 033261. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6695. Serial No. 033262. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6696. Serial No. 033263. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6697. Serial No. 033264. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6698. Serial No. 033265. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6699. Serial No. 033266. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6700. Serial No. 033267. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6701. Serial No. 033268. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6702. Serial No. 033269. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6703. Serial No. 033270. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6704. Serial No. 033271. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6705. Serial No. 033272. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6706. Serial No. 033273. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6707. Serial No. 033274. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6708. Serial No. 033275. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6709. Serial No. 033276. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6710. Serial No. 033277. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6711. Serial No. 033278. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6712. Serial No. 033279. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6713. Serial No. 033280. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6714. Serial No. 033281. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6715. Serial No. 033282. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6716. Serial No. 033283. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6717. Serial No. 033284. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6718. Serial No. 033285. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6719. Serial No. 033286. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6720. Serial No. 033287. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6721. Serial No. 033288. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6722. Serial No. 033289. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6723. Serial No. 033290. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6724. Serial No. 033291. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6725. Serial No. 033292. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6726. Serial No. 033293. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6727. Serial No. 033294. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6728. Serial No. 033295. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6729. Serial No. 033296. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6730. Serial No. 033297. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6731. Serial No. 033298. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6732. Serial No. 033299. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6733. Serial No. 033300. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6734. Serial No. 033301. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6735. Serial No. 033302. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6736. Serial No. 033303. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6737. Serial No. 033304. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6738. Serial No. 033305. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6739. Serial No. 033306. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6740. Serial No. 033307. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6741. Serial No. 033308. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6742. Serial No. 033309. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6743. Serial No. 033310. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6744. Serial No. 033311. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6745. Serial No. 033312. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6746. Serial No. 033313. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6747. Serial No. 033314. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6748. Serial No. 033315. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6749. Serial No. 033316. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6750. Serial No. 033317. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6751. Serial No. 033318. NW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 25, Tp. 12-S, Range 17-E, N. M. P. Mer., 640 acres.
List No. 6752. Serial No. 033319.

THERE'S ALWAYS OPPORTUNITY



T. CHARLES RUSSELL

By JERLE DAVIS.

If a young fellow has the right stuff in him, there is no limit to his soaring—especially if he invents an aeroplane that is as "safe as a rocking chair." And this is the situation which Mr. T. Charles Russell, a Chicago inventor, faces. After five years of hard work and fighting big odds he stands on the threshold of wealth and fame.

Seven or eight years ago, Russell was a freshman in the academic course at Northwestern university, Evanston, Ill. He had an uncanny knack for understanding the why and wherefore of electricity and mechanics, and was able to earn his way through college by doing odd jobs for a light and power concern.

During the four years he put in at literature, languages, mathematics and other subjects contained in a college arts course he was tinkering along on the side with toy aeroplanes of his own devising. Russell was slowly working out the details of a dream—one of the kind of dreams that have made Edison, the Wrights, Hammond, Bell and Marconi scientific conjurers.

After he had received his bachelor of arts degree, this young man—he was born at Midland, N. D., twenty-seven years ago—went into the engineering school and specialized in physics and engineering. Then he began to experiment with his aeroplanes for all he was worth. Because it wasn't part of the regular course, Russell had trouble getting shop space in which to do this work. The school authorities, he says, had mapped out a prescribed course and they considered that a deviation from it would mean confusion in the ranks.

He even went before the trustees and made a plea for special concessions, but without success. Sympathetic members of the faculty came to the rescue, however, and Russell found room in Dearborn observatory to make experiments at night. Dozens of models were made, tried out and broken. The experiments had gone forward with fair steadiness for three years and longer, when the young man felt that he had discovered and worked out satisfactorily the principles of aerodynamics he had sought.

That was three years ago. Then he went gunning for patent rights. It was easy enough to get simple patents, but the inventor wanted basic patents. Simple patents cover processes and methods, while basic patents cover principles. So after another long, wretched correspondence and endless dealing with lawyers, Russell was notified a few weeks ago that the basic patent rights were his.

He carried the glad news to a fraternity friend. The friend carried it home to his father. The father went East on a business trip and told some Boston capitalists. And the Boston capitalists sent an aviator expert to Chicago to talk to young Russell and see what he had. What he had was "the goods" evidently, for a short time afterward a company was organized, foreign agents—supposed to be representatives of the Anglo-French-Russian alliance—signed contracts, a big factory was leased and the inventor went on to the plant to supervise the manufacture of the machines.

