

Carrizozo News.

A Journal Devoted to the Interests of Lincoln County.

VOLUME 17.

CARRIZOZO, LINCOLN COUNTY, NEW MEXICO, FRIDAY, JUNE 2, 1916.

NUMBER 22

Ancho

Ancho had quite a treat last week in the visit of Rev. J. M. Gardner of your place, who made a stereopticon exhibit of the Philippine Islands, which was very fine; also, his talk in connection with the same was highly interesting to the audience, as he had been in the country for quite a while and was familiar with the scenes he showed us. He also preached Friday night, to the edification of a good sized audience, for Ancho. Come again, Brother Gardner.

A very painful accident happened to Henry Corn's oldest son, Virgil, last Monday. His team ran away and injured him quite seriously; so much so they sent him to Tucuman on the first train for treatment. None of us learned how serious his injuries were, more than a broken jaw. The runaway happened at Tecolote.

Our smiling neighbor, Sam Wood, came very near having a serious accident with an unruly bronco which contended for the same space occupied by Sam. In the contention which followed he found himself flat on the ground with the bronco on top. He came off without much more injury than a badly bruised head. He stated that it was a good thing it was his head and not his feet. We don't know whether he alluded to his being expert in the "fantastic tip" or not, and may ask him the next time we see him. We are glad it was not any worse than it was, for it was a narrow escape from very serious injury.

We are likely to have a new postmaster in the near future in the person of a Mr. Shive, formerly of El Paso.

Uncle George Tompkins was down from the Jics with as broad a smile as ever, although he had recently passed through a month of severe sickness. Mr. Norton was down also, bearing the information that he had about fifty families of new neighbors who had settled to the east of him on the flat.

Check Artist Nabbed

Under Sheriff Baird arrested a man last night who gave his name as J. D. Murchison, on the charge of forging and passing a forged check. Murchison presented one to G. A. Williams for \$10, which was cashed, made payable to John Jones and of course, endorsed by John Jones. The check bore the signature of P. K. Johnson, and was drawn on the Exchange bank at this place. Other checks are supposed to be out, but up to the hour of going to press they have not been located.

Mrs. J. B. Perkins was an Ancho visitor this week.

Memorial Day Was Generally Observed

Pursuant to published proclamation and in accordance with custom, people throughout this country paid tribute to the dead on Memorial Day. In practically every cemetery in Lincoln County graves were decorated with flowers. In general, this was done without formal ceremonies, the exception being at Fort Stanton, where a regular program was carried out. At Fort Stanton, also, the only address accompanying memorial ceremonies was delivered. Chaplain Frund was the speaker, and we have been furnished a copy of the address. We give it below, and commend to the reader the thoughts therein expressed.

MEMORIAL DAY ADDRESS AT FORT STANTON

Ladies and gentlemen: We have assembled here today to honor again certain heroes of the past. Decoration day has well been made a day for national meditation, a day when those who have gone to their eternal reward are recalled and honored by prayer and thanksgiving. It is a day when the living, such as you and I, enjoying the freedom, the privileges bought with the blood of those heroes, are to stop and consider our position, our obligations in keeping spotless the inheritance left us by those noble men.

Decoration day comes each year at a time when nature seems at its best, when the year is young, and after the cold and gloomy winter season; Spring, given by nature as a reward or prize for the hardships endured during the preceding season.

Therefore, although a day when, as honoring the departed, we are inclined to be sad and sorrowful, yet with this same spirit of sadness should be the spirit of love, reverence and gratitude. Proud for the treasure left us, yet a renewal of our pledge to be ready to renew their sacrifices if needs be, and to hold the freedom given us. Those heroes fought and died that we may live the lives of true American citizens, which is to keep pure the trust left us.

Let us therefore consider briefly this morning, today's celebration and its object under two headings, namely: For who and for what did they die? And secondly, our

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University Notes

Any one who doubts that prosperity exists in New Mexico and the southwest has but to consider the troubles of J. L. LaDriere, an Albuquerque architect, who is in charge of the bids for the new chemistry and physics laboratories of the University of New Mexico, construction of which will be begun this summer. The university will spend \$80,000 on the two buildings and the contract is a big one. The bids will be opened June 25. To date the architect has received just six bids.

"The trouble with this building," said Mr. LaDriere in an interview here today, "is not in the plans or specifications, or because there is a prejudice against public work of the kind. It is simply that all the contractors are too busy to consider taking it on, or haven't time to work out the specifications and a bid. There has never been a time in the history of this state when building was so general or so active."

Only one Albuquerque contractor has filed a bid on the university work thus far.

The plans for the two new buildings were drawn under the personal direction of Walter Buley Griffin, the well known Chicago architect, who has been retained by the State University as consulting architect for both buildings and grounds. It is hoped to have the physics laboratory ready for use during the coming college year which opens August 22. It is not likely that the new chemistry building can be completed for use during the coming year.

In addition to the new science buildings, a considerable number of cottages for students are to be built. The dormitories are filling rapidly and it now looks as if the university would have a freshman class of 150 or more. The Albuquerque High school alone will contribute twenty-three freshmen from its class of forty-five. One of the smaller Pecos valley towns will send eleven high school graduates to the university in August.

Fort Stanton

Dr. and Mrs. F. H. McKeon spent Saturday last visiting in Carrizozo.

Mrs. Oscar Brockwell was called to El Paso last Friday evening, because of the sudden illness of a sister.

The members of the Square went Sunday afternoon on a picnic at the Gorge, and report a most enjoyable time.

The teaching staff of the Capitan High school spent the end of the week with friends here at the Post.

Mr. Pentfield, one of the successful bidders on government necessities, spent Thursday at the Post, making the trip from his home at Lincoln in his new Dodge.

Miss Helen Rice returned Sunday morning to her home at Parsons after a week's visit with her sister and family, Mrs. Weber at 13 B.

Poultryville, the southwest suburb of Fort Stanton, is becoming quite popular these days. Messrs. Kallsen and Carr, the proprietors, are kept busy gathering in fresh eggs for the various customers at the Post.

Master Alva Sitton was one of the five graduates in the grammar grade from Capitan last

County School Notes

The friends of Miss Mary Hamilton, who attended her first school in White Oaks, will be glad to hear that she graduates this week from the Denver High school.

In mentioning the eighth grade pupils, Osceola has been omitted. Gladys Calfee and Albert Ashford passed the examination with good grades.

Prof. E. T. Brown and wife of Galusville, Missouri, have been elected to positions in the Corona school.

Mrs. E. V. Jewett, of the local High school, will leave early in June for one of the state normals.

The Capitan school and High school had closing exercises Friday night. Patrons and friends crowded the school auditorium. The program was interesting and each number was a credit to the participants, the teachers and Mrs. Price, who has had charge of the classes in music and expression. Supt. C. Y. Belknap delivered the diplomas to the five graduates of the eighth grade class. He also gave a brief account of the year's work and plans for the coming term. Excellent work from all the industrial classes was on exhibit. Punch and cakes were served by the domestic science department.

With the closing of the term, Supt. C. Y. Belknap will go to Santa Fe as instructor of manual training in the Santa Fe County Normal Institute.

The Misses Bogue, Beatty and Gilliam will return to their homes for the vacation.

Mrs. G. E. de Nison will spend the summer on her ranch near Nogal.

Mrs. W. L. Gumm.

Summer Cottages

On the Ruidoso

Judge Medler, Dr. Watson and associates are on the Ruidoso this week preparing to build summer cottages. Frank A. English, J. P. Foster and Wm. J. Langston went out this week to do the work. The site for the cottages, we understand, is above the Wingfield place, near the reservation line. A number of cottages, besides garages, etc., are to be erected and quite a summer colony will gather at that point.

McKeons Entertain

Dr. and Mrs. F. H. McKeon entertained a few young men at Fort Stanton Tuesday evening at a delightful dinner. The only out of town guest was Norman Riggs. Cards followed the dinner and a very pleasant evening was spent. Beside the host and hostess and the visiting guest, there were present Messrs. Ferguson, Martin and Muuro.

Last Thursday, June 1st, being Ascension Thursday, was kept at the Post with special services held by the chaplain in the chapel. Masses were celebrated at 6:30 and 8:30 a. m., vespers at 7 p. m.

Mrs. F. C. Smith wired her husband here, her safe arrival at Athens, Ga., where she is visiting with relatives for the next few weeks.

Mr. George Titworth, the energetic merchant of Capitan, came over Saturday afternoon to sign the various contracts he has just made with the government.

Carrizozo's Scholars, Graduates' Futures

The most successful year in the history of the Carrizozo school has been brought to a close. The total registration for the year was 423 pupils. Of these 63 were enrolled in the primary room, 61 in Mrs. Massey's room, 56 in Mrs. Cather's, 46 in Miss Humphrey's, 45 in Miss Greenberg's, 44 in the High school and special, and 109 in the Eastside school taught by Miss Mildred Peters. In spite of an epidemic of scarlet fever at one time and of measles at another time, eleven pupils were neither absent nor tardy during the entire term and deserve to be commended for their faithfulness.

