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Those Who Desire Conflict In Mexico

(The following translation of an article written by Vicente Mendoza, of Fillmore, California, and published in "El Abogado Cristiano," a Mexican periodical, has been furnished us by an old Lincoln friend.)

Once more the interminable machinations and intrigues of Mexico's enemies have been frustrated, so far as provoking a clash of arms between Mexico and the United States is concerned. Those who are burning with the desire of obtaining the fisherman's gain in a muddy river, once more have seen their hopes defrauded, since for the present, at least, the cloud of the Mexican-American war has now been dissipated, the good sense, reason and calmness of the chiefs of both countries—Mr. Wilson and Sr. Carranza—having dominated.

We have to speak very loudly and plainly, when referring to the conflict in Mexico, to indicate who are the great criminals, not precisely for the knowledge of the majority of the nation, but for the few who may not be able to see where these guilty ones are, and for those foreign readers who perhaps in their judgment lay all the blame of the international conflict, upon whom has it the least; upon the First Chief of the Constitutionalist Army.

Since the triumphant revolution compelled the Mexican plutocrats, and the high dignitaries of the Roman church, fearful that the revolutionary justice should settle their accounts, to expatriate themselves, these voluntary exiles commenced to intrigue in this land, appearing at the White House, in Congress, and in the antirooms of the American bishops and archbishops, to state thousands of falsehoods, and to implore the paternal intervention of the United States.

The "cientificos" and the clericals have worked with a tenacity worthy of a better cause; have sought leaders, and have prepared elements to arm criminal chieftians, who by means of assault, murder and robbery, should provoke American intervention. Here are these intriguers, the eternal reactionaries, in Washington, New York, San Antonio, El Paso, Los Angeles, and in some other places. The assaults on Columbus, on Glenn Springs, at Boquillas, and others, have been planned from there. The men have moved at the other side of the river, but the directing cords have projected from here, from San Antonio and El Paso principally.

The clericals are experts in hypocrisy, as Jesuitism has afforded good schooling, and this is why they hide, and work behind screens, like they always have done. It is the "cientificos" and the clergy, who do not resign themselves at seeing their dominion lost in Mexico; and, as the clergy abandoned itself to the clemency of a French sovereign in 1862, so now it abandons itself to the clemency of a Protestant nation, so it shall impart its protection to them.

The "Red and Yellow Book," written by Dr. Kelly, of Chicago, a prince of the Roman church, is nothing less than a web of falsehoods, and an effort to generalize and enlarge isolated facts; that on purpose, have been gathered to charge to the Revolution. Identical to this was Ex-President Roosevelt's action; that is why this gentleman, colonel of Rough Riders, decided to organize a division of 20,000 men to go to fight Mexico in case of war.

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CONTINUED ON PAGE 2

The Hughes Trip

(Albuquerque Morning Journal.)

Mr. Hughes has now gone from coast to coast, and has made speeches in every city of importance along his route. It is fair to assume that those speeches have outlined with reasonable clearness the line of his attack on the Wilson administration and have stated as fully as may be his reasons for asking to be elected president of the United States.

The record made by the candidate so far must be distinctly disappointing to his friends and well-wishers, and equally encouraging to his Democratic adversaries. Mr. Hughes has fallen far short of what was expected of him. It was supposed that he would at least attempt to set up, as against the alleged weaknesses of his opponent's administration, a constructive program to take their place. He has failed entirely to do this. His campaign has been one of attack and criticism, unsupported by any definite prospect that, if he should be elected, his course of action would be any different from that against which his attacks have been directed.

The country experienced a decided feeling of relief upon the nomination of Mr. Hughes because it was expected the campaign would be pitched upon a dignified plane and that the merits of the opposing candidates would be presented to the voters in such a manner as to appeal to their intelligence and patriotism, rather than blind partisanship and personal recrimination. Here again there was disappointment. The attempt to make an issue out of the fact that President Wilson has appointed members of his own party to political offices at the expense of Republican holdovers has been nothing less than puerile and displays a poverty of resource that does not augur well for the Republican candidate when the campaign really opens up in vigorous fashion. It is not too much to say that in these attacks Mr. Hughes has made himself ridiculous, and the candidate for any office who places himself in such a light is already half beaten.

It is apparent that Mr. Hughes' service on the bench has not invested him with that calm judicial poise or bred in him the capacity for clear reasoning that the country had been led to suppose he possessed. Also, it would seem that Mr. Hughes' ability as a campaigner has been overrated. He has already had a start of more than a week over his opponent in getting his campaign under way, but with an absolutely clear field he has managed to make a bad, rather than a good impression. What will happen to him when the heavy artillery of the enemy is turned upon him can only be conjectured. Up to the present time the best that Mr. Hughes has been able to do has been to furnish convincing reasons why President Wilson should be re-elected.

Democratic Primary

The Democrats of Precinct No. 14 met at the court house Friday night to select delegates to the Democratic County convention, which meets in the court house tomorrow. George B. Barber and Ed C. Monroe were elected chairman and secretary respectively.

The following is the list of delegates: Manuel Gonzales, Geo. M. Hughes, Ylario Perez, Brent Paden, Jno. A. Haley, T. A. Spencer, L. T. Bocot, I. E. Schaffer, Juan Herrera and George L. Ulrick.

STATE TAX COMMISSION
SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO

August 15, 1916.

Dr. T. W. Watson, Tresurer,
Carrizozo, New Mexico.

Dear Sir:

Complying with your request of August 9th we are sending you the percentage of taxes collected to June 30th, 1916, of each county, and for the years 1912, 1913, 1914 and 1915.

Very truly yours,
STATE TAX COMMISSION,
Howell Earnest, Secretary.

Percentage Collected to June 30, 1916

	1912	1913	1914	1015
Bernalillo	94.41	94.74	94.19	84.54
Chaves	97.24	91.81	83.11	70.67
Colfax	98.28	90.93	96.71	86.85
Curry	95.19	93.17	97.06	91.03
Dona Ana	99.46	97.95	96.62	74.45
Eddy	91.39	88.88	79.95	70.78
Grant	96.32	93.52	92.18	90.68
Guadalupe	85.84	84.75	85.80	84.82
Lincoln	99.98	99.15	99.74	91.44
Luna	98.92	97.72	98.26	92.53
McKinley	96.62	98.77	97.91	90.66
Mora	90.96	90.58	85.51	82.99
Otero	91.51	91.82	90.82	77.70
Quay	98.17	98.32	97.98	92.25
Rio Arriba	89.03	83.76	82.78	67.78
Roosevelt	94.62	92.75	92.81	85.17
Sandoval	66.00	56.21	60.82	58.61
San Juan	82.16	92.29	83.91	63.48
San Miguel	90.06	86.99	86.36	76.06
Santa Fe	87.73	84.14	79.23	78.15
Sierra	91.77	94.30	93.41	69.87
Socorro	81.76	77.05	76.87	69.94
Taos	95.60	93.71	94.85	82.47
Torrance	87.52	87.21	88.22	87.42
Union	86.61	89.84	88.66	72.04
Valencia	92.30	91.72	91.05	74.98
Average percents	92.70	90.64	89.27	80.07

Roswell Live Stock and Products Exposition

The amusement program at the State Live Stock and Products Exposition to be held at Roswell September 18 to 23 will exceed by far anything which the management there has ever offered before. Because of the interest in the fair all over southeastern New Mexico, and the fact that the attendance will be much larger than ever before, it was thought necessary to provide entertainment as well as good exhibits. There will be something of special interest on the program each day, and nothing will be left undone to make each day's program full of intertaining novelties.

The Roswell Elks will be in charge of a big frolic in the downtown district each night and this will include dozens of features which will provide amusement. One big feature of this department of the fair will be the wonderful electrical display.

The work in connection with the boy's club contests, and the contests for judging live stock, one to be participated in by boys and the other by men, is going along in good shape. It is believed these features will prove not only very instructive, but will be full of interest for the participants as well.

In addition to the exhibits of live stock from Eddy, Lincoln, Otero, Chaves, Roosevelt and Curry counties there will be a number of exhibitors from outside the state who will bring fine stock. The fruit and products department will also be larger than ever before, because of the large number of exhibitors.

Each day the management is receiving new entries for the different races for which big purses have been offered. In addition to the regular card there will be a number of novelty events.

Pierce Perry was in Wednesday from Canyon Largo. He and his brother have just completed the sinking of a well for James A. Cooper and son, in which a good flow of water was secured.

State Democrats In Fighting Trim

Santa Fe, N. M., August 14.—With the campaign of 1916 about to open, very gratifying reports are being received here of political conditions in the counties where the big contests between Democracy and the Republican machine, representing the invisible government, will be staged, as well as in the counties safely Democratic. In Colfax county the Democrats will be more strongly united than ever before, and in their fight for the state and county tickets they will be aided by a county Republican revolt. In Union county, where sentiment against "jimmy" politics is stronger even than at the time the Republican "jimmy" was used to unseat two legally elected members of the 1915 legislature, there is every prospect of an overwhelming Democratic majority this year. In Bernalillo county the Democrats are thoroughly awake to their opportunities, and are prepared to take advantage of every opening afforded by dissatisfaction among the Republican forces. Guadalupe county is bound for the Democratic column; in Santa Fe county there is brewing a serious Republican row; the Democrats of San Miguel, Mora and McKinley counties were never as hopeful as they are this year, and Rio Arriba and Taos county Democrats promise surprises in those counties in November. In Grant and Luna counties the Democrats are "up on their toes," as usual, and are determined to roll up increased Democratic majorities. In Lincoln, Otero, Dona Ana, San Juan and Socorro counties Democratic activity promises big results. In Sierra county Francisco Bojorquez, twice legally elected Democratic representative in the Second state legislature, and the theft of whose seat by the Republican majority constituted the "Crime of 1915," is a candidate for sheriff, and the voters of that county will this year register a telling protest against Republican unscrupulousness.

The Democratic state convention here on August 30 is certain to start a wave of Democratic enthusiasm that will sweep into every county, for the nomination of a splendid ticket—a ticket of able, honest, representative citizens—is assured. It will be a ticket in striking contrast to the machine-made Republican offering; a ticket that every Independent and Progressive voter, as well as every Democrat, can heartily support, knowing that its success means efficiency and honesty and economy in state affairs; progressiveness and real development along every line.

The work that now remains to be done is the welding of Democratic sentiment and spirit and aggressiveness into effective fighting units that will bring Democratic triumph in November. This can be accomplished only through organization, and Democrats in every county should open the campaign by organizing every precinct. In the Democratic counties of eastern New Mexico there is a big and vital work to be done, for every Democratic vote must be accounted for at the polls on November 7. There are several thousand new Democratic votes in the eastern tier of counties, and new votes—hundreds of them—also exist this year in Colfax, Mora, Guadalupe and Torrance counties. Every vote will be needed, and every vote must be cast.

In addition to state officers, the election of a Democratic United States senator and a Democratic congressman, to fill places now occupied by Republicans, is this year demanded, to the end that New Mexico shall aid in upholding the unrivaled policies of the Democratic national administration, and in continuing the party's program of unequaled constructive legislation.

Throughout the campaign the Democrats of New Mexico must constantly keep in mind that the Republican machine is battling for its life this year; that for the invisible government the struggle is a struggle for existence, and that the fight waged by the Republican organization will be in keeping with the desperateness of its situation. Already an enormous Republican campaign fund is being talked of, and boasts of what can be done with it are being made. But in this connection Democrats have the satisfaction of knowing that as this year's election involves a U. S. senator and congressman the federal corrupt practices act, entailing prosecution in federal and not in state courts, applies, and that a blow for clean politics and honest elections can be struck by making examples of any political workers who attempt unlawfully to influence voters.

S. A. Kennedy Injured

Sam A. Kennedy, boiler maker at the shops, was quite seriously injured Wednesday afternoon.

He was examining a boiler, using an electric light on an extension cord to see the interior, when he received a shock that knocked him down. His hand that held the cord, which evidently was faultily insulated, was badly burned and a severe cut was sustained above the left eye as a result of the fall, and his nose also broken.

He was immediately convoyed to the Paden hospital where his injuries were properly cared for, and after about three hours he regained consciousness and was taken to his home.

Dr. Paden, the company surgeon, thinks the most serious injury is the burn on the hand, which may result in stiffening of the fingers.

Will Foreman Dies

Will Foreman, son of Mills B. Foreman of this place, died in Roswell Monday as a result of heart troubles.

The body was brought here Tuesday night and interred in the local cemetery Wednesday morning, Rev. J. M. Gardner, pastor of the Baptist church, conducting the ceremonies.

The surviving members of the family are: Mills B. Foreman, father; George L. Foreman, Roswell, present at his brother's death, who accompanied the remains to Carrizozo; a brother, J. T. Kelley, at Deming, who reached here for the funeral; and Mrs. L. A. McCall, who resides near Carrizozo.

The News joins the friends of the family in extending sympathy.

Masked Street Ball State Fair Feature

One of the most interesting of all the fair events has recently been announced. It is to be a grand masquerade ball to be held on the principal street of Albuquerque on a night to be announced later. Several blocks of Central avenue will be roped off and traffic on that thoroughfare will be suspended while the ball is in progress. Music will be furnished by the four excellent bands that have been engaged for the week of the fair, and all the revelers will be required to unmask at 11 o'clock sharp. The street mask ball is a novel feature of the fair and will undoubtedly prove one of the big hits of the entire week.

In this connection there will be a "kangaroo court" which will be conducted on the street in order that all violations of the rules of the ball may be punished by a fitting sentence. The court and its sentences, of course, will be distinctly in the line of jokes and will contribute greatly to the merriment of the occasion.

J. W. Kinney has been appointed manager of concessions of the fair. Mr. Kinney has had wide experience in this line of work, having acted in a similar capacity for a number of fairs in Texas and other states, and is considered the ideal man for the position. He has already taken up the duties of his position and is in complete charge of all concessions of every character at the fair grounds.

President Southard is again out among the counties of the state stirring up interest in the fair, and all reports coming in from him are to the effect that even bigger crowds than have been anticipated will be present. M. L. Fox will join Mr. Southard within the next few days, when the final work of lining up the counties for exhibits at the fair will be completed.

Norman Riggs Is Killed in Accident

In an automobile accident last Saturday night Norman Riggs was instantly killed and his companion, Willie Norman, painfully injured.

The two were coming from Capitan and when just beyond the Nogal divide the auto in which they were riding slipped into a ditch, missing the bridge, turned completely over and both occupants were pinned beneath the car. Sometime later passers-by heard cries for relief and immediately rendered aid. The men were extricated, Norman alive, but badly bruised, and Riggs still in death. His neck was broken and his chest crushed.