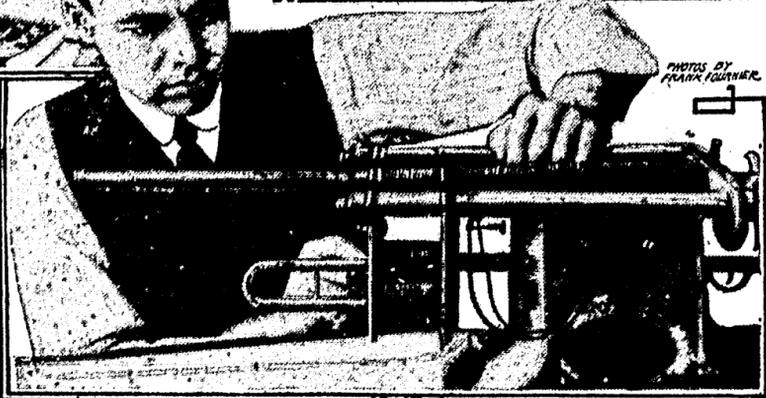
Just before Russell went East the Chicago newspapers printed brief accounts about the patent grants and the company's formation. Very little was said about the inventor. When he was approached for the "inside story" of his labors Mr. Russell wasn't easy to "got at." He was found in a little chicken-coop office which occupies a corner in the machine shop which he calls his own. His sleeves were rolled high and his hands were grimy. The clatter and whang of machinery made conversation difficult, but not so difficult as the young inventor himself made it—for he is a shy and reticent person, who would make a poor self-advertiser. But once he began to talk about his machine he was a whirlwind of impulsive speech, making quick, draftsmanlike sketches to illustrate his points.

His aeroplane differs in shape from all other known makes. It is a biplane. That is, it has two sets of wings, one set several feet above the other. In other machines the planes spread straight across, and with the body and tail form a big capital T. In the Russell machine the wings form a double V, like this: VV. The tail is attached to the place where the letters join and extends to the rear. The narrow points of the letters form the front of the machine, and the pilot, passengers and engine occupy a sort of canoe which rests where the wings and tail join. The lower wings extend forward of the upper ones—like a man with an undershot jaw. The two propellers twirl on either side of the tail just back of the wings.

Mr. Russell didn't have war in mind when he was working on his invention. His idea centered in commercial possibilities. So long as the aeroplane remained "stable"—so long as a driver had to keep his hands on the controls to prevent the machine's departing—it would remain a sporting proposition. But when the time came that, by improvements in the aeroplane, the driver need only crank up and guide, simply as he would guide an automobile, the idea would be very useful in business and pleasure.

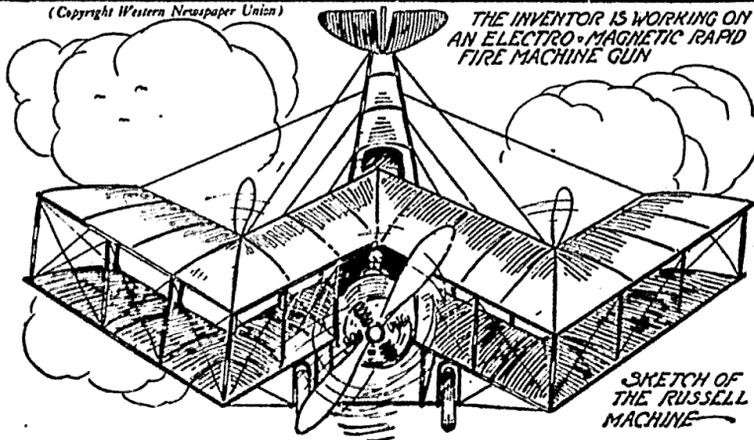
In the double-V machine the young inventor believes he has discovered the great secret of in-

THIS YOUNG MAN HAS INVENTED A NEW FORM OF AEROPLANE THAT MAKES FLYING SAFER. WEALTH IN SIGHT FOR HIM AFTER LONG STRUGGLE AGAINST ODDS.



(Copyright Western Newspaper Union)

THE INVENTOR IS WORKING ON AN ELECTRO-MAGNETIC RAPID FIRE MACHINE GUN



SKETCH OF THE RUSSELL MACHINE

herent stability. Placed in the positions described, the wings present a broad surface to air currents on all sides. "The dangerous air pockets are no longer death gaps in the atmosphere," Russell declares.

All present types of fliers—that is, all the new ones both in this country and abroad—use a gyroscopic control. This is a sort of governor, like the governor on a stationary steam or gas engine, that automatically warps the aeroplane wings to meet constantly varying air surfaces when the machine is in flight. These devices are just emerging from the experimental stage.

With the gyroscopic stabilizer doing the work, what is the advantage of the Russell machine? Let Russell tell.

"The stabilizing devices are all artificial controllers. If the stabilizer gets out of fix when the machine is 3,000 feet above ground it means danger and possible death for the passengers. The safe machine is one that needs no such controller. It is a machine whose very shape is an automatic controller—a real automatic controller that cannot be tinkered with if the machine is to leave the ground at all."

This new aeroplane can be made in any size. It is understood that the fliers being constructed in Boston will have a wing spread of a hundred feet or more and will carry two independent engines, each developing 150 horse power. Machines of this size and power are capable of carrying half a dozen passengers, one or two rapid-fire guns, fifty to a hundred large explosive bombs, fuel for a 500-mile flight and scientific instruments for navigation. They can travel rapidly, too—fifty to ninety miles an hour.