The following pupils passed the state eighth grade examination successfully and are full-fledged High school pupils next year: Frankie Gray, Florence Lacey, Dick McDaniels, Linza Brannum, Willie Riley, Elmer Baker, Pink Roberts, Isabel Tinnon, Sam Hethcote, Sallie Johnson, Pearl Kennedy and Gordon Pine. Those promoted in High school were Lorena Haley, Perola Stevens, Gladney White, Pearl Hyde, Margaret Lacey, Ethel Hoffman, Homer Donaldson, Lawrence Rowland and Helen Mayes to the sophomore class; Rachel Hughes, Carlton Mentzer, Rufus Brannum, Alma Roberts, Bessie White and Mae Kennedy to the junior class; Clara Brazel, Zella Mayes, Allison Stevens and Ula Edmiston to the senior class. In the freshman class Margaret Lacey made the highest average per cent, in the sophomore class Mae Kennedy made the highest, in the junior class Ula Edmiston, and in the senior class Margaret Brannum.

The graduates from the High school are Margaret Brannum, Allie Brannum, Louis Adams and Dan R. Mayes, and the subjects of their essays were as follows: "The Value of Directed Athletics in School," by Louis Adams; "The Life Story of An Umbrella," by Allie Brannum; "The Invention and the Uses of the Aeroplane," by Margaret Brannum; "Military Training in the Public School," by Dan R. Mayes. As these orations were not given publicly by the graduates, some of them will be published. All the graduates expect to continue their education in higher schools next year. Louis Adams will en-

ter school in Waco, Texas; the Misses Brannum will do post-graduate work in Carrizozo High school; and Dan R. Mayes will go to the University of New Mexico.

All of the state clubs of the Carrizozo school except the Poultry club under the direction of Mrs. Tiffany, will be closed till school opens again in the fall.

TALKS ON THRIFT

THE THRIFT HABIT

The trouble with a great many people is they expect to acquire good habits in old age, while they spend most of their youth in cultivating bad ones. It is so easy to postpone doing the things that are hard until tomorrow, and so easy to drift along today. Not only is Hell paved with good intentions, but the pathway of the average man is strewn with the wrecks of good intentions. The whole scheme of right living contemplates that man should not put off until tomorrow the things he should do today.

One of the habits we hope to acquire some time is the habit of thrift. This habit often comes late in life—not always from choice—but often from necessity. Having satisfied habits that are destructive, when the passions are burned out of a decaying mind and body, men find themselves more or less free from temptations, and mistake a flickering flame for a ripening virtue. Any habit which is forced is likely to find itself in an unhealthy environment, and becomes meaningless in its practice.

Before you can practice a virtue, you must desire the results which that virtue brings, and understand the process through which it comes. Many a man has gone to his doom because he hoped to stop drinking, or spending, or gambling, some day; but his hope never got to the point of action.

Frequently you will find standing alone, or in groups, on a wind-swept plain, trees with no branches on what the sailor would call the "windward side," and leaning sharply in the direction in which the wind blows. This has been no sudden process. For years the north wind has blown gently or fiercely against the tree, so that little by little it became distorted in shape, until it has become its habit to grow lopsided.

No bad habit is acquired in an

CONTINUED ON PAGE 4

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—Herbert Hauptman.

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OUR NATION'S BIGGEST "MELTING POT"

MAKING good American citizens of the vast number of immigrants who've come to the United States, and of their children, is a big problem, especially in our cities. This article tells how Chicago—where there is a foreign population of nearly a million—is using a great public school in solving the problem.

By *Thyra Samter Winslow*

WHAT in the United States going to do with its great immigrant population? How are we going to make loyal, useful American citizens of the horde of foreigners that have come to us in the last few years? Are we going to shut the gates against the entry of more of them until we can "digest" into our national body those now here?

These questions are very important. They are making many intelligent Americans do some hard thinking these days. The problem didn't amount to much as long as the bulk of immigration came from western Europe—from Germany, England, Ireland, France, Norway, Sweden, Denmark. In fact, America sorely needed these sturdy folk, who came here to be one with us under the Stars and Stripes.

But of late years most of the immigration has been from Russia, Italy, eastern Austria, European and Asiatic Turkey—and the Lord only knows where else in this country they generally herd in city settlements, for the most part a dirty, ignorant burden to city communities. They don't "mix" with us. They don't become a part of our citizenship. Their traditions and ideals and conceptions of the American social order are not ours. They're a sort of indigestible lump in our gizzard. **Cities Tackle Job.**

Almost with the bravery of despair the larger cities—New York, Chicago, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Rochester, where low-class immigrants are especially heavy in numbers—have set out to perform the task of making citizens of this unpromising material. The public schools are the most useful instruments for the purpose at hand.

Our city schools are becoming great "melting pots" for all races and creeds. Our small cities, our towns and our rural stretches do not have to face this great problem's solution directly, but the general welfare of the nation depends on how well the cities meet the task. We are, and we should be, interested, encouraging onlookers.

This is really a story about the work being done in one big high school in Chicago, a city with a very large foreign population in one grade school room there are children of seventeen distinct nationalities. Just consider the task of making good, patriotic Americans of all of them—Japanese, Chinese, Turks and the rest. It's a big, tough, though. And there's a hint in this story of what we can do to make our local schools more useful to us than they are.

Real Melting Pot.

The real melting pot of Chicago is situated less than a mile from the city's business center. It is a melting pot that takes boys and girls, old men and graying women representing twenty nationalities and turns them from lonesome, bewildered strangers into useful, ambitious citizens. It teaches them everything from trades to dancing, from wood-turning to wireless telegraphy. The melting pot is Lane Technical school, the most remarkable of all Chicago's public schools and one of the most wonderful schools in the world. It has a teaching staff of more than a hundred and fifty, more than eighty classrooms and about eight thousand pupils, with the largest night school in the world.

Lane teaches almost every subject imaginable, from the sixth grade of grammar school to the second year of college. It teaches steam and electrical engineering, carpentry and agriculture. It teaches stenography, bookkeeping and designing. It teaches hundreds of other useful subjects. And, of course, every subject at Lane is free. Lane teaches, too, the love of work, how to make friends and how to find a place in the world.

Instead of opening at nine and closing at four, as the majority of schools do, Lane is open all day and all evening. It opens at eight in the morning. At 8:00 it starts special training for trades apprentices.

Night Student Classes.

From 5:00 until 9:00, the night students take possession. Nearly all of the night students are employed at hundreds of different occupations during the day, but though they are tired after their day's work, they seize the opportunities at Lane to learn new languages, new trades or to fit themselves for higher wages in the trades at which they work during the day.

There is a class in metallurgy for foundry foremen, courses in automobile engineering and reinforced concrete. There is a valuable class, too, to which young men may go if they are in doubt as to which trade or profession they would be best suited. The vocational class prevents square pegs in round holes. Expert psychologists question the members of the class and advise them as to their future.

"If you don't see what you want, ask for it," is Lane's advice to seekers for knowledge. If several men or women want to study some subject that is not included in the regular courses they sign a petition and a new class, under expert instruction, is started. Some of the new classes are journalism, copper work and automobile construction. Last year, advertising and Spanish were new subjects, but this year they take their places as regular classes.

Opportunities for Girls.

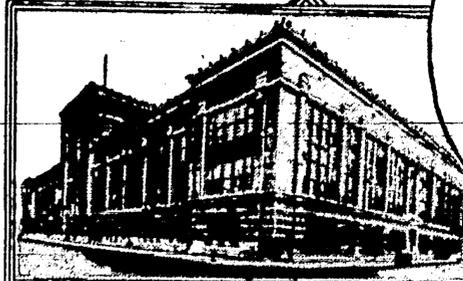
For the girl who works during the day, Lane proves especially inviting and valuable. It is hard to get acquainted in a city. A young man can go out alone at night. A girl, busy all day, has little time to make friends. It is pretty lonesome to spend evenings after evening alone in a little room. It isn't necessary in Chicago, for Lane is ready to take care of lonesome girls, to give them a pleasant time and valuable instruction.

These evenings each week the big gymnasium is

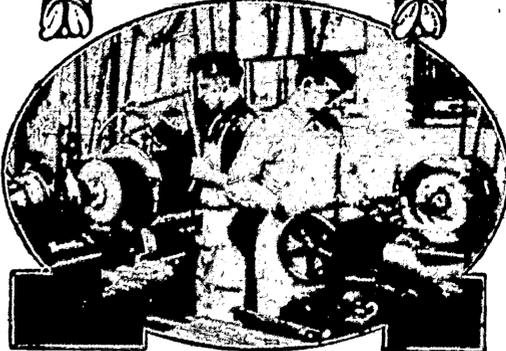
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A DRESSMAKING CLASS



THE LANE SCHOOL



PATTERN MAKING

turned over to the girls. Clad in neat middie blouses and comfortable bloomers, several hundred girls and older women, too, are taught graceful folk dances, games and drills. But that isn't all—the girls are taught modern dances as well. To the accompaniment of music and under the direction of a skilled teacher of dancing, the girls are taught the one-step, the fox-trot and other modern ballroom dances.

The girls have a chance to practice the dances, for one night each week there is a big dance at Lane, which hundreds of students attend. The dances are under the supervision of principal and teachers, and these social evenings do much toward strengthening Lane's school spirit. Lane is a real social center.

They Learn to Sew.

Dancing is not the only thing offered to girls at the night school. There are classes in hand and machine sewing, in the use of patterns and in fitting and designing. Young women make dresses, suits and party frocks, both for themselves and others. They learn to make hats, too, designing the hat, making the frame, covering it and trimming the hat.