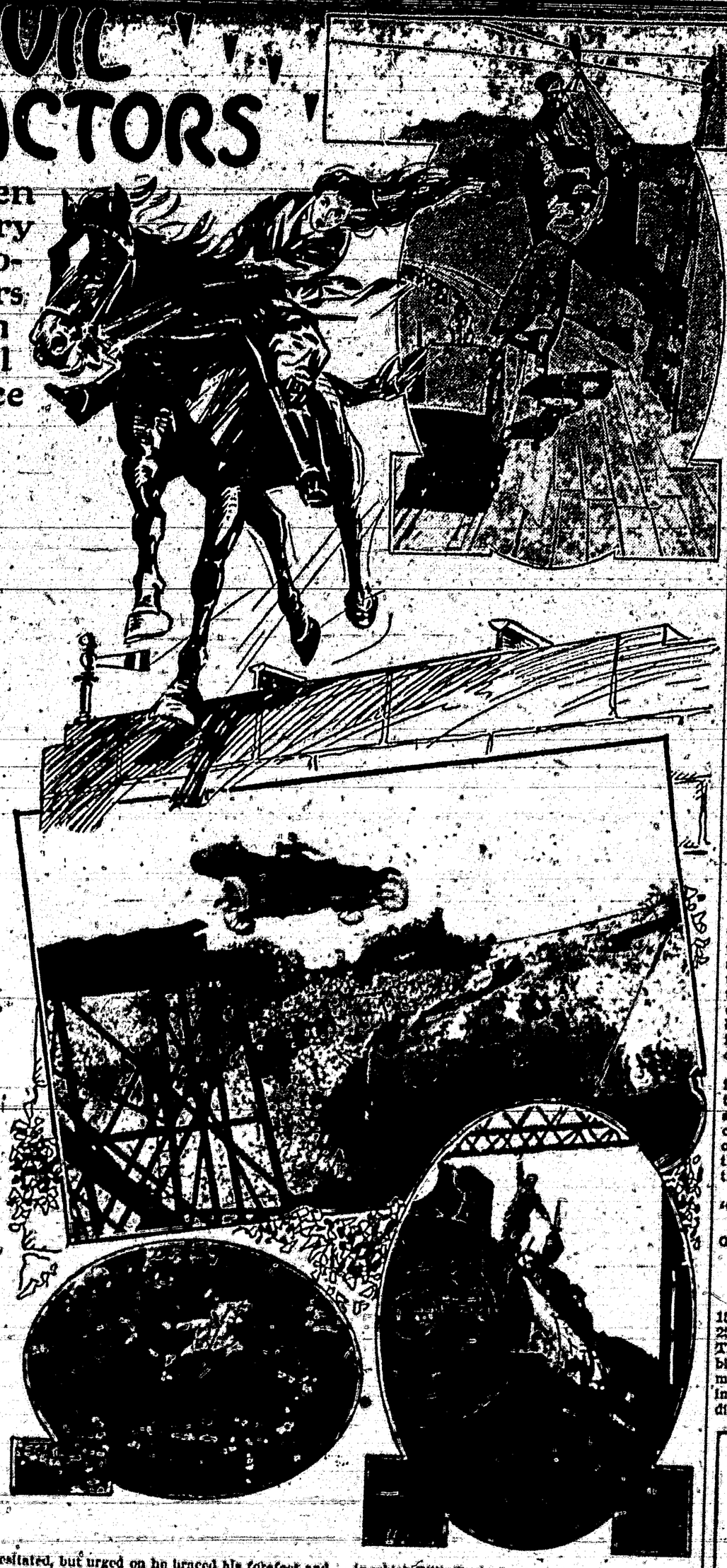
The young man who thus met his tragic death was quite well known in this section of the country. He came from there about six years ago and established a home in the Three Rivers country, engaging in the cattle business. Recently he disposed of his ranch and cattle and was making his home with Ranger Hobbie at the Mesa ranger station. The body was embalmed and shipped east upon instructions from a brother who resides in New York.

Norman, the dead man's companion, was brought to Carrizozo, and is recovering from injuries sustained in the wreck.

DIED—Jesus Chacon, a laborer at the Thomas iron mines, died Tuesday night at the mines from heart failure. The body was brought here the day following for burial.

DARE DEVIL MOVIE ACTORS

Some of the screen stars risk death every week in order to provide sensation lovers with thrills—women of film drama will try any stunt once



ONE way of earning a living is by jumping from one speeding train to another; by riding motor cycles off open drawbridges; by running pell-mell over moving freight trains, only to clutch an overhead cable and to hang suspended in midair; by grappling with an infuriated man in the cab of an onrushing locomotive, and in a hundred ways risking life and limb. This is what scores of motion picture actresses and actors do every day with hardly the wink of an eyelash in the performance of the stunts.

It is all in answer to the cry for realism in the movies which has recently been raised by directors. Realism is now a watchword. Above all, the production must be realistic. The directors argue that the public has become tired of faked dangers and mechanical feats that make ordinary scenes appear hazardous. The desire for realism may be all right for the public and the director, but it is hard on the performers.

Patrons of the pictures are so familiar with scenes depicting rough riding, descents of mountain sides on horseback and leaps from cliffs in which the rider falls clear of the mount and in other ways flirts with death that they never stop to think of the real danger incurred by those actors who dare so much for the silent drama. Of course there are certain pictures in which the danger is faked. But those pictures are almost equally balanced by the kind which depicts a real danger encountered to accomplish the desired result.

Jumps From Moving Trains.

"When I first began to jump off moving trains," said Helen Holmes, when asked for her impressions of daredevilling in the films, "I must confess I was somewhat timid, but now I take it as something which must be done to complete the picture.

"In one picture in which I worked about six months ago I went through the action with my heart in my mouth, and for a moment at least I felt like quitting. It was a railroad picture in which I was to drive a big engine across a bridge which was to be blown up as the engine reached the middle.

"A torpedo on the track about twenty feet from the spot where the dynamite charge was placed to wreck the bridge was to give me my signal to dive from the cab to the river thirty feet below. From the moment that the engine reached the wooden trestle I kept thinking what would happen if the torpedo did not go off and I should be carried down into the wreckage.

"The run of about thirty yards seemed interminable, but everything worked according to plans and I made the dive safely, but I was shaking like a leaf when fished from the river. I was so frightened I could hardly keep myself afloat.

"But now I have become so used to risking my neck that I accept it as a matter of course. It is much like the case of an aviator when he starts flying. At first he is cautious and only makes slight ascents and safe descents, but soon the spirit of daring enters his soul and he is looping the loop and doing spirals 2,000 feet in the air, and other dangerous stunts."

Danger in the Quicksand.

There was Marion Swayne, who thought it pretty hard when she was called upon recently to allow herself to be rescued from quicksands on a treacherous bit of picturesque Florida beach. It would not suffice to have her buried in a sand hole on a solid portion of the beach where she could easily be extricated without danger to herself. George Foster Platt, who was directing the five-reel feature entitled "The Net," insisted that the best results could only be obtained by having the star caught in the real quicksand.

Outside the range of the camera a group of men were ready with planks and rope to rescue the actress in case the scene as planned miscarried and she should need other help than that offered by Bert Delaney, the leading man and hero. Miss Swayne was reluctant at first to try the scene, but finally consented and timidly went out to the treacherous sandbar. The feeling of helplessness that came over her when her feet sank slowly from under her without means of staying them alarmed the screen star. As she sank to the waist her features registered a genuine fear, and at this point the camera man began "shooting" the scene while the gallant hero with a stout rope lassoed her. It required all his strength to drag her from the sands which were engulfing her. When on solid ground again Miss Swayne with a tremulous voice said:

"I suppose on the screen that will look easy, but I don't care to try it over again."

Leap From High Cliff.

Wide publicity was once given to a stunt picture in which a trained acrobat jumped a horse from a hilltop into a chasm, inflicting injuries upon himself and the animal and getting into trouble with the humane society officials. This man was not a regular member of the picture company, but was engaged at a big price to perform the daring act.

Anna Little had a somewhat similar experience, although part of it was not done intentionally. Under the direction of Frank Borzage, a glutton for realism, Miss Little was to slide down the side of a cliff some seventy feet high on horseback to escape a band of Indians in pursuit. The ride called for a skilled equestrienne, unflinching courage and a sure-footed horse. It was impossible to rehearse the scene because the director knew that after having gone through it once neither Miss Little nor the horse could be persuaded to repeat the action.

This scene was to be the big thrill in the picture. Much care was taken in preparing it. Three cameramen were stationed to catch the slide from three different angles, thus insuring a good picture from at least one of the machines.

Barely Escaped Death.

Careful instructions had been given the actress and she started on the slide. At first the horse hesitated, but urged on he braced his forefeet and prepared to reach the bottom in safety. Everything moved swiftly, the camera men ground their machines and the director shouted encouragement through his megaphone. But about twenty feet from the bottom the horse caught his foot in a rock fissure, stumbled and hurled Miss Little over his head. She flew through the air head first, landing in a clump of mesquite bushes more than ten yards away.

Spectators rushed to her side, expecting to find her either dead or seriously injured, but aside from the shock and a number of scratches she escaped unhurt. The dumb actor in the scene was less fortunate, suffering two broken legs, and had to be shot.

This untoward incident in making the scene caused a complete revision of the scenario.

Miss Gertrude McCoy is known as another daredevil at the screen. She gives a good account of herself in every branch of athletics, besides being a skillful driver of a motor car. Miss McCoy drives her own machine and has used it to advantage in many of the pictures in which she is starred. Her most recent exploits have been in connection with what is known in the movie vernacular as "water stuff." Strange as it may seem, the stunts in her latest picture do not show up with the same dangerous thrills that really characterized their making. This is often the case in motion pictures: what looks hard is often easy.

Foolhardiness Meant Injury.

A "water-stuff" picture which almost put Miss McCoy's life in jeopardy was taken for "The Isle of Love" and was made near Jacksonville, Fla. In one of the early scenes of the photoplay the star yields to the temptation to go bathing in a pool upon a rocky bit of coast. The shore at the point where the picture was taken happened to be made up of myriads of shells and pebbles compressed into a crumbling, jagged stone formation. The water, moreover, was far more shallow than Miss McCoy suspected.

Despite the warning of her director, Edwin Middleton, she jumped boldly into the water, cutting her feet, ankles and legs severely. She was too good a picture player, however, to stop while the camera was grinding. Although suffering from a number of extremely painful cuts she bravely finished the scene. This episode, which certainly was not down on the program, laid her up for nearly a week.

As the final "punch" of "Lost in the Everglades," which is part of "Sherry's Sweetheart," her last serial in which Billie Burke is appearing, a perfectly good seven passenger automobile is driven straight out into the Atlantic ocean off Palm Beach, Fla. This may be termed recklessness or pure extravagance, according to one's point of view. Needless to say the damage done to the car by its immersion in the salt water was considerable.

To prove that the film manufacturers aren't the only people who can be reckless, Miss Burke wore a Lucile creation that had been specially designed for her use in the picture, and utterly regardless of the certain ruin of the frock she hopped out of the runaway auto as it cleared the first line of breakers, found herself up to her knees in the surf, laughed gayly and then waded ashore.

Auto Jumps the Gap.

In order to eliminate as much danger as possible, this scene was carefully staked beforehand; that is, everything was simplified. A sloping platform was erected at the place where the leap was to be made and well re-enforced. Across the ditch some thirty or forty feet away a pile of brush wood had been placed to break the fall as the car landed.

Down a sloping piece of ground approaching the jumping-off place Miss King came with lightning speed in her little machine and took the leap while the cameras clicked. She landed without serious mishap in the pile of brush, and beyond a severe shaking up and a few bruises was none the worse for her experience.

"It's the but and its connected with such stunts as these," she remarked later, "that make the dangers undergone really greater than they seem to be. If something had gone wrong there might have been a very different story to tell. But—and here the but comes in—I suppose it's all in the day's work, so I have nothing to complain of," she concluded with a laugh.

The dangers have also to be faced by the camera man. An example is the recent experience of a news camera man in Mexico. A pictorial weekly representative, hearing that Villa's body was being brought to Chihuahua for identification, hurried thither.

"From the time I crossed the border until I returned," he said, telling of his adventures, "I was a constant target for Mexican abuse. It was not until I reached Chihuahua, however, that any physical violence was offered. Then there was a demonstration in the market place despite the fact that I was under the protection of a Mexican army officer. Stones were thrown at me and I was glad to get back to the good old U. S. A. with a whole skin, but I got some pretty good pictures after all."

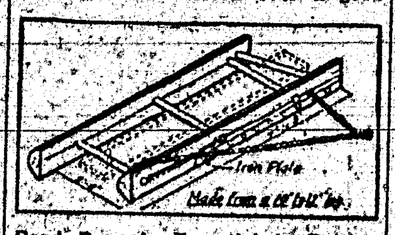
Festival of Improvement

ROAD MAKING IS IMPORTANT

Work Should Be Done in Late Spring or Summer to Get Well Settled Before Cold Weather.

Road making is a matter of a lot of importance to the city man and the farmer alike. Many thousands of dollars are expended annually in this work. Far too great a per cent of the work is done in the fall, sometimes running clear into the winter, for the good of the road and for the judicious expenditure of the money.

The road that is made in the late spring or summer becomes well settled and solid before the freeze of the winter season, and if properly taken care of is a good road all winter. We have driven over a good many miles of roads during the last winter, made in the late fall, that were all but impassable practically all winter.



Road Drag Is Essential in Putting Roads in Good Condition.

A new road made in the late fall can hardly help but be rough all winter. This kind of road means a lot more wear on the auto, a higher gasoline expense and a very much general wear on the car. It also means that the farmer cannot haul nearly as heavy a load with his team and a quicker wearing out of the wagon.

In the rural districts a lot of road work is done by voters working out their poll tax. This work is generally done when they can best spare the time, which is in the fall. If the men who do this work would consult their best interests we believe they would arrange to do it in the summer, even if it were not so convenient and it cost them more.

Road overseers who have this work in charge can help in this line more than anyone else. If they will but try, a lot of this work now done in the fall can be done when it should be. This official should look more to good roads than to his own convenience.—Twentieth Century Farmer.

"GOOD ROADS DAY" WORKERS

Governor of Pennsylvania and Others Contribute Their "Bit" to Improvement of Highways.

Governor Brumbaugh was one of the 150,000 Pennsylvanians who gave May 25 to the cause of better highways. The photograph shows him doing "his bit." Many womenfolks of the community gave their day's work to the improvement of the roads. Not only did the governor make the dirt fly with his shovel, but he also drove a split-log drag, which is one of the most effective road machines yet contrived.

Governor Brumbaugh Riding a Log Drag.

Making Roads Better.

Only 10 per cent of the estimated 2,800,000 miles of roadway in the United States can be classed as "improved" according to the American Highway association. But road improvement is going forward in 1916 faster than at any previous time in the history of the country.—Goodrich Magazine.

Another Highway Link.

A new connecting highway has been proposed leading from Savannah, Ga., to Seattle, Wash., crossing the Lincoln highway at Omaha. An invitation will shortly be extended to all the cities along the route to send delegates to a convention to be held in Omaha in February.

Courtesy on the Road.

Being courteous on the road does not cost anything, but it makes the trip much more pleasant for you, and the other fellow, too.

NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE
NOT SOLD THROUGH ANY STORE
Write for free booklet before you decide to buy any sewing machine or purchase a Sewing Machine on installments
THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO. ORANGE, MASS.

Kill All Flies! The Spread of Disease
Placed anywhere, Daisy Fly Killer attracts and kills all flies. Neat, clean, ornamental, convenient, and cheap. Lasts all season. Will not soil or injure anything. Made of metal, can't spill or tip over. Guaranteed effective. Any dealer will supply you, or we will send prepaid for 75c if dealer won't supply you.
Daisy Fly Killer
Sold by dealers, or 3 quart by express, prepaid, $1.00.
HAROLD SOMERS, 150 DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Every Woman Wants
Paxtine
ANTISEPTIC POWDER
FOR PERSONAL HYGIENE
Dissolved in water for douches stops pelvic catarrh, ulceration and inflammation. Recommended by Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co. for ten years. A healing wonder for nasal catarrh, sore throat and sore eyes. Economical. Has extraordinary cleansing and germicidal power. Sample Free. 50c. all druggists, or postpaid by mail. The Paxton Toilet Company, Boston, Mass.

A Foregone Conclusion.

"Does Bet powder?"

"Powder? Why, to kiss her is like eating a marshmallow."

SWAMP-ROOT STOPS SERIOUS BACKACHE

When your back aches, and your bladder and kidneys seem to be disordered, remember it is needless to suffer—go to your nearest drug store and get a bottle of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root. It is a physician's prescription for diseases of the kidneys and bladder.

It has stood the test of years and has a reputation for quickly and effectively giving results in thousands of cases.

This prescription was used by Dr. Kilmer in his private practice and was so very effective that it has been placed on sale everywhere. Get a bottle, 50c and $1.00, at your nearest druggist.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

Overrefinement.

William Dean Howells, the novelist, was talking about a poet.

"His work is overrefined, overdelicate, overnice," he said.

