OFFICIAL COUNTY PAPER

# Carrizozo News.

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A Journal Devoted to the Interests of Lincoln County.

VOLUME 17. CARRIZOZO, LINCOLN COUNTY, NEW MEXICO, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1916. NUMBER 43

E. C. de BACA.
Democratic Candidate for Governor of New Mexico.

## REASONS WHY YOU SHOULD VOTE FOR W. B. WALTON FOR CONGRESS

President Wilson will certainly be re-elected and HE MUST HAVE a Democratic Congress behind him.

Walton will work with Wilson and Walton is a willing worker.

Walton is of congressional caliber. Walton will be heard from in Washington.

Walton knows the needs of New Mexico, and New Mexico needs a man like Walton in Washington.

Walton got a Corrupt Practices Act through a hostile state legislature.

Walton is the author of FIFTEEN laws now in force in New Mexico, and all are good ones.

Walton wanted Free School Books in New Mexico. He fought for a Workingman's Compensation Act.

Vote for W. B. Walton and send a man to Congress who is able and efficient, who knows WHAT TO GO AFTER, and when he goes after anything, GETS IT.

Give Woodrow Wilson a chance by giving him a Democratic Congress to work with. Give Walton a chance to show what a real congressman can do for New Mexico.

### FAIR, IMPARTIAL AND DIGNIFIED.

(Extract from "Senate Proceedings" in the Albuquerque Morning Journal of Sunday, June 9, 1912.)

At the suggestion of Senator Holt, Republican floor leader, President pro tempore Miera took the chair, and Mr. Holt paid a glowing tribute to Lieutenant Governor de Baca, presenting him, on behalf of the Senate, with a silver service and tray. Mr. Holt spoke feelingly of Mr. de Baca's fairness, impartiality and dignity as a presiding officer.

E. C. de Baca, present lieutenant governor and Democratic nominee for governor of the state, is one of New Mexico's foremost citizens—an able, honest, fearless American. He has been in public life for many years, and throughout his entire career has been a power for good citizenship and good government. His record is an open book, and one of which the entire state is proud. An ardent and faithful defender of the principles of right and justice, he has won the respect and esteem of all who stand for them, and has become a terror to those who would disregard them. He has been loyal and unswerving in his support of the splendid administration of Governor William C. McDonald, and his councels in matters of state invariably have been sound and valuable. As president of the Senate through three sessions of the State Legislature he handled a bitterly partisan and thoroughly antagonistic body with rare ability, impartiality and firmness, and his work gained for him the admiration and praise of all who witnessed it. He used every influence at his command to prevent the unseating of duly elected legislative members, and the determination with which he fought the Republican majority's unscrupulous procedure of jamming through desired legislation after the expiration of the legal period of the last session is a matter of state history.

No man in New Mexico has been tested more thoroughly than E. C. de Baca; no one has given greater evidence of personal worth, broad-mindedness and capacity for public service and public leadership; no one is better fitted by training, experience and character to handle the affairs of the state.

Mr. de Baca is a son of New Mexico. He was born in Las Vegas November 1, 1864, and received his education in the public schools of that city and in the widely known Las Vegas College, from which he graduated with high honors. Soon after leaving college he became identified with the public life of his community, and with signal efficiency served the people of San Miguel county in several county positions. For a number of years he has been engaged in important newspaper work in Las Vegas, and his journalistic achievements have brought him renown. In 1911 he was the unanimous choice of the Democratic party for lieutenant governor, and was elected by a splendid majority. He was appointed a member of the board of directors of the New Mexico asylum for the insane early in 1912, and was at once elected president of that board, a position he has since held, and which he has filled with inestimable value to the institution.

M. A. OTERO

Democratic Candidate for State Auditor.

M. A. Otero is best known by reason of his services to the commonwealth during the nine years that he was governor of New Mexico, the longest continuous occupancy of the executive chair with one exception.

He came into office to find an empty treasury, a large territorial debt, bonds selling at a low figure and hundreds of thousands of dollars in unpaid accounts. When he went out of office the territory's credit was on a cash basis, the debt had been reduced $60,000 a year, accounts due had been paid in full and there was several hundred thousand dollars in the treasury. He established the offices of traveling auditor, insurance commissioner and game warden, vetoed the infamous Hawkins bill, prevented the building of the international dam at El Paso instead of at Elephant Butte pocket, vetoed many graft bills, removed the Hubbells from office in Bernalillo county, helped secure 1,500 soldiers in New Mexico for the Spanish war, and secured liberal legislative appropriations for state institutions. He has served also as city treasurer of Las Vegas, county clerk of San Miguel county, clerk of the Fourth District Court, state treasurer, president of the penitentiary board, delegate to four Republican national conventions and two Progressive national conventions. His public service has been marked by honesty, fearlessness, vigor, efficiency and industry.

BONIFACIO MONTOYA

Democratic Candidate for Corporation Commissioner.

Bonifacio Montoya, of Sandoval county, who has risen from the job of a coal miner in the Cerrillos district to be one of the best known farmers and sheep and cattle growers of his section, has also made his mark in educational affairs. He has served as school director at Bernalillo, has served two terms as school superintendent of his county, and is at present also a member of the state board of education. He was nominated for county assessor by the Republicans in 1900 and endorsed by the Democratic and Independent conventions. Montoya is well posted on state conditions and his business ability is of a very high order.

GOVERNOR WILLIAM C. McDONALD.

William C. McDonald, first state executive, has given New Mexico a sound business administration—the best administration in its history. Honest, efficiency and economy have been McDonald's watchwords, and every dollar of state money over which he has had control has been made to return a dollar's worth of value to the state. He has worked unremittingly for better schools, better roads and better conditions generally, and during the four and one half years he has been in office greater progress has been made than in the fifteen years preceding in educational advancement and highway construction remarkable results have been achieved, New Mexico's accomplishments surpassing those of many of the older and far wealthier states. State banking has made tremendous strides under his administration, the confidence existing resulting in an increase in deposits of $7,500,000 and an increase in total state bank resources of $5,000,000. In his efforts in behalf of New Mexico and her people Governor McDonald has been sorely handicapped by antagonistic and unscrupulous Republican Legislative majorities, which have ignored the splendid programs of constructive legislation outlined in his messages. In 1915 four duly elected Democratic Representatives were deliberately unseated for the purpose of making it possible to pass the exorbitant County Salary bill and other Republican measures inimical to the interests of the taxpayers over McDonald's veto. His veto messages in connection with these measures are classics, and show his unswerving stand against injustice and extravagance.

Governor McDonald has the full confidence and the respect and esteem of all the people, irrespective of party affiliations, who believe in honest, honorable and efficient government who have the welfare of their state at heart.

Governor McDonald is now the nominee of the Democratic party for Lieutenant Governor.

## Jail Cleared

Judge Edward L. Medler was here this week and held a short term of court, and cleared the jail in the operation. Motions in civil cases were also heard and all was accomplished without either grand or petit jury being called. In emptying the jail four cases were disposed of in the following manner:

Espiridon Lujan, confined by justice of the peace commitment on the charge of stealing chili, discharged.

Tomas Chavez, plea of guilty to an information charging assault with intent to kill, sentenced to one year in the penitentiary and to pay a $5 00 fine.

Dolores Monrivalles, charged with riding off a burro, plead guilty, sentenced to one year in penitentiary, but sentence suspended during good behavior.

James Deans (Scotty), plea of guilty on information charging assault with a deadly weapon; sentenced to two years in the penitentiary, and sentenced suspended, with the admonition that defendant leave the state within ten days.

NEILL B. FIELD

Democratic Candidate for Associate Justice of the Supreme Court.

Neill B. Field, with thirty-six years practice in the courts of New Mexico, and extended experience in cases before the U. S. Supreme Court, is better known as an eminent lawyer in New Mexico than as an office holder, having never held public office, save as mayor of Albuquerque for one term in 1893. While filling an unexpired term as member of the National Democratic Committee for New Mexico, Mr. Field accomplished the feat of securing from the committee recognition of the right of Democrats in the territories to representation in the convention equal to that of the smallest state, the territories having previously had two delegates without votes. From that time until statehood they were given six delegates with votes. This resulted in forcing the Republican national committee to do the same thing and in home rule for the territories during the subsequent Cleveland administration. Mr. Field has a nation wide reputation as a brilliant barrister and the state could furnish no abler timber for the supreme bench.

GEORGE A. DAVISSON

Democratic Candidate for Commissioner of Public Lands.

George A. Davisson, a resident of New Mexico for the past sixteen years, is one of the solid citizens of the Pecos Valley and a man with an enviable record in public office. He is now completing a five year term as county treasurer of Chaves county; he was chairman of the park board at Roswell three years and ... of the Chaves county drainage district for one year. He is a man whose ability and training peculiarly fit him for the responsible office for which he was nominated.

HARRY L. PATTON

Democratic Candidate for Attorney General.

Harry L. Patton, for ten years a resident of Curry county and one of the state's most brilliant and successful lawyers, served two terms as a member of the House of Representatives of the Arkansas Legislature; served in 1915 as assistant United States attorney for the district of New Mexico, has been engaged continuously in the practice of law since 1897. No member of the New Mexico bar is better fitted for the position of attorney general.

J. L. G. SWINNEY

Democratic Candidate for Superintendent of Public Instruction.

J. L. G. Swinney, one of the foremost educators of New Mexico, has the capacity, the training and the ideals to administer the school affairs of the state in a manner certain to bring the maximum of accomplishment and progress. Mr. Swinney's record as school superintendent of San Juan county, and as a member of the State Board of Education, entitles him to the support of everyone who favors the continuance of the splendid educational achievements of the present Democratic administration, and who desires to see the educational standard of New Mexico second to none in the United States. Education has claimed Mr. Swinney's entire attention for many years, and the Democratic party made an ideal selection in nominating him for the position of superintendent of public instruction.

H. L. HALL

Democratic Candidate for State Treasurer.

Mr. Hall is one of the most substantial and successful business men of Rio Arriba county, in which county he has resided since 1894. He was born at Marion, Williamson county, Illinois, and was graduated from Notre Dame University, Indiana. Mr. Hall's business and financial ability is widely recognized, and insures a splendid administration of the office of state treasurer.

A little demonstration at our store will prove to you that the Cole's Hot Blast Heater is the cleanest, most durable, most economical and most efficient heater on the market. Sold by us at reasonable prices. Kelley & Son, Carrizozo, N. M.

Just received, a car of fine Colorado Potatoes. We also have a large stock of Flour, Feed and Stock Salt on hand. Humphrey Bros.

The Foxworth-Galbraith Co. have just received a car of painted and galvanized iron roofing.

## Joe Ashford Sells

Thos. Keehn was here Monday between trains. He informed the NEWS that Joe Ashford, the pioneer merchant of Oscuro, had disposed of his stock of goods, buildings, real estate, etc., to a gentleman from Chicago by the name of Harvey. Mr. Ashford had built up a most substantial business in Oscuro and the new owner, so the informant of the NEWS stated, expects to increase the stock and carry everything demanded by the growing needs of the community.

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

For Sale—Parke Davis & Co.'s Blacklegoids. The Titsworth Co., Capitan.

## Baptist Church

REV. J. M. GARDNER, Pastor.

Revival meetings close Sunday night. Saturday night the pastor will preach on "Sixty Million Fools" at 7:30. Sunday, at 11, "The Great Commission"; 7:30, "Almost." Sunday school at 10. Junior and Senior B. Y. P. U.s at 6:30.

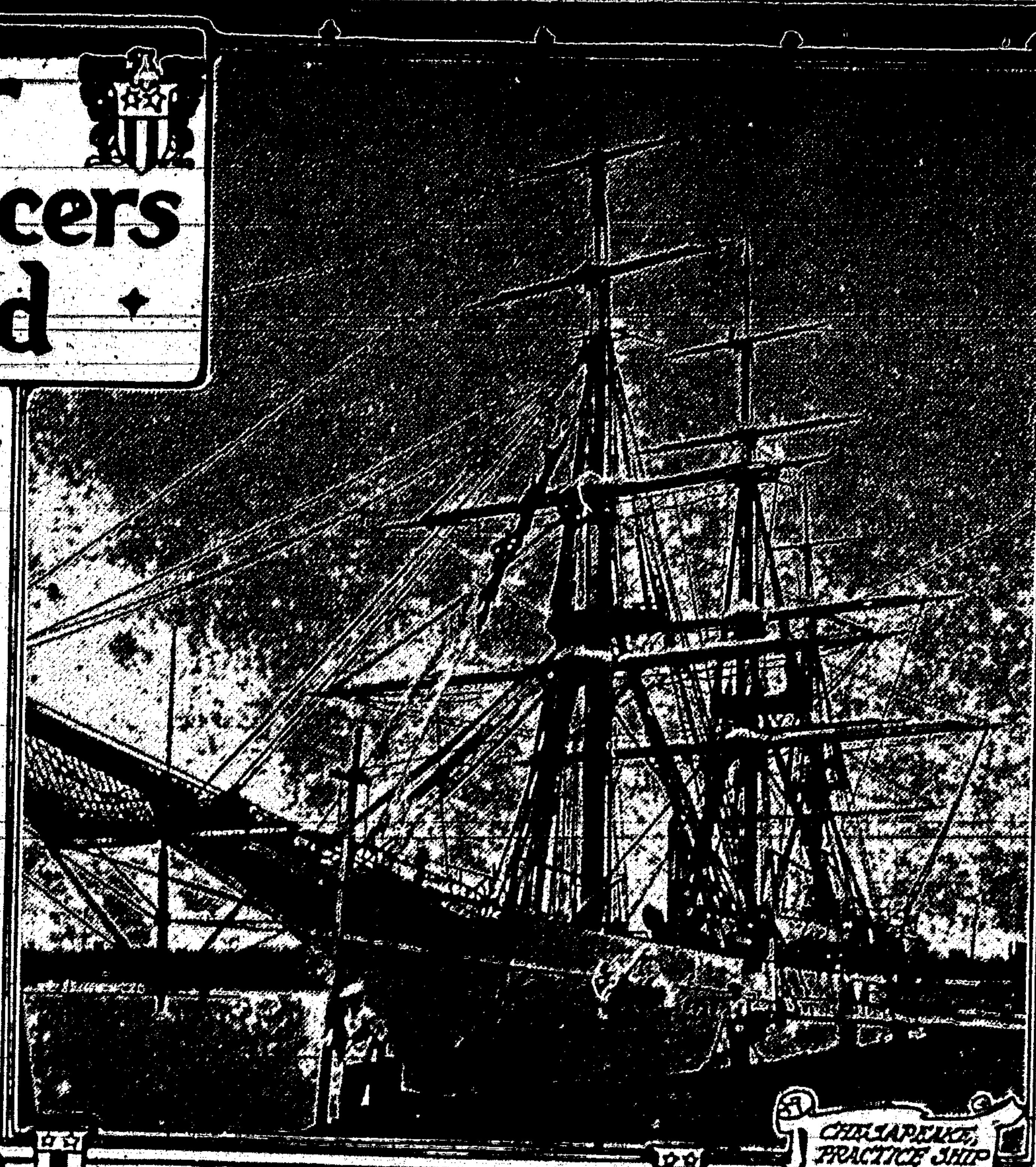
## Yes, Some Crowd

A number of Republican candidates were here Saturday night, including the candidate for governor, H. O. Bursum, and W. E. Lindsey. The local committee put on a fine show, the "movies," and had a splendid crowd. Some of the estimates given to state papers indicate a greater population than most of us believed we had, one enthusiastic Bursum paper proclaiming that fully 2,000 people greeted the speakers here that night. We hope it is true, and if it is and those present were all voters, E. C. de Baca will receive 1,500 of them.