The Lane publications are things of which both students and faculty are proud, for the Lane Tech Daily is the only daily newspaper in the United States that is both published and printed by students of a high school. Members of the journalism class write the news for the daily, others edit it, still others set type, make up the paper and run the presses. The Daily keeps the pupils posted on all school news. The pupils of the evening school issue an eight-page weekly paper, the Lane Tech News. Any pupil at Lane may write for the News or the Daily.

For pupils with literary ambitions, there is the Lane Tech Prop, a monthly magazine, full of short stories, essays and even plays.

For the Backward Boys.

Lane's pre-vocational department is one of its most successful features. In every city, there are boys of fifteen, sixteen or seventeen, who, because of sickness, financial conditions or change of residence, have been backward in their classes. Usually these boys drop out of school and go to work, poorly prepared to enter into competition with other boys. The pre-vocational department is especially for the boys who are delinquent in the grade schools. It gives the "miserable" boy an opportunity to make up his work. Instead of being in a grade school among the little fellows, among whom he feels ashamed, he is part of a big high school with boys his own age. His interest is awakened by being allowed to do things—he is taught technical shop work and usually leaves school capable of earning a respectable livelihood. The laboratories at Lane are well equipped. There are three, the biological, physical and chemical. Aquariums, with large collections of fish, frogs, snails and turtles interest some students. There is a wireless telegraph outfit, electric light testing machines, an X-ray outfit, a model dynamo and motor. Boys who come to Lane without definite ambitions, soon find just the things to interest and develop them.

Interesting Shop Work.

The shops at Lane have proved interesting to students all over the world. In the wood shop there are examples of the work of the students:



WILLIAM J. BOGAN PRINCIPAL

Mahogany and mission furniture, lamp stands and shades, desks, bookcases and library tables. Carpenter students make portable cottages and garages. In the electric shop are toasters, radios, fans and wireless instruments, all the work of boys.

Although primarily a technical school, art is not neglected. From free-hand drawing and drawing from live models, the student may take up architecture and designing. Later, he may do metal work and construct buckles, fobs, rings and bracelets.

Because, for years, high-school students were in the habit of bringing indigestible lunches to school, or, worse still, spending their money on pickles and ice cream, Lane has installed a model canteen, where, at cost, the boys can get hot, appetizing lunches.

Although it is a most businesslike school, there is time for play, too. A coach directs football, track and baseball teams. Each year, too, there are two amateur plays. Four performances of each are given and several thousand dollars added to the school fund. There are orchestras and bands, too, composed of the musical students at Lane. On Sunday there are amateur and professional band concerts, attended not only by students and people who live near by, but by people who come miles to listen to good music.

Thirty Helpful Clubs.

Over thirty clubs help the social side of the school. Nearly all of them are open to any student who is interested, for Lane is absolutely democratic in spirit. Some of the clubs are the Wireless club, the Mathematics club, the Debating club, the Camera club, the Dramatic club, the Sketch club, the German club, the Economics club, the Singing club and the Civics Industrial club. Lane is not just for poor people. Some of the students arrive in their automobiles. A famous interior decorator is taking a course at Lane which will teach him about enameling woods, something he could not learn anywhere else in Chicago. A sculptor is taking a course in forging, because it will help him in the molding and casting of statues. Artistic women are learning how to make hand-wrought silver. But, in spite of this, the most popular students are those who are working their way through school. The majority of Lane boys, in fact, are working their way.

Students Who Work.

Under the direction of William J. Bogan, principal of Lane and noted educator, a man who understands youth, hundreds of positions are obtained for boys who must work for their board and clothing. These positions range from cashiers in movie shows to workers in electric shops. All of them teach the boys to be self-reliant and independent and most of them are along the line of work that the boy wishes to take up when he has left school.

To young and old Lane high school offers hundreds of opportunities. Servians, Germans, Russians, Chinese, Japanese and Filipinos in Chicago are gaining there a real national spirit and a real education. Hundreds of Americans are obtaining knowledge that will lead them to better positions and higher earnings. The school motto is "There is no royal road to learning, but there is an open Lane," and the thousands who attend prove that they are anxious to take advantage of the "open Lane."

FROM OUR NEW DICTIONARY.

Patriot—A man who bleeds for the benefit of his country.
Politician—A man who bleeds his country for his own benefit.
Widow—A female of the species who usually believes she is an example of the survival of the fittest.—*Indianapolis Star.*

HARRING AWAY BACK.

"Know much about ancient history?"
"Not a great deal," answered the man who lives by the day, "but I can remember when Anna Hale was an infant."



GOOD ROADS

SOUTH CAROLINA ROAD COST

State is Far Behind Most Others in Amount Spent for Improvement of Its Highways.

There are now only four states in the Union that have not enacted laws providing for state aid for good roads work. One of these states is South Carolina, the others being Indiana, Mississippi, and Texas. These three other states, however, are above South Carolina in expenditures for road work. Indeed, according to information which has been received at Clemson college from the United States department of agriculture, this state cannot boast of its record in road work and is considerably behind most of the other states of the Union in this respect.

In 1914, South Carolina spent \$1,000,000 on road work, this money coming from local funds of counties, townships, and districts. There were no expenditures by the state and local units jointly, or by the state alone. In the same period, Indiana spent \$13,258,701 and Iowa spent \$11,303,000. Neither does South Carolina compare well with even the other southern states. As against this state's \$1,000,000, North Carolina spent \$3,000,000, Georgia, \$2,500,000; Alabama, \$2,795,000; Mississippi, \$2,855,000; Tennessee, \$2,500,000; Texas, \$3,750,000. In fact, the only states on the list which are not above South Carolina in road expenditures are the undeveloped states of Arizona, Nevada, New Mexico, Utah, and Wyoming; and the diminutive commonwealths of Delaware, Rhode Island, and Vermont.

The total of all surfaced roads in South Carolina is 4,888 miles. In this respect, the state compares favorably with many, since its percentage of surfaced roads is 17.3, making it the



Good Roads in Mississippi.

thirteenth state in the Union in percentage of surfaced roads. Three states, Ohio, Indiana and New York, contain nearly one-third of all the surfaced roads in the United States, with a mileage of 77,544.

New York has spent \$33,638,720 on its roads and in spending \$15,000,000 more on them in 1915. This, it should be understood, is the amount spent by the state government and does not include the huge expenditures by local units.—*Clemson College Bulletin.*

GOOD ROADS QUITE POPULAR

Spirit of Building Is Becoming Universal—All People Would Receive Some Benefit.

The United States Good Roads association at its recent annual meeting in Birmingham elected 25 prominent citizens of different sections of our country life members of the organization. The spirit of building good roads is becoming universal and it is only a question of a very short time when the federal government will see the necessity of appropriating money to build good roads. All people would be benefited by good roads. War benefits no country or people. It destroys lives, business, homes and brutalizes people.—*Florence (Ala.) Herald.*

Roads Built by Convicts.

One thousand miles of perfect roadway have been constructed by Colorado convicts in the past seven years. At first armed guards were used, but during the second summer the honor system was introduced and it is still in vogue.

Uniform Material.

It is important to have uniform material in road building, whatever that material may be. This lack is responsible for waviness and chuck holes.

Good Roads in Philippines.

The Philippines in the first half of 1915 built 136 miles of good roads.

Build Better Roads.

Every rain is an argument for the 365-day road.

Neighbors and Builders.

Good roads are neighbor makers and trade-builders.

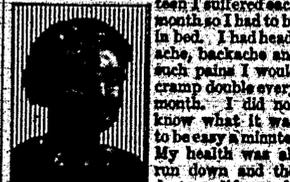
Feed for the Stock.

Good stock must have good food and plenty of it.

"I DON'T SUFFER ANY MORE"

"Feel Like a New Person," says Mrs. Hamilton.

New Castle, Ind.—"From the time I was eleven years old until I was seventeen I suffered each month so I had to be in bed. I had headache, backache and such pains I would cramp double every month. I did not know what it was to be a minute. My health was all run down and the doctors did not do me any good. A neighbor told my mother about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I took it, and now I feel like a new person. I don't suffer any more and I am regular every month."—Mrs. HAZEL HAMILTON, 322 South 15th St.



When a remedy has lived for forty years, steadily growing in popularity and influence, and thousands upon thousands of women declare they owe their health to it, is it not reasonable to believe that it is an article of great merit?

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

Gentle Reader.

John Ragland, the four-year-old son of Floyd C. Ragland, county superintendent of the schools of Vanderburg county, gave his mother a geranium as a birthday present.

"Now, mamma, when you get angry and feel like spanking me," he said, "you will look at that flower and think how good I was. Then you won't feel like spanking me."—*Indianapolis News.*

Thanks to the Diplomats.

"The war has created a great many new words."

"I've noticed that."

"It has also given us an entirely new interpretation of 'ultimatum.'"

Victory.

"How happy the bride looks!"

"She has a right to look happy. Her friends have been laying odds of two to one that she wouldn't land him."

To keep clean and healthy take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They regulate liver, bowels and stomach.—*Adv.*

When a man tells another that he understands women he is then classed as an easy mark.