It is easy to imagine the value of such machines in peace as well as in war. Already the government is experimenting with aeroplane mail routes, and Postmaster General Burleson has recommended the establishment of regular airmail service. The possibilities are without limit. It seems. And for war—well, we know a little of what they are doing with aeroplanes in Europe. All the chief belligerents are building huge planes, triple-winged and engined, that in a pinch can fly close to a thousand miles and carry half a dozen men with small cannon, ammunition and deadly bombs of large size. In a report which he has submitted to President Wilson, and which will be made public soon, Secretary of the Navy Daniels tells of some remarkable developments in aeroplane construction by American designers and inventors. He mentions specifically "an aeroplane that practically sails itself. About all the aviator has to do is to crank up and sit at the steering wheel."

Mr. Russell's explanation of the principle involved in his aeroplane is Greek to the layman.

"The problem is to maintain the center of upward pressure to coincide with the center of area at all times, no matter whether the machine is in direct forward flight or is falling. This problem I have solved. If the success of all my experiments proves anything."

There's a young inventor either at work or dreaming over work to be done wherever you go in this broad land of ours. In the towns and cities you see amateur wireless receiving stations strung from barn gables to attic windows. In the country the youngsters are tinkering over the feet benches—working away at some idea that may revolutionize an industry.

The history of young Mr. Russell should be an inspiration to every youth born without a silver

spoon in his mouth. This inventor saw the light of day first in a South Dakota village. He spent some of his childhood at Evanston, another small town. He received his common school and high school education at Paw Paw, Mich., which is no metropolis. He has had to paddle his own financial canoe and "help the folks" besides. He has been denied opportunity and has forced his own pathway.

Does he expect riches to come immediately? This is his point of view:

"I expect to get royalties later. My invention has to prove its worth first. If wealth comes, it will be the reward for toil and discouragement. I certainly don't expect to sit around and wait for money to be dropped into my hat."

"Let me pay a tribute to two men who have stood by me and helped to make this aeroplane invention possible. One is Prof. Philip Fox of Dearborn observatory. The other is Prof. Henry Crow of the physics department at Northwestern. Mr. Fox helped me with my experiments as much as one man could help another. As for Mr. Crow—the training I got under him in learning to analyze things is priceless."

"This analytic training has taught me to sit down with a vague idea and pursue it to first principles—to get to the heart of every proposition."

Mr. Russell's first money-making invention was an electric blanket. This device looks like an ordinary bed comforter. Its stuffing, however, is interwoven with fine wires incased in asbestos. Connected with an ordinary light socket the blanket develops considerable heat—enough, say, to keep an outdoor sleeper comfortable when the mercury is huddled at the bottom of the tube. Other inventions are an aero-fan, said to be an improvement on ordinary cool-breeze makers; an electric heating pad, similar in principle of construction to the blanket, and a thermostat for controlling electric heat.

What promises to be another important invention, however, is an electro-magnetic rapid-fire gun. Mr. Russell has been working at odd times on this idea for several months. The principle is the explosion of missiles from a gun without the use of explosive material, he says, and experiments with workshop models have been highly gratifying.

"It may be years, though, before I perfect it," the young man smiles. "I have the idea fixed in mind and it is a matter of developing the idea. Someone else may produce a successful gun of this type before I do. I have a gun that will shoot all right, but it isn't ready for the war market by a long shot."

And just to show you that a rising young inventor is an ordinary human being like the rest of us, here's one on Mr. Russell: He didn't want the photographer to take his picture as he stood with his sleeves rolled up before a work bench because he thought that the dense growth of black hair on his arms would show when the picture appeared in the paper. Furthermore, he was very careful to fix the knot of his four-in-hand tie "just so" before he said, "All ready!"

VULGAR DISPLAY OF WEALTH.

"My face is my fortune," said the conscious beauty. "Well, it isn't necessary for you to be constantly bathing your roll," remarked the male cynic.—Judge.

ROAD BUILDING

MAINTENANCE OF GOOD ROADS

Farmers Urged to Vote Against Bonds or Taxes Whenever Plans Do Not Provide for Up-Keep.

The progressive farmer believes in good roads, as everybody knows. Nobody needs good roads more than the farmer and his family. Good roads increase profits and enrich social life. Poor roads cost more than good ones.

At the same time, we have reached the conclusion that it is our patriotic duty to advise our readers to vote against road bonds or road taxes whenever the plans for building the roads do not include proper provision for maintaining them after they are built. It is just as foolish to spend money to build a road, without at the same time providing for funds to keep it up, as it would be to spend money to get a horse without providing feed for him after he is bought. The South has wasted millions and millions by building roads without keeping them up, and it is high time to stop wasting the people's tax money in this fashion. We must aim not merely to get good roads but to keep good roads.

Another important matter is that of having all road expenditures made under expert supervision. Secretary of Agriculture Houston says: "The nation today is spending annually the equivalent of more than \$200,000,000 for roads. Much of this is directed by local supervisors and it is estimated by experts that of the amount so directed anywhere from 30 to 40 per cent is, relatively speaking, wasted or misdirected." Every state should have a state highway commission, and the people should not vote money for any expensive scheme of country road improvement until it has been approved by experts.