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

# Where Our Naval Officers Are Trained

## A lieutenant's wife writes about life at Annapolis Academy, and tells especially about the work which Mrs. Gabrielle Jackson is doing as "Little Mother" to the young midshipmen there

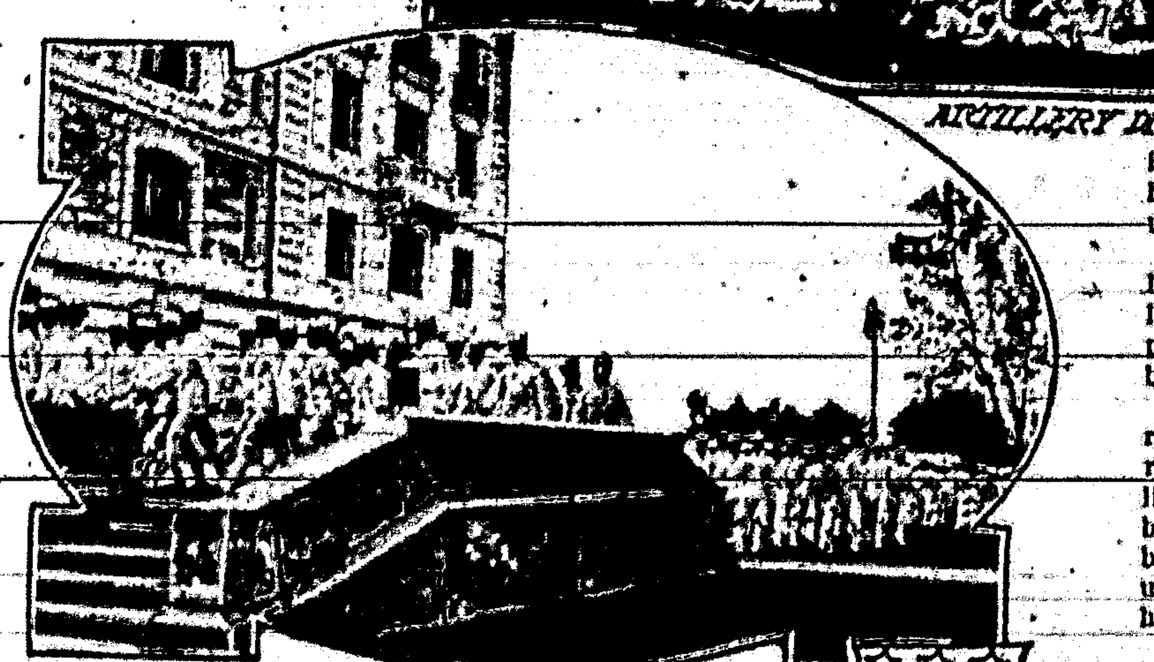

CHESAPEAKE, PRACTICE SHIP

THERE is no more important unit of preparedness for our national defense than the United States Naval academy. The American people are today making no better investment for the future, come peace or war, than in the education and training of the men whose professional ability and personal integrity we must one day trust for the efficiency of the fleet, but whose lives and traditions are less understood by the people than almost any group of men in the country." Thus writes M. Kelton in the New York Sun. She continues:

"The American people are unrepresented before congress by the brains they are taxed to train and upon which they must rely to protect the national honor.

"Come with me through the Maryland avenue gate of the academy, past the midshipmen of the guard and let us look out at the world with the spirit and swing of the service back of us and through the eyes of the boys who are among the least appreciated of our national resources but who constitute the backbone of our potential preparedness; for preparedness is not to bring on war, not to preserve the peace; it is for the purpose of giving the country a reasonable surety of success in war.

ARTILLERY DRILL


GOING TO LIVING QUARTERS

"Our first shore duty was at the naval academy. My husband, then a lieutenant, reported in the department of mathematics and I set valiantly to work to make our quarters at least habitable. Government furniture has an exasperating way of representing the combined tastes of a long line of former occupants.

"We were assigned to a top floor flat in Goldsborough row, the one where Admiral Theodoric Porter's daughter wrote her name with a diamond on a window pane when she was a child and he but a lieutenant. Admiral Benson, our present chief of operations, lived in the same flat and doubtless endured remnants of the same furniture when he was an ensign. The midshipmen called the old place the Corrals and sometimes the Incubators—young devils! The whole row is gone now to make way for a green lawn, but its memories will go out only with the last of the souls who peopled the shabby rooms.

"I think it must be this succession of people facing at different times the same problems and difficulties, stepping actually into each other's footsteps in work and play, which gives us that splendid spirit of the service, the warm brotherhood of thought and action that no outsider may really understand. It begins with the plebe class in the academy and goes on down a man's life till he is struck off the list forever and its warmth is his children's heritage. It is the unspoken generosity of the upper-class men at the academy to lend a hand to youngsters (third-class men) or plebe alike. It begins in discipline and ends in justice.

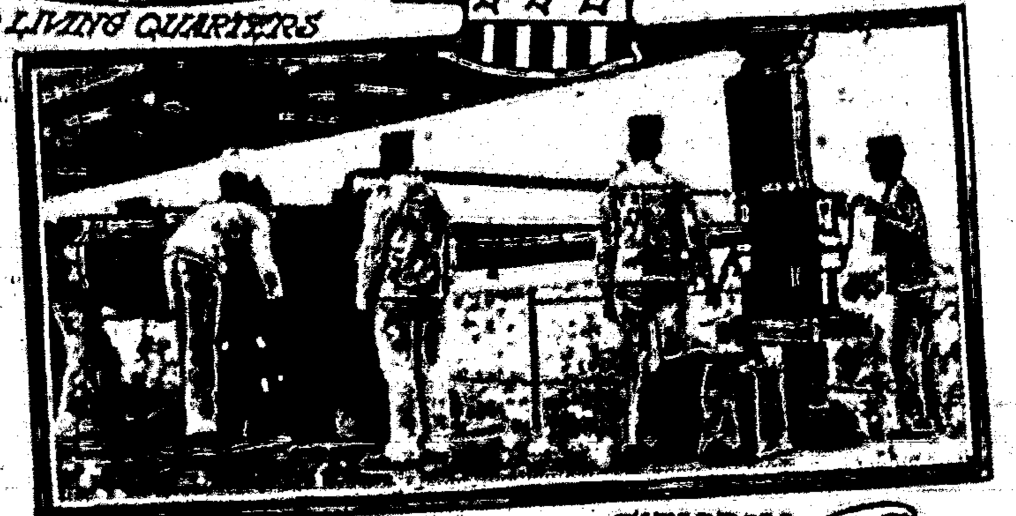
"It is the co-operation of officer with men. It stands behind our guns and sweats in the stoker's hell. It is the chap who stays aboard to take another fellow's duty that some waiting wife may be happy, some child discover that the photograph he is taught to call father isn't just a makebelieve. It is, more than any other one thing, fleet efficiency. Its steady, unchanging existence is the armament against which politicians' errors break like froth. It is our safeguard for protection and against militarism.

"My father had never let me visit the naval academy as a girl for fear I might marry a naval officer, so I looked forward to meeting my first midshipman with a curious flareback of youth, almost as if I were to see them through the eyes of a girl. I had determined when we went to duty at the academy to have a home place for the boys who were not invited out very much. My husband told me once long years ago, when I had gone all the way from Boston to Gibraltar to be with him for four days, that no one had ever asked him out to a single meal at the time he was at the academy.

"I never forgot that little confidence or the look in his eyes, and when I picked my first midshipman to invite to our quarters it was because he said 'Yes, ma'am' to me and didn't know what to do with his hands.

"The Sunday after S. reported we went to chapel in the academy. We were seated well back and in the shadow of one of the side balconies. It was infinitely quiet there, the very light held a quality of silence and the rows and rows of empty pews beneath the splendid dome seemed to be waiting tensely with me for some expected sound.

"I looked up into the rapidly filling balconies. So many girls, so young and eager, men and women, town folk and visitors. Then, as my glance wandered, I made out in the dimness of the organ loft the figure of a tiny woman. She was leaning forward and I could tell by her alert watchfulness that she, too, was waiting with me and the quiet church for a breaking of the silence.


GUN DRILL

"The seats about us were filled now with officers and their families. The midshipmen of the choir sat motionless in the chancel. Zimmerman, the band master, slid silently along the organ bench. There was a turning of heads, an instant's heavy pause, and then the quick, sharp crash of men marching on stone, an inrush of sweet air through the open doors, short, high commands, and to the triumph of 'Onward, Christian Soldiers,' in they marched, youth and life, ambition and hope, courage and discipline.

"I had thought to see them through the eyes of a girl, for I was only twenty-two, but the blurred sight of those 900 shining young heads, the straight, strong bodies in all their bravery of full dress uniforms, the knowledge that discipline had marched them to church when most of them wanted to be free and out of doors, wakened in me a sense of them I have never since lost. They needed a home and a mother, and but few of them realized how the iron arm of the navy department would separate them from both. You'll understand presently; but first let me take you out of the quiet chapel into the earnest business of Sunday liberty.

"The broad shallow steps are massed with uniforms crowding up to meet the frocks and flowers coming down and far out under the splendid trees and along Love lane the midshipmen wait to be joined by friends or family. All too many have neither living near enough to come to them, and these stand in groups or move off toward Bancroft hall, which is quarters for the entire brigade. There goes my little lady of the organ loft, completely swamped by 20 or more young giants and more come hurrying toward her along Chapel walk. I do not remember seeing in all my life so happy a face as hers.

"The gay picture breaks up, the people scatter and presently the streets of Annapolis are thronged with hurrying, loitering, laughing youths all moving dinnerward. It is a pathetic thing, in its very joyousness, these young men children trying to make the most of a few short hours of liberty. Many homes are thrown open to them on liberty days, both out in town and among the officers, but comparatively few boys are reached in this way.

"Annapolis has no Y. M. C. A., no club, no place of amusement, no place of any kind where freedom from routine discipline may be had openly and in order and with the sanction of the authorities. Carvel hall, the one possible hotel, the Peggy Stewart inn and a few boarding houses must be the meeting place for friends and family, and perched on chair arms, overflowing into halls and onto stairs, lining balconies and filling benches in the grounds our navy in embryo kicks its heels, pulls down its dress jacket and is generally uncomfortable.

"Bright and early of a Monday morning, hatless and happy, I went exploring. Something lovely always happens to me when I explore. I've proved it from Hongkong to the Bahamas and back to New York.

"First of all I inspected the quarters of the ranking officers. Some day if my lieutenant ever reaches the exalted rank of commander we might live in one of these houses. I sat on the bench, sacred to first-class men, where my husband had been as a boy of nineteen. I gazed upon the academic building where at that moment he was engaged in subduing 16 plebes. I sat in Love lane and watched section after section march by to recitation and thanked my Maker I did not have to study what they did.

"A nice yellow dog joined me, and we wandered off to look at the old statue of Tecumseh, god of two-five, or passing mark, who must be kissed by all plebes if they hope to get through the academy. There was a flight of stone steps leading over the terrace to the tennis courts below. Dog and I went down and there under the single great willow tree sat my very tiny lady of the organ loft. A watchman approaches me.

"'Sorry, ma'am, but you can't talk to that there lady; it's agin orders. She sets there and writes and there ain't no one to disturb her.'

"'But,' I began. Friend dog barked, my lady looked across at us, and I could hear her laugh.

"'Did you want to speak to me?' she called out.

"'Every wan wants to speak to 'er,' said the departing and disgusted Jimmy legs.

"We were friends before I had sat down under her tree, and, would you believe it, I'd known her all my life because she wrote 'Denise and Ned Toodles' in St. Nicholas, and I think that makes her partly belong to me.

"'Have you any children?' I asked.

"'Yes, my dear,' she replied crisply, 'one daughter and about 900 sons in uniform.'

"So, here was the mother of midshipmen, a tiny, alert figure, young eyes, face lined by years of physical pain and the heart, and soul of her in every tone of voice and expression of her screwed-up forehead.

"That was the beginning. Since then, all down the years I have been Gabrielle Jackson's honored friend and watched her work for her boys against the odds of delicate health, constant physical suffering and slender means. Her little sitting room in Carval hall, dubbed Sky parlor in its early days, is the meeting place for all her sons, plebes and first-class men alike. There are no "rates" there, and all she asks is that they shall come to her and let her be their 'little mother.'

"There is an open fire to stoke, big chairs, a tea table to mess with, a warmth of love no boy should ever miss, no matter how good for him the discipline all through the week may be. Midshipmen of the first class have only 20 hours of liberty in a whole week and a plebe but five and a half. What wonder that they long for a home place in which to spend the precious hours.

"For nine years Sky parlor has been a home to all who wish to come, with or without introduction or invitation, and only three times has Mrs. Jackson been forced to say, 'Son, I am sorry, but remember the open sesame to Sky parlor must be clean living and high standards, and having forgotten this I think, for the sake of those who have not forgotten, it would be wiser for you to give up your visits here.'

"Commandant and officers are glad of her co-operation, for discipline and drills, strict orders and hard work may turn out many a fine officer, but it does not always reach and help a naturally fine but high-strung nature.

"This is Gabrielle Jackson's work."

# ROAD BUILDING

## NEED OF STANDARD METHODS

**Roads Should Be Classified on Basis of Density of Traffic Into Main Lines and Feeders.**

Standardized methods of road construction and a standard system of classifying highways are needed. No system of classifying highways is better than that of traffic density. It is highly desirable that careful counts should be instituted by state highway officials to determine the present main routes of travel. Just as in railroad evolution, density of traffic determines the amount of investment, so highways should be classified on the basis of density of traffic into trunk lines, main lines and feeders.

In railroading, a light traffic is handled by a single line of track with switches; main line traffic is handled by double tracks. Trunk lines handling heavy traffic are sometimes four tracked, six tracked and even eight tracked.

The solution reached in the construction of permanent country roads around Cleveland is instructive. It is similar to the solution followed in railway evolution. The right of way for the highway lies between two fences 60 feet, more or less, apart. Economy is attained by building the permanent highway one-half as wide, leaving the balance of the dirt road for the present as before.

Good Roads in New York.

In railroading it is an axiom that the capacity of a single track of railway with sufficient switches and uniform speed of trains is practically unlimited. In Cuyahoga county, Ohio, hundreds of miles of permanent country roads of narrow widths are being built, using a special type of brick which is produced cheaply in that locally for the surface, set upon cement foundations. Future generations may widen these country auto tracks if they so desire. But they will act more wisely if they invest the money in an equal number of miles of new narrow roads of permanent construction to act as feeders.

A 12-foot permanent road is passable, summer and winter, for the harvest loads. The dirt road lies to one side of the new trackway just as before. The country needs thousands of miles of narrow roads of permanent construction, intersecting as feeders with the wider main lines and trunk lines. Such feeders need not be wider than 12 feet. The advantages are plain. Not only are such roads passable summer, fall, winter and spring for the harvest loads, but they are also permanent.

And, above all, they are a state and municipal undertaking, and not a subject for federal endowment.—Wall Street Journal.

## WIDE WAGON TIRES FAVORED

**Oklahoma Adopted Measure After Considerable Study of Road Question—Most Economical.**

Oklahoma, when it drafted its new road legislation, provided a penalty for using wagons of two tons or more capacity that do not have at least three-inch tires. The measure was adopted after a considerable study of the road question. Dealers who sell vehicles which do not come up to the state requirement make themselves liable for a fine of not less than $5 nor more than $25 for each wagon sold.

Tests by the federal roads department indicate that the three-inch tire is the most economical for farmers. Instead of being destructive to roads, it helps to make them better. Narrow-tired wagons, which are universally common, are very hard on roads.

**Two Enemies of Roads.**

The two greatest enemies of roads are water and politics. Of these, politics is the worst, for water will run downhill, while no one knows which way politics will run.—M. O. Eldridge.

**Time for Garden Work.**

Save a half hour at the close of the day for work in the garden. It cannot be better employed.

**Best Selling Apple.**

The King apple is said to be the best seller and brings a good price.


# AFTER SIX YEARS OF SUFFERING

**Woman Made Well by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.**

Columbus, Ohio.—"I had almost given up. I had been sick for six years with female troubles and nervousness. I had a pain in my right side and could not eat anything without hurting my stomach. I could not drink cold water at all nor eat any kind of raw fruit, nor fresh meat nor chicken. From 178 pounds I went to 118 and would get so weak at times that I fell over. I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and ten days later I could eat and it did not hurt my stomach. I have taken the medicine ever since and I feel like a new woman. I now weigh 127 pounds so you can see what it has done for me already. My husband says he knows your medicine has saved my life."—Mrs. J. S. BARLOW, 1624 South 4th St., Columbus, Ohio.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound contains just the virtues of roots and herbs needed to restore health and strength to the weakened organs of the body. That is why Mrs. Barlow, a chronic invalid, recovered so completely.

It pays for women suffering from any female ailments to insist upon having Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.


**An Eye to Business.**

"This play is the worst ever. I am going to demand my money back."

"Wait until after the next act, old man. Ten years elapse between acts 1 and 3, and you can demand interest on your money for that length of time."


Smile on wash day. That's when you use Red Cross Bag Blue. Clothes whiter than snow. All grocers. Adv.


**No Fun in That.**

"Why did you break the engagement?"

"Well, my fiancee got to imitating one of these movie queens. She thought it was cute to shoot me a swift kiss under the ear."