Be happy. Use Red Cross Day Blue! much better than liquid blue. Delights the laundress. All grocers. *Adv.*

The average man knows how to do another man's work, better than he knows how to do his own.

When Housework Drags

Keeping house is hard enough when well. The woman who has a bad back, blue, nervous spells, and dizzy headaches, has a hard lot, for the family tasks never let up. Probably it's the result of kidney trouble and not the much-coined "woman's weakness." Strengthen the kidneys with Doan's Kidney Pills. They are as harmless as they are effective and may be used for children with weak kidneys, too.

A Colorado Case

Mrs. D. L. Orma, 303 Madison St., Dep. 747, Colo., says: "I had awful pains in my back, sides and hips. I couldn't sleep and often had to get up and sit in a chair. My joints swollen, and did my feet and ankles. The kidney secretions caused me to feel as if I were in a furnace. Four doctors failed to help me and finally I took Doan's Kidney Pills. They cured me, restoring me to good health."

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

Don't Persecute Your Bowels

Get out cathartics and purgatives. They are brutal, harsh, unnecessary. Try **CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS**.

Purely vegetable. Act gently on the liver, cleanse the bowels, and soothe the delicate membranes of the bowels. Cure constipation, indigestion, and biliousness. **SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.** Genuine must bear Signature.

Wm. Wood

PATENTS

William H. Coleman, U.S. Attorney, Washington, D.C. **OLD AUTO TIRES WANTED.** Highest price paid; 10¢ to 15¢ per lb. Further information on request. Western Tire Tread Tire Co., 1115 S. W. Ave., Denver, Colo. **ALPACA SHEEP SHEARERS** at the best rates. *Wm. Wood*

Jamaica's Fascinating Markets



BY THE JUBILEE MARKET, KINGSTON

There are two great public markets in Kingston, Jamaica, where the natives sell fruit and vegetables and all sorts of local commodities for little more than a song. These are Victoria Market, by the harbor at the foot of King street, where war vendors and colliers sail into port across the blue waters of the Caribbean almost daily, and Jubilee Market, further uptown, and fronting the public square where are the great banyan trees and all manner of tropical plants.

The daily supplies are brought to market by the natives in large flat baskets borne on their heads or in panniers on the backs of the small burros that are the burden bearers of the island, says a writer in the New York Sun. These little beasts, hardly larger than big dogs, are led or driven, their owners generally walking beside them.

In the open spaces of the market women vendors take up their positions for the day on the bare ground or perhaps seated on low boxes, with their slender stock in trade spread out in little heaps about them. These consist of a few yams, or bread fruit, or manioc, or whatever they may chance to have, and upon which they make during the long sunny days only a few pennies profit. They pay about a shilling, and sixpence per week as license for the space that they and their wares occupy and clear scarcely enough to supply even their simplest necessities. Yet for the most part they are cheerful and happy, and the soft, continuous patter of their voices as they gossip and trade all day suggests the name of the tree. "Women's Tongues," whose dry pods rattle together so musically in the country lanes.

It does one good at any time to make the tour of the market, walking among the women with their strange fruits and vegetables, and buying a penny's worth here and a ha'penny's worth there for the sheer delight of it all. "Buy a ripe banana!" they will call out merrily, or "Buy a sweet orange!" or "Ha'penny! Ha'penny! Buy a cake!" And looking down into their engaging brown faces one desires forthwith to buy everything.

A quince, or "penny-a-penny," as they say quickly with soft elision, is a favorite coin among the small demotions; it is a quarter of sixpence, and for this price one can buy three or four oranges, or perhaps twice as many bananas. A stranger rarely ever cares to pay more than this for star apples or manioc, which require an educated taste for enjoyment; but pawpaws, resembling our cantaloupes, and cho-choes, similar to our white squash, are delicious. As for tangerines and guavas, they are joys forever.

Market Women in Scrap. Picking my way gingerly one day among the scores of seated and stooping vendors, and being very careful not to step into the little piles of peppers and what not that were outspread everywhere, I plunged into the midst of a lively scrap between two colored women. One of them, who had been seated on a box in the sunshine, frantically with her long vigil, had picked up her seat and moved it back plump into the midst of her neighbor and her neighbor's wares, all outspread together on the ground. The result was a scuffle, with much pushing and chattering, all of which was so funny that my amusement set them laughing also, and the trouble found up in a good natured romp among them. And, oh, but the sun was hot, and the blinding white light, quivered out upon the waters of the harbor.

A row of stalls runs along one side of the market, where sticky sweets are sold, most unappetizing to foreign sensibilities. The stall is laden out of great dingy cans and sold in penny worths and farthing amounts or more. Near this row of sticky goods are racks and stacks of flimsy cotton goods and ribbons, laces and embroideries, all immaculately fresh and clean, though

scarcely three feet removed from the sweets. There are piles also of linen and cotton prints, whose cheapness the vendors loudly proclaim as they stand measuring the goods off by the yard and selling it at ridiculously low prices.

It was near this place that a woman buying embroidery that trailed down into the dust, held in her arms a plump little brown baby. It chucked and held out its hands to me, playing like a kitten. I found that the only name by which it was known was "Da-da." Later, on the edge of the crowd that overflowed into the street, I discovered little "Mureano Cole," black as a coal, hiding behind her mother's skirts and laughing up into my face. The brown babies in Jamaica are irresistible.

There are many coolie women in the markets, who sell fruits and vegetables as well as their odd East Indian trinkets. These women are bedecked with heavy silver ornaments, in which they invest most of their limited means, and the necklaces, bracelets, rings, anklets and bangles with which they are loaded down, display exquisite workmanship and design. The manner in which many of these ornaments are worn indicates caste, and a lot of ill-giving work disfiguring the nostril proclaims a married woman. These East-Indian women are always picturesque and often beautiful. Winifred and family, with soft, dusky skins, they are as shy and proud as wild animals.

Tobacco by the Yard. Over in one corner of the market place colored men sell ropes of strong native tobacco by the yard and suggest that strangers take home a few yards as souvenirs. Into the meat and fish markets, presided over chiefly by men, I could not persuade myself to go, as everything was too ill-smelling and unsightly; but I peered about unheatingly everywhere else. The most delightful of all the stands are where they sell native basket work and beads; the latter being made of various colors and sizes, strung in long necklaces, and selling at sixpence each. The vendors of these bead strings, with long bunches of them hanging over arm or shoulder, hawk their wares everywhere, haunting the piers and railway station and victimizing travelers. It seemed to me as if they were always on the lookout for myself, for I found it impossible to refuse and bought dozens of them, red and black, brown and yellow, and dove colored Job's Tears that seem to have been wopt all over the island.

The baskets are equally tempting and are of every conceivable shape and size, from tiny ornaments and shapes for ordinary usage to great hamper and suit cases. In suitcase form they cost but a shilling or two, and are extremely light and highly serviceable. Then there are knickknacks and fancy articles made of bamboo joints and palm leaf, candle shades and mats made of cotton fiber or lace bark; and cocoanuts carved and decorated in endless designs. It is a morning's treat to examine them all, and buy here a bit and there a bit, until an astonishing number of shillings and pence have been transmuted into baskets and beads. And then there is the sweet-smelling coe-coe grass, that costs but a penny a bunch and leaves the things in one's trunk perfumed ever after.

Coming away after a morning's stroll through Jubilee Market I helped a big, blithering darky girl to pin up her skirt, which was slipping loose, and received a grinning "Tanky, Missy, tanky!" in reward. Then, passing over to a stall where another darky woman sold oranges I stopped and bought four for a quarter. It was very warm and they were cool and luscious. And then the orange woman wanted to return with me to New York, as the daylies everywhere wanted to be being willing to work for next to nothing for the opportunity of coming to the states. They are so gittilly pool in their own country!

FOR YOUNG CHILDREN

PROPER DIET AS SET FORTH BY AN AUTHORITY.

Mother should Realize That Health and a Proper Advancement In Studies Depend on a Great Degree on the Food.

Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture. A young child may be considered well fed if he has plenty of milk, bread, and other cereal food; an egg once a day or its equivalent in flesh foods; a small portion each of carefully-prepared fruits and vegetables, with a small amount of sweet food after his appetite for other foods is satisfied. If there is too much or too little of any of these, his diet is one-sided.

To assist mothers to provide such a well-balanced diet for their young children, Miss Caroline L. Hunt of the office of Home Economics, has prepared the suggested bills of fare given below. With these menus, published in Farmers' Bulletin No. 717, "Food for Young Children," the mother will be able to plan other meals which will give the child the essentials, and yet variety enough to maintain his normal appetite. The meals, therefore, should not be considered as being either the best possible meals or the only good meals, and the housewife should not fall into the mistake of establishing a dreary routine.



Orange (juice only for the youngest children). Farina with milk, bread and butter.

Apple sauce, oatmeal with milk, toast and butter.

Baked pears (pulp or juice only for the youngest children), milk toast, cocoa.

Stewed prunes (pulp and juice only for the youngest children). Cornmeal mush and milk. Toast and butter.

Grapefruit (juice only for the youngest children). Milk toast with grated yolk of hard-boiled egg.

Apple (scraped for very little children). Toast. Hot milk.

In each case enough milk should be given to make up the required daily amount, about a quart.

Dinner. Meat soup. Egg on toast. String beans. Rice pudding.

