

# CARRIZOZO News

OFFICIAL COUNTY PAPER --- DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF LINCOLN COUNTY, NEW MEXICO

VOLUME 18

CARRIZOZO, LINCOLN COUNTY,

NEW MEXICO, FRIDAY, JULY 20, 1917.

NUMBER 29

## LINCOLN COUNTY'S HONOR ROLL

The Lincoln County Board of Registration has submitted for publication the list of registrants, which list was made June 5, and Lincoln county's draft for the army is soon to be made therefrom:

FORT STANTON, NEW MEXICO

1. John Adleson
2. Jose Alvarez
3. Louis Bergerson
4. George Bourassa
5. Oscar Frederick Brockwell
6. Augusto Boyd Cain
7. James Patrick Carroll
8. James Michael Cavanaugh
9. Ariel Jack Cochran
10. Walderman Center
11. Benjamin Newton Coe
12. Oscar Dahl
13. Ben Austin Dawson
14. Malcolm Niven Duncan
15. John Erickson
16. Carl John Ekstrom
17. Patrick Follard
18. Ignacio Franco, Jr.
19. Manasi, Porto Rico
20. Ignacio Franco, Jr.
21. August Gilbert
22. Karl Julius Gravitt
23. William Wallace Gray
24. Willie Wilson Hale
25. Eric Hanire
26. James Daniel Hannah
27. Jens Hansen
28. Carl Albin Hermanson
29. James Hunter
30. Antonio Iglesias
31. Charles Rufus Irby
32. Johan Jacobson
33. Axel Johnson
34. Sigurd Johansen
35. Karl Johnson
36. Harold Johnson
37. Gorgonio Julian
38. Frederick William Klempf
39. Wolf Konigsdorf
40. Andrew Lee
41. Theodore Linde
42. Christian Langland
43. John Pearson Lynott
44. Dozier Addison Lynch
45. Grant MacLanis
46. Paul C. Markworth
47. Reginald Arthur Miller
48. Alfred Nelson
49. Carl Peter Nelson
50. Niels Pederson
51. Thomas V. Renfro
52. John Walker Richards
53. Truman Andrew Riley
54. Rigoberto Roarretto
55. Arthur Scriffield
56. Johan A. Thors
57. Harry Varas
58. Frederick Walters
59. Otto Arthur Wugk
60. Rudolph Jos Wanek
61. Charles Wentneck
62. John Yaakol
63. Leandro Zamora

1. Anton M Garcia
2. Francisco Garcia
3. Salomon Garcia
4. Alego B Gonzales
5. Jose Gonzales
6. Young B Hutchison
7. Tyson Hutchinson
8. John Henry Kollsken
9. Andrew Miller
10. Benero Miller
11. Emilio H Miranda
12. Abel Montano
13. Juan Jose Montano
14. Lorenzo Montoya
15. Miguel Montoya
16. Henry Morris
17. Clemente Padilla
18. Ramon Padilla
19. Ed I Roberts
20. Lonic Lee Roberts
21. Daniel Salazar
22. Romulo Salazar
23. Benegio Sedillo
24. Eusebi Sedillo
25. Juan Chavez Sedillo
26. J. B. sherfy
27. Clayton Smith
28. Howard Dean Spiller
29. Will Steward
30. Jesse A Tally
31. Carlos F Vigil
32. Epifanio Vigil
33. Sambraai Vigil
34. Wade Hampton Wallace
35. Edward L Yott
36. Jesse Monroe Yates
37. Candalario Zamora
38. Capitan, N M
39. Alejandro Zamora
40. Manuel Samora
41. Cristobal Zamora
42. Pantaleon Zamora
43. HONDO, N. M.
44. Oscar Tomas Atwood
45. Manuel Benavidez
46. William E Brady
47. Candido D. Chavez
48. San Patricio, N M
49. Fidel Chavez
50. San Patricio, N M
51. TINNE, N M.
52. Geo Chavez
53. Juan Evangelito Chavez
54. Manuel Solas Chavez
55. Nimedmo Chavez
56. Tomas B Chavez
57. Transito Chavez
58. Hondo, N M
59. Clifford George Curry
60. Jose Domingues
61. Hondo, N M
62. Vicente Fuentre Domingues
63. Hondo, N M
64. Chas Phillip Fritz
65. Hondo, N M
66. Hilario Gomez
67. San Patricio, N M
68. Esquivel Gonzales
69. Hondo, N M
70. Florencio Gonzales
71. San Patricio, N M
72. Santiago "RM" Gonzales
73. Hondo, N M
74. Antonio M Gutierrez