# Thousands Tell It

Why daily along with backache and kidney or bladder troubles? Thousands tell you how to find relief. Here's a case to guide you. And it's only one of thousands. Forty thousand American people are publicly praising Doan's Kidney Pills. Surely it is worth the while of any one who has a bad back, who feels tired, nervous and run-down, who endures distressing urinary disorders, to give Doan's Kidney Pills a trial.

**A Colorado Case**

Mrs. John Brumley, 114 Twelfth St., Greeley, Colo., says: "I believe I would be dead if it weren't for Doan's Kidney Pills. My back began to ache, soon followed by blinding dizzy spells. My feet swelled terribly and the swelling extended up into my limbs and hips. I couldn't sleep and my nerves were wrecked. After doctor's treatment failed, Doan's Kidney Pills restored me to good health."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box

**DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS**

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

# Don't Persecute Your Bowels

Cut out cathartics and purgatives. They are brutal, harsh, unnecessary. Try

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS**

Purely vegetable. Act gently on the liver, eliminate bile, and soothe the delicate membrane of the bowel. Cure constipation, biliousness, sick headache and indigestion, as millions know.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

Brent Good

**Every Woman Wants**

# Paxtine

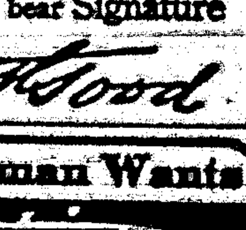
ANTISEPTIC POWDER

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.

# BLACK LEG

LOSSES SURELY PREVENTED by CUTTER'S BLACKLEG PILLS



Low-priced, fresh, reliable; preferred by western stockmen, because they protect where other vaccines fail.

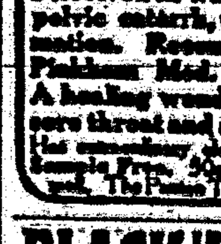
Write for booklet and testimonials.

10-dose pkg. Blackleg Pills, $1.00

50-dose pkg. Blackleg Pills, $4.00

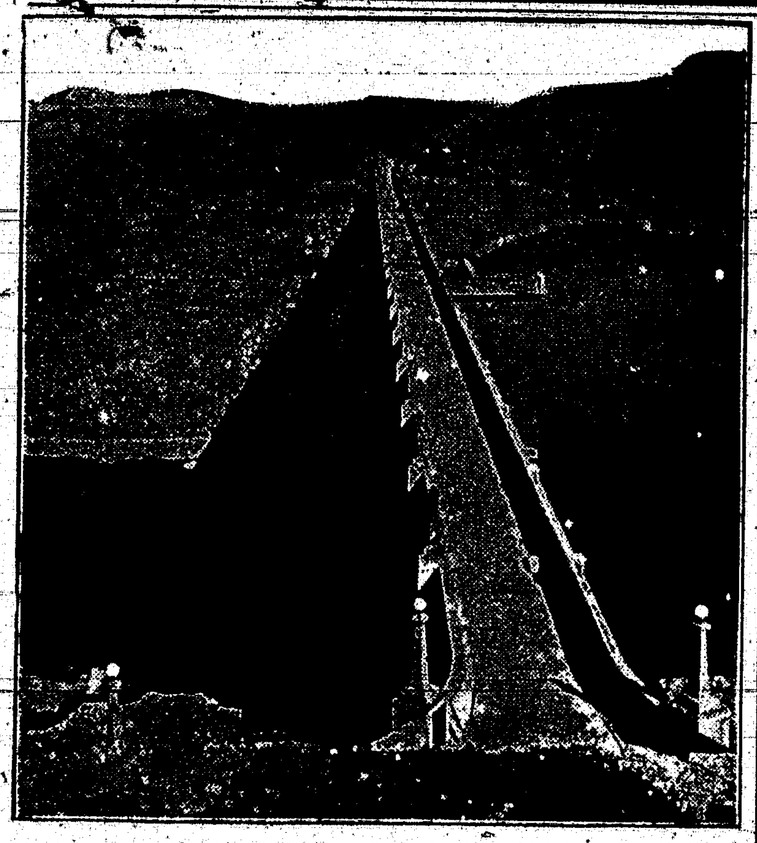
Use any injector, but Cutter's simplest and strongest. The superiority of Cutter products is due to over 15 years of specializing in VACCINES AND SERUMS ONLY. INSIST ON CUTTER'S. If unobtainable, order direct.

The Cutter Laboratory, Berkeley, California



**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.



Longitudinal View of Elephant Butte Dam.

# LARGEST DAM IN THE WORLD

## Elephant Butte Will Reclaim 200,000 Acres in Rio Grande Valley.

## GREATEST PROJECT OF KIND

### Flood Waters of Rio Grande to Be Stored in Monster Lake—Force of Water May Be Used for Furnishing Power.

El Paso, Tex.—Elephant Butte dam, which will be formally dedicated by President Wilson October 14, is the largest irrigation dam built under the direction of the United States reclamation service and the largest mass of masonry in the world. It is 1,250 feet long, with a maximum width of 215 feet at the base, tapering to a width of 18 feet at the crest, which is 304.5 feet above bedrock. The crest is used as a roadway. The structure contains 610,000 cubic yards of stone and rubble concrete. The "lake" formed by the dam, which stores only the flood water of the Rio Grande, will be 45 miles long with an average width of six miles and an average depth of 66 feet.

**Storage Capacity.**

It will have 200 miles of shoreline and a storage capacity of 862,200,000,000 gallons, or enough to cover 2,642,292 acres of land to the depth of one foot—about twice the capacity of the lake behind the Roosevelt dam in Arizona, and four times the capacity of the storage reservoir behind the famous irrigation dam at Assouan in Egypt. This would be enough water to cover the state of Delaware to the depth of two feet or the state of Connecticut to the depth of ten inches. The dam, which will cost $10,000,000, is destined to reclaim nearly 200,000 acres of fertile land in the valley of the Rio Grande in New Mexico and Texas and 30,000 acres of land in old Mexico. Construction was begun in 1910 and completed so far as the laying of stone is concerned on March 1 of this year. The dressing of the structure and the clearing away of buildings and other impediments will be finished in time for the dedication by the president on October 14.

**Destined to Furnish Power.**

There is a hope that the great force of the water flowing through the penstocks of the Elephant Butte dam may be converted into electrical energy which will be carried over transmission lines to El Paso and to the many mining camps within a radius of 200 miles and be used to light streets and operate countless plants of machinery. It is planned to build a power house at the base of the dam. The water, after turning turbines which will create 75,000 horse power of electrical energy will then pass into the irrigation ditches and do the work primarily intended.

**Frogs' Noise Causes Suit.**

Ottumwa, Ia.—Because the bullfrogs made such noises in a pond near his house that he and his family lost much sleep during the hot weather, Charles H. Barton, retired capitalist, has filed suit for $2,000 damages against L. H. Hughes, a Riverview grocer and postmaster. Barton charges that the pond in which the frogs live was constructed by Hughes that he might fish from the rear step of his store.

**Burglars Paid for Baths.**

El Dorado, Kan.—El Dorado has fallen heir to two seemingly honest housebreakers. Two El Dorado women returned home recently and found the bathtub smeared with oily dirt and on the bottom of the tub two quarters. Conditions of the window above the tub indicated that the men had entered that way and proceeded to clean up, leaving the 50 cents as payment.

## PRAIRIE DOGS INVADE CITY

### Mysterious Couple Take Up Life in Kansas City Business District and Make Friends.

Kansas City.—Without any visible means of support, and with only enough furniture and luggage to start light housekeeping, two Kansas prairie dogs took lodging under a wall here last spring. A shy, retiring couple, they seemed to shun society. They were never at home to callers.

But sometimes, on sunny afternoons, the employees of the printing company next door could see the little animals emerge from their hole under the wall and play among the rubbish and fragments of old pavement in the yard. By and by the prairie dogs learned the printers meant no harm, and accepted small favors, such as bunches of sweet grass, nuts and apples, from them.

No one knows where the prairie dogs came from. One man said they escaped from a circus menagerie. Another held the theory they had run away from someone who had tried to tame them and make them into household pets.

At any rate, there they are, next door to Kansas City's business district. The appearance of strangers on their doorstep is a signal for retirement to the depths of their hole-in-the-wall. A photographer waited more than an hour to get a glimpse of the prairie dogs. Finally he was compelled to take the picture from the interior of the printshop, thrusting the camera through the window.

## WED IN SLEEP; ASKS DIVORCE

### Woman Says Husband Had Power of Putting Her in Trance, and That He Treated Her Cruelly.

Reading, Pa.—Alleging that she was in a trance during her marriage ceremony, and that the wedding was not a voluntary act on her part, Mrs. Lottie F. Mead, a well-known Penn street store saleswoman, has brought suit in court here for divorce from Charles H. Mead, residence unknown, on the ground of cruel treatment.

In her petition filed with the court Mrs. Mead says that she was married on August 8, 1915, at Stone Harbor, while "she was stupefied and was not aware of her existence."

She alleges that her husband had the power of putting her into a trance. Mrs. Mead says that later her husband told her that he married her only for a joke, and to get possession of her inheritance, saying that he had already run through two, that of his mother and his daughter. Mrs. Mead says her husband told her that his first wife lasted only a year and his second wife only five years. The court granted a subpoena.

## MEMORIAL TO LAFAYETTE

This bronze statue of Lafayette was unveiled in Fall River, Mass., during a recent celebration in memory of the great Frenchman.

## PERSHING SAVES VETERAN MULE

### Animal Seeks Sanctuary in Officers' Row When Pursued by Skinner.

## END OF THRILLING CHASE

### Ironical Brays and Picturesque Language Feature Exciting Incident With American Punitive Expedition in Mexico.

Headquarters, American Punitive Expedition, Mexico.—The army motor truck train is a highly efficient unit of the American army and plays an important part in the life of this expedition. And the truck drivers, as picturesque a set of pirates as ever scuttled a can of gasoline, bring a new type into the service that is not without merit.

There is something heroic about driving the immense cars across the forbidding trails that try to jerk the wheels from the drivers' hands and send the motors slithering to destruction in some deep and rocky arroyo.

But it is doubtful if the motors and their drivers will ever achieve the fame of the army mule and his master, the army mule skinner. There is an intelligence behind mulish mischief that cannot be achieved by a disordered carburetor in the center of the desert. There is an element in the contest of mulish stubbornness and mule skinners' language that is not rivaled when a motor settles down in the deepest rut and refuses to budge.

**Gabriel Takes to His Heels.**

This is the story of one of these contests:

Gabriel, a wise old mule that has become a veteran in the service, took advantage of his master's carelessness at the picket line. He slipped a loose halter, edged toward the end of the line, and a moment later was galloping to freedom. A moment later, too, the mule skinner discovered Gabriel's flight and singed the atmosphere with conversation that would never pass the censor.

"Oh, you double-dyed offspring of perdition," he remarked when he grew calmer, "I sure will skin you alive for this."

Then he picked up a young log, about the size of a wagon tongue, and started in pursuit. Gabriel made a regular mule's chase of it. He waited until the mule skinner was within striking distance. Then, with a gay flirt of his heels, he was off to a point a quarter of a mile distant. Here he paused long enough to bray ironically.

"May all the alfalfa you eat turn to barbed wire in your copper-riveted insides," swore the mule skinner, as he trudged through the alkali dust in pursuit. By this time the whole camp was watching. Brother mule skinners were offering sarcastic advice to Gabriel's master. Gabriel rolled lazily in the dust, waggled his ears, brayed some more and otherwise informed the world that he was having a splendid time.

The chase lasted two hours. Even Gabriel seemed to tire. As for the mule skinner, he was reduced to an exhausted human, spurred on only by the desire to capture one slender-legged mule and splinter the club he still carried between the two long ears. Gabriel loafed along toward officers' row, with the mule skinner dogtrotting in pursuit.

**Saved by Pershing.**

In front of General Pershing's tent waves the red flag with a white star that symbolizes the commander's quarters. Toward this flag Gabriel ambled. There, with a meek and innocent look in his eyes, Gabriel came to a dead stop and waited.

To the spot the mule skinner crept, taking a fresh hold with both hands on his club. He waved it a couple of times testingly as he came.

"Now, you sin-spotted brute," he hissed. "Now, I'm going to beat your hard head into a pulp."

And then General Pershing stepped for a moment from his tent and surveyed the scene. The mule skinner dropped his club. He approached Gabriel softly. He patted his neck tenderly.

"Why do you act like this, Gabriel?" he asked. "Why can't you be like the other nice mules?"

Then he led Gabriel away. Gabriel, the veteran, smiled a wise, mulish smile.

**Piano That Was Heirloom.**

St. Louis.—A piano sixty years old, which orginally cost $5,000, has been sold by Mrs. Steinrauf, wife of Dr. William Steinrauf of St. Charles, Mo., to Miss Ada Campbell of Chicago, whose father had the instrument built before the Civil war and who, after trying to locate it for ten years, finally found it in St. Charles.

The piano has strings of solid gold wire, its keys are of solid pearl, and it is hand-painted throughout.

Its history started when Miss Campbell's father had the instrument built in 1856. He suffered financial reverses and the piano was placed in storage in St. Louis. Years later the proprietor of the store put it in the window, and a clerk, while the proprietor was away, sold it to Mrs. Steinrauf.

# Season's Coats Show Novelty

## Two Distinct Styles Have Been Featured by the Parisian "Big Houses."

## SLEEVES MADE A FEATURE

### Decree Is That They Must Be Tight From the Elbow Down—Directoire and First Empire Effects Copied—Embroidery Used in Profusion.

New York.—The coats of the season may be roughly summed up in two parts—the short, capelike shapes with sleeves that ripple over the top of a high-waisted, embroidered belt, attached to the skirt—these are in the minority, but very smart—and the mannish directoire coat featured by Cheruit, Bernard, Douillet, Callot and most of the other big Paris houses.

This latter coat will probably be the shape seen on more than half the women this season. It has a slim top that fits the figure, a small belt that draws attention to itself through buttons or buckles in front, and an extra full skirt which convolutes around the figure and in which are exploited several of the newest features. They are difficult to describe in detail; the general idea is that the material is brought back and twisted over in many curious ways, as if the designer had been trying out an experiment with the cloth and had pinned it up into pockets, loose straps and revers and then left them all there.

**Coat Has Novel Features.**

The novelty in the top part of the coat consists in radiating lines from neck to waist by gussets of the same material inserted and corded or stitched at the edges. It is probable

New Satin Blouse From France.

that this idea was evolved from what is known as the delta decollete, which was exploited by the Duchess de Vendome in Paris last winter, but which was never taken up in this country. These gussets inserted from neck to waist make a deep delta effect.

The sleeves are gathered at the top, sometimes made after the genuine leg-o'-mutton shape which is not approved by American dressmakers and which has been altered by many of them into a more graceful shape which is buttoned tightly from the knuckles of the hand to just below the elbow, then flaring to the armhole, where its fullness is slight enough to be put into a few well-streaked gathers at the back.

Whatever else sleeves are, they are tight from the elbow down. Cuffs of fur are frequent, but they fit the wrist and flare upward and outward to hold the fullness of the sleeve as it mounts toward the bend of the elbow.

Fur collars are made in this shape, often pointed in front, fitted tightly to the shoulders and flaring upward and outward to the ears. Satin, velour, jersey and velvet are the choice of materials for these suits.

**Inclined to the Directoire.**

The prophecies for directoire and first empire styles have come good. There are gowns of dull blue satin that have small jacket effects attached to the skirt, half covered with gray soutache embroidery, which are cut in a straight line just under the bust and then dipped to long points of braiding over the hips.

The street coats that have been described might have been worn in France under the directory. The three-quarter topcoats, which are the strongest feature of the new fashions, are belted so high under the bust and have such narrow shoulders that they instantly suggest a costume worn by Tosca. The skirts of these coats are full, cling to the figure and are covered with soutache or embroidery. There is a band of fur on the outside of the hem—this is a novelty borrowed from the Russians—and a deeper band on the inside.

**Coats of Heavy Blue Satin.**

Heavy satin is used as frequently for coats as velvet, and a bright dark blue seems to be the choice of the French designers. Both of them are heaped with fur. Nutria is used, rabbit, brown, gray and white but not many of the coarse, long-haired peltry. The fur this season must be flat and pliable, so that it can lend itself to all the soft curves of the material.

Bernard has turned out a black satin coat with brown fur that the American dressmakers think will have a long run of popularity. It follows the fashion of last year, in that it has wide, distended openings at the side, exactly below the waist, that are heavily corded at the edges. There is a black gown that goes with this, with a deep renaissance yoke of gold lace, but the majority of women will buy the coat, probably, without the gown.