The third matter we wish to emphasize is the importance of the road drag. As we have said before, the drag is undoubtedly the cheapest good roads maker ever invented, and if some commercial company had patented it and sold it at five times its cost, every county in the South would be using it. It is so simple and cheap that people will not realize what a wonder-worker it is. The time to prevent next winter's bad roads is now, and the way to prevent them is to make plans to have the roads dragged. Every farmer interested ought to see his county road authorities and demand action. Send to the United States department of agriculture, Washington, D. C., for a free copy of Farmers' Bulletin 507, "The Road Drag and How to Use It," and keep pestering your fellow citizens until your county gets the dragging habit.

1. Road building is too expensive a business for you to intrust it to



An Improved Highway in Georgia.

men without expert knowledge. Demand that your state highway commission approve your county's projects.

2. The cheapest way to keep dirt roads in good conditions is by the use of the drag. Demand that your county commissioners make plans for using it to improve the roads you already have instead of spending all the road money building new roads.

3. There is no such thing as a "permanent road," hence no plan for road building should be approved unless it includes provision for keeping up the roads after they are built.—The Progressive Farmer.

Narrow Roads of Benefit.

While it is bad policy to build roads of such narrow width where traffic is likely to become at all excessive, unquestionably there are many districts where they would be a profitable investment as compared with the fruitless effort to maintain ordinary stone or dirt roads.

Banish Poor Roads.

Good road-building material is found in practically every county, according to the University of Missouri exhibits shown at the state fair. It ought to be used to banish poor roads.

Good Roads.

The improvements of good roads and ditches is a matter which concerns every farmer who desires to increase the value of his land or the farm property of the community in which he resides as a whole.

Oil Helps Greatly.

Oil, properly applied, helps greatly, but the dust must be removed, and the surface broken up and loosened about two inches deep; otherwise the oil stands in pools or runs into the ditches.

WESTERN CANADA'S GREAT HARVEST

Decidedly Encouraging From Every Standpoint.

Speaking of conditions generally in Canada, the most encouraging feature of the year, from a trade and financial standpoint, has been the bountiful harvest of the Northwest, where a greatly increased area under cultivation has given the highest average yield in the history of the country. It is estimated that the grain crop of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta has a market value to the producers of approximately four hundred million dollars, in the use of which we may anticipate not only the liquidation of much indebtedness, but the stimulation of current trade.

The annual reports of the various banks throughout Canada are now being published. They savor of optimism all the way through, and, contrary to what might be generally expected in war times, business is good everywhere.

The General Manager of the Bank of Montreal at the recent annual meeting said: "The position of Canada is a highly favored one, with an assured future of growth, development and general prosperity."

In the same report it is said that the Canadian West "has recovered to a marked extent from the economic dislocation of a year ago."

The season's wheat and other cereal crops have exceeded all previous records in quantity and quality, and, despite the enormous yield, prices have been uncommonly well maintained.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the importance of these results to the Prairie Provinces—and the Dominion at large.

The prosperity of those engaged in mixed farming and ranching is most encouraging.

The flour mills in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta are busy and are doing well. Their combined daily capacity is about 27,000 barrels.

The large advances of the Dominion Government to farmers in certain districts, principally in the form of seed, were made very opportunely and have been amply justified by the very large crop yield in those districts.

Business in many important lines is good and should continue to improve as returns from grain yet to be marketed are received.

The general business outlook has been transformed by the large crop.

The returns of the gross earnings of Canadian railroads for November show those of the Canadian Pacific increased \$1,795,000 or 78 per cent for the last nine days of the month. Compared with same month year ago, increase no less than \$5,291,000 or 67.6 per cent against a 45 per cent gain in October, and a decrease of 4 1/2 per cent in September.

H. V. Meredith, of the Bank of Montreal, in a recent address delivered at Montreal, declared that the most encouraging feature from a trade and financial standpoint had been the bountiful harvest of the Northwest, where the greatly increased area under cultivation had given the highest average in history of the country. He estimated the grain crop of the three provinces at a value of over \$400,000,000, and said that such remarkable results would have the effect of attracting the tide of immigration to our shores, when the world is again at peace. The restoration of a favorable balance in our foreign trade is a factor of supreme importance at the present time.

It is the general opinion in the East that the 1915 grain crop in the Prairie Provinces not only put the whole Dominion in a sounder trade and financial standing, but that it will also result in a big increase in immigration to the West of agricultural settlers, who will include capitalized farmers from Europe and the United States as well as homesteaders.—Advertisement.

What He Was.
"I'm afraid, Rastus, that you are something of a pessimist."
"Pessimist? No, suh, I ain't no pessimist. I see a opposumist."

ALWAYS LOOK YOUR BEST

As to Your Hair and Skin by Using Cuticura. Trial Free.

The Soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal. These fragrant, super-creamy emollients preserve the natural purity and beauty of the skin under conditions which, if neglected, tend to produce a state of irritation and disfigurement.

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

Always a Drawstick.
First Man—"Don't you feel that it's good to be alive?" Second Man—"Why, yes, of course; but it beats like the dickens."—Boston Transcript.

Red Cross Bag Blue makes the laundry happy, makes clothes whiter than soap, all good grocers.—Adv.