"In short, his work reminds me of the young husband who said to his bride, at the end of the honeymoon:

"'Darling, I'll have to leave you every morning hereafter to go to business; but, to make the parting less abrupt, I'll no longer take the 8:15 express, as I used to do—I'll take the 8:20 slow accommodation.'"

Some Inducement.

"You know Mrs. Terror, whose husband fell into the river the other day?" interrogated Jones.

"Yes; a regular virago," said Smith.

"Well, she has offered twenty pounds reward for his body," remarked Jones.

"And yet she hadn't a good word to say for him when he was alive."

"Aye," acquiesced Jones; "but you mustn't forget that he wore a gold watch, and chain and two diamond rings."

Wise Precaution.

Mrs. Jones was about to go away for a couple of weeks, and her husband said to her:

"My dear, I want to ask you one favor before you go."

"What is it?" questioned Mrs. Jones.

"Don't try to put the house in order before you go," replied Jones.

"Why, it isn't hard work," continued Mrs. Jones.

"Perhaps not," replied Jones, "but think of the expense of telegraphing to you every time I want to find anything."

Grape-Nuts

embodies the full, rich nutriment of whole wheat combined with malted barley. This combination gives it a distinctive, delicious flavor unknown to foods made from wheat alone.

Only selected grain is used in making Grape-Nuts and through skillful processing it comes from the package fresh, crisp, untouched by hand, and ready to eat.

Through long baking, the energy producing starches of the grain are made wonderfully easy of digestion.

A daily ration of this splendid food yields a marvelous return of health and comfort.

"There's a Reason"

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

TRAINING TODAY'S BOYS AND GIRLS

Fighting Instinct Diverted Into Other Channels.

REAL ENEMIES IMPERSONAL

Healthy Group Rivalries and Competitions Will Absorb Energies That Otherwise Are Likely to Be Misdirected.

By SIDONIE M. GRUENBERG.

THERE are three possible attitudes toward the instincts of children. At one extreme we find the rather crude naturalism which assumes that whatever is "natural" must be right; this leads to indifference and indulgence. At the other extreme is the somewhat less crude but equally arbitrary Puritanism which suspects every desire and impulse of being satanic in origin; this leads to suppression and sterility. Then there is the more or less rational eclecticism that chooses to encourage some impulses and to suppress others. When we take into account the teachings of modern psychology and biology we shall make our selections and adapt our methods more effectively. Today we do not simply repress or indulge; we try to utilize the driving forces of the growing child to forward our own ideals of what a child should be. We take the child as we find him, and try to make him a little stronger here and to rub off a little there.

In the matter of fighting it is particularly difficult to form balanced judgments and to develop sane plans. With our usual habit of emphasizing one aspect of a problem to the exclusion of all others, we either fix our attention on the injuries resulting from conflict and become extreme pacifists, or we fix the attention upon the need for resisting aggression, for defending our "rights," and become belligerent. In one case we make fighting an end in itself; in the other case we make the avoidance of fighting the goal of effort. With the child, however, fighting means more than defense, and it need not always mean that; it means something different from the consequences to person and property. It is almost entirely a matter of exertion, of overcoming difficulties, of conquest—or defeat — sometimes, but even then chiefly as incidental to the conflict.

Our problem is therefore to make full use of youth's eagerness to exert effort, to sacrifice, to devote itself. But we must guard, on the one hand, against drawing upon the antisocial

With the Child, Fighting Means More Than Defense—It Is a Matter of Overcoming Difficulties.

and inhuman motives, and, on the other hand, against allowing the exertions to result in injuries, whether personal or economical.

In childhood, playing soldier means, usually, merely parading or hunting or stalking. Presently, however, the children become interested in each other as members of groups. Because of this interest it becomes possible for us to cultivate an attitude of exclusiveness or antagonism toward all who are not members of the immediate group. In extreme cases this attitude ends in antisocial group action, and at best it ends in a rather narrow kind of nationalism or "patriotism." But it is also possible to make use of the social interests and impulses in cultivating an ever-widening conscientiousness of liability with other people. In the first case we have a perpetual source of antagonism or animosity toward strangers and foreigners. In the latter case there is the opportunity to direct the fighting instinct against the enemies of the race, the obstructions to human welfare.

But even before the child becomes interested in team plays or group action of any kind, we utilize essentially the same interest in conflict when we encourage rivalry, whether at home or in school, through prize contests or through invidious praise and blame. We have guessing contests and spelling matches, and in athletics we have races of various kinds. In these the individual is encouraged to put forth his best efforts, not for the purpose of attaining some predetermined standard, not for the purpose of cultivating his own abilities, but for the purpose of excelling some other particular child.

The bread-baking contests and the dressmaking competitions for girls, like the corn-raising or shop contests for boys, utilize the same motives of rivalry as we find in the ordinary athletic contests or street fights. But the form of the conflict and the material [illegible] are in no way objectionable.

When the older children are organized for team play, we begin to get the kind of sacrifice that the group always demands of the individual, and in many respects the more victorious forms of athletic sports are quite the equivalent of good fighting, so far as the participants are concerned. The motives are still those of rivalry, but the prospective gain of victory is now no longer for the individual, but for the group. And when boys all but exhaust themselves for the "glory of the school," the moral results are of the highest kind.

We go a step further when the corn clubs conquer insects and fungi, and control the soil and the seasons for the glory of their county or district, for soon the interest may be extended from the mere "beating" of the rivals to the increased contribution to the corn crib at home. The same kinds of results morally are obtained when we utilize the group rivalries in a "Clean-up Contest." The girls will make their streets and yards and porches as attractive as possible, at first for the purpose of making a better showing than those of the next street. Presently, however, the interest may be directed so as to center upon the chas-

Interest May Be Directed So as to Center Upon the Chasing of Dirt as the Villain.

ing of dirt as the villain of the drama.

Now the older children can be led to abandon the group rivalries as they had already outgrown the individual rivalries, and the object of attack can now be made some impersonal enemy, rather than some particular person or group. There is enough to fight for and to fight against. Boys and girls who have learned to work together in the various kinds of contests need not abandon the fighting motives, and the powerful organizing influences that these motives exert upon our activities. But they must learn to fight real enemies, and for larger and larger groups. Disease still remains to be conquered, and the best physicians and nurses approach their work in the spirit of the soldier. Fire prevention and fire destruction call for as much thought and effort as the best can put forth. The vast engineering and economic and social problems furnish worthy foes for the fighting instincts of our boys and girls.

Bibles.

The first Bible printed in America was in an Indian language, translated by John Elliott, pioneer missionary to the Indians, and published at Cambridge, Mass., the New Testament in 1661, the entire Bible in 1663. In 1663 one William Bradford proposed to print an English Bible by subscription, the price of the book to subscribers being 20 shillings or a pound sterling. In 1777, during the Revolutionary war, there were so few Bibles in the little group of states that congress voted to print 30,000 copies. Even this was found impracticable. Type and paper were wanting, and by way of compromise 20,000 Bibles were then ordered to be imported from Europe by authority of congress, the reason being given that "its use was so universal and its importance so great." But even this could not be done owing to the war embargo. The work was then undertaken in 1782 by Robert Aitken of Philadelphia as a private enterprise. The books were few and very dear.—Christian Herald.

He Proved It.

During the recitation of a college class in natural philosophy, the professor observed a tall, lanky youth in a rear seat, his head drooping, his body relaxed, his eyes half closed, and his legs encumbering the adjacent aisle.

"Mr. Frazer," said the professor.

The freshman opened his eyes slowly, but did not change his pose.

"Mr. Frazer, what is work?"

"Everything is work," was the drawling reply.

"Sir," exclaimed the professor, "do you mean to tell me that is a reasonable answer to my question?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then I take it that you would like me and the class to believe that this desk is work?"

"Yes, sir," replied the youth wearily; "it is woodwork."—The Christian Herald.

Needed.

Senator Kern was talking about a noted foreign statesman.

"The people want to get rid of him," he said, "but I'm afraid they can't do without him. They're like the jealous husband.

"A husband was very jealous of his capable, managing wife. She had got him his job and he owed his various advances to her, but, nevertheless, he got so jealous one night that he pointed a revolver at her head.

"'What are you going to do, Jim,' she asked, staring into the murderous weapon, calmly.

"'I'm going to blow your brains out!' roared the frenzied husband.

"'Jim, don't you do it,' she said. 'You need my brains where they are.'"—Washington Star.

NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

House Debates Whether Wife Is Member of Family

WASHINGTON.—There have been some interesting debates in the house of representatives recently, and for reasons best known to the general public these debates have not yet seen the light of print save in the gloomy columns of the Congressional Record. At almost any time one can drop into the house and get a thrill, but owing to the news from the Mexican, Austrian, Galician and other harried borders it takes more than a speech in congress to get a rise out of a newspaper these days. Perhaps it is for that reason that the orators of congress are seeking new fields in their endeavor, to start a little something in the way of publicity.

For instance, it was not long ago when the national house of representatives debated the question of whether a wife is a part of a man's family. This is not a joke. It really happened. It was while the Hay resolution was being discussed in a tumult which reminded old-timers of a town meeting. This resolution provided money for dependent families of National Guardsmen. They stuck in the father and mother and little brothers and sisters and the children, amid cheers at each addition.

In the midst of this wild clamor up rose a tall Kansas man and solemnly demanded that the word "wife" be inserted then and there. He argued that there were reasons for this; that certain volcanic actions on the part of crossgrained courts, presided over presumably, by woman-hating bachelors or cowardly henpecked husbands, made it necessary that whenever the national legislature is making laws for the benefit of the family, the word "wife" must be written in with indelible ink in capital letters, so as to prevent the woman of the house from being robbed of her due.

Then the house batted the suggestion back and forth like a basket ball. Some of them said the Kansas man was right and some of them said he was wrong.

In the melee no one seems to remember whether the wife got into the resolution or not.

Uncle Sam's Campaign to Safeguard Milk Supply

THE milk you drink interests Uncle Sam. He recognizes it to be one of the most easily contaminated and easily spoiled foods in existence and at the same time one of the foods in most general use. The dairy division of the bureau of animal industry of the department of agriculture, therefore, has not stopped at working out the economics of dairying for the benefit of the farmer, but emphasizes the health aspect of the industry and carries on energetic educational campaigns in communities where co-operation is desired.

One important and eminently fair phase of the extension work of the government's dairy experts is in educating consumers to a realization of the fact that it costs the producer more to insure scrupulous cleanliness of the milk supply than it does to place on the market the usual mediocre product of the dirty, dangerous milk that is offered under the worst conditions. The attitude of the dairy division is that pure milk costs more but is decidedly worth it, and the experts in their campaigns attempt to impress this truth on three interested groups—the consumers, the producers and distributers and the municipal and state authorities who have in charge the enforcement of the local food regulations.

When the federal specialists go into a community to co-operate with the local health officials they first make a thorough investigation of the milk supply and its regulation, and finally locate the producers of the milk that is below grade, and visit their farms. The attitude toward these producers is not one of condemnation. The experts go instead to their farms to help them to better their sanitary conditions. They look to the health of the herds and their attendants, the sanitary condition of the barns, the proper cleaning and sterilization of all utensils and the methods for insuring a sufficiently low temperature for the milk. In the educational campaigns the responsibility of the consumer in the matter of temperature also is emphasized. The specialists point out that however carefully the producer and distributer has handled the milk, it is likely to spoil if permitted to remain exposed to the sun or in a warm room after delivery.

Two Washington Policemen Adopt Tramp Pigeons

POLICEMEN CHARLES M. BIRKIGHT AND JOHN MAHER of the Seventh precinct have adopted a flock of tramp pigeons. Both men are stationed at the Georgetown terminus of the Acqueduct bridge. They take turn about on the crossing there, and the pigeons have become their friends and pets.

While congested traffic is swirling about the bridge terminal the pigeons alight and feed in the center of the crossing. They walk over the policemen's feet and between their legs. Sometimes they even alight on Birkight's person.

The pigeons seem to know the traffic laws. At least they have a full knowledge that as long as they stay under the crossing man's arm traffic cannot touch them, and they feed tranquilly while street cars, motor trucks and lighter machines and wagons pass all around them.

Birkight and Maher have been stationed at the bridge for years. When Birkight first got the assignment he was attracted to the tramp pigeons that roost and breed in the overhead trusswork and in the girders under the bridge floor. He made friends with them.

Later Maher came to the crossing, alternating with Birkight. He, too, made friends with the pigeons. They seemed to demand this friendship of him, swooping down on the crossing when the man in uniform put up his umbrella.

Now neither man ever goes to his post on the eight to four o'clock trick without a pocketful of food for those birds.

Senator Martine Gave His Dog Suitable Burial

SENATOR MARTINE of New Jersey had a dog. It was not much of a dog, taking it by and large, but it had been a member of Martine's household for a long time and he was attached to it. A while ago the dog died, from a complication of maladies superinduced by extreme old age.

Senator Martine was insistent that the dog should have a decent and proper burial. He was living in a Washington apartment house at the time, and the finding of a suitable burial plot was a problem. He could not go out in the backyard and hold his funeral, because there wasn't any backyard. Anybody living in a small apartment who has ever put in a day with a pedigreed dead dog on his hands, wondering what to do with it, will readily appreciate that the situation would soon become acute. To Martine's delight he learned that there is in Washington an ultraexclusive dog cemetery, intended only for dead dogs of high social standing. Martine went and bought a lot in that cemetery and gave his dog such a burial as any dog might well be proud of.

The prospect of such a burial should reconcile almost any dog to having had his day. Martine forsook his senatorial duties long enough to go to the funeral and personally see to it that the dog was paid every respect.

Today a neat little marble headstone marks the spot where the Martine dog made its final descent into the bosom of the earth.

HEN FREAK BREAKS RECORD

One of Wisconsin's Biddies Hatches Chicken and a Half Out.

Attracted the other day to his incubator by a promising "peep, peep," Fromont Lounsbury saw emerging from a shell a little ball of fur with a half-chicken alongside. The whole fowl was perfect. The half fowl had no wings, neck or head. Otherwise it was all a chicken should be.

Lounsbury explains the birth of the chicken and a half in a most convincing manner. He says that some time ago one of his hens was run over by a motorcycle with a side car attached. He did not think much of the accident at the time, but now recalls that the unfortunate hen was the one that laid the egg that produced the chicken and a half. Therefore Lounsbury asserts that chickens also are subject to prenatal influence.

Red Cross Bag Blue makes the laundress happy, makes clothes whiter than snow. All good grocers. Adv.

No Complaints.

Secretary Daniels was talking about the splendid morale of the American navy.

"Take the matter of work," he said. "The men work like Trojans. Nowhere does such an endless round of work go on as in our navy.

"I asked a boy apprentice once if he had any complaints to make.

"'No, sir,' the boy answered, looking up from his work. 'No, sir; no complaints. Only it's like this, sir—they keep on making you keep on.'"

WHY SUFFER SKIN TROUBLES

When a Postcard Will Bring Free Samples of Cuticura?

Which give quick relief for all itching, burning, disfiguring skin troubles. Bathe with the Cuticura Soap and hot water. Dry and apply Cuticura Ointment to the affected part. They stop itching instantly and point to speedy healment often when all else fails.

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

Druggist's Hard Luck.

An amateur poultryman received a shipment of fancy perfume atomizers for the holiday trade.

After he had tried a few on his friends and had arranged the stock on the shelves he went home to say good night to his hens and to gather what eggs had been laid during the day.

He reached into one nest and felt fur, which turned out to be fur of a genuine willow pussy in the full flush and vigor of young pussyhood.

He says he didn't mind his experience in the chicken coop half so much as he does the foolish comments of business acquaintances who keep talking about "faunal atomizers."

Wished Him Well.