**Miles of Embroidery.**

It would be terrifying to have a statistician measure in miles the embroidery used on the new gowns. It would make a new burden for our minds to carry, which are already feeling the burden of this departure in clothes.

If there is one thing that France knows how to do better than any other place in the world, it is needlework. She has called up all her resources in this line today. All her needleworkers are not under the colors, but they are under orders to cover every piece of material that goes out of Paris with the most complicated embroidery.

The designs are drawn from several sources of inspiration. China, Japan and Russia are the nations which are represented. The majority of the designs, however, are reminiscent of the moyen age—those sumptuous and exquisite patterns that were produced from the twelfth to the fifteenth century.

There are bits of embroidery on street suits that look as though they were copied from altar cloths. Entire coats have their surfaces plastered with soutache braiding, which incorporate hundreds of flat disks, wonderfully done.

**All Colors Seemingly Used.**

Oyster gray soutache is the color chosen for the largest amount of braiding done, and every color is used in the embroidery, as well as every stitch and design that the world has ever produced.

Jet and colored beads are profusely used. A black silk house gown is al-

Evening Coat in Brilliant Colors.

most covered with a design in jet. Colored beads in ornamental motifs hang from belts, collars and cuffs.

Metal thread is lavishly employed and usually several metals are combined. One of the most effective evening gowns has its mass of embroidery done in gold, silver, red and blue metal threads.

The blouse illustrated is in biscuit color, with a double collar and cuffs of chiffon edged with narrow bands of brown rabbit. The sash is of brown chiffon, tied at the side and finished with gold fringe.

Exceedingly popular is the coat shown. It has been drawn from the eighteenth century and is made of bright, rose-colored satin trimmed with ermine and silver roses. The pockets are corded and topped with roses.

(Copyright, 1916, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

**Widow's Bonnet.**

While the majority of mourners are not making their mourning conspicuous by its very intensity, there are still widows who persist in wearing the long veil as a token of their bereavement. For such there are several picturesque new styles being shown. The veil draping is not very different from that employed by those out of mourning who are adopting the long veil for its smart style qualities. It is thrown over a small toque foundation, thrown back from the face and held perfectly plain in front by a band of white crepe around the face line. A bridle of white crepe is passed under the chin and is quietly very chic to an attractive woman

## CHIC HAT AND COLLARETTE

Lovely new Smalin "Bluebird" model of the new shade of cerise panne velvet, the facing of which is of Alice blue. The shirred tam-o'-shanter crown and ornaments of jet add to the attractiveness of this charming hat. Collarette of kolinsky and ermine, which will be so very popular this coming season.

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SKINNER'S
THE HIGHEST QUALITY
MACARONI
36 Page Recipe Book Free
SKINNER MFG. CO., OMAHA, U.S.A.
LARGEST MACARONI FACTORY IN AMERICA

**Incidental Embellishment.**

"Remember," said the man who takes life seriously, "that riches have wings."

"Well," replied Mr. Dustin Stax, "the fact that a fried chicken has wings doesn't prevent me from enjoying it."


## What the Doctor Knows

### KIDNEYS MUST BE RIGHT TO INSURE HEALTH.

Few people realize to what extent their health depends upon the condition of the kidneys.

The physician in nearly all cases of serious illness, makes a chemical analysis of the patient's urine. He knows that unless the kidneys are doing their work properly, the other organs cannot readily be brought back to health and strength.

When the kidneys are neglected or abused in any way, serious results are sure to follow. According to health statistics, Bright's Disease, which is really an advanced form of kidney trouble, caused nearly ten thousand deaths in one year, in the State of New York alone. Therefore, it is particularly necessary to pay more attention to the health of these important organs.

An ideal herbal compound that has had remarkable success as a kidney remedy is Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy.

The mild and healing influence of this preparation, in most cases, is soon realized, according to sworn statements and verified testimony of those who have used the remedy.

When your kidneys require attention, get Swamp-Root at once from any pharmacy. It is sold by every druggist in bottles of two sizes—50c and $1.00.

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.


**At a Disadvantage.**

"Have any trouble with your summer boarders this year?"

"No," answered Mr. Cobbles. "That is, none worth mentionin'. There was a lady school teacher stayin' with us who didn't seem to think much of my grammar, but as I wasn't chargin' nothin' for my grammar, she couldn't come right out and make no regular complaint."

**The Ruling Passion.**

"Who are those gentlemen having lunch together?"

"A party of scientists."

"I don't suppose a low-browed individual could understand what they are talking about."

"He might. I overheard one of them just now ask the waiter if there was a ball game today."

**Tabloid Aeroplanes.**

The British reason, quite logically, that the smaller the aeroplane and the faster it can fly the less danger of its being hit by shots fired from earth. So the British airmen favor an unusually small machine, which they call the "tabloid." A very light frame is fitted with an 80-horse power motor, which will drive the frail machine through the air at the rate of 100 miles an hour. The engine is covered with armor. The aviator seeking to drop a bomb on the enemy approaches his target at a height of 5,000 feet. When straight above it he turns the nose of his machine straight down and drops at terrific speed. When within 500 feet of the target he drops his bombs as quickly as possible and then shoots skyward at a tremendous pace. —American Boy.

"Another Article Against Coffee"—

In spite of broad publicity, many people do not realize the harm the 2½ grains of caffeine in the average cup of coffee does to many users, until they try a 10 days' change to

POSTUM

Postum satisfies the desire for a hot table drink, and its users generally sleep better, feel better, smile oftener and enjoy life more.

A fair trial—off coffee and on Postum—shows

"There's a Reason"

# THE CARRIZOZO NEWS

Published Every Friday at
Carrizozo, Lincoln County, New Mexico

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

HALEY & DINGWALL — Publishers

DEMOCRATIC TICKET

NATIONAL

For President
Woodrow Wilson
For Vice-President
Thomas R. Marshall
For U. S. Senator
A. A. Jones
For Presidential Electors
Felix Garcia, of Rio Arriba
Jose Chaves, of Valencia
James Upton, of Luna

STATE

For Governor
E. C. de Baca
For Lieutenant-Governor
W. C. McDonald
For Representative in Congress
W. B. Walton
For State Treasurer
H. L. Hall
For Corporation Commissioner
Bonifacio Montoya
For Attorney General
Harry L. Patton
For State Superintendent of Schools
J. H. Wagner
For Land Commissioner
G. A. Davisson
For State Auditor
Manuel A. Otero
For Justice of the Supreme Court
Neil B. Field

[illegible] COUNTY

For Senator [illegible] District
[illegible]
For Senator [illegible] District
W. [illegible] Rutherford
For Representative [illegible] District
R. C. [illegible]
For Representative [illegible] District
George L. Moffatt
For District Attorney
[illegible] Barber
For Sheriff
C. Walter Hyde
For Assessor
Frank Salazar
For Treasurer
[illegible]
For County Clerk
[illegible]
For Probate Judge
[illegible]
For Superintendent of Schools
[illegible]
For Surveyor
H. R. Robinson
For Commissioner 1st District
[illegible]
For Commissioner [illegible] District
[illegible]
For Commissioner 3d District
[illegible]

## The Democratic Rally

Pursuant to announcement, the three Democratic speakers scheduled to deliver addresses here Tuesday night, reached here on time and were greeted by a good crowd at the Wetmore Opera House. Judge John Y. Hewitt presided, and after a solo by Professor McCurdy introduced Hon. Antonio Lucero, Secretary of State.

Mr. Lucero made a short scholarly address in English and announced an address in Spanish for next morning. Mr. Lucero is a fluent speaker in both English and Spanish and his remarks were well received by the audience.

The audience joined in singing "America," with Professor McCurdy at the helm and Geo. Ferguson presiding at the piano.

Hon. W. B. Walton, nominee for Congress, was next introduced, and despite the fact that the chairman referred to the gentleman as the handsomest man on the ticket, Mr. Walton recovered his equilibrium and overcome his well known modesty and delivered a most telling address, dealing almost wholly with national affairs. The position he took, and it is absolutely unassailable, was that a man who was working for or intended to vote for and did vote for Woodrow Wilson would be inconsistent if he failed to vote for a Democratic Congress in harmony with the president, and therefore he urged his auditors to support A. A. Jones for the Senate and himself for Congress.

Following an instrumental selection by Geo. Ferguson, the chairman introduced Hon. A. A. Jones, candidate for United States Senator. Mr. Jones made a most eloquent defense of the Wilson administration, both in its domestic and foreign relations, and his intimate acquaintance with every phase of every question that has confronted and been met by the Wilson administration secured for him the most rapt attention of his audience. Mr. Jones has been called "The First Citizen of New Mexico," and those present Tuesday night, irrespective of politics, endorse the appellation. He is a big, brainy man and will be a credit to New Mexico when he takes his seat in the Senate; and that great deliberative body will not have a member to whom, in intellect, influence, integrity and honesty, the New Mexico Senator will be second.

## 'The Modern Hiawatha.'

Friday, November 3, the young people of the Methodist Church will give a play, "The Modern Hiawatha." The scene will be in the forest of the Indians where deeds of bravery and valor live again in glowing picture. The story itself is full of love and romance. The proceeds of the play will go to the Missionary Society. Tickets are for sale by the young people. Adults 25c, children 15c.

Ladies! — Spirella Corsets. — The famous spiral boning, recommended by all physicians. Seventy-five different models. Fit and satisfaction guaranteed. Special corsets for school, girls. Prices range from $3.25 to $5.00 up. Guaranteed to wear one year. Usually last longer. I fit you in your own homes. Phone No. 1 or write Box 204. Mrs. G. T. McQuillen.

Miss Katie Tomlinson, of Fluvanna, Texas, arrived Sunday and is visiting the family of Alvin Tomlinson, her brother.

We pay the highest prices for hides and pelts. Ziegler Bros.

**W. H. CORWIN**
Contractor and Builder
Brick, Plastering & Cement Work. Estimates furnished.
Oscuro, N. M.

## White Oak's Bids You To This Saturday Doin's

A Hallowe'en social there's going to be
At White Oaks hall—come and see;
Witches and ghosts and fortune-telling,
The Domestic Science girls will be selling,
Home made candies, coffee and cake—
Come and buy for the school's sake.
There'll be joy and laughter by the ton,
Please, won't you come and join the fun?

**J. K. SUCH**
WATCH AND JEWELRY REPAIRING
ALL WORK GUARANTEED
El Paso Ave. and 4th St.

Notice for Publication
[illegible]
Department of the Interior,
United States Land Office,
Roswell, New Mexico,
October 1[illegible], 1916.

Notice is hereby given that [illegible], of White Mountain, N. M., who, on October [illegible], 1913, made Hd. E. Serial No. 0[illegible], for the NW¼ [illegible] Sec. 1[illegible], and E½NE¼, Sec. [illegible], Tp. 10-S, Range 9-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 Guido Ranniger, U. S. Commissioner, in his office, at Oscuro, N. M., on Nov. 27, 1916.

Claimant names as witnesses:
Sylvester Gonzales, [illegible], [illegible] Hall, those of White Mountain, N. M.; Ramon Guerra, of Three Rivers, N. M.

EMMETT PATTON,
Oct. 27–Nov. 24. Register.

Notice of State Selections
Department of the Interior,
United States Land Office
Roswell, New Mexico.
September 2[illegible], 1916.

Notice is hereby given that the State of New Mexico, under the provisions of the Acts of Congress approved June 21, 1898, and June 20, 1910, and acts supplementary and amendatory thereto, has filed in this office selection lists for the following described lands:

List No. 7[illegible], Serial No. 0[illegible]: [illegible] Sec. 2[illegible], T. 13S., R. 17E., Lot 1, [illegible] NW¼, Sec. 19, NW¼[illegible] Sec. [illegible], T. 12S., R. 1[illegible] E., N. M. Mer. [illegible] acres.

List No. [illegible], Serial No. [illegible]: [illegible] Sec. [illegible], SE¼NE¼ Sec. [illegible], T. [illegible]S., R. [illegible] E., N. M. Mer. 120 acres.

Protests or contests against any or all of such selections may be filed in this office during the period of publication hereof, or at any time before final certificate.

EMMETT PATTON,
Oct. 27–Nov. 24. Register.

**Toilet Articles**

Rubber Goods
Stationery
Confectionery
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.

**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. B. SHIELDS, Proprietor

**The Titsworth Co.**
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Binder Twine — Grain Bags
Cement, Lime — Dynamite,
Black Leaf 40 — Fuse, Caps,
Auto Casings — Etc.
Medicated Stock Salt.

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
Wm. Barnett — EL PASO AVENUE
*Phone 86*

**JOHN E. BELL**
Quality Groceries
FANCY AND STAPLE GOODS
*The Only Exclusive Grocery in Carrizozo*
Fruits, nuts, candies and vegetables in season

A Welcome Awaits You.
At
**THE STAG**
Where your presence is appreciated and the Best Values given
All Goods First Class .·. POOL
JOE R. ADAMS, Prop.
Carrizozo, N. M.

**The Carrizozo Bar**

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

Wholesale Prices on Seipp's Beer to Outside Dealers.

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We carry the largest stock in the Southwest. Freight prepaid, every job guaranteed. Write for designs and estimates.
Bowers Monument Company
218 East Central — Albuquerque, N. M.

Notice for Publication
021685
Department of the Interior
United States Land Office
Roswell, New Mexico.
Sept. 30, 1916.

Notice is hereby given that William S. Armstrong, of Hurlburt, N. M., who, on Feb. 9, 1910, made HD. E. Serial No. 021685, for Lots 1, 2, 3 and 4, Section 5, Township 6 S., Range 11 E., N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Five 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 Nov. 7, 1916.

Claimant names as witnesses:
Edwin F. Comrey, Frank Thompson, these of Ancho, N. M., Dr. Melvin J. Paden, J. Baird French, these of Carrizozo, N. M.

EMMETT PATTON,
October 6–November 3. Register.

Notice for Publication
023477
Department of the Interior
United States Land Office
Roswell, New Mexico,
Sept. 30, 1916.

Notice is hereby given that Sabino Gonzales, of White Oaks, N. M., who, on Dec. 5, 1911, made HD. E. Serial No. 023477, for S½SE¼, Sec. 19; and N½NE¼, Section 30, Township 6-S., Range 11 E., N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Five 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 Nov. 8, 1916.

Claimant names as witnesses:
Hosea Dotson, Gregorio Sedillo, Felix Perea, Carlos Marrujo, all of White Oaks, N. M.

EMMETT PATTON,
October 6–November 3. Register.

Notice for Publication
025729
Department of the Interior
United States Land Office
Roswell, New Mexico
Sept. 22, 1916.

Notice is hereby given that Lilla Ingram, of White Oaks, N. M., who, on Dec. 9, 1912, made HD. E., Serial No. 025729, for S½SW¼, Sec. 21; and the N½NW¼, Sec. 28, Township 6-S, Range 13-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 Oct. 31, 1916.

Claimant names as witnesses:
Maurice A. Palmer, Sabino Gonzales, James H. Current, these of White Oaks, N. M.; James L. Goodall, of Capitan, N. M.

EMMETT PATTON,
September 29–October 27. Register.

Notice for Publication
020701
Department of the Interior,
United States Land Office,
Roswell, New Mexico,
Sept. 21, 1916.

Notice is hereby given that James Victoria Brown, of Corona, N. M., widow of Alfred M. Brown, deceased, who, on Nov. 11, 1909, made HD. E. Serial No. 020701, for SW¼NW¼, Sec. 29; S½NE¼; E½SE¼, Sec. 30; and NW¼NW¼, Section 28, Township 1-S., Range 16-E., N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Five Year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Benj. F. Adams, U. S. Commissioner, in his office, at Corona, N. M., on Oct. 30, 1916.

Claimant names as witnesses:
Melvin Franks, Dan Franks, Roy Owen, John Owen, all of Corona, N. M.

EMMETT PATTON,
September 29–October 27. Register.

Notice for Publication
027304
Department of the Interior
United States Land Office
Roswell, New Mexico
Sept. 25, 1916.

Notice is hereby given that Bessie L. Case, of White Mountain, N. M., who, on July 18, 1912, made HD. E. Serial No. 027304, for S½SW¼; NW¼SW¼; SW¼SE¼, Sec. 25; and the SE¼, Section 26, Township 10-S., Range 9-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 Oct. 30, 1916.

Claimant names as witnesses:
James O. Nabours, Sr., John Williams, Frank W. Finney, Celso Padilla, all of White Mountain, N. M.

EMMETT PATTON,
September 29–October 27. Register.