Roast beef. Baked potato. Asparagus. Bread and jelly.

Lamb stew with carrots and potato. Twice-baked bread. Tapioca custard.

Creamed potatoes. Green peas. Stewed plums with thin cornmeal pudding.

Baked halibut. Boiled potatoes. Stewed celery. Boiled rice with honey or syrup.

Broiled meat cakes. Grits. Creamed carrot. Bread, butter, and sugar sandwiches.

In each case enough milk should be given to make up the required daily amount, about a quart.

Supper. Baked potatoes, served with cream and salt, or with milk gravy. Cookies.

Bread and milk. Apple sauce. Sponge cake.

Potato-milk soup. Twice-baked bread. Marmalade sandwiches. Graham crackers and milk. Baked custard.

Milk toast. Stewed peaches. Cup cake.

Celery-milk soup. Toast. Floating Island.

In each case enough milk should be given to make up the required daily amount, which is about a quart.

Roily-Poly Steak. Procure a good round steak; after beating thoroughly, lay flat on a board. Make a dressing of Irish potatoes, mashed fine, bread crumbs, small piece of butter, some minced parsley, minced onion, salt and pepper. Spread this mixture on the steak, roll over and cover like jelly cake, fasten with skewers or sewing. Place in a baking pan with a little water, place in a hot oven and bake every few minutes. Sift over the top browned cracker crumbs serve with Hollandaise sauce.

Common American Birds

Interesting information about them supplied by the Bureau of Biological Survey of the United States Department of Agriculture

Russet-Backed Thrush (Myiophila ustulata)

Length, seven and one-fourth inches. Among thrushes having the top of head and tail nearly the same color as the back, this one is distinguished by its tawny eye-rings and cheeks. The Pacific coast subspecies is russet brown above, while the other subspecies is like the olive-backed thrush. The remarks below apply to the species as a whole.

Range: Breeds in the forested parts of Alaska and Canada and south to California, Colorado, Michigan, New York, West Virginia (mountains), and Maine; winters from Mexico to South America.

Habits and economic status: This is one of a small group of thrushes the members of which are by many ranked first among American song birds. The several members resemble one another in size, plumage, and habits. While this thrush is very fond of fruit, its partiality for the neighborhood streams keeps it from frequenting orchards far from water. It is most troublesome during the cherry season, when the young are in the nest. From this it might be inferred that the young are fed on fruit, but

Habits and economic status: The jiggerhead shrike, or southern butcher bird, is common throughout its range and is sometimes called "French mocking bird" from a superficial resemblance and not from its notes, which are harsh and unmusical. The shrike is naturally an insectivorous bird which has extended its bill of fare to include small mammals, birds, and reptiles. Its hooked beak is well adapted to tearing its prey, while to make amends for the lack of talons it has hit upon the plan of forcing its victim, if too large to swallow, into the fork of a bush or tree, where it can tear it asunder. Insects, especially grass-



such is not the case. The adults eat fruit, but the nestlings, as usual, are fed mostly upon insects. Beetles constitute the largest item of animal food, and ants come next. Many caterpillars also are eaten. The great bulk of vegetable food consists of fruit of which two thirds is of cultivated varieties. Where these birds live in or near gardens or orchards, they may do considerable damage, but they are too valuable as insect destroyers to be killed if the fruit can be protected in any other way.

California Jay (Aphelocoma californica)

Length 12 inches. Distinguished from other jays within its range by its decidedly whitish underparts and brown patch on the back.

Range: Resident in California, north to southern Washington, and south to southern Lower California.

Habits and economic status: This jay has the same general traits of character as the eastern blue jay. He is the same noisy, rollicking fellow and occupies a corresponding position in bird society. Robbing the nests of smaller birds is a favorite pastime, and he is a persistent spy upon domestic fowls and well knows the meaning of the cackle of a hen. Not only does he steal eggs but he kills young chicks. The insect food of this jay constitutes about one-tenth of its annual sustenance. The inclusion of grasshoppers and caterpillars makes this part of

Catbird (Dumetella carolinensis)

Length, about nine inches. The slaty gray plumage and black cap and tail are distinctive.

Range: Breeds throughout the United States west to New Mexico, Utah, Oregon, and Washington, and in southern Canada, winters from the Gulf States to Panama.

Habits and economic status. In many localities the catbird is one of the commonest birds. Tangled growths are its favorite nesting places and retreats, but berry patches and ornamental shrubbery are not disdained. Hence the bird is a familiar dooryard visitor. The bird has a fine song, unfortunately marred by occasional cat calls. With habits similar to those of the mocking bird and a song almost as varied, the catbird has never secured a similar place in pop-



ular favor. Half of its food consists of fruit, and the cultivated crops most often injured are cherries, strawberries, raspberries, and blackberries. Beetles, ants, crickets, and grasshoppers are the most important element of its animal food. The bird is known to attack a few pests, as cutworms, leaf beetles, clover-root curculio, and the periodical cicada, but the good it does in this way probably does not pay for the fruit it steals. The extent to which it should be protected may perhaps be left to the individual cultivator; that is, it should be made lawful to destroy catbirds that are doing manifest damage to crops.

Loggerhead Shrike (Lanius ludovicianus)

Length, about nine inches. A gray, black, and white bird, distinguished from the somewhat similarly colored mocking bird by the black stripe on side of head.

Range: Breeds throughout the United States, Mexico, and southern Canada; winters in the southern half of the United States and in Mexico.

the bird's food in its favor. But the remainder of its animal diet includes altogether too large a proportion of beneficial birds and their eggs, and in this respect it appears to be worse than its eastern relative, the blue jay. While its vegetable food is composed largely of mast, at times its liking for cultivated fruit and grain makes it a most unwelcome visitor to the orchard and farm. In conclusion it may be said that over much of its range this jay is too abundant for the best interests of agriculture and horticulture.

As She Remembered It. Miss Blanche Johnson, Sunday school teacher of a primary class at Hope Chapel, Nineteenth street and Washington avenue N. Minneapolis, is wondering whether her efforts toward uplifting humanity are worth while.

In a recent lesson she told the children how Moses had led the Israelites to the land of Canaan, guided through the wilderness at night by a pillar of fire.

SWAMP-ROOT is not recommended for everything; but if you have kidney-liver troubles, or if you are a sufferer from any of the ailments mentioned in this reliable medicine, Dr. Keeley's Swamp-Root also pamphlet telling about it. Address: Dr. Keeley & Co., Birmingham, N. Y., and enclose ten cents, also mention this paper.

KEELEY INSTITUTE

COR. EIGHTEENTH AND CURTIS STS. DENVER, COLO. Liqueur and Drug Addictions cured by a scientific course of medication. The only place in Colorado where the Genuine Keeley Remedies are administered.

DAISY FLY KILLER. Harold Somers, 146 De Kalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

They're Even. "See here, Mr. Jones," said his physician, "it is taking you an awful long time to pay that bill of mine."

FRECKLES

Now is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots. There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as the prescription ointment—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these blemishes.

Willie's Misfortune. Willie has difficulty in his speech, and a little girl who came to see him was very much interested in it.

Not to Be Expected. The fussy woman was picking over the undressed kid gloves while the weary clerk answered queries.

Deftly Than Postage Stamps. Several American firms with unusually heavy mailings use a postage meter which, instead of affixing the usual postage stamps on mail matter, makes an impression in the upper right hand corner. The new postal meter performs several tasks, such as sealing, stamping, facing and counting approximately 250 pieces of mail matter a minute.

GLASS OF WATER Upset Her.

People who don't know about food should never be allowed to feed persons with weak stomachs. Sometime ago a young woman who lives in Mo. had an attack of scarlet fever, and when convalescing was permitted to eat anything she wanted.

"There I stayed," she says, "three months, with my stomach in such condition that I could take only a few teaspoonfuls of milk, or beef juice at a time. Finally Grape-Nuts was brought to my attention and I asked my doctor if I might eat it. He said, 'yes,' and I commenced at once. "The food did me good from the start and I was soon out of bed and recovered from the stomach trouble. I have gained ten pounds and am able to do all household duties, some days sitting down only long enough to eat my meals. I can eat anything that one ought to eat, but I still continue to eat Grape-Nuts at breakfast and supper and like it better every day.

The GIRL and the GAME

A Story of Mountain Railroad Life

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN

AUTHOR OF "WHISPERING SMITH," "THE MOUNTAIN DIVIDE," "STRATEGY OF GREAT RAILROADS," ETC.

NOVELIZED FROM THE MOVING PICTURE PLAY OF THE SAME NAME, PRODUCED BY THE SIGNAL FILM CORPORATION. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY FRANK H. SPEARMAN.

SYNOPSIS.

Little Helen Holmes, daughter of General Holmes, railroad man, is rescued from imminent danger on a scenic railroad by George Storm, a new boy. Crowned young womanhood Helen saves Storm, now a fireman, her father, and his friends from a fire. Her father, and his friends, Amos Rhineland, Dan, and Robert Seagrue, promoter from a threatened collision Saboteurs employed by Seagrue and General Holmes curvy plans of the cut-off line for the Tidewater, fatally wound the general and escape. Her father's estate badly involved by his death, Helen goes to work on the Tidewater Seagrue uses Spike to set fire to a powder train hauled by Storm's engine. Helen saves Storm from a horrible death. Helen recovers the survey plans from Seagrue, and though they are taken from her. She is accidentally made proof of the survey plan from Seagrue, employed by Rhineland, wins a fight with Seagrue's men for possession of a consignment of railroad ties.