John G. Zepp of the circuit court, who is known to his friends as "Jack," tells one about a negro funeral oration which he overheard:

"The preacher, who was wearing the conventional silk high hat, white vest and Prince Albert coat, didn't believe in being stingy with his blessings. He began by blessing the corpse, then he blessed the pallbearers, the members of the family of the 'dear departed brother,' the mourners, the neighbors, and everybody, in fact, he could think of, and ended with this exhortation:

"An', good Lord, be merciful and bless Mistah Miller, the undertaker, and may his business evah be prosperous."—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Just Like Swine.

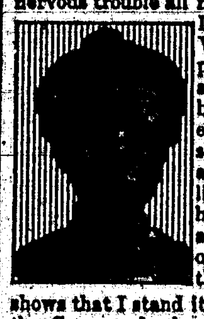
Little Lemuel—Say, paw, what does it mean when a man takes the lion's share?

Paw—It's a polite way people have of insinuating that he is acting like a hog, son.

WOMAN HAD NERVOUS TROUBLE

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Helped Her.

West Danby, N. Y.—"I have had nervous trouble all my life until I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for nerves and for female troubles and it straightened me out in good shape. I work nearly all the time, as we live on a farm and I have four girls. I do all my sewing and other work with their help, so it shows that I stand it real well. I took the Compound when my ten year old daughter came and it helped me a lot. I have also had my oldest girl take it and it did her lots of good. I keep it in the house all the time and recommend it."—Mrs. DEWITT SINCERBAUGH, West Danby, N. Y.



Sleeplessness, nervousness, irritability, backache, headaches, dragging sensations, all point to female derangements which may be overcome by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

This famous remedy, the medicinal ingredients of which are derived from native roots and herbs, has for forty years proved to be a most valuable tonic and invigorator of the female organism. Women everywhere bear willing testimony to the wonderful virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

TYPHOID is no more necessary than Smallpox. Army experience has demonstrated the almost miraculous efficacy, and harmlessness, of Antityphoid Vaccination. Be vaccinated NOW by your physician, you and your family. It is more vital than house insurance. Ask your physician, druggist, or send for "Have you had Typhoid?" telling of Typhoid Vaccine, results from use, and danger from Typhoid Carriers. THE CUTTER LABORATORY, BERKELEY, CAL. PRODUCERS OF VACCINES & SERUMS UNDER U. S. GOV. LICENSE

Too Tolerant.

Bishop Conrad said at a dinner in Newport News:

"Some folks regard their sins in too generous and tolerant a way. They're like Cal Clay.

"I said to Cal one day:

"'Calhoun, my man, General Douglas has positive proof that you looted his chicken house last week. I should think you'd be ashamed to take communion after such a rascally deed as that.'

"'Mah goo'ness, sah,' said Cal, reproachfully. 'Ah wouldn' let a few measly chickens stand 'twixt me an' de Lawd's table.'"

Satisfactory Explanation.

He recently returned from a hunting trip with a fine rabbit which he said he had bagged.

It is to be recalled that he won a running match last summer. This was, when he inadvertently stepped upon the stomach of a gentleman who had buried himself in the sand for a sun bath, and the man pursued him with evident intention to violate the law against creating a disturbance.

His friends, to whom he exhibited the rabbit with some pride, commented on the circumstance that it showed no marks of shot. Their suspicion that it was caught with a ferret was removed by the explanation:

"I ran it down," he said.

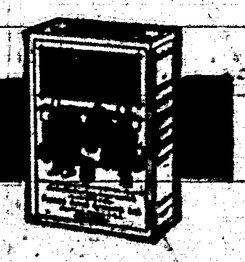
Like a Book.

Mr. Yeast—They say before he married he studied his wife like a book.

Mrs. Yeast—And now he's married to her he tries to shut her up and put her on a shelf.

He has no force with men who has no faith in himself.

For Ten—



A package of New Post Toasties provides servings for ten people—a delicious breakfast dish—corn flakes with new form and new flavour.

New Post Toasties are known by tiny bubbles raised on each flake by the quick, intense heat of the new process of manufacture.

They bear the full, true flavour of prime, white Indian corn, not found in corn flakes of the past; and they are not "chaffy" in the package; and they don't mush down when milk or cream is added, like ordinary corn flakes.

Try some dry—a good way to test the flavour, but they are usually served with rich milk or cream—

New Post Toasties

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

THE CARRIZOZO NEWS

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HALEY & DINGWALL — Publishers

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

For Sheriff

I hereby announce my candidacy for the office of Sheriff of Lincoln County, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

JNO. B. BAIRD.

For Sheriff

I hereby announce as a candidate for the office of sheriff of Lincoln county, subject to the action of the democratic party.

C. W. HYDE.

For Sheriff

I hereby announce myself as candidate for Sheriff of Lincoln County, subject to the action of the Democratic county convention.

G. C. CLEMENTS.

For Assessor

I hereby announce my candidacy for Assessor of Lincoln County, subject to the action of the democratic party.

HARRY EDMISTON.

For Assessor

I hereby announce my candidacy for the office of Assessor and solicit the support of democrats for the democratic nomination.

PORFIRIO CHAVEZ.

For Commissioner

I hereby announce my candidacy for Commissioner from the First District of Lincoln County, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

YGINIO SALAZAR.

Just for information we should like the Republican candidate to explain what a high tariff did for Alaska from 1867, when it became a possession of the United States, to the date that tariff was revised, in 19137 Since that latter date, however, it seems to us that the government has done something, appropriated about $40,000,000, for the great development of that great empire. It is supposed Mr. Hughes approves this appropriation, although he fails to say so. It is so easy to overlook a little thing like that.

The British and French are now learning what frontal attacks cost. The world was shocked at the awful price the Germans paid for their direct attacks, but is again shuddering at the fearful slaughter that is meted out to British and French when engaged in the same game. It requires about three attacking lines, following a serious bombardment, to take one trench, and the last line is about all that is left of the attacking column. It looks more and more like a war of endurance.

The Department of Commerce on May 13, 1916, issued a statement that steel merchant vessels building or under construction in the United States now number 368 of more than 1,000,000 tonnage. These figures denote the greatest ship building activity the country has ever known and every ship-building plant is working to capacity.

It is presumed that the Republican presidential candidate will condemn the Army and Navy bill, if for no other reason than that it was advocated by a Democratic administration. The fact that his party in the senate voted almost unanimously to enact the law and that only fifteen Republicans in the house voted against it, will not still his denunciation.

Candidate Hughes says he wants to see something for the great empire of Alaska, and suggests that the greatest aid would be a protective tariff. The Republican candidate evidently believes that a protective tariff would prevent the collection of ice around the North Pole.

In every controversy, domestic or international, that President Wilson has been engaged in, Candidate Hughes' sympathies seem always to have been with the other fellow.

The Democratic party is perfectly willing to leave November's decision to the man who gets the weekly pay envelope.

After Mr. Hughes' speech, the Roosevelt advice to "Take Lodge" seemed stronger than when it was first made.

Parsons

The new buildings being put up at the Parsons mill are rapidly nearing completion. The cement foundations for the new Marcy mills are about finished, too.

School began last Monday with an attendance of ten scholars and Mrs. Nichols as teacher. Mr. Nichols is building a cottage at the entrance to Tanbark canon.

Mrs. H. E. Knapp, of Evanston, Illinois, who has been spending her vacation here, departed for the east last Saturday.

Mrs. Combs, who has been running the boarding house at the Mill, has departed for Oklahoma and Mrs. H. M. Reddy has undertaken the management of the house.

Herman Consbruch has left his estate on the Bonito under the efficient management of Lee Selige, late of Oscuro, and has joined the Parsons colony.

Mr. and Mrs. B. R. Robinson are attending the Bible meetings on the Ruidoso.

Professor Knapp, of Northwestern University, Chicago, and Buck Jennings, have gone for a week's outing up in the White mountains.

Miss Frances Thomas, who spent the summer here, is attending a business college in Albuquerque.

New metal siding is the latest improvement put upon the school house. It will be painted as soon as the rainy season is over.

Mrs. John Wright, the electrician for the Parsons Mining company, while here this week installed a telephone in the office, so now the office has direct telephone connection with their power plant in White Oaks.

Misses Harriett Kimbell and Ruth Edmiston are visiting the Rice family for a few days.

J. M. Rice was elected delegate from this district to the Republican convention at Capitan last Monday.

W. L. OESTREICH, Pres. E. T. CHASE, 1st V. P. J. C. NEafus, 2nd V. P.
C. W. WALKER, 3rd V. P. N. M. BRYANT, Sec.-Treas.

Stockmens Guaranty Loan Company

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An organization of the stockmen of New Mexico, whose purpose is to obtain money at reasonable rates of interest on cattle and range security.

Applications for loans will receive prompt attention. Address LOAN COMMITTEE, Stockmens Guaranty Loan Building, ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO.

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FOR THE COLLEGE YEAR 1916-1917

Ample time remains to arrange for your entrance.

PROSPECTIVE STUDENTS, wishing to arrange for accommodations, or desiring information of any kind regarding attendance, may write, telegraph or telephone.

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UNIVERSITY OF NEW MEXICO
ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.

Ford

THE UNIVERSAL CAR

NEW PRICES, August 1, 1916

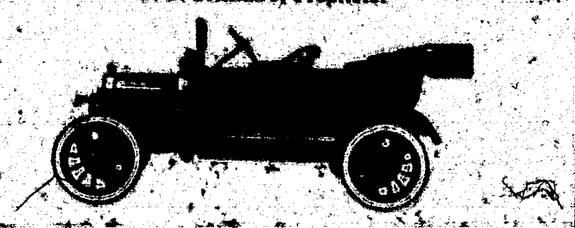
The following prices for Ford cars will be effective on and after August 1st, 1916

Chassis	$325.00
Runabout	345.00
Touring Car	360.00

f. o. b. Detroit

These prices positively guaranteed against any reduction before Aug. 1, 1917, but there is no guarantee against an advance in price any time

WESTERN GARAGE
F. E. MIELDS, Proprietor



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Seed Barley Grain Binders
Mowing Machines
Hay Rakes Wagons
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Our Stock is large and
Our Prices are reasonable

The Titsworth Co.

CAPITAN, NEW MEXICO

FEED YARD

HAY AND GRAIN IN CAR LOTS

All Competition Met in Prices on These Commodities

Roomy Yard - Stalls - Water

Coal and Wood

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Phone 86

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Quality Groceries

FANCY AND STAPLE GOODS

The Only Exclusive Grocery in Carrizozo

Fruits, nuts, candies and vegetables in season

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Notice of Application for U. S. Patent

No. 03852
United States Land Office
Roswell, New Mexico
June 8, 1916.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an act of Congress, approved May 10, 1872, Mrs. Jessie R. Jenkins, whose post-office address is Dalhart, Texas, through her agent in fact, John H. McCutchen, whose postoffice address is Santa Fe, New Mexico, has this day filed her application for a patent for the Park Group of Mining Claims, consisting of the Park and the 17 No. 2 Lodes, bearing gold, silver and other metals, together with the surface ground as shown on the official plat on file in this office, situated in the Red Cloud Mining District, Lincoln County, New Mexico, and described by the Field Notes on file in this office as Survey No. 1680, being in Sections 23 and 24, Township 1 South, Range 11 East. Said Survey No. 1680 being more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

SURVEY No. 1680, PARK LODE

Beginning at Corner No. 1, from which the Southeast Corner of Section 24, T. 1 S., R. 11 E., N. M. P. M. & M. bears S. 69 deg. 05 minutes 30 seconds E. 4902.29 feet. Corner No. 2, Survey No. 700, Red Cloud Lode, the Red Cloud Mining Company, owners, bears S. 44 deg. 46 minutes 30 seconds E. 2106.6 feet. Thence N. 12 deg. 53 minutes W. 1500 feet to Corner No. 2. Thence N. 70 deg. 53 minutes W. 529.41 feet to Corner No. 3. Thence S. 15 deg. 47 minutes E. 1418.30 to Corner No. 4. Thence S. 70 deg. 53 minutes E. 675.23 feet to Corner No. 1, the place of beginning; containing 16.066 acres, exclusive of conflict with Sur. No. 1680, 17 No. 2 Lode.

SURVEY No. 1680, 17 NO. 2 LODE

Beginning at Corner No. 1, from which the Southeast Corner of Section 24, T. 1 S., R. 11 E., N. M. P. M. & M., bears S. 62 deg. 05 minutes E. 6192.6 feet. Thence N. 60 deg. 35 minutes W. 1500 feet to Corner No. 2. Thence N. 2 deg. 15 minutes W. 564.15 feet to Corner No. 3. Thence S. 60 deg. 35 minutes E. 1200 feet to Corner No. 4. Thence S. 2 deg. 15 minutes E. 564.18 feet to Corner No. 1, the place of beginning; containing 16.239 acres, exclusive of conflict with Sur. No. 1680, Park Lode.

Each of said mineral claims is of record in the office of the recorder of Lincoln County, New Mexico.

There are no adjoining claims so far as known.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the mining ground, veins, lodes, premises or any part thereof so described, surveyed, platted and applied for, are hereby notified that unless their adverse claims are duly filed according to law and the regulations thereunder, with the Register of the United States Land Office at Roswell, New Mexico, during the sixty days period of publication hereof they will be barred by reason of the statutes.

EMMETT PATTON
Register

First publication, June 23d.
Last publication, Aug. 25th.

Notice for Publication

008119

Department of the Interior,
United States Land Office,
Roswell, New Mexico,
August 4, 1916.

Notice is hereby given that Mark L. Cadwallader, of El Paso County, State of Texas, whose postoffice address is El Paso, Texas, did on the 8th day of August, 1916, file in this office his application to make selection, location and entry of the Southeast quarter of the Southeast quarter (SE¼ SE¼) of Section Seventeen (17) in Township Four (4) South of Range Eleven (11) East of the N. M. P. Meridian, as the designee of the person who is entitled to make location and entry thereof as the additional homestead right of George A. Fling, deceased, and based upon Section 2306 and 2307 of the Revised Statutes of the United States, and the rules and regulations of the Department of the Interior thereunder, granting additional lands to soldiers and sailors who served in the Army and Navy of the United States during the War of Rebellion.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the lands described or desiring to object because of the mineral character of the land, or any part thereof, or for any reason, to the disposal to applicant, should file their affidavits of protest in this office on or before the 20th day of September, 1916.

EMMETT PATTON,
Register.

First pub. August 11—September 8.

THOSE WHO DESIRE CONFLICT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

clericals of Mexico, the other criminals are the dollar-politicians, the cientificos of this country; those who, with the weight of millions, succeed in making the political balance to tip to their favor. It is they, the princes of Wall Street, those who, while they arrange the policy for the November elections, have disposed their chess board the best possible for the destruction of our unfortunate Mexico. Also, they are those who, in Congress, speak, with the utmost gall, of bills to propose to Sr. Carranza: the purchase of Lower California and part of the northern states, believing that a few little millions of glittering American gold will be more than tempting to Carranza in the actual economic crisis; and in place of it, the American territory shall be enlarged, Arizona will straighten her southern boundary, and will have an outlet to the ocean through the Gulf of California; the state of California will solve its very important problem of the irrigation of the Imperial Valley, and above all, Magdalena Bay, that famous bay which constitutes the golden dream of many American politicians, shall have ceased to be a Nipponese menace.

All these senseless proposals of purchase and annexation have we seen in certain American newspapers; not once, but dozens of times. There are two or three politicians in Congress, who would gladly put Mexico in their pockets if they could, with the ease that they can fold a map of our country and place it in their pocket-books.

Hearst, owner of the yellow press of Los Angeles, San Francisco and New York, holds that the American government of 1847 committed a grievous error in having only taken half of the Mexican territory, when it should have taken all, extending the border to Guatemala. Hearst says, that if they had done this, there would have been no outrages, no murder of Americans, no revolution, nor danger of war between Mexico and the United States.

Brave consideration! Surely piously kill the patient, and the holy remedy he will no more groan. The worst is that in case of war, it is not Hearst, nor the American cientificos, who shall go to exchange shots with the Mexicans, but the youth, the live power of this great people, which, we well know, do not want war with Mexico, nor with any other country, be it said in praise of the true American people, fervent worshippers of industry, peace and progress.