## Proceedings of the Board of County Commissioners

Proceedings of the Board of County Commissioners, of Lincoln County, New Mexico. Special session, October 24th, 1916.

Board met at nine o'clock a.m., in special session.

Present: Hon. Melvin Franks, Chairman, R. A. Duran, Member, W. H. Osborn, Deputy Clerk, A. M. Vega, Deputy Sheriff.

In the matter of the issuance of an election proclamation:

Board now adopts a resolution, ordering that the Clerk of the Board, issue the following election proclamation, in conformity with the statutes:

ELECTION PROCLAMATION

In accordance with the statute in such case made and provided, we, the undersigned County Commissioners, within and for the County of Lincoln, State of New Mexico, hereby proclaim and give public notice of an election to be held in the several precincts of the said County, on Tuesday, November 7th, A. D. 1916, the object and purpose of which, is to elect persons to the various offices hereinafter named.

The officers to be voted for, the names of the various candidates for each of the said offices, as the same are on file in the office of the County Clerk of this County, and the postoffice address of each of the said candidates, where known, are as follows:

FOR PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS

Democratic Candidates—Felix Garcia, Lumberton, N. M. J. N. Upton, Deming, N. M. Jose G. Chavez, Los Lunas, N. M.

Republican Candidates—H. J. Hammond, Clayton, N.M. C. L. Hill, Las Cruces, N.M. Juan Ortiz, Galisteo, N. M.

Prohibition Candidates—Lester Sands, E. Las Vegas, N. M. F. C. Peterson, Deming, N. M. W. T. Ogilvie, Roswell, N. M.

Socialist Candidates—McB. Smith, Melrose, N.M. T. Smith, Melrose, N. M. Ira N. Crisp, Thomas, N. M.

FOR UNITED STATES SENATOR

Democratic Candidate—A. A. Jones, East Las Vegas, N. M.

Republican Candidate—Frank A. Hubbell, Albuquerque, N. M.

Socialist Candidate—W. P. Metcalf, Albuquerque, N. M.

FOR REPRESENTATIVE TO CONGRESS

Democratic Candidate—W. B. Walton, Silver City, N. M.

Republican Candidate—Benigno C. Hernandez, Tierra Amarilla, N. M.

Socialist Candidate—Andrew Eggum, Roswell, N. M.

FOR GOVERNOR

Democratic Candidate—E. C. De Baca, Las Vegas, N. M.

Republican Candidate—Holm O. Bursum, Socorro, N. M.

Socialist Candidate—N. A. Wells, Estancia, N. M.

FOR LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR

Democratic Candidate—W. C. McDonald, Carrizozo, N. M.

Republican Candidate—W. E. Lindsey, Portales, N. M.

Socialist Candidate—J. H. Bearup, Guy, N. M.

FOR SECRETARY OF STATE

Democratic Candidate—Antonio Lucero, Las Vegas, N. M.

Republican Candidate—Gilberto Mirabal, San Rafael, N. M.

Socialist Candidate—Vincent Thomas, Taos, N. M.

FOR STATE AUDITOR

Democratic Candidate—Miguel A. Otero, Santa Fe, N. M.

Republican Candidate—William G. Sargent, Santa Fe, N. M.

Socialist Candidate—Frank Frost, Dexter, N. M.

FOR STATE TREASURER

Democratic Candidate—H. L. Hall, Chama, N. M.

Republican Candidate—Gregory Page, Gallup, N. M.

Socialist Candidate—Frank Phelps, Fort Bayard, N. M.

FOR ATTORNEY GENERAL

Democratic Candidate—Harry L. Patton, Clovis, N. M.

Republican Candidate—Frank W. Clancy, Santa Fe, N. M.

FOR SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION

Democratic Candidate—J. L. G. Swinney, Aztec, N. M.

Republican Candidate—J. Howard Wagner, Las Cruces, N. M.

Socialist Candidate—Mrs. Lurlyne Lane, Alto, N. M.

FOR COMMISSIONER PUBLIC LANDS

Democratic Candidate—George A. Davisson, Roswell, N. M.

Republican Candidate—Robert P. Ervien, Clayton, N. M.

Socialist Candidate—T. E. Pendergrass, Elk, N. M.

FOR JUSTICE, SUPREME COURT

Democratic Candidate—Neill B. Field, Albuquerque, N. M.

Republican Candidate—Clarence J. Roberts, Raton, N. M.

Socialist Candidate—A. James McDonald, Clayton, N. M.

FOR STATE CORPORATION COMMISSIONER

Democratic Candidate—Bonifacio Montoya, Bernalillo, N. M.

Republican Candidate—Malaquias Martinez, Taos, N. M.

FOR STATE SENATOR, FIFTEENTH SENATORIAL DISTRICT

Democratic Candidate—Richard Stackpole, Socorro, N. M.

Republican Candidate—James V. Tully, Glencoe, N. M.

Socialist Candidate—W. M. Andersen, Willard, N. M.

FOR STATE SENATOR, EIGHTEENTH SENATORIAL DISTRICT

Democratic Candidate—W. L. Rutherford, Alamogordo, N. M.

Republican Candidate—James A. Baird, Alamogordo, N. M.

FOR STATE REPRESENTATIVE SIXTEENTH DISTRICT

Democratic Candidate—R. C. Sowder, Picacho, N. M.

Republican Candidate—Ira O. Wetmore, Carrizozo, N. M.

Socialist Candidate—Eugene F. Jones, Oscuro, N. M.

FOR STATE REPRESENTATIVE, THIRTIETH DISTRICT

Democratic Candidate—Geo. E. Moffett, Alamogordo, N. M.

Republican Candidate—Fred Leavitt, Socorro, N. M.

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY, THIRD DISTRICT

Democratic Candidate—George B. Barber, Carrizozo, N. M.

Republican Candidate—Humphrey B. Hamilton, Carrizozo, N. M.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER, FIRST DISTRICT

Democratic Candidate—John L. Bryan, Lincoln, N. M.

Republican Candidate—Manuel Analla, Arabela, N. M.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER, SECOND DISTRICT

Democratic Candidate—Melvin Franks, Corona, N. M.

Republican Candidate—Fred Lalone, Carrizozo, N. M.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER, THIRD DISTRICT

Democratic Candidate—A. J. Gilmore, Ruidoso, N. M.

Republican Candidate—Felipe E. Sanchez, Ruidoso, N. M.

FOR PROBATE JUDGE

Democratic Candidate—Martin Chavez, Picacho, N. M.

Republican Candidate—Elerdo Chavez, Hondo, N. M.

FOR COUNTY CLERK

Democratic Candidate—William Kimbrell, Picacho, N. M.

Republican Candidate—O. T. Nye, Carrizozo, N. M.

FOR SHERIFF

Democratic Candidate—C. Walker Hyde, Carrizozo, N. M.

Republican Candidate—Henry M. Corn, Rabenton, N. M.

FOR ASSESSOR

Democratic Candidate—Frank

### PASTURE POSTED

Notice is hereby given that my pasture known as the I—X pasture, which contains patented lands and lands leased from the state, has been posted, as required by law, and all persons are warned not to hunt or kill game within said inclosure; neither is any wood to be removed therefrom. Owners of stock are also warned against permitting their stock to run within said inclosure. Anyone disregarding this warning becomes a trespasser.

LIN BRANUM.

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

Salazar, Lincoln, N. M.

Republican Candidate—Alfredo Gonzales, San Patricio, N. M.

FOR TREASURER

Democratic Candidate—W. O. Norman, Lincoln, N. M.

Republican Candidate—A. J. Rolland, Carrizozo, N. M.

FOR SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS

Democratic Candidate—J. E. Koonce, Capitan, N. M.

Republican Candidate—Grace A. DeNisson, Capitan, N. M.

FOR COUNTY SURVEYOR

Democratic Candidate—B. R. Robinson, Parsons, N. M.

Republican Candidate—Ernest E. Wright, Encinosa, N. M.

The following judges of election for the several precincts, and the polling places therein, were selected by the Board, the first-named judge in each precinct, to receive the ballot box, for that precinct:

Precinct No. 1.—Scipio Salazar, Ralph Dow, G. D. Sutton, polling place, Old Courthouse, at Lincoln.

Precinct No. 2.—Candido Chavez, A. W. Purcella, Teofilo Salas, polling place, Hondo school house building.

Precinct No. 3.—C. R. Hamilton, Rumaldo Fresquez, Leopoldo Pacheco, justice peace office at Arabela.

Precinct No. 4.—Joe Clements, Encarnacion Fresquez, Francisco L. Vigil, polling place, old school house building Picacho.

Precinct No. 5.—John Littleton, Sabino Gonzales, Rafael Chavez, polling place, Martinez & Marquez, saloon building.

Precinct No. 6.—Joe Long, Macario Chavez, Higinio Zamora, polling place, Encinoso school house building.

Precinct No. 7.—G. J. Weishar, Jose Montoya, C. L. Kennedy, polling place, Weishar's store building.

Precinct No. 8.—Geo. Queen, A. A. Lane, Sam Wells, polling place, Paul Mayer's livery stable building.

Precinct No. 9.—Monroe Howard, Jose Torres y Sedillo, Mariano Aldaz, polling place, C. C. Merchant's office.

Precinct No. 10.—J. H. Jackson, J. P. Perry, Rafael Sanchez, polling place, Rafael Sanchez school house building.

Precinct No. 11.—O. C. Davis, Albert Pfingsten, J. C. Bender, polling place, hotel office at Nogal.

Precinct No. 12.—T. J. Grafton, W. J. Broocke, H. Consbruch, polling place, Peters building at Angus.

Precinct No. 13.—J. M. Atkinson, E. M. Brickley, Pablo Chavez, polling place, office of General Benj F. Adams.

Precinct No. 14.—H. S. Campbell, S. W. Perry, Jose M. Vega, polling place, court house at Carrizozo.

Precinct No. 15.—Chas. F. Grey, Guido Ranniger, R. W. Burns, polling place, Malpais building, Oscuro.

Precinct No. 16.—Liberato Guebara, Sam R. Wood, Ed. F. Comrey, polling place, school house building at Ancho.

(Signed) MELVIN FRANKS, Chairman.

Attest:
ALBERT H. HARVEY, Clerk.
By WILLIAM H. OSBORN, Deputy.


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

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

*Phone 46* Carrizozo, New Mexico

*Send Your Business to*

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If prompt and intelligent attention thereto, together with due regard for your interests as well as our own, will meet with your requirements in connection with such banking business as you may have, now or henceforth, in in this section, we will be pleased to have it.

E. M. BRICKLEY, Cashier.

N. E. OESTREICH, Pres. E. T. CHASE, 1st V. P. J. C. Nealus, 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 Banquet and Dinner Parties.

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F. W. GURNEY, Manager.

Table Supplied with the Best the market affords.

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Blacksmithing and Hardware
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Estimates Furnished on all kinds of plastering and cement work
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Shingles, Doors, Sash, Moulding, Building Paper, &c.

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

Carrizozo : : New Mexico

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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.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW
Will practice in Federal and State Courts
OSCURO : NEW MEXICO

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ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW
Carrizozo : New Mexico

FRANK J. SAGER
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Notary Public
Office in Exchange Bank Carrizozo

R. E. BLANEY
DENTIST
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Carrizozo : New Mexico

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Specialists: Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat, and Fitting Glasses
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UNITED STATES COMMISSIONER
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CARRIZOZO : NEW MEXICO

Carrizo Lodge
No. 11
Knights of Pythias
[illegible] Monday evening in the Masonic Hall. All members are urged to be present and visiting Knights welcomed.
[illegible], C. C. [illegible], 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 [illegible] May 13, June 10, July 8, August [illegible] October [illegible]
J. B. GARVEY, W. M.
S. F. MILLER, Secretary

I. O. O. F.
Carrizozo Lodge
NO. 30
Carrizozo, N. M. Regular meetings 1916, 1st and 3rd Fridays each month.
O. T. NYE, N. G.
[illegible], Secy.


# HUSBAND RESCUED DESPAIRING WIFE

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

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

The doctor was called in, and his treatment relieved me for a while, but I was soon confined to my bed again. After that, nothing seemed to do me any good. I had gotten so weak I could not stand, and I gave up in despair.

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

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

*Write to:* Chattanooga Medicine Co., Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions on your case and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent in plain wrapper.

Start—Stick to it—Do it

YOU may not be able to accumulate a goodly surplus in a month or a year. But if you start and stick to it you will win out. "You must make sure of what you want to do, you must feel sure that you have the courage as well as the temperament to do it and then—DO IT." —Herbert Kaufman

START TO SAVE TODAY

THE EXCHANGE BANK OF CARRIZOZO
CARRIZOZO NEW MEXICO

# The IRON CLAW

## by Arthur Stringer

*Author of* "THE OCCASIONAL OFFENDER," "THE WIRE TAPPERS," "GUN RUNNERS," ETC. *Novelized from* THE PATHE PHOTO PLAY OF THE SAME NAME

Copyright, 1921, by ARTHUR STRINGER

### SYNOPSIS.

On Windward Island Palidori 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. Palidori floods the island and kidnaps Golden's little daughter Margery. Twelve years later in New York a Masked One rescues Margery from Legar and takes her to her father's home, whence she is recaptured. Margery's mother fruitlessly implores Golden to find their daughter. The Laughing Mask again takes Margery away from Legar. Legar sends to Golden a warning and a demand for a portion of the chart of Windward Island. Margery meets her mother. The chart is lost in a fight between Manley and one of Legar's henchmen, but is recovered by the Laughing Mask. Count Da Esparas figures in a dubious attempt to entrap Legar and claims to have killed him. Golden's house is dynamited during a masked ball. Legar escapes but Da Esparas is crushed in the ruins. Margery rescues the Laughing Mask from the police. Manley finds Margery not indifferent to his love. He saves her from Mauki's poisoned arrows. Manley plans a mock funeral which fails to accomplish the desired purpose, the capture of the Iron Claw and his gang. Margery is saved from death at the hands of the Iron Claw by the Laughing Mask.

## TWELFTH EPISODE

### The Haunted Canvas.

The daughter of Dan O'Mara was a very happy girl. So happy, in fact, was the freckled-nosed Peggy that there were times when the sheer novelty of her good fortune somewhat frightened her. For the tide had turned. The O'Mara family, as Peggy put it, was at last in clover. That mysterious righter of wrongs known as the Laughing Mask had interested himself in getting honest work for Dan O'Mara. And that gracious-eyed lady known as Margery Golden, once she had realized the true position of the family, had become equally interested in doing what she could for the spindle-legged Peggy.

It is true, none the less, that this last-mentioned young lady's benefactress had been momentarily nonplused by Peggy's choice of a vocation, when this choice was placed before her.

"What would you like to do most?" Margery had asked at the end of her second trip to the O'Mara cottage with a bundle of clothes for the all but breathless Peggy.

"Be a artist's model!" promptly announced the rapt-eyed factory girl.

"But why a model?" asked the amazed Miss Golden.

"To doll up in glad rags and get meself painted!" explained the dreamer of the dye vats. And odd as that choice seemed to her, Margery Golden did not depart from her promise. She sought out her artist friend, Frank Aimick, and inveigled him to experiment with a new and somewhat untried model.

Frank Aimick, however, soon found the ardent-eyed young Peggy more of a help to him than he had anticipated. Some of her unctuous yet uncouth attitudinizing, in fact, brought a smile to the face of the busy artist.

But that smile was never broader than when he noticed her standing wide-eyed before the large canvas above the fireplace at the end of his studio. For this painting, which bore the title of "The Vigilante," was a remarkable piece of work, in more ways than one. It showed the life-size figure of a frontiersman staring out into the room, with a leveled carbine at his buckskinned shoulder. But the arresting feature of the painting lay in the fact that both the eyes of the figure and the barrel of the leveled rifle seemed always to be directed at the spectator, no matter what position the spectator might take.

"That guy gives me the willies!" Peggy protested as she made her way back to the model throne.

"Why?" asked the smiling man at the easel.

"He keeps such a bead on you, no matter where you get in this room!" was the girl's reply.

But destiny, in the form of one Jules Legar, had secretly ordained that Peggy's happiness should not be a lasting one. For Peggy O'Mara was no longer a trivial factor in the activities of the Iron Claw. This slip of a girl had brought defeat to his plans when success seemed well within his hand. And for these humiliations Legar decided that the girl should pay, and pay to the full.