SIXTH INSTALLMENT HELEN'S WILD RIDE

Helen opened the minute she stepped inside Rhineland's hut to deliver the telegram a small, fluffy bundle of black and white, lying curled up tightly on Rhineland's cot, as if this was the haven of warmth and refuge so long sought. "Where," demanded Helen of Rhineland, and emphasizing each word in amazement, "did you get that dear, little dog?" "That dear, little dog," explained Rhineland, with corresponding emphasis, "is the last addition to my already overburdened pay roll." "What's his name?" Who," demanded Helen in delight, "put him on?" "He just got hold with his teeth and hung on. He blew into camp the other day the tired, ornery, hungry-looking cur you ever saw. Some motoring party lost him, probably." Rhineland reread his telegram: Rhineland.



"Thieves Took the Pay Roll. They Are on This Train!"

watched from the further end of the camp by Spike, who, disgraced, chafed, half in hiding, awaiting some opportunity for mischief to turn up—something that would release from honest idleness. It was to be an irony of fate that now made of the homicidal dog an instrument to serve the purpose of the restless criminal. The puppy, alone, in the tent, refreshed by his nap, invigorated by his breakfast, and impelled, Rhineland would have said, by the devil, looked about for something to interest him. Seizing the telegram in his sharp teeth, the dog started to tear it to pieces. At that juncture an inquisitive squirrel, pausing before the open door, peered sharply into the hut. To the dog, this looked like a formal challenge. He was so overcome by the impudence of it that he sprang from the table, forgetting to put the telegram back where it belonged. Away he dashed, telegram in teeth, after the squirrel. There was not a single spectator of this dash—the brooding Spike. As the dog tore past Spike the telegram

dropped from his mouth almost at the convict's feet, and idly picking the paper up Spike opened and read it: Rhineland.

Signal: Monthly pay roll on No. 4. Brief though the message was, it contained enough news to arouse Spike.

Casting only a glance in the direction of the fleeing dog, Spike, clutching his find, hurried toward Seagrue's camp and lost no time in covertly showing him the message, without explaining how it had fallen into his hands.

Seagrue, reading the telegram, saw the moment he looked at Spike, what was in the convict's mind.

Seagrue studied the message. "It wouldn't be a bad idea to get hold of the stuff a while, anyway," he mused. "It's behind time now, I understand; and I hear the men over there are getting restless about not getting their money. If you could hold it up on Rhineland a few days you might work up a strike."

"How far do you want to go with this thing?" demanded Spike, casting a vicious eye on his employer.

"I don't care how far you go," said Seagrue, "provided you hold up that pay roll."

Spike left the camp. No more than a moment's reflection was needed to suggest an idea to him. Returning to the station, he got a long distance telephone wire and called up two of his friends at Occandido—Sykes, a convict acquaintance, and a chum of Sykes, who, in various encounters with the law, had lost all of his name but "Dan."

In jargon Spike explained to Sykes, who answered the telephone, the possibilities of a haul at Signal. Dan, standing near Sykes in the room they occupied together, asked questions and prompted his companion, who tried to get from Spike—reluctant to talk much on the wire—a description of the lay of the land. Spike bluntly told them in the end to stow it and take the job or leave it, as they liked. However, the two criminals got enough from him to decide that a third man was indicated, and they called into their conference a crooked safe expert, known only by his nickname of "Bat, the Bat." To him they confided their plot. Nothing loath, Bat consented to join in the enterprise, and following Spike's hints, the trio made arrangements to leave for Signal on the train that should carry Rhineland's pay roll.

When No. 4 pulled into Signal next morning three men dropped off the hind end. They made up the criminal gang that Spike had engaged to rob Rhineland, and, knowing the loot was expected on the train that carried them, two of the men kept the front end of the train well in view until they had watched Lyons and Helen take the package of money from the express messenger, and after receiving for it, walk with Rhineland into the station. Inside of the office Rhineland examined the shipment of currency.

"I have no safe at the camp, Lyons," explained Rhineland, when the agent asked him to receipt for the package. "Keep it here for me in your safe until tomorrow." He pushed the open package of bills back through the wicket of the counter, but in doing this he accidentally overturned a bottle of ink.

Helen screamed a little, and jumping aside, caught up a piece of cloth from the letterpress stand, wiped the ink off the bills as best she could and turned them over to Lyons, who took the big package within his charge and passed it carefully in the car. Not, however, without having been observed by two of the Occandido criminals who were lurking just then outside the office window.

Turning away before they were discovered, these men—Sykes and Dan—were joined by the third member of their expedition, and the three headed for Rhineland's camp to hunt up Spike. They encountered him on the way over to the station to look for the money. A consultation was held in the woods. The four were now assured that the money had come, and they knew where it had been put. To the safe expert was left the details, and when these had been arranged to suit him, the quartet scattered. That evening they might have been seen hovering around the station about the time that Helen and Lyons were closing up for the night. Indeed, the latter had hardly locked the station door before Spike, watching his opportunity, signaled his assistants to the freighthouse window. This, without ceremony, they broke open and entering the telegraph office from the freightroom, took possession of the premises.

The man known as The Bat, the master mind of the visiting trio, at once got down in front of the safe for

an examination. It took him only a moment to examine and tabulate in his mind the kind of safe he had to do with. In another moment he threw back the bolts and swung the door open. They took the pay roll package out just as Lyons had placed it within the safe. But the easy triumph of the expert and the congratulations of his friends did not seem enough to satisfy him. To make the job artistic, he directed his assistants to get together some brown paper, and after they had taken the bills from the package, he filled it with waste paper, rewrapped the package carefully and replaced it just as he had found it in the safe.

Leaving by the same way they had entered, the quartet took their way to Seagrue's camp. Seagrue was asleep, and Spike woke him and muttered they had the money. Seagrue, somewhat upset by the size of the company of thieves with which he was now tied up, kept his own counsel. He listened to all that Spike had to say, and at once advised sending the three safe-blowers back to the city. This, however, it was decided, after a brief conference, would not do, as Spike needed somebody to help him foment a disturbance next day. In the end, a compromise was effected, by which The Bat was sent to town while Sykes and Dan were kept over night to aid in stirring up Rhineland's men.

The following day had already been announced in Rhineland's camp as pay day. When Helen and Lyons arrived at the office in the morning for duty they found Rhineland waiting to take the money. Lyons, very willing to be rid of his responsibility, opened the safe and unsuspectingly turned over to Rhineland the package he had placed in it the afternoon before.

When the construction boss reached



Spike Piled the Grumbling Laborers With Liquor.

his camp, the men were lined up outside his tent waiting for their pay. Passing within, Rhineland cut open the package. To his consternation he found only brown paper instead of currency. Stunned by the revelation and breathless with amazement, he made his way, white-faced, back to the station for an explanation.

Rushing into the office he threw the doctored package down before Lyons and Helen. The two paled in turn with excitement and each of the three looked blankly into the faces of the other. Lyons ran to the safe and opened it again—Rhineland and Helen watching. Nowhere else inside was any money to be found. The currency package, apparently undisturbed, had been taken by the agent in the first instance from precisely where he had left it and seemingly in the same condition in which it had been placed in the safe. All that confronted the startled trio now was the worthless package of brown paper.

Rhineland wiped his brow and turned, dejected, from the counter. He had not the heart to wire Occandido of the calamity. The first thing necessary, in any event, was to make an effort to appease the men and, starting to his camp, he attempted to do this. The men, made uneasy by Rhineland's sudden disappearance after his promise to pay, were grumbling around Wood, the foreman, who was using his best efforts to quiet them. Rhineland now reappeared from the station, but empty-handed. He brought with him the rifed package, showed this to Wood and to the men; explained that he had been robbed, and told the men they would have to wait.

Those closest in the group that crowded around him had been primed for a disturbance by Spike and his two confederates. They sneered at Rhineland's statements and told him they wanted their pay. Lyons, hurrying over from the station, reported to Rhineland that the express company and the chief special agent's office had been notified of the robbery and detectives were on the way. But while Wood and Lyons argued with some of the disgruntled, Spike and his companions lured others of them to a hut on the edge of the camp limits, where a sort of blind pig was in operation. Here Spike, spending money freely, piled the grumbling laborers with liquor and advised them to stand on their rights and refuse to work if their money was not at once forthcoming. Rhineland made up his mind not

to dodge the issue and he assured such of the men as would listen that if they would give him a little time he would replace the pay roll on his personal credit, and that no one should lose a cent through the accident. The difficulty was to get the men to listen. The strike idea spread through the camp like an infection, and reason was for the moment completely forgotten. Spike, perceiving the mischief well under way and anxious to get the two city criminals out of the way before the detectives from headquarters should arrive and round up the camp for suspects, directed Spike and Dan to "beat it" back to town on the local passenger.

At this time a sudden and unexpected complication arose. With Spike, the party returned to the shack for a final drink, and when they left it, Sykes and Dan started for the station. But a lighted match carelessly thrown to the ground inside the hut, falling among rubbish, had ignited it, and almost before the pair reached the station the hut was on fire.