Exchange Places.
Opportunity knocks at every man's door. After that the man who didn't respond does the knocking.

Most men would be content with their lot—if it were a lot of money.

DO YOU GET UP WITH A LAME BACK?

Have You Rheumatism, Kidney, Liver or Bladder Trouble?

Pain or dull ache in the back is often evidence of kidney trouble. It is Nature's timely warning to show you that the track of health is not clear.

Danger Signals.
If these danger signals are unheeded more serious results may be expected; kidney trouble in its worst form may steal upon you.

Thousands of people have testified that the mild and immediate effect of Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy is soon realized—that it stands the highest for its remarkable curative effect in the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine, you should have the best.

Lame Back.
Lame back is only one of many symptoms of kidney trouble. Other symptoms showing that you may need Swamp-Root are: being subject to embarrassing and frequent bladder troubles day and night, irritation, sediment, etc.

Special Note.—You may obtain a sample size bottle of Swamp-Root by enclosing ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. This gives you the opportunity to prove the remarkable merit of this medicine. They will also send you a book of valuable information, containing many of the thousands of grateful letters received from men and women who say they found Swamp-Root to be just the remedy needed in kidney, liver and bladder troubles. The value and success of Swamp-Root are so well known that our readers are advised to send for a sample size bottle. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. When writing be sure and mention this paper.

Two Presents to Buy.
"Misfortunes never come singly."
"I know it. Yesterday I received two wedding invitations in the same mail."

Brief, but to the Point.

FRUIT LAXATIVE FOR SICK CHILD

"California Syrup of Figs" can't harm tender stomach, liver and bowels.

Every mother realizes, after giving her children "California Syrup of Figs" that this is their ideal laxative, because they love its pleasant taste and it thoroughly cleanses the tender little stomach, liver and bowels without griping.

When cross, irritable, feverish, or breath is bad, stomach sour, look at the tongue, mother! If coated, give a teaspoonful of this harmless "fruit laxative," and in a few hours all the foul, constipated waste, sour bile and undigested food passes out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again. When its little system is full of cold, throat sore, has stomach-ache, diarrhoea, indigestion, colic—remember, a good "inside cleaning" should always be the first treatment given.

Millions of mothers keep "California Syrup of Figs" handy; they know a teaspoonful today saves a sick child tomorrow. Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages and grown-ups printed on the bottle. Adv.

Too Conscientious.
"That policeman is too conscientious to be a gardener."
"What do you mean?"
"He arrested the growth of a vine on his house when he found it climbing through a window."

The Quinine That Does Not Affect Head.
Because of its tonic and laxative effect, LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE is better than ordinary quinine and can be taken by anyone. etc.

What Happened.
"So our friend speculated once too often!"
"Yes," replied Mr. Dustin Stax. "He started a big game of freetout and got caught in his own froat."

The man who knows enough to attend to his own business knows enough.

Stop That Ache!

Don't worry along with a bad back. Get rid of it. It's a sign you haven't taken care of yourself—haven't had enough air, exercise and sleep. Probably this has upset your kidneys. Get back to sensible habits, and give the kidneys help. Then, if it's kidney backache, the dizziness, lameness and tiredness will disappear. Use Doan's Kidney Pills—the best recommended kidney remedy.

A Colorado Case
Mrs. J. B. Williams, 100 S. Cherokee St., Denver, Colo., says: "I suffered a great deal from pain and weakness in my back. I was nervous and could hardly sleep. The kidney secretions were unnatural. My feet and ankles were swollen. I do not know how I got Doan's Kidney Pills. I have enjoyed splendid health ever since."

BLACK LEG
LESSES SURELY PREVENTED
This is a sure cure for Black Leg, a disease which is caused by the bite of a tick. It is a very painful and dangerous disease, but it can be cured by the use of Doan's Black Leg Remedy. It is a simple and effective remedy, and it is easy to use. It is a sure cure for Black Leg, and it is a very valuable remedy for all who are afflicted with this disease.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM
A hair preparation of merit. It is a sure cure for itching scalp, dandruff, and all other troubles of the hair. It is a very valuable remedy for all who are afflicted with these troubles. It is a simple and effective remedy, and it is easy to use. It is a sure cure for itching scalp, dandruff, and all other troubles of the hair.

Kin Hubbard Essays

TH' COUNTRY DEPOT

By KIN HUBBARD.

Did you ever think o' th' humor an' pathos that hang about th' depot in a little town where a No. 14 goes east ever' mornin' an' a No. 21 goes west ever' afternoon? What a part th' comin' an' goin' o' these trains play in th' lives o' th' inhabitants—or a good many o' 'em at any rate?



"Then There's th' Girl With th' Picture Hat an' One Eye Exposed That Shows Up as If by Magic When th' Train Pulls Up an' Who Disappears as Mysteriously When th' Last Coach Goes Behind th' Grain Elevator."

lowed t' walk right in th' ticket agent's office an' git a drink o' water er use th' shoe brush, an' sometimes he'll jump right in a baggage car an' out th' other side.