The modest home of the O'Maras, however, had no inkling of this decision until Dan O'Mara himself, wandering about his combined kitchen and living room in search of his pipe, was somewhat startled to see a square of paper pinned to the faded door panel. Peggy herself, joining her father, was equally mystified by this slip of paper, for its surface showed nothing but a round blot or two of black ink on a square of white. Neither Dan O'Mara nor his daughter had any reason to know the meaning of the spotted warning, any more than they knew that one Mauki, the stealthy emissary of the Iron Claw, stood hidden behind the walls of one of the three cottages commanding a clear view of the O'Mara home.

They had no way of knowing that this same Mauki lurked there behind a shuttered window, patiently watching, hour after hour, the house across the way. Chase humble him as he watched stood a magazine rifle to which a Maxim silencer had been adjusted. And on the floor beside the rifle lay yet another weapon. This, however, was a weapon of defense, for it consisted of a craftily constructed cape which, for purposes of disguise, could be promptly converted into a woman's skirt.

So sure was Mauki of his defensive arrangements that when he caught sight of Peggy O'Mara and her father at the window he promptly reached for his rifle, adjusted the barrel between the shutter slats, and took aim. Then he pulled the trigger.

The next moment a bullet went crashing through the window of the O'Mara home.

Instinctively the two startled figures leaped away from the window. As they did so they realized that a third person had entered the room. And a second glance showed them that it was the Laughing Mask himself.

He stood for a moment or two, staring down at the spotted warning that lay face upward on the floor. Then he stared at the shattered window. The next moment he was pushing Peggy and Dan O'Mara bodily back from that square of light.

"But what's the meanin' of all this, anyway?" demanded the astonished householder.

"It means that a bullet came through that window," the Laughing Mask explained. "And I know that bullet was intended for your daughter here."

The next moment the Laughing Mask had caught a broom from the corner and about it was draping one of Peggy O'Mara's well-worn waists. Above this he placed the girl's hat, tying it in place with a scarf. Then dropping to his knees well out of sight on one side of the window, he slowly advanced his improvised dummy into the square of light.

That rough outline of a human figure was scarcely in position at the window before a second pane crashed in and the broom was knocked from the hand of the masked man holding it.

"That shot could have come only from one of those three houses across the way. And it's ten to one it's from that empty house on the right!"

He drew away from the window and stood for a moment deep in thought.

"O'Mara, I want you to slip out by your back door and get help. Call on any neighbors you can trust in a case like this. Then hurry back here, for I don't want that scoundrel to suspect his plans haven't worked out exactly as he imagines!"

"We'll get the divil!" announced O'Mara as he slipped away. And while waiting for his return the Laughing Mask sent Peggy for a cupful of flour. With this he powdered her hands and blanched her thin young face. Dan O'Mara had stepped back into the house before the masked visitor had completed his task.

"Now, I want that sniper to think he's done his work. I don't want him to break from cover until your friends have surrounded that house. So take your daughter and carry her out, just as though she were a dead girl."

Dan O'Mara, doing as he was directed, stepped from the doorway with his own white-faced daughter hanging limp in his arms. He acted his part with a sincerity that was not without conviction. For, two minutes after he had staggered into the open with that apparently sad burden, the sniper from the shuttered house was detected slipping out of a cellar window and scurrying along a broken fence.

That escape, however, came before Dan O'Mara's friends could completely take up their position about the suspected house. But one of those friends caught sight of the fugitive in the strange-looking cape, the alarm was given, and the pursuit began.

It was not a long chase, but it was a stern one. Determined as those indignant factory-toilers were to run down the mysterious gunman so wantonly threatening their homes, the fleeing Mauki proved himself startingly fleet of foot. He gained sufficiently on his pursuers to round a corner, dodge into an empty coalshed, and emerge a moment later as a stooped old woman in amber-colored spectacles and a rusty gray wig. Being obviously hard of hearing, this same old woman could not give much information to the group of excited men suddenly accosting her as she hobbled across the street.

Five minutes later a swarthy-skinned man with wiry black hair was hurrying across country to one of the well-concealed dens of Jules Legar, where he duly reported to the Iron Claw the news of his enemy's ruse and his own narrow escape.

Before the second day had passed Legar had evolved yet another plan for the subjugation of his enemies. This took the form of a decoy message delivered to the unsuspecting Peggy O'Mara, purporting to be a hasty request from Frank Aimick to come to his studio at nine o'clock that night, to the end that he might hurry to completion one of his unfinished canvases for which the girl was posing as a costume model. Legar and two of his followers, in the meantime, entered Aimick's studio on the pretense of being a fire marshal's inspector, caught the artist off his guard, and carried him bound and gagged and helpless to one of the small back rooms of the studio building.

Peggy herself, before starting out in answer to that summons, was still somewhat uneasy in mind over recent events. So she left word with her father to call for her not later than eleven o'clock.

But more than Dan O'Mara called for his daughter that night, for ten minutes after her departure from the cottage Margery Golden's limousine drew up at the door. Margery's eyes widened when O'Mara explained the reason of his daughter's absence from home.

"But an artist like Frank Aimick would never be able to work at night," she argued, with growing alarm. "He must have daylight for working in color."

Dan O'Mara turned to the table at his side.

"Here's his message, plain as day, written in his own handwritin'," was the puzzled workman's only explanation.

Margery took the message in her hand and studied it. Then her color faded a little.

"That is not Frank Aimick's writing!" she suddenly announced.

"We must get to that studio as fast as my car can carry us.

Peggy O'Mara, in the meantime, was being confronted by more than one surprise. The first came with her arrival at the Aimick studio, when the stranger who opened the door in response to her knock informed her that the artist was out, but would return in a minute or two. The second came with the quiet movement of yet another man who sidled up to the studio door and promptly locked and barred it. But the greatest surprise of all awaited her as she turned

"It Means That a Bullet Came Through That Window!"

from the door and saw Legar himself standing before her.

She stood there, white lipped, staring from one evil face to the other as Legar's companions closed in about her.

"You're a fine bunch o' cradle-snatchers!" she finally and wrathfully burst out at them, with the ultimate and reckless anger of desperation in her eyes. "You're a grand army o' heroes, you are, to come five strong agin' a girl like me!"

"Stop that brat!" commanded the irate Legar. And there was a general movement in the direction of the blazing-eyed girl.

There was one man in that group, however, who did not join in that movement. The reason for this lay in the fact that at that moment he happened to be looking up at the painting of "The Vigilante."

He was about to reach for a heavy easel-peg, to fling at the canvas, when he suddenly straightened up, clapped a hand to his shoulder, and turned about. There was a look of mingled wonder and incredulity on his face. Then he slowly drew from the fleshy part of his upper arm a small steel dart, little bigger than a knitting-needle.

The next moment a second man, moving across the room to catch up a curtain cord with which to tie the captured girl, felt a sudden sting in his hip, stopped abruptly and pointed with a shout of anger toward the canvas above the mantel.

Still another of Legar's followers, not realizing the meaning of that cry, stepped forward and stared at the painting. Out of the barrel-end of the painted rifle, as he did so, shot still another dart which buried itself in his neck.

"Th' darts!" he mumbled, as thickly as a drunken man might. "Th' darts 're drugged!"

But even before those mumbled words were spoken the swarthy-skinned Mauki, trying to hold the still struggling Peggy O'Mara down on a divan, felt a sharp pain above his shoulderblade, turned about, and saw Legar run across the room and catch up the heavy brass fire tongs from beside the mantel end.

"The painting!" squeaked Mauki, staggering out against the model-throne. "The painting—it is spitting steel at us!"

Legar, however, was no longer in need of that warning. Standing to one side of the mantel, close beside the wall, he attacked the huge canvas with his fire-tongs, beating in the center of the picture at the same time that Peggy O'Mara, realizing that she was no longer being held a prisoner, caught up a teakwood tabouret and with it precipitated herself on the preoccupied Legar.

He ignored that flank attack, however, for the Iron Claw suddenly found himself confronted by a figure of more importance than either the spindle-legged girl or a painted gunman.

Out from behind that tattered canvas had emerged a man wearing a yellow mask, tossing to one side a slender blowpipe as he came. Before he could regain his feet after that hurried leap from the mantel shelf, Legar himself had dropped the fire tongs and whipped a revolver from his pocket. This he leveled directly at the body of the Laughing Mask. But before he could pull the trigger, Peggy's tabouret struck against his outstretched arm, knocking the weapon up in the air.

By this time the Laughing Mask was up on his feet, and face to face with his enemy. Before the revolver could again be brought into play the two had clenched. Then the Iron Claw went down before a clean-cut blow from his opponent. He recovered himself sufficiently, however, to roll to where his fallen revolver lay. But before he could level that firearm at his adversary the Laughing Mask, remembering that even the officers of the law were no longer his friends, dived out through the small door at the rear of the studio and disappeared from sight, for already the sound of O'Mara and his rescuing party could be heard as they swarmed up the stairs.

The Iron Claw himself heard those sounds, drew himself together, and stared helplessly about the dismantled studio. Then the instinct of self-preservation reasserted itself. He ran to the back of the room, dived into a kitchenette, found a small door in its wall, swung it open, discovered a dumb-waiter shaft in front of him, and escaped to the street.

### The Corridors of Dread.

Margery Golden, as she sat in the taxicab which carried her homeward, was comforted by the thought that she had at least saved the life of a factory girl to whom she stood indebted for her own escape from death. The further thought that she had sent Dan O'Mara and his exhausted daughter safely home in her own luxurious limousine even reconciled her to the somewhat stuffy-aired public conveyance in which she found herself. She blinked meditatively out at the back of the heavy faced driver so sullenly and yet so adroitly piloting her through the tangle of traffic. Then the abstraction suddenly went from her eyes and the listlessness from her pose. For, from the back window of the red-wheeled taxicab immediately in front of her she caught sight of a peering face. And it took no second glance to tell her that it was the deep-scared face of the Iron Claw himself.

The next moment Margery was shouting to her sullen-faced driver.

"Follow that red-wheeled taxi," she told him, pointing down the side street. "Keep within sight of it, whatever happens!"

Soon they had left the city well behind them and were in that twilight zone which is neither quite rural nor quite urban. But Margery, the moment she saw the red-wheeled taxicab come to a stop, commanded her driver to draw in under the shadow of a dense row of catalpa trees. There, from the running board of her car, she beheld Legar step out on the road, pay his chauffeur, and stand looking after the departing taxicab until it disappeared from sight. Then he turned about, pushed his way in through a tangle of shrubbery, and left the lonely roadside as empty as a desert trail.

Then the resolute browed young woman turned to her chauffeur.

"I'm going to follow that man. If I fail to return here inside of ten minutes, I want you to get any help you can, and come after me."

Then He Pulled the Trigger.

Margery stole along the shadowy roadside to the spot where she had seen Legar creep in through the bushes. She followed as best she could, found herself face to face with a tunnel-opening that showed, itself dimly in the moonlight, and after a moment's hesitation stooped low and crept into this tunnel, feeling her way cautiously along the smooth brickwork of its walls. She came to a turn, buttressed with heavier masonry, and padded along this wall until her groping fingers came in contact with a light switch. This, after a moment's thought, she turned on. The next moment a number of bulbs along the corridor roof above her flowered into light.

Staring ahead of her, she saw that the corridor ended in nothing but a blank wall. But as she stared intently at the wall she detected in one side of it a partially concealed electric button. She moved toward this cautiously, for she had learned of old to be wary of approach to any of Legar's fastnesses. Then, as she advanced, she came to a sudden stop. For she saw on the flagstone upon which she was about to step a small cross. There was also a minute crevice, unnoticeable in its companions, about this quadrangle so suspiciously marked by its cross. So she stepped carefully over the suspected area, crept forward to the button, and touched it with a tentative fingertip.

The next moment a remarkable thing happened. A section of the heavy masonry shutting off the end of the corridor, at that touch, swung silently about on its axis, leaving an aperture wide enough for a human body to pass through. The girl, holding her breath, stepped through the ponderous masonry.

This chamber, she saw, was empty, except for two mysterious strands of iron chain that ran from ceiling to floor, close against the wall, while against the other stood a deal table and a camp couch across which lay a couple of very dirty blankets. But along the floor at the far end of the room her quick eye detected a thin pencil of light. So she tiptoed quietly forward until she stood close to the door above this illuminated crevice. Then she stooped lower, listening intently, for the sound of muffled voices came to her from the room within.

"I tell you we can't afford to fail in this move," she heard the voice of Legar himself announce. "The thing's got to be settled, and settled before morning!"

"But how?" asked one of his followers.

"With two pounds of guncotton and a time fuse," was Legar's reply.

"In the O'Mara cottage?" asked another voice.

"Yes; I want that cottage wiped off the face of the earth, and the family with it! And I want it done before morning!"

Margery listened, oblivious of the passing of time, as the conspirators behind the closed door continued to debate on their plan of action. Then she started, even as much as they did, when the sudden buzzing of an electric annunciator warned that intent group of an intruder's approach.

It was then and only then that the girl remembered her parting message to the taxicab driver. All that was left her to do was to dart over to the camp cot, and drop down on the stone floor beside it.

The next moment Legar and his men were in the outer chamber. While one of the men crept to a secret outlook crevice in the farther wall Legar himself stepped to one of the control chains which ran from floor to ceiling on the other side of the room, and by pulling one of these started into action some mysterious mechanism which the watching girl could not quite comprehend. She saw them run back to the inner room and stand waiting while Legar manipulated still another secret spring which threw open a hidden door in the back wall of that room. And that door, she surmised, led by some unknown passage to the outer world.

But Margery did not give much thought to this, for there came to her as she regained her feet the repeated cry of a human being, a cry husky with terror. She ran to the pivot door in the masonry, swung it back, and there beheld a sight which made her blood run cold. It took her, in fact, a ponderable space of time to understand the scene confronting her. But as she stared out she saw where her unsuspecting chauffeur had stepped on the cross-marked flagstone, for it was now several inches lower than the rest of the floor. And this, obviously, had released a steel arm which had swung suddenly forward and swept the startled intruder flat against the stone wall, holding him there as in a vise. And as he stood pinioned there a great block of granite, released by some hidden machinery, was slowly descending from the roof of the corridor. Margery quickly manipulated the chains and released the chauffeur.

"Let me at 'em!" he shouted, brandishing the automobile wrench which he still carried in his hand. "Just let me at 'em!"

"It's no use," cried Margery, holding him back. "They have gone, the lot of them. And we've got to follow quickly, or there'll be a whole family meet a worse fate than yours might have been tonight!"

She had taken the wrench from his hand and was leading him out of the tunnel mouth by this time, explaining that he would have to bring his taxicab from its hiding place and at once start in pursuit of the Iron Claw. But these explanations came to a sudden and an unexpected ending, for Legar and his followers, skulking in the bushes, caught that betraying sound of voices and saw a chance that was too good to be missed. They closed in on the girl and the taxi-driver. Yet that sullen-spirited driver, when cornered, fought with an energy so explosive that the entire circle became involved in the struggle. It was Legar himself, and only Legar, who had the presence of mind to direct the attention towards the girl. He swung suddenly about and started for her. She saw him coming, raised the heavy wrench she still carried and sent it flat against his bony temple and took to her heels. She jumped into the empty taxicab and headed for the O'Mara cottage.

So colorless was her face as the bewildered Dan O'Mara opened the door that he started back in alarm. And her words were even more disturbing.

"Come away!" she called out. "Come quick, or it will be too late!"

"And what's wrong now?" asked the astounded householder.

"Get Peggy!" gasped the girl as she stared frantically about the little room. "Get her away from here, quick! The house has been mined! There's been a bomb left here, and any moment—"

She stopped speaking, for the pungent smell of powder smoke had assailed her nostrils. Then from the open window, in which a somewhat neglected flower-box stood, came a faint sputter of sound.

She ran to the window. Lying in the flower-box she saw a heavy cylinder of metal. Even before she caught sight of the time-fuse which quietly hissed and burned at one end of the cylinder, she knew what it was. It was the infernal machine which Legar's agent had placed there to destroy the house. And at any moment the explosion might take place.

Margery caught the heavy cylinder up in her hands. She even tried to blow out the fuse. But this was useless. Then she tried to tear it away. But this second effort was equally fruitless. And sheer panic took possession of her at the thought of her helplessness. The bomb dropped from her fingers to the floor. She made one instinctive effort to warn poor young Peggy O'Mara away, as the girl ran to her side. But instead of repeating that warning she let her arms close about the slender body as though in mute acknowledgment that she knew it was already too late. For the fuse, she could see, was burning down into the end of the cylinder itself. She even closed her eyes, awaiting the inevitable.

She opened them again, at the sound of a sudden step. She opened them to see a masked figure dart into the room, catch up the smoking metal cylinder, and with one and the same movement hurl it out through the open window.

The next moment a great detonation shook the walls of that house.