Entering the waiting room with his companion, Sykes bought tickets from Helen for the city. When with Dan he walked out on the platform, the local train had pulled in and the crew were looking at the fire in Rhineland's camp.

Sykes and Dan boarded the train at the moment it pulled slowly out. In the office, while Helen was putting away the bill with which Sykes had paid for the tickets, her attention was arrested by a blot of ink on the edge of it. With a woman's intuition, she realized almost at once that the ink-stained bill was one of those stolen from the express package the night before. Running out on the platform, she told Lyons of the discovery.

Helen, frantic as she saw the train pulling away with the burglars, looked around for help. Nothing seemed to

be in the air. They are both on this train!" she cried. "They have the money. We must get them or he'll be ruined, if he isn't ruined by this terrible fire. You must help me, conductor, both of you." Followed by the brakeman, the two walked forward. It was rather a long train.

The conductor could not be hurried, and the search went all too slowly for Helen, who feared what did, in fact, presently occur. Sykes and Dan, uneasy in the fear of special agents on their trail, were on the alert. They sat near the front door of the smoker, and as Helen and the conductor began at the rear end of the car to look over the passengers, Sykes, spying Helen, quietly slid through the front door—left open to let the smoke out—to the platform, Dan following. They sat down on the steps looking for a good place to jump off. While the conductor was walking forward, with Sykes casting furtive glances at him through the front window, the train drew near the San Pablo river. "I'm off here," growled Sykes to his confederate, briefly.

Dan protested; a jump was not to his taste, but Sykes, the big fellow, did not hesitate. The train was crossing the San Pablo. Sykes leaped from the step into the river, Dan reluctantly following suit.

Helen, through an open window of the smoker, saw Sykes' jump. She caught the conductor's arm and begged him to stop the train. He pulled the cord and, with the conductor and brakeman after her, Helen ran to the front platform. The train glowed. In the river, Sykes and Dan were swimming. Helen made ready to drop off. The conductor and brakeman tried to dissuade her; they could not.

"You'll have to go alone, I can't leave this train," shouted the conductor to her.

Helen only waved her hand as she dropped to the ground.

Luckily, she had not been seen by the men she was after, but a further obstacle threatened. The convicts had swum to the nearest bank and were now across the river from Helen. A passing boat was awaiting the draw, and the moment the train passed the jackknives had been started up by the bridge tender. Helen was running to get to the other side before it was too late. Sykes and Dan, ashore, were hurrying away, and the ponderous jackknives was rising under Helen's fleeing feet. The draw open, already high in the air, made a widening gap between her and the abutment, but Helen, running to the rising end, jumped from it recklessly to the abutment below. She landed, bruised, on the track, but she picked herself up and sped on after the fugitives.

The river bridge is at no great distance from Occandido, but Helen's breath was pretty well exhausted before Sykes and Dan reached a suburban street car and boarded it. So close was she after them that she gained one platform just as the two men stopped up on the other. Concealing herself behind a seat, Helen hid in terror, but with all their astuteness the criminals failed to discover her. When the two left the car in the city, Helen was again reluctantly on their heels. Following them vigilantly she intercepted an officer, told him of her chance, and he instantly joined her in the pursuit of the men, now disappearing in the distance.

Turning into an obscure street, the criminals entered a doorway and started up a long flight of stairs. Helen with her policeman hard behind. Looking back from the first landing, the convicts now saw their pursuers. Springing up a second flight of stairs, they knocked hurriedly at the first door. It was opened by their confederate, The Bat, who, inside the room, had been diverting himself by counting the stolen money.

"They're after us," exclaimed Sykes to him. "We've got to get out of here. Beat it, Bat. The girl and the cop are on the stairs."

"Make for the roof," cried the Bat. The hard-pressed pair ran for the trap ladder. The Bat, keeping to his room, slammed the door shut. Once through the trap door, which Sykes and Dan dropped behind them, and on the roof, the pair imagined themselves safe, but Helen and her officer were close behind, and when they found the trap door closed against them the officer drew his revolver and fired up through it.

On the outside, Sykes and Dan jumped back like rabbits from the shots, Helen and her helper throw open the trap unopposed, and, gaining the roof, faced the convicts. No where could the robbers find an avenue of escape on the top of the building, and cornered like rats as Helen and the policeman reached them, they put up a hand-to-hand fight.

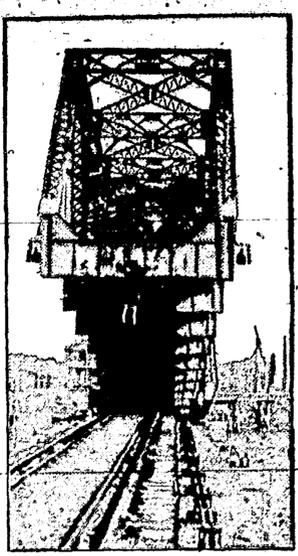
The officer tackled Sykes, the more powerful of the pair, and Dan, seeing his opportunity for a flank movement, tried to regain the trap door. Helen pounced on him like a panther. He tried to throw her off. Despite his blows and struggles, he could not get rid of his tenacious assailant, and locked in a life-and-death struggle, they fought, reckless of consequence, nearer and nearer to the edge of the roof. For a moment both their lives were in peril, but Helen, her fighting blood up, would have clung to her prisoner if it had cost her life.

Practically, the hurried man, fast losing his nerve under her frantic attack, and pushing to the edge of the parapet in the wild assault, hung Helen violently off in an effort to throw her over the roof parapet to her death. In his terrible effort he lost his balance. With a scream he tried to recover his foothold. Helen, seeing his desperate plight, would

have caught him to save his life, but fortunately for herself, she could not reach him in time. Had she done so, her own death would have been inevitable, for Dan, awaying wildly, slipped again. He caught with a fearful curse at the empty air. It was too late for anyone to aid him now, and the next instant he had plunged headlong off the roof to his death.

Helen turned to the officer, who, in a grapple with Sykes, was fighting in the grasp of the powerful criminal, to save himself from being hurled through an adjoining skylight.

Below the two, the fat man, Bat, looking up, beheld his confederate in the grip of the law. Helen was too late to aid the officer to save himself, but the plucky policeman gripped Sykes around the neck as he plunged forward himself, and before the fat



Helen Jumped From It Recklessly.

man in the room, watching apprehensively, could draw a full breath, the two men crashed violently through the skylight together almost on top of him. As it was, they landed in a heap on the bed. The Bat sprang at once on the helpless policeman. It would have gone hard with him but for instant aid from Helen. She dropped down the open skylight, caught the revolver from the officer's hand and held the two criminals at the point of it until the policeman could slip handcuffs on them. When the two men were secured, Helen demanded the stolen money.

The man Bat did most of the talking.

"I don't know what you are talking about," he said jovially, while Helen's accusations were launched at him. "I am a piano tuner, officer. I don't know this man," he pointed calmly at Sykes. "I never saw him in my life till he smashed my skylight. What do you mean, anyway, by breaking into my room? I'll put the blue-sky laws on you. Who's going to pay for all this glass?" he demanded with an injured air. "The landlord is going to come after me for it. I'll have your whole bunch arrested the minute I get to the police station. I don't know anything about your money. I don't believe you've got any money or have had any."

"What did you attack the policeman for as soon as he dropped into the room?" cried Helen, indignantly.

"Why, mica, I am near-sighted. I thought that man was a piano tuner when I saw him—a man that's tried to let the light into me two or three times with a gun—it's a fact!"

The officer shut off The Bat's talk, and Helen, with the outstretched of a detective, searched him, with the result that from his various pockets she recovered every package of the bills stolen from the safe, and nearly all of them intact.

The fat man lost none of his nerve when confronted with the result. He declared he had been made the victim of a plot, that his character and reputation were known everywhere in the city—which was quite true. And having denounced all unwarranted intrusions such as he had been made the victim of, he resigned himself to go as prisoner with a much better grace than his sullen companion did. They were taken together to the police station.

Helen telephoned immediately for a motor car, and, accompanied by her friendly officer, and with the money stowed away on her person, she slipped into the car and ordered it driven in haste to Signal. Fast as the landscape flew by it did not keep pace with Helen's impatience. They drew in sight of Rhineland's camp. Smoke still rose from where the fire had threatened its complete destruction. Rhineland and Wood, with their men, had finally extinguished the conflagration, though not until a heavy toll of damage had been taken by the flames. Helen caught sight of Rhineland just as the car roared up to the camp and, alighting, called him joyfully to her, waving the money in her great excitement, in her hands.

"It's here," she cried. "Most every bit of it."

"What do you mean?" "The pay roll! We've got it—all of it—the money stolen from the safe. It is here in this package." Rhineland, half-dazed, could hardly ask explanations. Hit by hit Helen told the story. Her foster uncle caught her in his arms, money and all. Together—the men crowding around—they walked with the recovered treasure through the half-burned camp. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

H. E. Keller was down Monday from his home on the Mesa.

Dr. F. H. Johnson and Sam Bigger were here the first of the week from Capitan.

For Sale—Yearling Hereford bulls. The Titworth Co., Capitan.

M. U. Finley is up from Roswell, looking after ranch affairs.

Oscar Brockwell, Richard Brockman and William Lindsey were here from Fort Stanton Decoration Day.