"How's 18, Sam?" he'll say, right out o' th' agent.
"On time? That's the stuff. Joe Rule must be pullin' her. He's some engineer, believe me. I've got a date with a certain party up town at ten o'clock, believe me. Know anything 't' print? It's purty dull, believe me. Who wuz th' party that changed yesterday off o' 21 fer th' back t' Zanesfield? I guess she wuz, believe me. Hello, Ferd, is May comin' in on 18? What, another week? She's makin'

some visit, believe me. Wuz that your mother's niece that came in on 23 Tuesday? I thought that wuz who she wuz. Tell her t' look in th' Bugle Friday. Nix now, don't tell her I wrote it. Is ole man Nugent goin' away, Sam? Oh, jist wanted t' know how 18 wuz? Well, sho's whistlin' now, right on th' dot, believe me."

Then th' ole mail carrier with a lock pouch in one hand an' a tie sack in th' other walks down th' platform with his mouth full o' letters, an' th' grocery drummer says, "So long, boys," an' th' village breeze rolls slowly up t' th' south side o' th' depot where th' houses can't see th' engine. When th' train comes t' a standstill a pine box is carefully lifted off an' carried t' th' bears. As th' little crowd gathers a low moan is heard, an' Iry Nugent, ole an' stooped, tenderly places his arms about a frail little woman in a faded alpaca dress an' says, "Ther, now, maw, don't carry on so. We know where she is now."

"Who's in th' box?" th' Bugle reporter whispers t' th' constable.
"Annie Nugent, little Annie Nugent, we used t' call her."

incloses th' little triangular shaped grass plot with a geranium bed surrounded by whitewashed corners in th' center, an' th' ole mail carrier with a mouth full o' letters an' a mail pouch in each hand. Then there's th' one-legged boy whose one leggin' in life wuz t' be a brakeman, an' who started out by grabbin' th' last coach an' ridin' t' th' crossin' an' then growin' bolder an' ridin' t' th' cattle pens, an' then, finally holdin' on till he lost his leg out by th' gravel pit. He knows all th' signals an' some o' th' conductors by th'ir feet names. Then there's th' girl with th' picture hat an' one eye exposed that shows up as if by magic when th' train pulls up an' who disappears as mysteriously when th' last coach goes behind th' grain elevator. She walks carelessly up an' down th' platform lookin' in th' car windows an' smiles at all th' fat fellows in tourist caps. She's th' village mystery. There's th' boy that's goin' back t' th' city t' school er t' work.

Th' village reporter is a great feller an' carries a red, white an' blue lead pencil an' a school tablet an' sets down items fer his paper on th' spot. He isn't even trust his memory. He's al-

citizen as a shove of over-ripe eggs. Often when an actor came along that fell a little short o' th' requirements o' his chosen art th' audience would hand him a case o' eggs—one at a time.

OUR FRIEND TH' EGG

By KIN HUBBARD.

"Jest a word in defense o' th' hen," said Miss Gern Williams, editress o' Th' Hen an' Home, this mornin'.

"It makes no difference t' her which party is in power as she does not regulate th' price o' her product. I'm speakin' now fer th' good o' fash-ioned country hen who lives her own life in her own way, an' not fer th' pampered drone who leads a lazy egg-free existence in th' modern scientific coop. No affidavit is needed t' support th' fact that th' country hen is followin' out nature's decree—she's molting an' th'er's nothin' doin'."

"Th' hen egg plays a most important roll in th' life an' happiness o' our people t' day. No recipe is complete without from one t' six eggs. No shampoo is complete without th' softenin' influence of at least one egg. A cook is powerless without eggs."

"When sickness enters th' home an' th' patient is tenderly nursed through th' crisis an' finally propped up with pillows in th' bay window t' spend th' convalescent period those near an' dear tempt him with choice viands. But with his first returnin' strength he wearily turns his lusterless eyes an' looks wistfully toward th' dinin' room an' says, 'Mother, I believe I could worry down an egg.'"

"T' day ther is ever' inducement fer a hen t' lay. Th' poultry medicine chest is filled with concoctions t' keep her in th' mood. Her food is even prepared along scientific lines an'



"'m Speakin' Now Fer th' Good Ole-Fashioned Country Hen Who Lives Her Life in Her Own Way an' Not Fer th' Pampered Drone Who Leads a Lazy Egg-Free Existence in th' Modern Scientific Coop."

Th' breakfast table looks cold an' uneventful without th' warm golden orbs of a few returned eggs. Ther is no understudy fer th' egg. An egg may be fresh, strictly fresh, guaranteed or born in April an' on parole. Ther are gilt-edged eggs an' ordinary firsts, an' then we have th' smooth plausible lookin' egg that is lackin' in all th' peculiarities o' th' genuine.

"In spite o' all th' advancement in th' culinary art there's nothin' that touches th' spot like ham an' eggs. Th' modest an' unostentatious enter a cafe or restaurant with only two thoughts—ham an' eggs. In th' old days ther wuz nothin' o' a festive in addin' o' omelette."

contains all th' makin' o' a first-class egg. All th' hen is expected t' do is t' assemble 'em. Her young are reared amid th' gentlest influences. Th' modern hen house is constructed in th' most approved fashion with reversible roostin' accommodations, clean airy nests, sanitary drinkin' fountains an' perfect ventilation. Even th' windows are so arranged that th' light falls over th' hen's left shoulder. Yet th' ole-fashioned farmers with th' ole-fashioned hens fetch all th' eggs t' town.