The bomb had exploded. But the house of O'Mara still stood. And Peggy and her father stared open-mouthed at the newcomer, who, instead of staring back at them, stood intently regarding Margery Golden.

"The Laughing Mask!" said that somewhat shaken young lady, in little more than a whisper.

"At your service!" replied the man in the yellow mask, with a half-humble and half-mocking bow as he stood, for one fleeting moment, in the narrow doorway.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

# TRAINING TODAY'S BOYS AND GIRLS

## Fair Play Among Brothers and Sisters a Necessity.

### HASTY JUDGMENTS ARE RISKY

**Innocent Child Too Often Is Held Responsible for the Frictions That Arise—Tasks Must Not Be Evaded.**

By SIDONIE M. GRUENBERG.

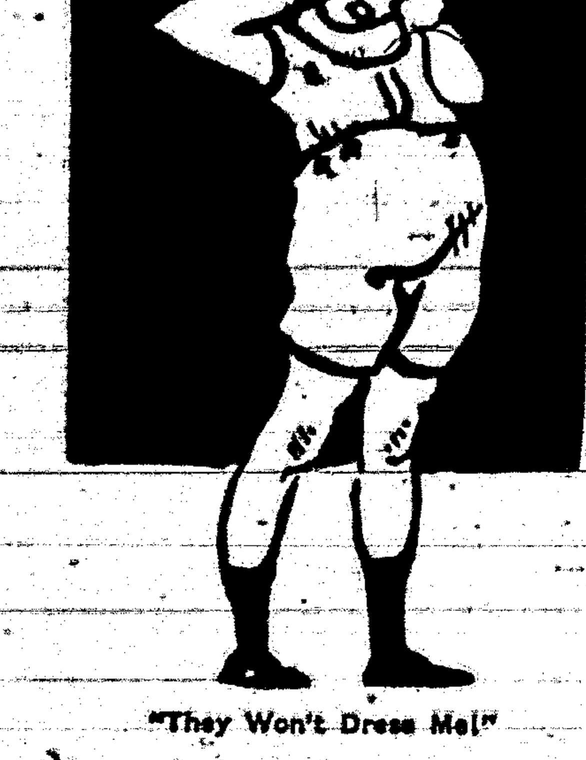
FATHER was glancing at the papers while waiting for his son to join him for their Sunday morning walk. Presently he noticed that he had read more of the paper than he had expected to, and looked at his watch. The delay was unusually long, and he called to William. William's voice came back sobbing: "They won't dress me!"

Father did not like that. He went right up to the children's quarters to see what it all meant. The oldest sister spoke up. She thought that William, aged seven, was quite old enough to dress himself, and he wouldn't even try. The silence and the expressions on the faces of the other sisters suggested a conspiracy. This would never do. Father pronounced final judgment. "A boy who has three older sisters ought to be able to get help when he has to be dressed, and not be neglected." William had to be dressed at once, and the girls would see to it that the task was accomplished with neatness and dispatch.

To have the opportunity to look after younger brothers or sisters is no doubt of great value to any girl. And to be obliged to dress William through all those years must have been an education for the girls. But it is certain that whatever they gained was more than counterbalanced by the boy's loss. And it is also certain that the experience and "discipline" that the girls gained were counterbalanced by the resentment and sense of injustice which they developed as William became old enough—at least in their judgment—to relieve them of their responsibility.

William was no less a victim of circumstances than his sisters. It was his fate to be the youngest—and the only boy. It is bad enough to be the youngest, and it is bad enough to be the only boy—or the only girl. But the combination of the two handicaps is in many households quite insurmountable.

But every child is unique, if not in one way then in another. And so every child is likely to derive advantages from his peculiarities as well as to be handicapped by them. The older of two brothers was of the "accommodating" kind. A neighbor said to Charles that he "always gave in be-



"They Won't Dress Me!"

fore and after." By this she meant that he always did what he could to avoid friction in advance; but that when any altercation arose he was then ready to make further concessions and yield. He would not let his preferences stand in the way of peace. This was so marked that whenever trouble did arise it was quite natural for Henry to receive the blame. But later it became possible for Charles, in his quiet way, to make trouble in the certainty that Henry would be blamed.

It is quite proper for us to recognize the fact that the children are not alike and to take the differences into consideration in our judgments and in our other treatment of them. But we must not let our classification of children stand in the way of substantial justice. It is quite probable that Henry was the trouble maker nine times out of ten, and an understanding of Charles' disposition was very helpful to the parents. But each case, as it arises, should be considered on its merits and not on the earlier generalization that Henry is usually at fault.

The actions of parents, like all movements in the world, are along the line of least resistance. And the generalizations we make about our children furnish channels that are often helpful, but occasionally dangerous. So it happened that Helen, whom everyone knew to be noisy and aggressive, often suffered for her nervous reputation. One day her mother heard her voice berating Edward, while the children were at the edge of the water. She could also see the blade of an oar raised menacingly in the air. Of course, Helen was up to some mischief and was abusing Edward. She started for the shore in the interests of peace and justice. But when she came near enough she saw that the quiet and unobtrusive Edward was the real aggressor. He held out his foot to indicate where Helen was to land her boat, and as the boat did not strike exactly in the indicated spot he would shove it out again. This he repeated several times, until Helen was exasperated beyond self-control. The mother admitted later that had she not seen the performance herself she would have considered Helen responsible for the friction, without regard for the girl's pleas in extenuation.

In the distribution of tasks and responsibilities of a household among the children there will necessarily be inequalities in age and strength and also on account of interests. Some children are more obliging than others, and at one stage the child is more eager to go on errands than he will be later. It is perfectly legitimate to allow such inequalities. But we must not let the less-obliging child take advantage of the more helpful brother or

Helen Suffered for Her Reputation.

sister; he needs to do his share of the work even more than the work needs to be done. Nor must we allow him to evade his tasks through subterfuge or through persistent refusals. Let George do it, if he will, for he likes it and it is worth his while. But do not let the others defraud themselves by leaving too much to George.

The education of the child in ideals of equity must come in large measure from the give-and-take of his relations with other children, whether in the home or outside. But this must be supplemented with the pervasive influence of sympathetic, yet detached, judgment of older persons.

#### Fifty-Fifty.

In the big preparedness parade which took place in New York in May, and which set the example for other preparedness parades all over the country, Digby Bell, the comedian, led a company made up largely of actors, theatrical managers and playwrights from the Lambs and the Players clubs.

The marchers moved in wide lines 20 abreast, extending from curb to curb of Fifth avenue. All went well with Capt. Digby Bell's squad until they reached Forty-Second street, where an isle of safety for pedestrians stands in the middle of the asphalt roadway.

He knew there must be a military command for dividing a column so as to pass about a fixed obstacle, but he didn't know what it was. For just a moment confusion threatened his group. Then in this emergency an inspiration came to the leader.

He swung about and faced the oncoming formation. "Fifty-fifty!" he blared at the top of his voice. And, splitting in the center, the line flanked the safety isle without missing a step.

#### Took It for a Poultice.

Mr. Coddles was suffering from that rundown feeling. In fact he might have sat as a model for the artist who draws those pictures every one of which is alleged to tell a story.

A bright idea came to him—namely, that he should visit some friends in Bradford, for he knew that there was no cure quite equal to Yorkshire hospitality. But hardly had he come to them when he caught cold and had to take to bed.

With kind thoughtfulness his hostess baked a Yorkshire pudding, which she carried to his room.

Three hours later she again visited the invalided Mr. Coddles.

"Well," she asked, "have yo' etten it all oop?"

"Eaten it?" gasped Mr. Coddles. "Was it meant to be eaten? I'm wearing it on my chest!"—London Tit-Bits.

#### Caught.

Mrs. Flatbush—Why, you're all wet!

Mr. Flatbush—Yes; got caught in a shower.

"But you had an umbrella when you left this morning?"

"Yes, but it was the fellow who owned the umbrella that caught me!"

#### Let Him Try It.

Bacon—Someone has figured it out that the annual fall of snow and rain in the United States weighs in the neighborhood of 6,000,000,000 tons.

Egbert—Oh, well, anybody who ever shoveled any knows right well that the snow alone weighs a good deal more than that.

# NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

## Uncle Sam's Lights That Signal Storm Warnings

WASHINGTON.—Uncle Sam's lighthouse service is not the only one of his agencies that display lights at night for the information and welfare of the mariner. Whenever a storm is brewing along the coasts or over the inland waterways colored lights twinkle forth from hundreds of special storm-warning stations of the weather bureau, combined in such a way as to furnish navigators with specific information that will forewarn them.

One interesting fact is that the mushroomlike growth of many lake ports, bringing into existence cities with their myriads of lights, obscured numbers of the stations that when established were the most outstanding features of the night view. In such cases the stations are being relocated at points easily seen by the officers of approaching or passing ships. The new stations are being installed in tall, specially constructed steel towers, dozens of which are being erected along the shores of the five lakes and their connecting waterways.

The taller towers will make possible the establishment of the new signal system in which three lights, one above the other, will be used instead of the two lights in a vertical plane heretofore employed.

The new system was worked out after experiments carried on by the instrument experts of the weather bureau on the Potomac below Washington under various weather conditions. These experiments brought out the fact that lights, to be seen by the naked eye as separate bright objects, must be approximately four feet apart for each mile the observer is distant. This information was made use of in designing the new towers and in arranging the placement of the signal lamps. At the same time the instrument experts experimented with various lights and decided to make use of electric bulbs of the new gas-filled type to increase still further the efficiency of the newly equipped stations.

## How Oscar Underwood Folds and Stamps a Letter

ONE of the funny sights of Washington is Senator Oscar Underwood in the act of folding up a letter. Underwood is a man greatly prejudiced in favor of neatness, not only in his personal appearance but in everything he does. He would no more be a party to a letter carelessly folded than he would wear the same collar all week. First he folds the sheet over, matches the corners right down to an infinitesimal fraction of a hair's breadth, and carefully creases the paper in the middle. Then comes the most difficult part. He must determine, just with his eye, how to make three additional folds, each one of exactly the same size. Having done that, Underwood stares at the finished product a moment to make certain it is spotless and free from the slightest imperfection. If he discovered one edge protruding even an eentsy-teentsy bit beyond the others it would make him unhappy. But if his workmanship seems to be all right, he carefully licks the flap of the envelope, taking pains to see that every particle of the mucilage is moistened.

He seals the envelope with great care and that brings him to the delicate task of putting on the stamp.

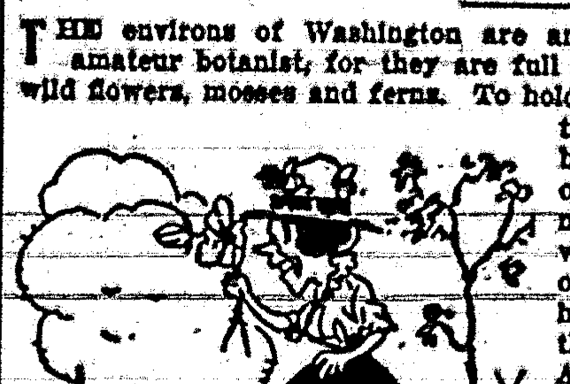
None of your lopsidedly stamped envelopes for Oscar. He takes enough time to insure having the stamp in perfect plumb-line with the end of the envelope—and then proceeds painstakingly to the folding of the next letter.

If he is free from interruptions Underwood can fold from 10 to 15 letters an hour. His letters are usually done up by others, however, and in that way he gains a great deal of time for affairs of state.

Neatness is just as much a part of the Underwood make-up as his calmness. And the only thing that might ever ruffle that calmness would be a lack of neatness. Once in a while one of his office force will hurriedly crumple up a piece of waste paper and fire it at the waste basket—and miss. If Underwood happens to be at his desk and sees the piece of crumpled paper on the floor, he will quietly and unostentatiously go and pick it up and place it in the basket.

## Good Hunting Ground for the Amateur Botanist

THE environs of Washington are an excellent hunting ground for the amateur botanist, for they are full of varieties of plants—trees, shrubs, wild flowers, mosses and ferns. To hold even the commonest of these varieties in one's mind is a stupendous feat, but once accomplished, it leads ever onward. Most people have a good nucleus for plant knowledge around which to accumulate more. The love of nature seems implanted within the human heart. There is no denying that things out of doors call irresistibly. And tree students, it is said, become as enthusiastic as bird students.



The streets of Washington are the rightful places for beginners. Bordering almost every capital thoroughfare is a line of trees, some common, other imported varieties. By noticing these one soon acquires a deeper interest. And then the real holidays come when the woods are sought and truly inspiring lessons are learned in the real out-of-doors of nature.

The tree families are well represented here. The deciduous varieties, meaning those which shed their leaves, are especially abundant. Of course, the oaks are in manifold numbers—the Spanish, pin, shingle, black jack, swamp white, red, black, bur, post and white. These are everywhere and they have a venerable history.

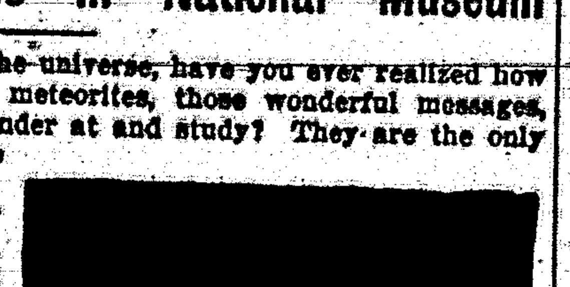
The maples have taken a hold on Washington's fancy, and elms, gums, and many less familiar trees are numerous here.

To many people the chief charm of the woods and fields lies in the multitudes of wild flowers that are to be found. Washington may deem itself fortunate in having a bountiful supply. Their names are legion, and it is an impossible task to cover the list. One of the difficulties of such a list is that many of the flowers found in the woods have escaped from some garden, and though they are found apparently uncultivated they cannot be called wild flowers; on the other hand, many of the originals of the perfected garden flowers are trailing there in their simple loveliness and the list is about evened.

## Collection of Meteorites in National Museum

IN CONSIDERING the wonders of the universe, have you ever realized how conspicuous among them are the meteorites, those wonderful messages, dropped from the sky, for one to wonder at and study? They are the only material objects which come to the earth from the vast outer world.

In the collection shown in the new building of the National museum in this city is a remarkably fine exhibit of meteorites. It includes complete meteorites ranging in size from the merest pebbles to great bowlderlike masses, and casts reproducing giant forms like that of Bacubirito, which has been estimated to weigh 25 tons, and still rests where it fell in Mexico.



The National museum has recently issued a handbook and descriptive catalogue of the meteorite collection in the museum, written by Dr. George P. Merrill, head curator of geology.

Although meteorites have presumably fallen since time immemorial, a great deal of skepticism was felt at first by both the popular and scientific minds regarding the possibilities of stones falling from space. So great was this skepticism that the examples preserved in the public museums were once hidden or discarded, the custodians fearing to make laughing stocks of themselves.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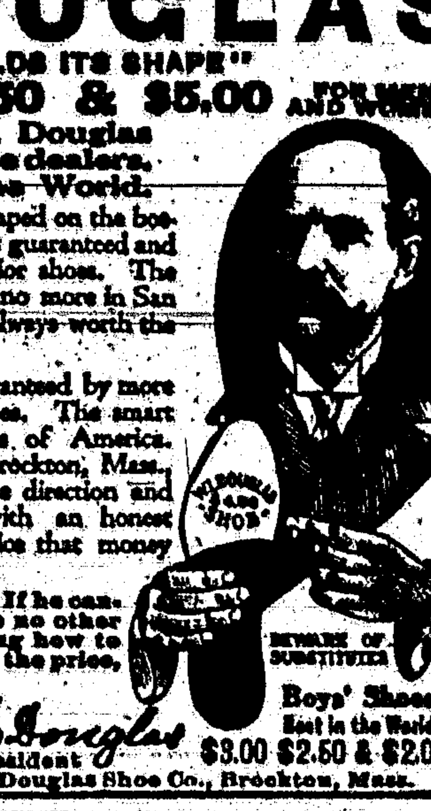
Save Money by Wearing W. L. Douglas shoes. For sale by over 9000 shoe dealers. The Best Known Shoes in the World.

W. L. Douglas name and the retail price is stamped on the bottom of all shoes at the factory. The value is guaranteed and the wearer protected against high prices for inferior shoes. The retail prices are the same everywhere. They cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York. They are always worth the price paid for them.

The quality of W. L. Douglas product is guaranteed by more than 40 years experience in making fine shoes. The smart styles are the leaders in the Fashion Centres of America. They are made in a well-equipped factory at Brockton, Mass., by the highest paid, skilled shoemakers, under the direction and supervision of experienced men, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy.