San Patricio, N M  
James Thomas Hardcastle  
Hondo, N M  
Martin Douglas Hardcastle  
Tinie, N M  
Samuel Elmo Hardcastle  
Lincoln, N M

Pablo Herrera  
San Patricio  
Frederic Grover Hightower  
Hondo, N M  
Perry Taylor Hightower  
Hondo, N M  
Charles Stephens Hilburn  
San Patricio, N M  
Charles David Killion

Tinie, N M  
Gregorio Martinez  
San Patricio, N M  
James Monroe Mouldin

Hondo, N M  
Tiofilo Marquez  
Lincoln, N M  
Leandro Montez

San Patricio, N M  
Julian Montoya  
Tinie, N M  
Bruce Moore

Hondo, N M  
Francis Joseph Niel

Hondo, N M  
Herbert Henry Niel

Hondo, N M  
Edward William Nelson

Tinie, N M  
Charles Surgeon Osborn

Hondo, N M  
Juan Saia

San Patricio, N M

Daniel A Sanchez

Tinie, N M  
Estobaro Sanchez

Hondo, N M  
Susano Sanchez

San Patricio, N M  
Antonio Torres

Tinie, N M  
Martin Lucero Torres

Hondo, N M

Pantaleon Torres

Lincoln, N M  
John Arthur Woofson

Hondo, N M

ARABIA, NEW MEXICO  
Celestino Albares

Panteon Analia

Desiderio Ascencio

Tularosa, N M

Gracio Asiniro

Elias Barale

Esiquiel Bustamente

Hiram Dotson Cardwell

Mgeek, N M

Manuel S Corillo

Jess L Cassiter Spindle N M

Isaac Duran

Emilio Fresquez

Manuel Fresquez

Francisco Gallegos

Antonio Garcia

Esquivel Garcia

Ventura Gonzales

Victor Gonzales

Curtis Henry Lambert

Amarante Lucero

Nicolas Lucero

Salaman Lucero

Domingo Maes

Albert H Massey

Barney Lee Massey

Roswell, N M

Tom Henry Massey

Roswell, N M

Antonio M Gutierrez

Juan Mireles

Emilio Moya

Louis Moya

Hinario Perez

Teodoro Perez

Edwards Richardson

Granville Richardson

Richardson, N M

Thomas Richardson

Jose Romero

Pedro Comero

Milton Sabedra

Bernardo Salazar

Antonio Sanchez

Antonio Sanchez

Ruamaldo Sedilly

Antonio Torres

David Edgar Spindle

Spindle, N M

Crescencio Uderos

Frank G Van Winkle

Judo Vigil

John Loren White

Meek, N M

Tibiscus Benavidez

Pedro Analla

Tinie, N M

Wesley Green Brown

Picacho, N M

**CONTINUED ON PAGE 2**

## Public Notice---Delinquent Tax List

Public notice is hereby given that I, A. J. Rolland, Treasurer and Ex-Officio Collector of the county of Lincoln, New Mexico, will, as soon after the last publication date of this notice, as judgment may be asked for and granted by the district court, which date, will be not later than October 15th, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon, at the court house of the county in Carrizozo, N. M., offer for sale, separately, and in consecutive order, each parcel of property, upon which taxes are delinquent as shown by the tax rolls, or as much thereof, as may be necessary to realize the respective amounts due. Such sale shall continue from day to day, until not later than four o'clock in the afternoon, until all such property shall have been sold, or until the amounts due shall have been realized or paid; but such sale shall not continue for a longer period than thirty days.