Mrs. Hattie Kimbell, Mrs. J. T. Kimbell and Miss Harriet are visiting the Rice family at Parsons. They expect to return Sunday.

Kirschbaum and Kuppenheimer clothes are exclusive lines here. Our prices haven't advanced. The Carrizozo Trading Co.

John Doering is spending the week with his brother, Will J., at Anthony and El Paso. He is expected back tomorrow.

Deputies John B. Baird and William P. Laughrey returned yesterday from Santa Fe, to which point they had gone with prisoners sentenced at this term. Deputy Frank Salazar, who accompanied them, went to Las Vegas with a patient for the insane asylum.

New spring and summer wash goods at prices that will suit, and qualities guaranteed, are now on display at the Carrizozo Trading Company.

Three delegates from Lincoln county will attend the State Sunday School convention which will be held at Las Vegas next week. Misses Mac Kennedy and Clara Brazel will represent the Methodist Sunday School of this place and Mrs. Ethel V. Jewett, secretary of the county union, will represent the county.

Program of Sunday School Institute

June 4, 3 p. m., at Methodist church, E. D. Raley, Gen. Sec. Interdenominational S. S. work, presiding.

Devotional, Rev. Gardner.

Why I believe in the Sunday school, Mrs. Tomlinson.

The Christian life in the home essential to Sunday school, Mr. Perry.

Religious education the first work of the Sunday school, Mr. Cribb.

Vocal duet, Mrs. Squier and Mrs. Danley.

The relation of the adult to the Sunday school, Mrs. Cribb.

What can we do to improve the Carrizozo Sunday schools, Mrs. McQuillen.

The Sunday school at church, Bro. Gardner.

Vocal solo, Bessie White.

The Cradle Roll, Mrs. Squier.

The home department, Mrs. Lewis.

The necessity of teacher training, Mr. Roselle.

The Sunday school's place in temperance fight, Mr. Pearson.

Open discussion.

Reports from Sunday schools of the county.

Each speaker limited to five minutes.

Methodist Church
Rev. R. D. Lewis, Pastor.

Everybody Take Notice—Solomon said: "There is nothing new under the sun," but here is something new in Carrizozo, no doubt. On the second Sunday in this month, the 11th, the entire Sunday school and congregation, and all others who will go with us, will assemble at the church at 8:30 a. m. and go in a body to Water Canon, and enjoy an open air Sunday school session and preaching service. The program for the day will be as follows: Sunday school at 10 o'clock, preaching at 11, basket dinner at 12, preaching again at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and a Vesper service immediately following, returning in the cool of the day. Let everybody plan to go, and go with the spirit of worship. Let us get close to nature and nature's God, and return with a well-spent day.

Conveyances will be provided for all who have no means of conveyance of their own. All owners of cars who are willing to assist in conveying the crowd to the place of meeting will please report to Mr. R. T. Cribb, chairman of conveyance committee. It is the purpose of the church and Sunday school to repeat this at least one Sunday in each of the months of July, August, and September.

District Court Takes a Recess

Monday morning of this week district court took a recess until Monday of next week. A number of motions are to be heard and some civil cases will come up for disposition. Among the latter is the Keshu-Harper case, which has been set for the 15th.

The Torrance county murder case came to an end Friday night of last week when the jury returned a verdict of not guilty. John T. Kimmons was charged with the murder of N. B. Brown. Practically the entire week was given to the trial of the case. The defendant plead self-defense. The court imposed sentence upon the following, who with the exception noted, were conveyed to their respective places of assignment:

Gus Wallack, burglary, 3 years.

Albert Inman, larceny of horse, 2 1/2 to 3 years.

Sylvestre Juarez, larceny of cattle, 1 1/2 to 2 years.

Elias Baca, forgery and passing a forged check, 4 to 5 years.

Lorenzo Torres, larceny of cattle, 2 1/2 to 3 years.

Frank Arnera, larceny of cattle, 5 years. Appealed, but appeal not perfected.

Cayetano Alderete, larceny of horses, 2 1/2 to 3 years.

Felipe Sais, larceny of cattle, 5 years. Appealed, bond given, defendant released.

Santiago Lucero, larceny of horses, 3 years.

Raymond Hall, 13-year-old youth, sentenced to reform school for 2 1/2 years; incorrigibility.

Attorney Buel R. Wood returned last night from Santa Fe.

Miss Dorothy McCourt arrived from El Paso this week to be with her mother, who is spending the summer here.

Mr. and Mrs. George J. Dingwall went to South Fork this week for a short outing.

Mrs. William C. McDonald left Friday night for Santa Fe to join the governor after an extended stay here with her daughters.

For Sale—Dynamite blasting caps and fuse. The Titworth Co., Capitan.

G. G. Shannon returned this week from El Paso where he has been confined in a hospital. He went to White Oaks, where he is associated with the Consolidated Mines Co.

W. M. McDonald, an El Paso mining engineer well and favorably known here, came up from El Paso yesterday and went to White Oaks in the afternoon. He has interests at White Oaks which he is investigating at this time.

Woodmen of the World organized Fraser Camp No. 112 at Capitan last Wednesday, with a membership of thirty, and a circle of twenty members. State Deputy G. E. McDonald, assisted by F. D. Woods, were in attendance.

Just received, a car of Corrugated Iron Roofing. The Titworth Company, Capitan.

White Oaks

This has been a measly old town for the past week or two, but the affliction has been confined principally to the new arrivals or the kids left over from the last "breaking out" of the disease here.

We have also been troubled with a rather severe eruption of windstorms of late, with a few isolated cases where the storm has affected the brain.

Bob Leslie, Sr., is erecting a fine adobe residence—no bungalow in his'—on the site of the old Paden home. It is to be hoped this will be a starter for a new building revival in White Oaks.

Ever since the time when so many of our citizens gathered together their household plunder, as well as the houses themselves, and hiked to Carrizozo, it has taken gall as well as simoleons galore to start a business boom here.

Memorial Day was pretty generally observed by the people of this town Tuesday. The twenty-four soldiers' graves in our cemetery were beautifully decorated by the four members of Kearney Post, G. A. R., yet living here, out of a former membership of forty-four. The exercises were closed by Professor Webb blowing taps.

A good deal of adverse criticism was heard on the ground Tuesday in regard to the condition of our cemetery, which has been allowed to grow up with weeds and brush without any care whatever. The plot belongs to one of the fraternal societies, once in existence here, and quite a sum of money has been realized from first to last from the sale of lots; but none of it seems to have been expended on the care of the grounds. The general opinion seemed to be that the public, instead of fixing the place for them,

Misses Mac Kennedy and Clara Brazel and Mrs. Ethel V. Jewett will leave on the fourth for the Normal University at Las Vegas to attend the summer school. The two young ladies will take up normal work and Mrs. Jewett will teach some classes in the institution.

For tested Field Seeds and Perfection, Chick Food call at Humphrey Bros.

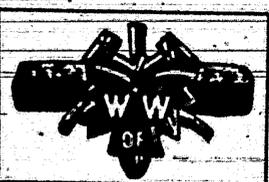
Classified Advertisements

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

Home rendered lard that is pure. Patty & Hobbs.

FOR SALE—A good horse, also some Jersey yearlings and six months old calves. Address, Mrs. Ellen E. Potts, Carrizozo, N. M.

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



THE STANDARD FRATERNAL INSURANCE SOCIETY ON THE FACE OF THE GLOBE

SPECIAL DISPENSATION OF WOODMEN OF THE WORLD OMAHA, NEBRASKA

Assets Now Over \$28,000,000.00

If you are looking for good insurance it will pay you to investigate the W. O. W.

Erects a \$100.00 Monument FREE at every deceased Woodman's grave, over and above the face of the policy.

Who ever heard of any company doing this, other than the Woodmen of the World?

Big meeting Saturday night, June 3. All members are urged to be present. Visitors welcome.

See G. E. McDONALD, State Deputy for New Mexico and Arizona, now at the Commercial Hotel.

Millinery :: Seasonable Styles Below Cost

We will discontinue our lines in millinery and offer our entire stock at prices below cost. Many beautiful trimmed hats still remain, but the prices they carry will soon clean them out. Priced from \$3.00 to \$8.00 during the season, now reduced to 50c on the dollar.

THE PALMER GARMENT Special Reductions

On our entire line of Ladies' Suits, Coats and Skirts. The garments are all of this season's styles and the materials and colors are absolutely guaranteed.

Walk Over Shoes Always Lead

The styles we show will please you. Walk Over Shoes always cost less than the ordinary kind because they wear longer. Priced from \$3.50 to \$5.50

CARRIZOZO TRADING CO. QUALITY FIRST THEN PRICE

should secure a new site, properly inclosed, the lots to be free or else sold at a mere nominal price, the money received to be expended in keeping up the grounds. The mines and mill of the White Oaks Consolidated have been closed down for the past few days, on account of a "misunderstanding," it is said. It is a long way from New York city to White Oaks, New Mexico, and back. Mrs. Spence and Mrs. Rudisill served lunch at the home of the latter on Memorial Day. Invitations were sent to all members of the G. A. R. Post and former members of the W. R. C., to gether with others of their friends. Altogether, it was a rather jolly and genial gathering and lasted until almost supper time. Those present from Carrizozo were Mr. and Mrs. Wallace L. Gumm and Mrs. John J. McCourt.



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