Fortunately, Mr. Wilson, a serene and just man, has his head and heart in the right place, and it shall not be he who will deliberately take us unto a conflict, as he has more or less said, in a great speech in Detroit: "I shall do nothing to satisfy the longings of those who want to amass fortunes in Mexico by means of war."

They are, therefore, the great criminals, the true authors of the conflict, which fortunately has passed. It is the cientificos and clericals from over there who do not blush to arrive at the ignomy of treason, and cientificos and plutocrats on this side who do not care about the thousands of victims, nor of the rivers of blood that would flow on Mexican soil, blinded by their ambition to amass enormous and easy fortunes.

Let our country know them, and let the entire world know who they are.

G. B. Greer was over yesterday from his Bonito home. He reports an abundance of rain in his section.

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Notice for Publication

027081
Department of the Interior
United States Land Office
Roswell, New Mexico
August 11, 1916.

Notice is hereby given that Theodosia Jane Rowden, of Carrizozo, N. M., who, on August 13, 1912, made Homestead Entry, Serial Number 027081, for NW¼, Section 28; and NE¼, Section 29, Township 8-S, Range 10-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 September 19, 1916.

Claimant names as witnesses:

Dennis L. Byron, James A. Byron, Austin Patty, James H. Roselle, all of Carrizozo, N. M.

EMMETT PATTON,
August 18—September 15 Register.

Notice for Publication

027566

Department of the Interior,
United States Land Office,
Roswell, New Mexico,
August 14, 1916.

Notice is hereby given that Nancy Barcena Tomlinson, of Carrizozo, N. M., formerly Nancy Barcena Barefoot, who, on July 30, 1913, made Homestead Entry, Serial Number 027566, for N½, Section 22, Township 8-S., Range 10-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 September 19, 1916.

Claimant names as witnesses:

Alexander W. Adams, Richard C. Burton, Paul Bentley, W. Henry West, all of Carrizozo, N. M.

EMMETT PATTON,
August 18—September 15 Register.

Notice for Publication

027300. 027521
Department of the Interior,
United States Land Office,
Roswell, New Mexico,
August 14, 1916.

Notice is hereby given that Gregorio Pino, of Carrizozo, N. M., who, on May 21, 1913, made Homestead Entry, Serial Number 027300, for the N½SW¼; N½SE¼; SE¼NE¼, Section 34; and on July 24, 1913, made additional Homestead Entry, Serial Number 027521, for S½NW¼; N½SW¼, Section 35, Township 7-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 September 20, 1916.

Claimant names as witnesses:

Francisco Chavez, Florencio L. Vega, J. Frank Pearson, Benito Gallegos, all of Carrizozo, N. M.

EMMETT PATTON,
August 18—September 15 Register.

Notice of Contest

Contest No. 0917
Department of the Interior
United States Land Office
Roswell, New Mexico
July 19, 1916.

To George E. Ellison, of Portales, New Mexico, Contestee:

You are hereby notified that Earl C. Martin, who gives Corona, New Mexico, as his postoffice address, did on July 19, 1916, file in this office his duly corroborated application to contest and secure the cancellation of your Homestead Entry, Serial No. 022062 made April 18th, 1910, for the North west quarter, Section 4, Township 2 South, Range 12 East, N. M. P. Meridian, and as grounds for his contest he alleges that you have never resided on the land since the date of entry, that you have never established a residence on the same, and have never made any improvements upon the homestead, that you left here as soon as you made your entry and have never returned.

You are, therefore, further notified that the said allegations will be taken by this office as having been confessed by you, and your said entry will be cancelled thereunder without your further right to be heard therein, either before this office or on appeal, if you fail to file in this office within twenty days after the FOURTH publication of this notice, as shown below, your answer, under oath, specifically meeting and responding to these allegations of contest, or if you fail within that time to file in this office due proof that you have served a copy of your answer on the said contestant either in person or by registered mail.

If this service is made by the delivery of a copy of your answer to the contestant in person, proof of such service must be either the said contestant's written acknowledgment of his receipt of the copy, showing the date of its receipt, or the affidavit of the person by whom the delivery was made stating when and where the copy was delivered; if made by registered mail, proof of such service must consist of the affidavit of the person by whom the copy was mailed stating when and the post office to which it was mailed, and this affidavit must be accompanied by the postmaster's receipt for the letter.

You should state in your answer the name of the post office to which you desire future notices to be sent to you.

EMMETT PATTON, Register.

Date of first publication July 28, 1916,
" " second " Aug. 4, 1916,
" " third " Aug. 11, 1916,
" " fourth " Aug. 18, 1916.

Notice for Publication

016420
Department of the Interior
United States Land Office
Roswell, New Mexico,
August 1, 1916.

Notice is hereby given that Mark L. Cadwallader, of El Paso County, State of Texas, whose postoffice address is El Paso, Texas, did on the 4th day of August, 1916, file in this office his application to make selection, location and entry of the Northeast quarter of the Southwest quarter (NE¼SW¼) of Section Seven (7) in Township Four (4) South of Range Eleven (11) East of the N. M. P. Meridian, as the assignee of the person who is entitled to make location and entry thereof as the additional homestead right of Alexander Larsen, deceased, and based upon Section 2306 and 2307 of the Revised Statutes of the United States, and the rules and regulations of the Department of the Interior thereunder, granting additional lands to soldiers and sailors who served in the Army and Navy of the United States during the war of Rebellion.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the lands described or desiring to object because of the mineral character of the land, or any part thereof, or for any reason, to the disposal to applicant, should file their affidavits of protest in this office on or before the 20th day of September, 1916.

EMMETT PATTON,
August 11—September 8. Register.

Notice of State Land Selection

Notice is hereby given to all parties interested that the State of New Mexico has applied for the survey of the following lands:

Sections 21 and 22, Twp. 4 S., R. 9 E., also the exclusive right of selection by the State for sixty days, as provided by the act of Congress, approved August 18th, 1894, (28 Stats. 394) and after the expiration of such a period of sixty days any land that may remain unselected by the State and not otherwise appropriated according to law shall be subject to disposal under general laws as other public lands. This notice does not affect any adverse appropriation by settlement or otherwise, except under rights that may be found to exist of prior inception.

Dated at Santa Fe this 31st day of July, 1916.

WILLIAM C. McDONALD,
Governor of New Mexico.
August 11—September 8.

Notice for Publication

027385
Department of the Interior
United States Land Office
Roswell, N. M.
July 27, 1916.

Notice is hereby given that John C. Ray, of Carrizozo, N. M., who, on June 11, 1912, made HD. E. Serial No. 027385, for SW¼, Section 4, 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 September 5, 1916.

Claimant names as witnesses:

Preciliano Pino, Peter N. Skow, Fred Laione, Samuel H. Nickels, all of Carrizozo, N. M.

EMMETT PATTON,
Aug. 4—Sept. 1. Register.

Mining Application

No. 035055
United States Land Office
Roswell, New Mexico
July 13, 1916.

Notice is hereby given that Charles Spence, whose post office address is White Oaks, Lincoln County, New Mexico, has this day filed his application for a patent for the Yellow Jacket group of mining claims comprising the Yellow Jacket Lode, Yellow Jacket No. 2 Lode, Yellow Jacket No. 3 Lode, Wasp Lode, Olga Lode, Crown Point Lode and Crown Point No. 2 Lode each bearing iron and other minerals, together with surface ground as shown on the official plat on file in this office, situated in White Oaks Mining District, Lincoln County, New Mexico, and described by the field notes on file in this office as survey No. 1873, in Township 6 S., Range 11 E. Said survey No. 1873 being described as follows, to wit:

YELLOW JACKET LODE

Beginning at corner No. 1, from which the quarter section corner between sections 22 and 27, Township 6 S., Range 11 E., New Mexico Principal Meridian, bears S., 1° 48' W. 984.76 feet. Variation 12° 50' E.

Thence S. 89° 54' W., 600 feet to corner No. 2. Variation 12° 50' E.

Thence N. 0° 6' W., 1100.80 feet to corner No. 3. Variation 12° 50' E.

Thence N. 89° 54' E., along the line 1-2 Yellow Jacket No. 2 Lode, 577.22 feet to corner No. 4. Variation 12° 50' E.

Thence S. 0° 55' E., 1300 feet to corner No. 1, point of beginning.

Area of Yellow Jacket Lode claim 16.066 acres.

YELLOW JACKET NO. 2 LODE

Beginning at corner No. 1, from which the quarter section corner between sections 22 and 27, Township 6 S., Range 11 E., bears S., 20° 28' E., 2117.74 feet. Corner No. 1 Yellow Jacket Lode bears N., 89° 54' E., 277.26 feet. Variation 12° 20' E.

Thence S. 89° 54' W., along the 1-2 line Yellow Jacket Lode, 508.46 feet to corner No. 2. Variation 12° 2' E.

Thence N. 0° 20' 20" E., along the 1-3 line of Yellow Jacket No. 2 lode, 1477.74 feet to corner No. 3. Variation 12° 50' E.

Thence N., 89° 51' E., 501.81 feet to corner No. 4. Variation 12° 50' E.

Thence S., 0° 11' W., 1477.71 feet to corner No. 1, point of beginning.

Area of Yellow Jacket No. 2 Lode 16.166 acres.

YELLOW JACKET NO. 3 LODE

Beginning at corner No. 1, identical with corner No. 2 Yellow Jacket No. 2 Lode, from which the quarter section corner between sections 22 and 27, Township 6 S., Range 11 E., bears S., 16° 51' 20" E., 2588.45 feet. Variation 12° 50' E.

Thence N., 0° 20' 20" E., along line 2-3 Yellow Jacket No. 2 Lode, 1477.74 feet to corner No. 2.

Thence S., 89° 54' E., 299.32 feet to corner No. 3. Variation 12° 50' E.

Thence S., 0° 15' W., 1477.70 feet to corner No. 4. Variation 12° 50' E.

Thence N., 89° 54' E., 307.13 feet to corner No. 1, point of beginning.

Area of Yellow Jacket No. 3 Lode claim 20.295 acres.

WASP LODE

Beginning at corner No. 1, from which the quarter section corner between sections 22 and 27, Township 6 S., Range 11 E., bears S., 1° 18' E., 2194.78 feet. Variation 12° 50' E.

Thence N., 20° 20' W., 597.21 feet to corner No. 2. Variation 12° 50' E.

Thence N., 89° 54' E., 1499.35 feet to corner No. 3. Variation 12° 50' E.

Thence S., 20° 20' E., 566.11 feet to corner No. 4. Variation 12° 50' E.

Thence S., 89° 54' W., 1499.35 feet to corner No. 1, point of beginning.

Excepting and reserving from this the Wasp claim all that portion thereof in conflict with the Yellow Jacket Lode claim of this group, the same being 1.319 acres. And also excepting and reserving from this the Wasp claim all that portion thereof in conflict with the Yellow Jacket No. 2 claim of this group, the same being 8.29 acres.

The net area of this the Wasp Lode claim is 18.696 acres.

OLGA LODE

Beginning at corner No. 1, identical with corner No. 2 Yellow Jacket Lode, from which the quarter section corner between sections 22 and 27, Township 6 S., Range 11 E., bears S., 21° 50' E., 1671.27 feet.

Thence N., 62° 5' W., along line 2-3 Yellow Jacket Lode, 1499.50 feet to corner No. 2.

Thence S., 89° 54' W., along line 1-3 Yellow Jacket No. 2 lode, 583.31 feet to corner No. 3. Variation 12° 55' E.

Thence S., 0° 05' 20" W., 1499.50 feet to corner No. 4. Variation 12° 50' E.

Thence N., 89° 54' E., 600 feet to corner No. 1, point of beginning.

Area of Olga Lode claim 20.143 acres.

CROWN POINT LODE

Beginning at corner No. 1, from which the corner of sections 21, 22, 27 and 28, Township 6 S., Range 11 E., bears S., 2° 22' E., 2066 feet. Variation 12° 40' E.

Thence N., 89° 58' E., 1497.36 feet to corner No. 2. Variation 12° 05' E.

Thence N., 0° 16' E., along line 2-4 Yellow Jacket No. 2 lode, 591.28 feet to corner No. 3.

Thence N., 89° 51' W., 1497.36 feet to corner No. 4. Variation 12° 45' E.

Thence S., 0° 16' W., 591 feet to corner No. 1, point of beginning.

Area of Crown Point Lode claim 20.413 acres.

CROWN POINT NO. 2 LODE

Beginning at corner No. 1, from which the corner of sections 21, 22, 27 and 28, Township 6 S., Range 11 E., bears S., 72° 12' W., 2065.42 feet. Corner No. 2 Crown Point Lode, bears S., 89° 51' E., 719.02 feet. Variation 12° 15' E.

Thence N., 89° 51' W., along line 3-4 Crown Point Lode claim, 1495.08 feet to corner No. 2. Variation 12° 40' E.

Thence N., 1° 10' E., 597.87 feet to corner No. 3. Variation 12° 35' E.

Thence S., 89° 42' E., 1495.02 feet to corner No. 4. Variation 12° 05' E.

Thence S., 1° 10' W., 596.00 feet to corner No. 1, point of beginning.

Area of Crown Point No. 2 Lode claim 20.461 acres.

The total net area of this the Yellow Jacket Group is 140.806 acres.

Each of the said mining claims is of record in the office of the Recorder of said Lincoln county, New Mexico.

So far as known there are no adjoining claims.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the mining ground, veins, lodes and premises or any part thereof so described, surveyed, platted and applied for, are hereby notified that unless their adverse claims are duly filed according to law and the regulations thereunder, with the Register of the United States Land Office at Roswell, New Mexico, during the sixty-days publication hereof they will be barred by reason of the statutes.

EMMETT PATTON,
July 21—Sept. 22. Register.

Mortgagee's Sale

Whereas, on the 20th day of April, 1915, Elber T. Collier and Lillie B. Collier of Carrizozo, New Mexico, did make, execute and deliver to Lin Branum of the same place, their certain Chattel Mortgage, for the purpose of securing the payment to the said Lin Branum of that certain promissory note executed on the date first above mentioned and given by the said Elber T. Collier in favor of the said Lin Branum, payable six months after date, for the sum of Nine Hundred fifty-four and 10-100 dollars with interest at the rate of ten per cent per annum from date until paid and attorney fees of ten per cent upon the amount due at maturity.

And whereas also, default has been made in the payment of said promissory note together with the accrued interest and attorney fees provided for in same, thereby making the mortgage aforesaid subject to foreclosure and the property described therein and hereinbelow described, subject to sale to satisfy the amount due upon said promissory note as provided for in said mortgage and note.

Now therefore, pursuant to the power of sale contained in said mortgage and by virtue of the said default in the payment of said note with the accrued interest and attorney fees due upon the same; Public notice is hereby given that I, the said mortgagee Lin Branum, will on the 31st day of August 1916, between the hour of nine o'clock a. m., and the setting of the sun on said day, at the front door of the Collier ranch house situate about three miles east of Coyote Station on the El Paso and Southwestern R. R., expose at public auction and sell to the highest bidder for cash the property described in said mortgage, to wit: One black mare branded W on left shoulder, named Pet. One brown mare branded on left shoulder. Three bay mares branded on left shoulder. One sorel mare branded QZ on left shoulder. One Weber 3¼ inch Lumber Wagon. One Champion Mowing Machine 4½ ft. cutting bar. One Deere, wheel Rake. One bay horse branded on left shoulder.

and all increase of said animals, and all improvements, including house and fences situate on Desert Land Entry bearing Serial No. 016113 in the records of the U. S. Land Office at Roswell, New Mexico; which said desert land entry embraces land which is a part of said Collier Ranch.

There will be due upon said note and mortgage, upon said day of sale, the sum of $1118.15, together with the costs of said sale.

LIN BRANUM, Mortgagee.
First publication July 28, 1916.
Last publication August 25, 1916.