"T' th' husband who is often left t' his own resources ther is no friend like th' egg."

How to avoid Operations

These Three Women Tell How They Escaped the Dreadful Ordeal of Surgical Operations.

Hospitals are great and necessary institutions, but they should be the last resort for women who suffer with ills peculiar to their sex. Many letters on file in the Pinkham Laboratory at Lynn, Mass., prove that a great number of women after they have been recommended to submit to an operation have been made well by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Here are three such letters. All sick women should read them.



Marinette, Wis.—"I went to the doctor an' he told me I must have an operation for a female trouble, and I hated to have it done as I had been married only a short time. I would have terrible pains and my hands and feet were cold all the time. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and was cured, and I feel better in every way. I give you permission to publish my name because I am so thankful that I feel well again."
—Mrs. FRED BENNEK, Marinette, Wis.

Detroit, Mich.—"When I first took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was so run down with female troubles that I could not do anything, and our doctor said I would have to undergo an operation. I could hardly walk without help so when I read about the Vegetable Compound and what it had done for others I thought I would try it. I got a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and a package of Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash and used them according to directions. They helped me and today I am able to do all my work and I am well."
—Mrs. THOS. DWYER, 989 Millwaukee Ave., East, Detroit, Mich.

Bellevue, Pa.—"I suffered more than tongue can tell with terrible bearing down pains and inflammation. I tried several doctors and they all told me the same story, that I never could get well without an operation and I just dreaded the thought of that. I also tried a good many other medicines that were recommended to me and none of them helped me until a friend advised me to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. The first bottle helped, I kept taking it and now I don't know what it is to be sick any more and I am pickin' up in weight. I am 20 years old and weigh 145 pounds. It will be the greatest pleasure to me if I can have the opportunity to recommend it to any other suffering woman."
—Miss INEZ FROELICHER, 1923 Manhattan St., North Side, Bellevue, Pa.

If you would like special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

In Memoriam.
Frank D. Gildersleeve, assistant passenger agent of the Baltimore & Ohio, is trying to "get by" with this one:
"Pat, a newly created section boss, was taking his old iron Mike over the route. They passed a mile post. It read:
"Baltimore 42 miles."
"Phwat does that mean?" Mike inquired.
"Now," says Gildersleeve, "Pat did not know, but he would not betray his ignorance. With true Irish aplomb he rose to the situation.
"Yer ignorance is horrible," he told Mike. "Take off your hat to the dead. Sure, his name was Miles, he was 42 years old, he lived in Baltimore, and they buried him where he was kilt."
St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Clean sweeper—a new broom, and a straight flush.

METZ
5 Passenger, Gray & \$600
Davis, Electric Lights and Starter, 25 H. P.
The Colorado Cartcar Co., 1636 Broadway, Denver, Colorado
LIVE AGENTS WANTED

Important to Mothers
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *W. D. Fitch*. In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Constipation Vanishes Forever
Prompt Relief—Permanent Cure
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS never fail. Purely vegetable—act gently on the liver. Stop after dinner—cure indigestion, improve the complexion, brighten the eyes.
SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE
Genuine must bear Signature
W. D. Fitch
KEELEY INSTITUTE
Cor. 18th and Curtis Streets, Denver, Colo.
Liquor and Drug Addictions cured by a scientific course of medication. The only place in Colorado where the Genuine Keeley Remedies are administered.
PATENTS
W. N. U., DENVER, NO. 3-1016.

Losses Curtailed.
"You prefer an automobile to a horse?"
"Yes," replied young Mrs. Torkins. "It's much more economical. There isn't so great a temptation for Charley to bet on an automobile."

Most Eminent Medical Authorities Endorse It
A New Remedy for Kidney, Bladder and all Uric Acid Troubles

Dr. Eberle and Dr. Braithwaite as well as Dr. Simon—all distinguished Authorities—agree that whatever may be the disease, the urine seldom fails in furnishing us with a clue to the principles upon which it is to be treated, and accurate knowledge concerning the nature of disease can thus be obtained. If backache, scalding urine or frequent urination bother or distress you, or if uric acid in the blood has caused rheumatism, gout or sciatica, or you suspect kidney or bladder trouble just write Dr. Pierce at the Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.; send a sample of urine and describe symptoms. You will receive free medical advice after Dr. Pierce's chemist has examined the urine—this will be carefully done without charge, and you will be under no obligation. Dr. Pierce during many years of experimentation has discovered a new remedy which is thirty-seven times more powerful than lithia in removing uric acid from the system. If you are suffering from backache or the pains of rheumatism, go to your best druggist and ask for a 50 cent box of "Urolic" put up by Doctor Pierce, or send 10c for a large trial pack. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for weak women, and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for the blood have been favorably known for the past forty years and more. They are standard remedies today—as well as Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets for the liver and bowels. You can have a sample of any one of these remedies by writing Dr. Pierce, and sending 10c for trial pack- age.