Ask your shoe dealer for W. L. Douglas shoes. If he cannot supply you with the kind you want, take no other make. Write for interesting booklet explaining how to get shoes of the highest standard of quality for the price, by return mail, postage free.



LOOK FOR W. L. Douglas name and the retail price stamped on the bottom.

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES

Boys' Shoes Best in the World $3.00 $2.50 & $2.00

W. L. Douglas President W. L. Douglas Shoe Co., Brockton, Mass.


Opals, when first taken from the mine, are so soft they can be picked to pieces by the fingernails.


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


#### Fond of an Argument.

"I dare say the time passed rather quickly for old Mr. Rasper at the summer resort he visited."

"Plenty to amuse him, eh?"

"Yes—in a way. He met another old codger there as contentious as he was and when the two of them locked horns they forgot whether it was morning, noon or night."


### CLEAR RED PIMPLY FACES

**Red Hands, Red Scalp With Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Trial Free.**

The soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal. Nothing better, quicker, safer, surer at any price for skin troubles of young or old that itch, burn, crust, scale, torture or disfigure. Besides, they meet every want in toilet preparations.

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


#### Returned It, All Right.

Over the garden fence the conversation had suddenly turned acrimonious.

"An' if yore boy, 'Erbert, ties any more cans to our pore dog's tail," was Mrs. Moggins' stern ultimatum, "'oll 'ear about it, that's all. Oh, an' per'aps you've done wiv that saucepan wot you borrowed last Monday."

"'Erbert," asked Mrs. Grubb shrilly; "wot 'ave you bin doin' to Mrs. Moggins' dog?"

"Nothin' ma!" replied the small boy unblushingly.

"There!" said his mother triumphantly. "An' you returned 'er saucepan yesterday, didn't you, dearie?"

"Sent it back by 'er dog!" said 'Erbert calmly.


### A GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Mr. F. C. Case of Welcome Lake, Pa., writes: "I suffered with Backache and Kidney Trouble. My head ached, my sleep was broken and unrefreshing. I felt heavy and sleepy after meals, was always nervous and tired, had a bitter taste in my mouth, was dizzy, had floating specks before my eyes, was always thirsty, had a dragging sensation across my loins, difficulty in collecting my thoughts and was troubled with shortness of breath. Dodds Kidney Pills have cured me of these complaints. You are at liberty to publish this letter for the benefit of any sufferer who doubts the merit of Dodds Kidney Pills."

Mr. F. C. Case.

Dodds Kidney Pills, 50c. per box at your dealer or Dodds Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Dodds Dyspepsia Tablets for Indigestion have been proved. 50c. per box.—Adv.


#### Money-Making Scheme.

"You say you'd like to own a battleship?"

"Yes."

"That's a curious wish. Waht would you do with it?"

"I'd anchor it off Newport and lease it to fashionable folk for dances."

#### Harbinger of Autumn.

"You are as merry as a cricket this morning."

"Yes," replied the cheerful suburbanite. "When I issued forth from my dwelling I saw something on a vacant lot that convinced me this terrible summer is about ended."

"What did you see?"

"A billboard carrying an advertisement of fall overcoats."


**Important to Mothers**

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use for Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria


#### Heard on 'Change.

"I'm a 'bull' on this market," said the first operator.

"Same here," rejoined operator No. 2. "Let's go over to the cafe and purchase a couple of hours."


THANK YOUR GROCER

if he asks you to try a can of

KC BAKING POWDER

He wants to do you a favor—he knows what brands to recommend from experience.

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C. Advice and books free. Rates reasonable. Highest references. Best services.

"ROUGH on RATS" Ends Rats, Mice, Bugs. Die outdoors. 15c and 25c.



W. N. U., DENVER, NO. 41-1916.



# WINCHESTER

"LEADER" AND "REPEATER" SHOT SHELLS

For the high flyers, or the low flyers, "Leader" and "Repeater" shells have the reach, spread and penetration. Their great sale is due to these qualities, which insure a full bag. Made in many gauges and loads.

*BE SURE TO ASK FOR THE W BRAND*

## ELECTION PROCLAMATION

In accordance with the statute in such case made and provided, we, the undersigned County Commissioners, within and for the County of Lincoln, State of New Mexico, hereby proclaim and give public notice of an election to be held in the several precincts of the said County, on Tuesday, November 7th, A. D. 1916, the object and purpose of which, is to elect persons to the various offices hereinafter named.

The officers to be voted for, the names of the various candidates for each of the said offices, as the same are on file in the office of the County Clerk of this County, and the postoffice address of each of the said candidates, where known, are as follows:

FOR PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS

Democratic Candidates—Felix Garcia, Lumberton, N. M. J. N. Upton, Deming, N. M. Jose G. Chavez, Los Lunas, N. M.

Republican Candidates—H. J. Hammond, Clayton, N.M. C. L. Hill, Las Cruces, N.M. Juan Ortiz, Galisteo, N. M.

Prohibition Candidates—Lester Sands, E. Las Vegas, N. M. F. C. Peterson, Deming, N. M. W. T. Ogilvie, Roswell, N. M.

Socialist Candidates—McB. Smith, Melrose, N.M. T. Smith, Melrose, N. M. Ira N. Crisp, Thomas, N. M.

FOR UNITED STATES SENATOR

Democratic Candidate—A. A. Jones, East Las Vegas, N. M.

Republican Candidate—Frank A. Hubbell, Albuquerque, N. M.

Socialist Candidate—W. P. Metcalf, Albuquerque, N. M.

FOR REPRESENTATIVE TO CONGRESS

Democratic Candidate—W. B. Walton, Silver City, N. M.

Republican Candidate—Benigno C. Hernandez, Tierra Amarilla, N. M.

Socialist Candidate—Andrew Eggum, Roswell, N. M.

FOR GOVERNOR

Democratic Candidate—E. C. De Baca, Las Vegas, N. M.

Republican Candidate—Holm O. Bursum, Socorro, N. M.

Socialist Candidate—N. A. Wells, Estancia, N. M.

FOR LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR

Democratic Candidate—W. C. McDonald, Carrizozo, N. M.

Republican Candidate—W. E. Lindsey, Portales, N. M.

Socialist Candidate—J. H. Bearup, Guy, N. M.

FOR SECRETARY OF STATE

Democratic Candidate—Antonio Lucero, Las Vegas, N. M.

Republican Candidate—Gilberto Mirabal, San Rafael, N. M.

Socialist Candidate—Vincent Thomas, Taos, N. M.

FOR STATE AUDITOR

Democratic Candidate—Miguel A. Otero, Santa Fe, N. M.

Republican Candidate—William G. Sargent, Santa Fe, N. M.

Socialist Candidate—Frank Frost, Dexter, N. M.

FOR STATE TREASURER

Democratic Candidate—H. L. Hall, Chama, N. M.

Republican Candidate—Gregory Page, Gallup, N. M.

Socialist Candidate—Frank Phelps, Fort Bayard, N. M.

FOR ATTORNEY GENERAL

Democratic Candidate—Harry L. Patton, Clovis, N. M.

Republican Candidate—Frank W. Clancy, Santa Fe, N. M.

FOR SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION

Democratic Candidate—J. L. G. Swinney, Aztec, N. M.

Republican Candidate—J. Howard Wagner, Las Cruces, N. M.

Socialist Candidate—Mrs. Lurlyne Lane, Alto, N. M.

FOR COMMISSIONER PUBLIC LANDS

Democratic Candidate—George A. Davisson, Roswell, N. M.

Republican Candidate—Robert P. Ervien, Clayton, N. M.

Socialist Candidate—T. E. Pendergrass, Elk, N. M.

FOR JUSTICE, SUPREME COURT

Democratic Candidate—Neill B. Field, Albuquerque, N. M.

Republican Candidate—Clarence J. Roberts, Raton, N. M.

Socialist Candidate—A. James McDonald, Clayton, N. M.

FOR STATE CORPORATION COMMISSIONER

Democratic Candidate—Bonifacio Montoya, Bernalillo, N. M.

Republican Candidate—Malaquias Martinez, Taos, N. M.

FOR STATE SENATOR, FIFTEENTH SENATORIAL DISTRICT

Democratic Candidate—Richard Stackpole, Socorro, N. M.

Republican Candidate—James V. Tully, Glencoe, N. M.

Socialist Candidate—W. M. Andersen, Willard, N. M.

FOR STATE SENATOR, EIGHTEENTH SENATORIAL DISTRICT

Democratic Candidate—W. L. Rutherford, Alamogordo, N. M.

Republican Candidate—James A. Baird, Alamogordo, N. M.

FOR STATE REPRESENTATIVE SIXTEENTH DISTRICT

Democratic Candidate—R. C. Sowder, Picacho, N. M.

Republican Candidate—Ira O. Wetmore, Carrizozo, N. M.

Socialist Candidate—Eugene F. Jones, Oscuro, N. M.

FOR STATE REPRESENTATIVE, THIRTIETH DISTRICT

Democratic Candidate—Geo. E. Moffett, Alamogordo, N. M.

Republican Candidate—Fred Leavitt, Socorro, N. M.

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY, THIRD DISTRICT

Democratic Candidate—George B. Barber, Carrizozo, N. M.

Republican Candidate—Humphrey B. Hamilton, Carrizozo, N. M.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER, FIRST DISTRICT

Democratic Candidate—John L. Bryan, Lincoln, N. M.

Republican Candidate—Manuel Analla, Arabela, N. M.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER, SECOND DISTRICT

Democratic Candidate—Melvin Franks, Corona, N. M.

Republican Candidate—Fred Lalone, Carrizozo, N. M.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER, THIRD DISTRICT

Democratic Candidate—A. J. Gilmore, Ruidoso, N. M.

Republican Candidate—Felipe E. Sanchez, Ruidoso, N. M.

FOR PROBATE JUDGE

Democratic Candidate—Martin Chavez, Picacho, N. M.

Republican Candidate—Elerdo Chavez, Hondo, N. M.

FOR COUNTY CLERK

Democratic Candidate—William Kimbrell, Picacho, N. M.

Republican Candidate—O. T. Nye, Carrizozo, N. M.

FOR SHERIFF

Democratic Candidate—C. Walker Hyde, Carrizozo, N. M.

Republican Candidate—Henry M. Corn, Rabenton, N. M.

FOR ASSESSOR

Democratic Candidate—Frank Salazar, Lincoln, N. M.

Republican Candidate—Alfredo Gonzales, San Patricio, N. M.

FOR TREASURER

Democratic Candidate—W. O. Norman, Lincoln, N. M.

Republican Candidate—A. J. Rolland, Carrizozo, N. M.

FOR SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS

Democratic Candidate—J. E. Koonce, Capitan, N. M.

Republican Candidate—Grace A. DeNisson, Capitan, N. M.

FOR COUNTY SURVEYOR

Democratic Candidate—B. R. Robinson, Parsons, N. M.

Republican Candidate—Ernest E. Wright, Encinoso, N. M.

The following judges of election for the several precincts, and the polling places therein, were selected by the Board, the first-named judge in each precinct, to receive the ballot box, for that precinct:

Precinct No. 1.—Scipio Salazar, Ralph Dow, G. D. Sutton, polling place, Old Courthouse, at Lincoln.

Precinct No. 2.—Candido Chavez, A. W. Purcella, Teofilo Salas, polling place, Hondo school house building.

Precinct No. 3.—C. R. Hamilton, Rumaldo Fresquez, Leopoldo Pacheco, justice peace office at Arabela.

Precinct No. 4.—Joe Clements, Encarnacion Fresquez, Francisco L. Vigil, polling place, old school house building Picacho.

Precinct No. 5.—John Littleton, Sabino Gonzales, Rafael Chavez, polling place, Martinez & Marquez, saloon building.

Precinct No. 6.—Joe Long, Macario Chavez, Higinio Zamora, polling place, Encinoso school house building.

Precinct No. 7.—G. J. Weishar, Jose Montoya, C. L. Kennedy, polling place, Weishar's store building.

Precinct No. 8.—Geo. Queen, A. A. Lane, Sam Wells, polling place, Paul Mayer's livery stable building.

Precinct No. 9.—Monroe Howard, Jose Torres y Sedillo, Mariano Aldaz, polling place, C. C. Merchant's office.

Precinct No. 10.—J. H. Jackson, J. P. Perry, Rafael Sanchez, polling place, Rafael Sanchez school house building.

Precinct No. 11.—O. C. Davis, Albert Pfingsten, J. C. Bender, polling place, hotel office at Nogal.

Precinct No. 12.—T. J. Grafton, W. J. Broocke, H. Consbruch, polling place, Peters building at Augus.

Precinct No. 13.—J. M. Atkinson, E. M. Brickley, Pablo Chavez, polling place, office of General Benj. F. Adams.

Precinct No. 14.—H. S. Campbell, S. W. Perry, Jose M. Vega, polling place, court house at Carrizozo.

Precinct No. 15.—Chas. F. Grey, Guido Ranniger, R. W. Burns, polling place, Malpais building, Oscuro.

Precinct No. 16.—Liberato Guebara, Sam R. Wood, Ed F. Comrey, polling place, school house building at Ancho.

(Signed) MELVIN FRANKS, Chairman.

Attest: ALBERT H. HARVEY, Clerk.

By WILLIAM H. OSBORN, Deputy.

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Wanted, 1,000 pairs of boots and shoes to repair. Cowboys' boots and shoes made to order. Satisfaction guaranteed. City Shoe Shop, 2d door west of Grandview hotel. C. C. McGuffin, proprietor.

## Classified Advertisements

TURKEYS WANTED—Wm. M. Barnett, Carrizozo, N.M. Call or write.

FOR SALE—After the 15th of October the Billies I have offered for sale will be at Lee Canon, San Andres mountains. Purchasers can see them there. G. B. Greer, Oscuro, N. M.

FOR RENT—2 or 3 rooms for light housekepeing. Phone 69.

LOST—Saturday night, in or near the Wetmore Opera House, lady's handbag, with about $3 silver. Please notify L. A. McCall, p. o. box 55.

Home rendered lard that is pure. Patty & Hobbs.

CARRIZOZO DAIRY—I have leased this dairy. Your orders will receive prompt service. Milk delivered twice daily. Drop me a postal. Carrizozo Dairy, Box 283. D. F. Morris, Manager.

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

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

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


# Changeable Weather Makes Heavier Undergarments A Necessity

AS protection to your health you owe it to yourself to invest in medium weight underwear to avoid colds, grippe, rheumatism, and many other ills that result from insufficient covering for the body. We are particularly proud of the good lines of underwear which we carry, and we are also proud of the exceptional fitting service our experienced salespeople are rendering. Come in and let them explain the advantages to be obtained *in the underwear handled exclusively by us*

**Men's Kenosha Klosed Krotch Union Suits**

Are the most perfectly made and best fitting Union Suits we have been able to obtain. Made in cotton, part wool, and all wool.

**Priced $1.25 to $4.00**

**Women's Monarch Brand Union Suits**

We carry this widely known garment in every style and a wide range of materials, from lightest to heaviest weights.

**Priced $1.00 to $3.00**

## Children's Union Suits

*We have given Boys' and Girls' Underwear Special Attention This Season*

And can show you just the kind of underwear you have always wanted but been unable to get—and priced very reasonable.

# ZIEGLER BROS.



Announcing the

# Arrival of Kuppenheimer Clothes

## For Autumn and Winter = Overcoats and Suits

***Beautiful New Patterns in the Late Fall Colors***

Every garment strictly hand-tailored, fit and workmanship guaranteed. These suits are made to please every taste—a variety of styles. Priced at from . . . . *$12.50 to $30.00*

***Walk-Over Shoes For Fall***

"WALK-OVER" Shoes—another exclusive line here, are now on display. The showing this season is larger and more complete, displaying all the advance styles, in all leathers, button and blucher. Walk-Over Shoes cost a dollar less and give more wear and comfort than any shoe equal in price. Priced at from . *$4.00 to $6.00*

***Wilson Bros. and Chalmer's Knit Underwear***

Shown in Wool, Half Wool and Cotton, in two-piece and union suits, closed crotch, at from . . . . . *$1.25 to $4.00*

***Sweaters—For these Cool Mornings***

Complete line for Men, Women and Children. Wool and Cotton garments, all styles and colors. Priced at from . . . . *$1.00 to $9.00*

*Fall Styles in Worth and Stetson Hats are now on display and await your inspection*

# Carrizozo Trading Company

*Quality First* *Then Price*