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, C. C. E. A. O. Johnson, 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 2 and 27.
J. B. GARVEN, W. M.
S. F. MILLER, Secretary.

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Carrizozo — : New Mexico

FRANK J. SAGER
FIRE INSURANCE
Notary Public
Office in Exchange Bank, Carrizozo.

R. E. BLANEY
DENTIST
Office in Exchange Bank Building
Carrizozo - - - New Mexico

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CARRIZOZO NEW MEXICO

I. O. O. F.
Carrizozo Lodge
NO. 30
Carrizozo, N. M. Regular meeting nights, 1st and 3rd Fridays in each month.
O. T. NYE, N. G.
AUSTIN PATTY, Sec'y.

Notice for Publication

016020
Department of the Interior
United States Land Office
Roswell, New Mexico
July 17, 1916.

Notice is hereby given that Margaret C. Deal, of Ancho, N. M., widow of Francis M. Deal, deceased, N. M., who, on Aug. 23, 1912, made HD. E. Serial No. 016020, for NW¼; but amended by "N" 12-13-13, to read Lots 1 & 2, Section 23, Township 6-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 Aug 22, 1916.

Claimant names as witnesses:

Julia S. Crawford, Sam R. Wood, Nellie Cooper, John Martin, all of Ancho, N. M.

EMMETT PATTON,
July 21—Aug. 18. Register.

It Always Helps

says Mrs. Sylvania Woods, of Clifton Mills, Ky., in writing of her experience with Cardui, the woman's tonic. She says further: "Before I began to use Cardui, my back and head would hurt so bad, I thought the pain would kill me. I was hardly able to do any of my housework. After taking three bottles of Cardui, I began to feel like a new woman. I soon gained 35 pounds, and now, I do all my housework, as well as run a big water mill.

I wish every suffering woman would give

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The Woman's Tonic

a trial. I still use Cardui when I feel a little bad, and it always does me good."

Headache, backache, side ache, nervousness, tired, worn-out feelings, etc., are sure signs of womanly trouble. Signs that you need Cardui, the woman's tonic. You cannot make a mistake in trying Cardui for your trouble. It has been helping weak, ailing women for more than fifty years.

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The IRON CLAW

by Arthur Stringer

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Novelized from THE PATHE PHOTO PLAY OF THE SAME NAME

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SYNOPSIS.

On Windward Island Palldori intrigues Mrs. Golden into an appearance of evil which causes Golden to capture and torture the Italian by branding his face and crushing his hand. Palldora opens the dyke gates and floods the island and, in the general rush to escape the flood kidnaps Golden's six-year-old daughter Margory. Twelve years later in New York one calling himself "the Hammer of God" rescues an eighteen-year-old girl from the cadet Cassavanti, to whom Jules Legar had delivered her.

SECOND EPISODE.

The House of Unhappiness.

Enoch Golden, with all his millions, was a hard man. Those closest to him contended that he had experienced much to make him hard.

The one person who stood in any way intimately and personally connected with Golden was his young private secretary, David Manley. For young Manley, often enough known to his associates as "Davie," was both incorrigibly youthful and engagingly irresponsible. Golden, oddly enough, secretly liked this youth for his foolishness.

Golden smiled a little as he stepped into his massively furnished library and found young Manley curled up in one of the great leather chairs intently working over a pocket camera and quite oblivious of the telephone bell shrilling from the rosewood desk beside him. Golden, as he seated himself at this desk and curtly answered the phone call, blinked with mock disapproval at the youth bent over the camera.

It was not until he heard Golden's great fist smite the rosewood desktop that Manley looked up. The man of millions was frowning over the letter still in his hand.

"The condition of these tenements is shameful. Times are hard, and many, we find, are out of work. If you insist on raising the rents, as you threaten, our settlement workers claim that hundreds of the poor will have to leave their homes. So, for the sake of the mothers and children alone, I implore you to reconsider your earlier decision

"Sincerely,

"AMOS SCHOFIELD, D. D."

"The fools!" said Golden aloud. "They know as much about business, Manley, as you know about bond issues! Not raise my own rents! I guess Enoch Golden still knows enough to run his own business!"

He stopped and looked at Manley.

"What's that gim-crack you're wasting your time on?" he demanded.

"Gim-crack?" laughed Manley. "It's the neatest thing in cameras that ever came into America. That's a new Swiss telescopic lens I've just been adjusting to it. Take a snap of a flea biting your ear eighty paces away! And your income on those tenements, by the way, amounts to an annual return of just 43 per cent of the capital invested!"

But Golden's patience was exhausted. "Get out of here!" was his brusque

Intently Working Over a Pocket Camera.

command. "Get down to Griswold's bank with these checks, and be quick about it!"

Whereupon Manley meekly took his departure. Two minutes later, however, yet another figure was passing through the gloomy silences of Enoch Golden's home. It was a more purposeful figure than that of the lazy-eyed young secretary. And over the face of this intruder as he cautiously made his way through the great house was an odd-looking band of yellow cloth, cut in the form of a mask. The center of this, dressing sprawlike almost to his upper lip, was marked by an inverted crescent, which at first glance lent to the partly-covered face the faint impression of an [illegible]

ing mouth. Yet the unknown stranger was serious enough as he stopped before a door at the end of the second hall and pushed on one of a row of mother-of-pearl buttons. The door slid noiselessly back at that signal, and an electric elevator rose automatically to the level of the floor where he stood. Inside the elevator, he touched still another button, whereupon the cage rose noiselessly. Once it had come to a stop, he leaned against the apparently blank wall of the elevator shaft and studied it closely.

His exploring plainly found there a secret spring, for the next moment a panel slipped noiselessly to one side and he stepped into the room so artfully fireproofed with pressed steel panels and grained to look like oak, which Golden had once used as his bondroom.

That room, although not used for years, was at the present moment far from empty. For pacing restlessly back and forth, as the stranger quietly entered, was a golden-haired woman of little more than twenty. The face under the mask smiled a little at her sudden movement and gasp of surprise as he confronted her.

"Are you still afraid of me?" he asked

"N-no!" hesitated the girl.

"I'd give a good deal," declared the other, "to know who you are!"

"I'm—I'm afraid I can't help you any, in that," she finally told him.

"Why not?"

"Because I don't know myself."

"I want to take you to a man who may be interested in you, who may even prove to be very kind to you!"

The pale face with the haunted eyes suddenly hardened.

"I no longer ask for kindness from men," was her almost passionate retort.

"Oh, this old scoundrel won't be too dangerously kind, especially until the ice is broken. I warrant you that much. But with him, I'll also warrant, you'll face none of the affronts that you may have faced in the Owl's Nest."

"But why should he be interested in me?"

"Because you may remind him of a daughter he himself once had."

"Then what must I do?"

"You must put on a dress I have ready, one exactly like the one his own daughter used to wear. And I'd like you to let down your hair."

So the girl, still touched with wonder, was cautiously led to another part of the great house, where she let down her hair and dressed herself in a girlish little frock which she found already laid out for her. And the wonder was still in her eyes as the masked stranger smuggled her quietly down through the house, and, as the aged millionaire bent low to unlock the bottom drawer of his desk, motioned her noiselessly into the library and into an armchair facing the desk.

By the time Golden had raised his head again the mysterious stranger had slipped out of sight.

Golden, as he sat upright, stared for several moments of silence at the strange figure in the armchair.

"Who are you?" the grim-faced old financier finally demanded. But the girl remained silent.

Golden, studying her more closely, rose unsteadily to his feet.

"How did you get here?" he asked. And passing a hand across his moisture-beaded brow he asked still again: "Who are you?"

"I don't know," answered the girl.

Golden rose to his feet, and still staring hungrily at that mild yet clouded face, crossed to her side.

He held her face between his hands, peering into it. Then, with a weary shake of the head, he dropped his hands.

"It was too much to expect," he huskily murmured. "Too much to hope for!"

His grief-stricken face touched the girl's heart.

"Oh, sir, what had you hoped for?" she managed to ask.

"I hope for nothing," was the broken man's reply. "But once I had a daughter, and I lost her."

"How did you lose her?"

"She was stolen from me, as a child."

"And what became of her?"

"God only knows! Yet, for a moment I was mad enough to think, to hope. But I have no longer any right to hope," he added with sudden passion. "All I ask is that beast before I die I meet face to face that one-armed devil with his scar of shame!"

"One-armed, and with a scar!" cried the startled girl, leaning suddenly forward in her chair.

Golden wheeled about at her cry.

"What does that mean to you?"

"Why, it was a one-armed man with a scarred face who kept me a prisoner! It was he, Legar, who always told me my parents were dead!"

"Legar!" repeated the bewildered millionaire. "Legar? But my man's name was Palldori!"

"Sir, let me see your arm!"

With trembling [illegible]

at the milk-white skin. Then a groan of disappointment broke from his throat.

"No the mark is not there!"

"What mark?" asked the wondering girl.

"My daughter carried a scar on her right arm. My men, when she was a child on Windward Island, caught and killed a shark. The child, when no one watched her, thrust a hand in between the brute's jaws. Those dying jaws closed on the flesh, and an iron bar had to be used to open them again. And they said that scar would always stay with her."

The girl, wide-eyed, dropped back into the armchair.

"Why, I seem to remember," she said, staring before her, "I seem to remember years ago, rows and rows of sharp teeth and the sudden pain as those teeth came together."

"But the scar!" cried Golden. "There is no scar!"

"I seem to remember about that, too. It was long ago, after Legar had brought me across water, and then miles and miles in a railway train. I remember him taking me to a man who wore round eyeglasses, and showing him my arm. This man gave me something to make me sleep. But when I wakened my arm was sore again, for weeks and weeks. And when it healed the scar was gone. I remember—" But she stopped suddenly, for the telephone bell close beside Golden shrilled out a sudden call. Mechanically the man at the desk took up the receiver, his eyes still on the girl facing him.

"This is Eastman of the central office speaking," said the voice over the wire. "A short while ago a young woman was seen entering your house."

"Well, what of it?" was the impatient inquiry.

"Our office merely wants to warn you that the girl is Blondie Casey, the come-on for the Cookson gang. She's the smoothest swindler in the business. And as long as that baby-eyed she-crook is in your house, Golden, your house will be in danger!"

Golden hung up his receiver and sat

Holding His Breath, He Crept Closer and Still Closer.

studying his desktop. Then with his grim mouth fixed he crossed to the rear door and opened it, stepping out into the hall and peremptorily called for his butler as he did so.

Manley, returning from his errand, at the same moment stepped into the room from another door. He stared at the girl as he stopped to pick up his pocket camera.

"Who are you?" he pertly inquired, as Golden re-entered the room.

But his eyes, the next moment, were on neither Golden nor the girl. His gaze passed beyond those two strangely diverse figures to yet a third, the crouching figure of an eavesdropper clinging to the wistaria vines that framed the huge window on the far side of the room.

Manley, crossing the room on the run, took the window, glass and all, in one leap. He landed on a hydrangea bush even as the burly eavesdropper dropped to the grass beside him. The next moment the two men clinched.

The fight was an uneven one, but Manley stuck to his man. He stuck to him until that worthy, with a sudden blow on the jaw, sent the lithe-bodied young secretary staggering to the ground.

Before Manley could recover himself, the mysterious eavesdropper broke away, vaulted to the street and signaled to a waiting automobile.

Then Manley's senses came back to him, and rolling over into the open roadway, he took the camera from his pocket and held it between him and the disappearing touring car. He pressed the spring, knowing that his telescopic lens would carry to the waiting film the secret of that mysterious car's license number.

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The Arrows of Conflagration.

Jules Legar, in his role as a master of underworld activities, was both adroit in his engagement of the services of others and painstaking in the preparation of the field wherein they should labor. Like the humble weasel, he held that every warren should have both an exit and an entrance.

So when Legar and his scientific friend, Dr. Herman Stein, "engineered their triple-knot office suite at the top of the Central Tower, [illegible] they installed [illegible] one of the largest windows [illegible] deered long the installation of a strangely complex apparatus used in Stein's electric wave-projector (which was announced to be the latest improvement on wireless), but the upper and lower floors of the suites were connected by a smooth-walled shaft which, it was explained, would make easier the passage back and forth of chemicals and apparatus needed by the illustrious Doctor Stein in his carefully guarded experiments.

Equally well prepared was Legar's second base of activities, the secret subcellar beneath the Owl's Nest. This second warren, deep as it stood underground, was also provided with a secret passageway leading into a water-gate opening on the East river itself.

It was from both these points that Legar was conducting his campaign against his old-time enemy Enoch Golden. And both of these points might have remained as well hidden as their user still dreamed them to be had it not been for the casual agency of a pocket camera. For less than an hour's work in the office of the register of automobiles had duly shown Manley that license No. 6249 belonged to one Prof. Herman Stein of 42 Maple avenue. Yet Manley, armed as he was with the knowledge of this car's identity, showed no undue haste in interfering with its movements. For still another hour of cautious shadowing on the part of Golden's private secretary provided him with the knowledge that Doctor Stein was in the habit of motoring from Maple avenue to the Central Tower building, and from that prosperous skyscraper to an humble point within a block of the Owl's Nest itself. Thirty minutes later found Manley in a telephone booth, talking to his employer.

"Have you received any message from that man Legar?" asked the younger man, after impatiently explaining who he was.

"I have received a message, but I don't know it came from Legar."

"Then how did you get it?"

"It was thrown through my house window folded up in a beer bottle."

"Will you please read me that message. And quickly, for this is important."

"Here it is," answered the bewildered voice over the wire. "'You are keeping Blondie Casey a prisoner in your house. Unless you liberate her within an hour your house will go up in flames. And after that house, your next house, and the next.' It is signed 'The Cookson Gang.' But what am I to believe? What am I to do? And what is the answer to all these mysteries?"

"Whatever you do, don't let them get that young woman away from you!"

Faintly the listener could hear the sound of sudden calls, of quick questions and answers and counter-question. Then the voice of Golden was once more frantically calling him over the wire.

"Manley, Manley, is that you? You've spoken too late. Wilson, my butler, has just hurried in to me here. Ten minutes ago a stranger claiming to be a meter inspector got entrance to the house. Do you hear me, they've taken that girl! She's gone!"

"Gone!" echoed Manley. "Then I haven't time to stand here talking."

Yet, Enoch Golden, even as Manley himself, had little time for talking over that strange abduction. For two minutes later his still hurried butler announced the arrival of James Griswold, the president of the Union-Traders' bank, on urgent business.

"Golden," began that visitor almost as soon as he had crossed the threshold, "I have counted myself among your friends. But when I receive a note like this, threatening me and my business, I regard it as about time to see you, face to face."

Golden took the sheet of paper from the banker's hand. He stood regarding it with troubled eyes. For it read:

"You are a friend of Enoch Golden, the oppressor of the poor, the scavenger of unclean gold. The blow that is about to fall on you and your bank falls because of this alliance with evil-doers. You are warned."

The grim-jawed millionaire turned on his visitor.

"That is not all," declared the banker. "You in this afternoon's paper with its bitter attack on you and your tenements. But three hours later my safety vault, [illegible] the Third National, received a warning identical with mine, and already the building of the Third National bank is in flames! And what, I want to know, sir, is the meaning of it all?"

The telephone bell interrupted Golden as he was about to speak.

"Yes, this is Mr. Golden's house. Yes, Mr. Griswold is here. What's that?" He leaned forward for a moment, listening. Then the receiver fell from his flaccid hand. "My God, Griswold, your building is on fire! The Union-Traders' bank is burning."

The next minute Griswold was hurrying from the house and leaping into his waiting limousine.

Golden, sitting at his desk, stared startled and vacant-eyed before him.

Yet that young secretary who was so foolishly accepted as feather-headed was, at the time being, anything but idle. Ten minutes after his talk over the wire with Golden he was in a taxicab speeding towards the Stein house on Maple avenue. A block away from that house he dismounted, sauntering casually up to the home of Legar's confederate as a tradesman's delivery wagon stopped before it.