Name	Description of Property	Tax	Penalty	Costs	Total
Atalon Bros	awt 1/2 acre 1/2 lot, net not set	43.35	2.60	1.80	45.75
	sec 10 two 1/2 acre 1/2 lot and store building, lot and stable and saloon building, Moatana house and lot, Lincoln, traits above Lincoln	21.13	1.28	.06	22.45
Portillo Chaves ranch	frac 1/2 acre	39.70	2.40	1.12	43.22
R. L. Wood	Lots residence	15.10	.91	.56	16.57
	personal property	16.08	.87	.56	16.59
R. A. Casey	w3 net, net not, net 17-11-18 sec 8-11-15 awt 1/2 acre 1/2 lot	28.03	1.74	.94	30.71
	sec 8-11-15 awt 1/2 acre 1/2 lot	18.11	1.14	.66	19.91
	personal property	18.00	1.13	.66	19.79
Wald II	Corn personal property	61.10	3.67	.56	65.33
J. H. Chavis	Imp on bd, and personal property	83.59	5.53	.56	89.70
J. H. Adams	Carrizozo mgt add lot 22 blk 2 imp on ranch	198.81	12.00	1.12	206.93
	personal property	23.77	1.58	1.12	25.47
	personal property	24.03	1.50	.56	25.99
Porter and Shelby	personal property	116.22	7.00	.56	123.78
J. A. LaFayette	personal property	40.30	2.43	.56	43.29
	imp on ranch	10.04	.64	.56	11.12
	personal property	9.45	.57	.56	10.58
W. W. Brazil	personal property	98.07	6.58	.56	99.61
John E. Bell	Carrizozo op. 2-4-3 blk 6 lots 4-7-19	10.44	.66	.56	11.00
	personal property	18.00	1.13	.56	19.66
John Cole	est 1/2 acre 1/2 lot 10-17 awt 1/2 acre 1/2 lot	49.63	3.40	.56	52.80
	sec 10-11-12 awt 1/2 acre 1/2 lot 11-12 awt 1/2 acre 1/2 lot	17.51	.93	.56	18.00
	personal property	125.07	8.34	.56	132.77
Claire Hunt	Nogal, N M, and personal property	98.65	6.41	.56	105.15
C. P. Lemons	personal property	10.82	.64	.56	11.00
Harriet McIver	net 9-9-10 Carrizozo op. lot 23 blk 2, Nogal	10.10	.64	.56	10.70
	personal property	60.01	4.14	.56	64.71
	personal property	2.03	.12	.56	2.65
J. K. Stearns	personal property	78.7			

# The Man Without A Country

By Edward Everett Hale

SECOND INSTALLMENT.

If I had only preserved the whole of this paper, there would be no break in the beginning of my sketch of this story. For Captain Shaw, if it was he, hid it to his successor—in the charge, and he to his.

The rule adopted on board the ships on which I have met "The Man without a Country" was, I think, transmitted from the beginning. No mess liked to have him permanently, because his presence cut off all talk of home or of the prospect of return, of politics or letters, of peace or of war—cut off more than half the talk men like to have at sea. But it was always thought too hard that he should never meet the rest of us, except to touch hats, and we finally sank into one system. He was not permitted to talk with the men unless an officer was by. With officers he had unrestrained intercourse, as far as they and he chose. But he grew shy, though he had favorites: I was one. Then the captain always asked him to dinner on Monday. Every mess in succession took up the invitation in its turn. According to the size of the ship, you had him at your mess more or less often at dinner. His breakfast he ate in his own stateroom, which was where a sentinel, or somebody on the watch, could see the door. And whatever place he ate or drank he ate or drank alone. Sometimes, when the marines or sailors had any special jollification, they were permitted to invite "Plain-Buttons," as they called him. Then Nolan was sent with some officer, and the men were forbidden to speak of home while he was there. They called him "Plain-Buttons," because, while he always chose to wear a regulation army uniform, he was not permitted to wear the army button, for the reason that it bore either the initials or the insignia of the country he had disowned.