This Boy Will Make His Way

From some quarters the statement has recently been made that the sons and daughters of poor speaking parents do not have equal opportunities in the higher educational institutions of New Mexico. There is nothing to support the statement, and the facts disprove it. As an illustration, there is the case of the boy who reached the university last fall with a new suit of serge clothes and a cash pocket of three silver dollars.

EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS AT BAPTIST CHURCH



REV. J. M. GARDNER, PASTOR.

The meetings are being well attended and the singing is fine. The pastor, who is conducting the meetings and leading the singing, served in the United States army for three years and was known as the "Soldier Boy Evangelist" while in evangelistic work.

He will preach every night next week. Sunday at 11 a.m., his subject will be "Tramp Christians"; 3 p.m., "Did God Make Man to Damn Him?" 7:30 p.m., "And the Door Was Shut." On week day evenings at 7:30: Monday, "Jonah and the Whale"; Tuesday, "The Sin That Damns"; Wednesday, "That Old Serpent, The Devil"; Thursday, The Wise Man and the Fool; Friday, "Major Coles' War Cry"; Saturday, "Ignoramuses."

Judge Ed Massie has received the poll tax bills in School District 7 for collection.

Attorney Buel R. Wood was in Orp Grande early this week in interest of mining clients.

Instruments Recorded

PATENTS.—United States to Lutario Fresquez, Northeast Quarter of Section 21, Township 11 South, Range 18 East, 160 acres.

United States to William E. Kimbrell, Southwest Quarter of Section 21, Township 11 South, Range 18 East, 160 acres.

DEEDS.—Abel Mirabal y Trujillo and wife to Calistro Sedillo, tract in the Southwest Quarter of the Northeast Quarter of Section 5, Township 11 South, Range 15 East, on Ruidoso.

P. H. Cannon and wife to T. W. Smith, 118 acres in Section 32, Township 8 South, Range 18 East, near Arabela.

Norman Riggs to A. D. Brownfield, 400 acres in Sections 20, 21 and 29, and an undivided one-half interest in 160 acres in Section 22, all in Township 10 South, Range 10 East.

Jesse M. Atkinson and wife to A. J. Atkinson, lots 4 and 5 in Block 10, Town of Corona.

A. J. Atkinson and wife to Atkinson & Simpson, lots 4, 5, and 6 in Block 10, Town of Corona.

Ana Owens and husband, heir of Simon H. Wilson, deceased, to A. H. Hudspeth, an undivided one-sixth interest in the Homestake South lode mining claim, White Oaks mining district.

T. W. Watson, treasurer and

Classified Advertisements

Home rendered lard that is pure. Patty & Hobbs.

LOST—Forty-five dollars (\$45.00) in currency, on the streets of Carrizozo Tuesday, February 1. Finder will be liberally rewarded on returning same to this office.

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

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

AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT-ANNOUNCEMENT

Desiring to express to friends who have favored me with their patronage, my appreciation, I wish now to acquaint them—and the interested public—that I have moved my millinery and dress-making parlors to the newly fitted building three doors north of the postoffice on Main street, and to express the hope that I may be permitted to serve them.

On the 15th of February I will have on display a few pattern hats, anticipating my Spring opening early in March.

MRS. A. W. ADAMS.

..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

Is Again His Old Tricks

Mr. Brooks, who has been in Carrizozo for some years ago, has been seen in the town again. He is a man with a long nose and a thin mustache, and his speech is very peculiar. He is usually perfectly dressed, and he is a very good talker. He is a very good talker, and he is a very good talker. He is a very good talker, and he is a very good talker.

Discuss Railroad Rates Monday at Alamogordo

Members of the State Corporation Commission will be in attendance at a meeting at Alamogordo next Monday at 10 o'clock, to confer with dealers and other citizens interested in adjusting railroad rates upon a more equitable basis.

This is one of a series of meetings the commission has planned at convenient points throughout the state, and the desire is expressed by the chairman of the commission that everyone having suggestion to make, and facts to present that will aid in a fair readjustment of railroad rates in the interest of the public, will attend and freely enter in conference.

Should he? A man with such a facile pen should never have to walk.

1916 Catalog of the University of New Mexico

Ready on or about March 15. Catalogued in the work of the State University now in the future write today and have a copy reserved. Present 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

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

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 values 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. 25% Reduced.
- MEN'S FURNISHINGS Worth while savings on Men's Furnishings. \$1.50 Dress Shirts, light new patterns \$1.20 Six Mercerized Sox \$1 \$1.25 Two-piece Underwear 95c

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 25%
- 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

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

Mrs. James Reid Dead News of the death of Mrs. James Reid, who died at her home near El Paso, California, Monday, February 1, will be published in the next issue of the Carrizozo News. Mrs. Reid was 40 years of age and was a member of the Carrizozo Community. She was a very kind and generous person and was well liked by all who knew her.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Cooper have returned from El Paso, to which point they went at the beginning of the Cattleman's convention. Mrs. Charles D. Mayer, accompanied by her niece, came down from White Oaks this morning and went to El Paso on delayed No. 3.

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