"Boy," he said to the youthful driver of the wagon, "that housemaid at the door there is my steady. But we scrapped and she won't even see me. Here's a dollar if you let me hand in that box of groceries for you!"

"Sure," said the boy, as he pocketed the bill. Manley, whistling blithely, carried his armful of parcels into the tradesman's entrance.

"My driver says these things weren't paid for," he coolly announced.

"Dey vass paid for, ef'ry-ding vass paid for!" cried the German girl.

"Then you go and tell him that," was the other's calm suggestion. And as the belligerent-eyed maid strode out to the wagon, Manley slipped in through the still open door, dropped his parcels and stole quickly yet guardedly up through the silent house.

When he came to a large room, half library and half laboratory, he stared in wonder at the strange apparatus which stood on a table in the center of this room. He heard the sound of approaching steps. He saw a door on his right and darted through it. He realized, as soon as he had done so, that he had committed the fatal error of diving into a trap.

As he peered out through the still partly opened door he saw that it was the German maid who had entered the room. Then she crossed to the closet door itself, straightened the edge of the disordered rug, closed the door and turned the key in the lock.

A moment later, Manley, with his ear against the panel, heard the sound of heavier steps. Then came the even more interesting sound of voices.

"Vell, wat do you say of Oldt Stein now, maybe? You still t'ink he talk foolish ven he claim dose actinic rays in conjunction mit converging wireless impulses couldn't maybe start a leetle combustion ven or two miles away, eh?"

"A little combustion, Stein?" said an unknown voice, "you've peddled 'em out like gunfire, all over the damned city."

Manley suddenly ducked back behind a waterproof, smelling acridly of acid burns, for footsteps had approached the closet door and the key was being turned in the lock.

The fugitive stood close against the wall, draped by the waterproof, as the spectacled scientist groped blinkingly about for his housecoat.

"Und you, Legar, if you blease, show me on der map choost vat remains to be done. Vich buildings vill you have viped out, ven der viping is still goot?"

Manley, emerging from under cover, saw that the old German had left the closet door a trifle open. So moving cautiously forward, he peered out into the room. Clustered about the table, bent close over the map, he could see Stein and Legar and two of his unknown accomplices. Manley advanced silently into the room, crouching low as he went. For on the table he had already caught sight of the blueprint of Stein's projector apparatus. So, holding his breath, he crept closer and still closer. He had the blueprint in his hand, but before he could slip back from the table edge his presence was detected and his retreat cut off. He darted for the window, going through it like a circus rider through a paper hoop.

A minute later the conspirators were after him. But Manley, rolling through a clump of shrubbery and doubling rabbitlike on his pursuers, dodged under cover. By the time he had recovered his breath and his wits he slipped unobserved from the grounds, rounded the block and climbed into his waiting taxicab.

"Police headquarters!" he told the driver.

Brief as was Manley's visit to police headquarters, that call resulted in sudden and startling movement from the great gray structure in Center street. For the mysterious fires were now breaking out even in crowded tenements on the East side, keeping a bewildered fire department shuttling impotently back and forth.

The attack on Legar's skyline quarters was a fearfully hurried and yet a surprisingly orderly one. It was not until the police reached the top floor that the elevator came to a stop. At the same moment that they poured out into the narrow hallway a machinegun in his shirt sleeves opened the door leading from Legar's private workroom and started down the hall. Before he could retreat or shut that door the lieutenant's revolver was covering him. Reaching back to his hip, his hand was already on the butt of a blue-metaled automatic. Before he could whip out that weapon, however, the lieutenant's quick eye comprehended the movement and his own firearm [illegible]

The shirt-sleeved figure fell in a heap, where he had stood in the open doorway.

At the sound of that shot, from within could be heard sudden calls and shouts and hurrying steps.

"That's Legar," cried Manley, as he caught sight of the one-armed figure side by side with a bespectacled German striving and fighting to push shut the intervening door. But the fallen man's body lay in the way, and

He Slipped Unobserved From the Grounds.

the door refused to close. Before that body could be dragged to one side, the lieutenant and his men were in through the door, wielding nightsticks and flashing firearms.

It was Manley himself who caught up a chair and brought it crashing down on a strangely complicated mechanism standing squarely in the light of the Tower window.

But Legar himself had not been idle. At the first wild charge into his tower room, the master criminal had dropped crouching behind a worktable, darted across to his parcel chute and there touched a hidden spring. The next moment the chute stood open and Legar was descending like a plummet to the floor below. But not before Manley had caught sight of his vanishing head and started in pursuit.

Manley was joined a minute later by the police. In the meantime Legar had escaped to the street by way of the fire escape.

He hailed a taxicab and hurried eastward to the Owl's Nest. Two minutes after Legar went rocking and swerving eastward he was followed by a stranger in a second cab. This stranger drove straight to the water front, two blocks to the north, dismissed his taxi, and earnestly conferred with a roughly-dressed longshoreman, who later rounded the slip in a rowboat and took the stranger aboard.

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Legar, in his quarters beneath the Owl's Nest, was in anything but an amiable mood. He stared about at his coterie of unsavory confederates.

A gleam of triumph showed in his narrowing eyes as he spied a white-faced girl in a chair near the fireplace.

"So we've got you back, little one!" he mocked.

She winced as he wheeled her roughly about, but remained silent.

A sleepy-eyed parrot, standing on its perch beside the empty fireplace, stirred uneasily at Legar's rough movements. The girl, rising slowly from her chair, stared into Legar's evil face.

"What are you going to do with me?" she demanded.

Legar laughed.

"You won't be asking questions about it, when you find out!"

"Courage, little one, courage!" said a low yet distinct voice.

Legar, at the sound, wheeled suddenly about.

"Who taught that damned bird to talk?" he demanded. There was a stir of uneasiness about the room.

"Why, cap, that parrot can't talk," declared the tremulous coke-sniffer at the end of the table. "It never could talk!"

"Then who said 'Courage'?" called out the irate master criminal.

"I did," said the same distinct yet ghostly voice. And had that wide-eyed group stared closer into the fireplace, instead of at the silent and motionless bird on its perch, they might have noticed where a small stone, little bigger than a man's hand, had been worked loose and lifted away from the heavy wall separating that unseen watcher from the room into which he had been peering.

Yet that stone was once more in place before Legar and his worthies peered, squinting-eyed, about the smoke-stained masonry. Only, the hands of the girl, sitting silent and thoughtful in her chair, were no longer trembling. The cowering look had faded from her eyes. For to her, that voice had not seemed an altogether unfamiliar one.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TAKES ITS NAME FROM WILD HORSE

Interesting Story Woven Round Knob of Earth in South Dakota

CALLED WILD HORSE BUTTE

Four-Footed Monarch of the Plains Defies Capture—Performs Marvelous Feats of Speed, Cunning and Endurance.

Martin, S. D.—The Pine Ridge and Rosebud agencies are replete with legends; but within a mile a little to the south of east of the court house in Martin rises a small knob of earth which overlooks the entire county in every direction, and beyond, to where the haze of distance blends with the sky. And the source from which it derived its name is no legend at all. It was named from a gray four-footed monarch of these plains, keen of eye, true of scent, with sinews of steel and lungs of leather, and fleeter than the fleetest of limb, as many a range rider can testify in this land of fastest of fast saddlers—Wild Horse Butte, says the Bennet County, S. D., Booster.

And well was it christened, for there from its apex, many a morning as the early streaks of dawn were gilding the billows of rolling prairies in a golden glow, and many an evening when the westering sun sank low upon the far-reaching horizon, could be seen the outline of a horse silhouetted against the sky—Old Outlaw Gray.

He was a gelding raised by L. B. Lessert of Merriman, father of Samuel Lessert of Martin. And so many were the marvelous feats of speed, cunning and endurance he performed that in time he came to be looked upon as something more than bone and flesh and his habitat not always on terra firma.

Feels Tightening Rope.

After the branding period, when herds were being gathered and other colts of his age hung close to mother's side, little Gray, perhaps remembering the sting of the hot iron on his tender skin, either by design or chance escaped the rope, until with the years it became a part of his nature to avoid capture. Then, when he had attained his full breadth of chest and hardened bone, upon an evil hour he was driven with a large band of his fellows into a high corral, and for the first time since his colthood felt a rope tighten round his windpipe.

But this sort of thing was not to his taste. Nor was it to last. During the process of breaking he bided his time with watchful eye until, seeing his chance, like escaping steam the cord which bound him hissed through the gloved hand of a cowboy, and in a swift-rising cloud of dust Gray vanished from the view of a fast riding trio of well mounted pursuers, trailing 60 feet of rope.

And for 20 years this master of his own freedom, in daylight and in darkness, in summer when the grass was green, and in winter when grass there was none, defied all efforts to recapture him. In large groups mounted on the best saddlers on the range, the best riders attempted to surround him. It was a game he was delighted to play. From the top of the Butte he watched every move, and just as the enemy was drawing its circle to a close with hopeful expectation, Old Outlaw's tail would disappear down the sky line, to be heard of a few days later on the head of Corn creek 50 miles to the northward.

Bought for Twenty Dollars.

Then they would "run him down." Upon one occasion Conquering Bear Brothers "purchased" Gray Outlaw for a twenty-dollar bill. The bill was genuine. The Brother's possession of Outlaw consisted of a slip of paper in an inside vest pocket. Conquering Bear waited for the time when Outlaw was "weakened" at the close of a long winter, stuffed a wagonload of oats into a goodly bunch of his best saddle horses in the springtime, and started in to systematically run the renegade to earth, using one fresh animal after another in the operation. At the expiration of a week of this, as the last of the grain-fed runners was put upon his trail, early one fair spring morning Outlaw Gray took a circle of a hundred miles into the western part of the Rosebud, and that same evening as they were unsaddling their trembling horse which had attempted to follow the phantom, Outlaw Gray, on the summit of Wild Horse Butte, 20 miles away, with extended nostril and flaming eye, and head high in air, snorted "nerk" to a vacant field.

Again, a well-directed rifle ball creased Gray's neck and for a moment he lay stunned. But just as his limbs were about to be bound, he recovered consciousness, with a rush like a whirlwind scattered all in his way, and browsed that evening in the sand hills across the Nebraska line.

Early after 1900 Gray became the property of Sheriff Condelario. Later the town of Martin nestled close under the shadow of the Butte. Gray soon learned of the extended range of a thing known as the thirty-thirty and moved to pastures farther to the West. But his great vantage point of lookout had been made useless by the constant nearness of man, and two years ago, after creating havoc with a band of horses, he met his death by a rifle in the hands of Conquering Bear.

WILL STICK TO THE NAVY

A. W. Niland, chief machinist's mate on the U. S. S. Ozark, who won the $10,000 pearl necklace, the most valuable prize offered at the recent allies' bazaar in New York, declares "no matter what the necklace may bring me nothing will tempt me to leave the United States navy."

CONFESSES ON DEATHBED

By the Story a Young Woman of Jacksonville, Fla., Long Suspected of Crime, Is Exonerated.

Jacksonville, Fla.—A belated confession in a local hospital by a dying woman clears up a murder mystery and exonerates a well-known young woman of this city. For seven years that young woman has lived under the stigma of having committed the crime.

Miss Jesse Brown is the young woman. The "other woman" is Laura Livingston, who, at the point of death from tuberculosis, was unwilling to die in silence when her speech could right a great wrong that had been done to an innocent woman.

The man who was killed was Earl P. Adams, an actor, then director of the Mable Paige stock company. In April, 1909, that company was playing in Jacksonville and Adams was engaged to be married to Miss Brown. According to the story then told, he desired to break his engagement with Miss Brown so that he might marry Miss Elizabeth Bagley. According to that same story, which had gained credence and was regarded as true until today, Adams was shot by Miss Brown when he went to her home to explain why he had broken his engagement. Miss Brown was arrested at the time, but freed through lack of evidence.

All of those theories were disproved in the light of the confession of Laura Livingston, who says that Adams was shot by Charles Wiggins, her sweetheart.

FIELD BATTERY FINDS A SHADY PLACE

Battery C of the Sixth field artillery, U. S. A., resting on a road in the wooded section of Deforest, Mexico, while en route.

HERMITS LIVE IN ANCIENT CABIN

Dwelling Is Fast Crumbling as Result of Powder Mill Blasts.

BUILT OVER A CENTURY AGO

Aged Brothers Born in Shack They Occupy—Civil War Pension Paid to Elder Suffices for Their Meager Wants.

New York.—Two aged hermit brothers, George W. and Louis C. Lurk, aged eighty-four and seventy-four respectively, are threatened with the loss of their century-old cabin, in which they have spent practically all their lives. They live in the mountainous region of northern New Jersey, between Kenvil and Lake Hopatcong. There are big powder mills at Kenvil, and the numerous accidental explosions there have almost wrecked the Lurk cabin.

The cabin was built in 1807 by their father, William J. Lurk, a farmer. At his death more than sixty years ago he divided equally his seventy acres between them. The brothers did all their own work until fifteen years ago, when, enfeebled by age, they were obliged to employ farm hands. Then the powder mills began to pay higher wages than the Lurks could afford, and the farm has since been allowed to grow wild.

The brothers were born in the little old cabin. Louis' only excursion to the outside world was a trip to Pennsylvania on a canal boat in the summer of 1873. Since then he has not been further than a mile from his home. George has traveled a little more extensively. For several summers he was engaged on a canal boat plying from a point near his home to Mauch Chunk, Pa. He served his country for a short time near the close of the Civil war in Company B, Thirty-ninth New Jersey volunteers, and was wounded in the shoulder in the battle of Petersburg. His pension enables the brothers to get along.

The Old Homestead.

There are four rooms on the ground floor of the cabin, the one in front, the largest, being most freely used. Here is the stove, the dining table and an old cot. A room back of this serves as another sleeping quarter. Another front room is used for storing farm utensils, food, wood and unused furniture. In the rear of this is the room where the brothers were born—George on November 29, 1832, and Louis on February 10, 1842. There are three or four frames on the walls which once contained pictures. Stacked in corners are letters, old papers, magazines, etc., the accumulation of a century. One letter, picked up recently by a visitor was addressed to the father in the penmanship of the early days, and bore a faint postmark of some date in 1821. The upstairs part of the cabin is in an unfinished state.

The general room, used for cooking, eating and sleeping, is plastered and has a more habitable look than any of the others. In one corner is a stack of wood, thrown down carelessly alongside an old-fashioned stove, rusted and greased almost beyond recognition. The bedclothing on the little cot and the cloth thrown over the few dishes on the table may have been white once. The chairs are "antiques." The floors are without covering.

George, although older than Louis, is far more spry. Louis is suffering from kidney trouble and is quite feeble.

Louis' "Gold Mine."

As a rule George wears no shoes, only socks. Neither has had a haircut or shave within memory. George does the cooking. Their meals consist of milk from a farm in the vicinity, cereals, crackers, fruits and, occasionally, meat and potatoes. They rise with the sun and retire at nightfall. Should light be needed at night candles are used. Both can read, but it is very seldom that either sees a newspaper or magazine.

Louis is looking forward to the time when he will have recovered sufficiently to explore his "gold mine" in the mountain. He insists that there is one on his property, and says that if his health were good he would soon prove it. He talks of going to a hospital, but says he hasn't the price, and he is averse to accepting charity.

George has a wonderful collection of Indian relics, including hundreds of arrowheads. Redmen camped in the territory in the early part of the eighteenth century. George says there is a "knack" in finding arrowheads.

"Wait until after a shower," he advises, "and then walk out into the fields. You'll see little things glistening in the dirt. These are arrowheads." George has an old gun which his father picked up over a hundred years ago in the old cabin, but his prize relic is the battered hat he wore in the days of '65.

Indian Gold Heart Balm.

Sisseton, S. D.—The first breach of promise suit in which Indians were both plaintiff and defendant was decided when Miss Agnes Bear was given a verdict of $6,500 against Smiley Finley by a jury here. As a result all is sad in the Finley tepee. "Ugh!" said Smiley. "No more white man smooky pokum for Smiley Finley."

WHO'S GOT THE MONEY

In Four Staples Alone the Farmers of Western Canada Produced 408 Million Dollars in 1915.

The Calgary (Alberta) printers have a house organ, called "The Magnet," and in its columns a few weeks ago appeared an article entitled "Who's Got the money?" It was cleverly written, and but for its length, the writer would have been pleased to have copied the article in its entirety. The purpose for which this article is published, however, that of letting the readers of the paper know of the great progress that is being made in agriculture in Western Canada, will be served by copying a portion of the article. Many of the readers of this paper doubtless have friends in one of the three provinces—Manitoba Saskatchewan or Alberta, and they will be interested in feeling that their friends are enjoying a portion of the wealth that has come to Western Canada farmers as a result of careful tilling of a soil prodigal in everything that goes to make good grain, cattle, horses, hogs and sheep.

Reproducing from the article:

The government does not produce money. It can stamp "One Dollar" on a slip of white paper, and we accept it at a dollar's worth, but neither the paper nor the printing are worth a copper. What gives it value is the promise of the people of Canada which stands behind the printed slip, and our faith in that promise.

Now do you know who's got the money?

Let us put it into figures. The farmers of Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba last year raised 342,048,000 bushels of wheat. If we take for an average 85 cents a bushel in Manitoba, 81 cents in Saskatchewan, and 79 cents in Alberta the season's wheat crop was worth $280,020,000. Add to this an oat crop of 334,840,000 bushels, worth $93,457,000; a barley crop of 35,254,200 bushels, worth $15,871,000, and a flax crop of 10,530,000 bushels worth $15,843,000, and you find that on these four staples alone the farmers of Western Canada produced a wealth of $407,800,000.

Please note that this wealth is in money. It is not in real estate at inflated values, industrial stocks that are half water and the rest air, fictitious goodwills or unsaleable merchandise. It is in hard cash, or—which is better—hard wheat.

These figures are only for the staple grain productions. They do not include the millions of dollars represented by the live stock and dairying industries, or the additional millions included in the root, fruit, and garden crops. The creameries of Saskatchewan, for instance produced more buttermilk and ice cream last year than their total production amounted to six years ago. The milk, butter, and cheese production of Alberta for 1915 was valued at over eleven million dollars. The potato crop of the three provinces was worth five millions and a half. Corn and alfalfa—comparatively new crops, charged with tremendous possibilities—amounted to over a round million. Even honey—you didn't know we raised honey (the bee kind) in this country, did you? Manitoba produced 105,000 pounds in 1915, and there isn't a bee in the province that doesn't swear he's a better honey-sorter than anything in California or Washington.

That's where the money is; in the jeans of our honest friend the farmer, who was too slow to get into the cities when the rest of us saw short cuts to wealth; who hadn't imagination enough to think a man can make money without earning it, and who was too dull to know that hard work is foolish. Well, he has the laugh now. Likewise the money.—Advertisement.

Used Many Deadly Weapons.

She went down into her cellar for a jar of pickled watermelon rind and what should she find coiled up on the floor and ready to strike but a genuing garter snake of fearsome aspect and most threatening demeanor. She killed it with no other weapon than a mop, a hoe handle, an old flatiron, an empty crock and a board from one of the fruit shelves.

IF YOU OR ANY FRIEND
Suffer with Rheumatism or Neuritis, acute or chronic, Write for my FREE BOOK on Rheumatism—Its Cause and Cure. Most wonderful book ever written, it's absolutely FREE. Jesse A. Case, Dept. C. W., Brockton, Mass.—Adv.

Wonders of Science.

A camera man working for the educational department of a film company met an old farmer coming out of a house in one of the Middle states, and explained his presence on the place thus:

"I have just been taking some moving pictures of life on your farm."

"Did you catch any of my laborers in motion?" asked the old man curiously.

"Sure, I did!"

The farmer shook his head reflectively, and then said:

"Science is a wonderful thing!"

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

His Inheritance.

Askitt—Did young Dodge inherit anything from his father?

Nolit—Yes, I believe he inherited the old man's desire to avoid work.

No bother to get summer meals with these on hand

Vienna Style Sausage and Potted Meats

Libby's

Just open and serve. Excellent for sandwiches.

Insist on Libby's at your grocer's.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago

NEW 1916 CATALOG of BEST CAMERAS and SUPPLIES
Ask For Free Copy
CORRECT DEVELOPING 10c PER ROLL.
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Used and rebuilt motorcycles. We must sell. Guaranteed; shipped subject to inspect'n. 100 different machines. Send for list and catalog of the Big X.
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1st—The manufacturer with the rigid tests of the laboratory and factory.

2nd—The wholesale grocer with his high standing and desire to handle only reliable goods.

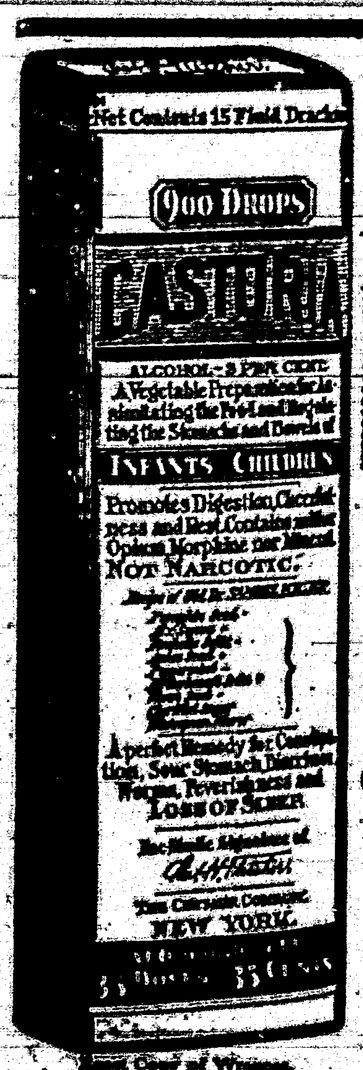
3rd—The retail grocer who desires to handle only those brands he knows will please his customers.

4th—The food officials with their rigid laws for the purity and wholesomeness of food products.

5th—And most important, you, the housewife with your desire for purity, efficiency and perfect satisfaction.

ASK YOUR GROCER — HE SELLS IT

25 Ounces for 25¢
(More than a pound and a half for a quarter)



Children Cry For

Fletcher's

CASTORIA

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhœa. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS
Bears the Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years
The Kind You Have Always Bought
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

Miss Margaret Prude is here this week from Mescalero visiting her aunt, Mrs. Ira O. Wetmore, and other relatives.

O. O. Humphrey, an old Lincoln county citizen now residing at Tularosa, was here one day last week.

Just received, a car of Table and Stock Salt. Humphrey Bros.

The adobes for the new hospital to be erected by Drs. Lucas and Johnson have been made, and work on the building will begin at once. The building will adjoin the office and residence of Dr. Lucas.

The rains have come at last, striking almost every section of the country. They are late coming, much later than the regular rainy season as a rule, but their continuance will insure good range for fall and winter.

Bring your wool and pelts—highest prices paid always. Carrizozo Trading Co.

Mrs. J. M. Gardner will return next Wednesday from Onondaga, Michigan, where she has spent the summer visiting her people.

John H. Lane has purchased the City Shoe Shop, located in the Hinton building. He is equipping his shop with tools and machinery and has an experienced bootmaker.

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

Dr. F. H. Johnson has moved his office into room No. 9, Temple building, phone 67.

W. K. Moore, the well known painter and paper hanger, who has been in Arizona the past four months, has returned.

Rev. J. M. Gardner closed his revival meetings at Ancho last Sunday night. He organized a church there and expects to preach there every two weeks.

Elbert T. Collier was a White Oaks visitor Wednesday.

George J. Wishar is home in Jicarilla from Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dr. T. Williams, the dentist, will remain at Dr. Pardee's for another week, for professional service.

Attorney Buel R. Wood writes from his old home at Vermillion, South Dakota, that he will be detained there indefinitely.

Methodist Church

REV. E. D. LEWIS, PASTOR.

Services at the Methodist Church next Sunday will be as follows: Sunday school beginning at 9:45. Be on time. Preaching at 11:00. Before the sermon two short stories will be told to the boys and girls who stay and occupy the front seats. One story will be about "A Boy who Rode a Turtle," the other will be about "A Man who Lived among Cannibals." At the conclusion of the sermon the Sacrement of the Lord's Supper will be administered. League at 7 o'clock, and preaching again at 8. You come.

I am glad to announce that beginning the 10th of September we will enter upon one of the greatest evangelistic campaigns ever undertaken in this town. Rev. Jerry Jeter, of Oklahoma City, will do the preaching. He is an evangelist of wide reputation and has been very successful everywhere he has been. He is an accomplished cartoonist. He uses the blackboard to illustrate his thoughts in colored pictures. Here is what one newspaper says about him: "Besides being a preacher and singer, the evangelist is also an artist. He is called the Artist Evangelist because of the beautiful pictures he quickly draws before the audience while a song is being sung or while he speaks on a subject which the picture illustrates. Some of his pictures hang in the homes of millionaires." This will be a great treat for the town of Carrizozo. Let the Christian people pray for a revival that shall touch every home and heart.

Baptist Church

REV. J. M. GARDNER, PASTOR.

Sunday school at 10, Junior B. Y. P. U. at 7, W. M. U., Wednesday at 2:40, and Prayer meeting at 7:30.

The pastor will preach at Lincoln Friday night, Fort Stanton Saturday night and Sunday morning, and at Capitan on Sunday at 3 and 8 p. m.

Catholic Church

REV. J. H. CUNNIE, PASTOR.

Mass at 9 a. m. on Sunday, the 20th of this month.

County Republicans

The Republicans of Lincoln county got together at Capitan last Monday—or it might be more accurate to say they assembled and flew apart—and chose delegates to represent this county at the state convention at Santa Fe on the 23rd. Theoretically, fire flashed from shield and helmet as the lances of knights were hurled and all went as merry as an Irish wake.

The delegates chosen were instructed to cast their votes for Frank A. Hubbell for Republican nominee for United States senator, and H. O. Bursum for governor, but not without some opposition. The real fight, however, was over the district attorneyship and it was upon this rock the good ship of Republicanism was almost battered to pieces. No instructions were given the delegates on this particular office, but the delegation itself was carefully "hand picked" with the view of giving the county of Lincoln to Edward C. Mechem, of Alamogordo, and permitting the present incumbent, Hon. H. B. Hamilton, the pleasure of looking elsewhere for his support. The delegation is, therefore, an anti-Hamilton delegation; but the victory, while not a bloody one, is said to have been a costly one.

The delegates elected were: Rumaldo Duran, Henry Silva, Lepoldo Gonzales, Henry Lutz, Francisco Gomez and H. D. Hanner.

Contractor White is today raising the roofframe on the annex to the school building. Operations have been delayed on the building because of the non-arrival of material, and Mr. White now fears he will not have the building ready when school begins.

Attorney Wade, of El Paso and Las Cruces, is here today looking after some legal matters.

Will H. Sexton and Mahlen Keller were down from the Mesa yesterday.

Wanted 1000 Prs. of Shoes to Repair.

First class Bootmaker in charge. Satisfaction guaranteed.

JOHN H. LANE, Prop'r.
Next to Grandview Hotel
Alamogordo Avenue

THROUGH DAILY SERVICE

ROSWELL-CARRIZOZO MAIL LINE

Leave Roswell.....7:00 a. m.
Leave Carrizozo.....1:15 p. m.
Arrive Roswell.....8:30 p. m.
Arrive Carrizozo.....2:15 p. m.

INTERMEDIATE POINTS

Picacho - Tinnie
Hondo - Lincoln
Capitan - Nogal

Through fare one way $8.40. Intermediate points 8 cents per mile.

ROSWELL AUTO COMPANY
OWNERS AND OPERATORS

Foxworth-Galbraith
LUMBER COMPANY.

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

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

Carrizozo : : New Mexico

Cole Bros. Circus

Will be in town September 1. When a boy of 14 we saw this circus, then called W. M. Cole's, who was the father of the present owners, and in all the years since we have never seen anything half so grand. We are curious to see if the same show has lived up to our youthful view of it.

Card of Thanks

We wish to express our heartfelt thanks to our friends for the expressions of sympathy and for the beautiful floral offerings tendered upon the death of our son and brother.

M. B. FORHMAN, J. T. KELLEY,
MRS. L. A. MCCALL, GEORGE
L. FORHMAN.

Professor and Mrs. A. McCurdy returned this week from Horidale, Luna county, where they have been visiting Mrs. McCurdy's mother. Prof. McCurdy has been engaged the greater part of the summer at the Silver City State Normal.

E. E. Wilson, a ranchman of the Jack's Peak neighborhood, was here one day this week.

We buy hides, green or dry, and guarantee highest prices. Carrizozo Trading Co.

Classified Advertisements

WANTED—Four- to Ten-Section ranch, or controlled range, for two hundred cattle. State location, price and all particulars, first letter. Address 278, Carrizozo News.

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

FOR SALE, Or Trade—Thirty head of fine Billies, for cash; or will exchange for mutton goats. Can be seen at my farm on Bonito, near Parsons. G. B. Greer, Parsons, N. M.

Home rendered lard that is pure. Patty & Hobbs.

CATTLE RANCH—Wanted to purchase, range for 500 head of cattle; must have permanent water and good grass. State location, size, price and terms, first letter. Address J. E. B., P. O. box 1027, El Paso, Texas.

WANTED—Party with 8 or 10 burros to pack ore down mountain about 1,000 feet. Inquire at this office.

FOR SALE—Automobile, almost new, cheap for cash; also, team of gentle mares. Box 32, Capitan, N. M.

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

SUMMER SPECIALS

KEEP COOL CLOTHES FOR MEN

Muslin Union Suits, no sleeves and knee length. Elastic waist band adds to their comfort—

65c to $1.25

WOMENS' WAISTS and SILK MIDDIES

REDUCED

A very nice assortment of cool, airy Blouses, from—

$1.00 to $5.00

Light, Cool Half Hose

In Silk and Silk Lisle. Gray, Black, Fancy, and a good supply of White—

25c and 50c

White Shoes

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Leather and Rubber Sole Oxfords, as well as Tennis Shoes.

Men's Sport Shirts

In a nice assortment of patterns

65c and $1.50

Men's Silk Hats

STRAW HATS,
LIGHT TROUSERS, Etc.

ZIEGLER BROS.

El Paso Brewing Association
Southern Bud
—AND—
Premium Beers
AT WHOLESALE
CARRIZOZO ICE COMPANY
PHONE 100

Toilet Articles

Rubber Goods
Stationery
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Drugs
Prescriptions
Ice Cream
and
Cold Drinks

They are good when we sell them, and the price is always right. Try us.

The Nyal Store
ROLLAND BROS.

KEEP COOL, NOW!

Get

One of our Palm Beach or Panama Suits

New and exclusive patterns and styles, made expressly for these hot days. You can be comfortable, and at a reasonable price. These suits will fit and the styles will please you, at

$6.50, $8.50, $10.00

But should you prefer the Best in Tailoring, we recommend our Complete Line from

"THE ROYAL TAILORS"

Why Don't You Get That Royal Tailored Look?

This store is the authorized resident dealer for THE ROYAL TAILORS.
Royal Tailored-to-Measure Suits and Overcoats at $16, $17, $20, $25, $30 and $35.

Straw, Panama and Palm Beach Hats

A Style For Every Taste

Watch Our Show Windows

Carrizozo Trading Co.
Walk Over Shoes

The road to success is hard only at first.

"The shortest cut to prosperity and contentment is the rough, craggy, bruising path of the pioneer. Its harder in the beginning but your muscles grow stronger as the journey grows longer and there's always reward at the goal."

Consistent Saving will bring ample reward!

THE EXCHANGE BANK
OF CARRIZOZO, N. M.