I remember, soon after I joined the navy, I was on shore with some of the older officers from our ship and from the *Brentwood*, which we had met at Alexandria. We had leave to make a party and go up to Cairo and the Pyramids. As we jogged along some of the gentlemen fell to talking about Nolan, and someone told the system which was adopted from the first about his books and other reading. As he was almost never permitted to go on shore, even though the vessel lay in port for months, his time, at the best, hung heavy; and everybody was permitted to lend him books, if they were not published in America and made no allusion to it. These were common enough in the old days, when people in the other hemisphere talked of the United States as little as we do of Paraguay. He had almost all the foreign papers that came into the ship, sooner or later; only somebody must go over them first, and cut out any advertisement or stray paragraph that alluded to America. Right in the midst of one of Napoleon's battles, or one of Canning's speeches, poor Nolan would find a great hole, because on the back of the page of that paper there had been an advertisement of a packet for New York, or a scrap from the president's message. I say this was the first time I ever heard of this plan, which afterwards I had enough, and more than enough, to do with. I remember it, because poor Phillips, who was of the party, as soon as the allusion to reading was made, told a story of something which happened at the Cape of Good Hope on Nolan's first voyage; and it is the only thing I ever knew of that voyage. They had touched at the Cape, and had done the civil thing with the English admiral and the fleet, and then, leaving for a long cruise up the Indian ocean, Phillips had borrowed a lot of English books from an officer, which, in those days, as indeed in these, was quite a windfall. Among them, as the Devil would order, was the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," which they had all of them heard of, but which most of them had never seen. I think it could not have been published long. Well, nobody thought there could be any risk of anything national in that, though Phillips swore old Shaw had cut out the "Tempest" from Shakespeare before he let Nolan have it, because he said, "The Bermudas ought to be ours and, by Jove, should be one day." So Nolan was permitted to join the circle one afternoon when a lot of them sat on deck smoking and reading aloud. People do not do such things so often now, but when I was young we got rid of a great deal of time so. Well, so it happened that in his turn Nolan took the book and read to the others; and he read very well, as I know. Nobody in the circle knew a line of the poem, only it was all magic and border chivalry, and was ten thousand years ago. Poor Nolan read steadily through the fifth canto, stopped a minute and drink something, and then began, without a thought of what was coming.

Brachis there the man, with root as seed,  
Who never to himself hath said—  
It seems impossible to us that anybody ever heard this for the first time;

but all these fellows did then, and poor Nolan himself went on, still unconsciously or mechanically—

This is my own, my native land!

Then they all saw something was to pay, but he expected to get through, I suppose, turned a little pale, but plunged on—

Whose heart hath never within him burned—  
As home his footsteps he hath turned—  
Each sounding on a foreign strand—  
If such there breathe, go, mark him well.

By this time the men were all beside themselves, wishing there was any way to make him turn over two pages; but he had not quite presence of mind for that; he gagged a little, colored crimson, and staggered on:

For him no minstrel raptures swell;  
High though his titles, proud his name,  
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,  
Despite these titles, power and pelt,  
The wretch, concentrated all in self,

and here the poor fellow choked, could not go on, but started up, swung the book into the sea, vanished into his stateroom, "and by Jove," said Phillips, "we did not see him for two months again. And I had to make up some beggarly story to that English surgeon why I did not return him to Waller Scott to him."

That story shows about the time when Nolan's braggadocio must have broken down. At first, they said, he took a very high tone, considered his imprisonment a mere farce, affected to enjoy the voyage, and all that; but Phillips said that after he came out of his stateroom he never was the same man again. He never read aloud again, unless it was the Bible or Shakespeare, or something else he was sure of. But it was not that merely. He never entered in with the other young men exactly as a companion again. He was always shy afterward, when I knew him, very seldom spoke, unless he was spoken to, except to a very few friends. He lighted up occasionally I remember late in his life hearing him fairly eloquent on something

Nolan thought he had got his chance. He had known her at Philadelphia, and at other places had met her, and this was a godsend. You could not talk in contradances, as you do in cotillions, or even in the pauses of waltzing; but there were chances for tongues and sounds, as well as for eyes and blushing. He began with her travails, and Europe, and Vesuvius, and the French; and then, when they had worked down, and had that long talking time at the bottom of the set, he said boldly, a little pale, she said, as she told me the story, years after:

"And what do you hear from home, Mrs. Graff?"  
He did it so quickly that Shubrick, who was by him, could not hinder him. She laughed and said:  
"I am not Miss Rutledge any longer, Mr. Nolan; but I will dance all the same," just nodded to Shubrick, as if to say he must leave Mr. Nolan to her, and led him off to the place where the dance was forming.

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"And what do you hear from home, Mrs. Graff?"

And that splendid creature looked through him. Jove! how she must have looked through him! "Home! Mr. Nolan!!" I thought you were the man who never wanted to hear of home again! and she walked directly up the deck to her husband, and left poor Nolan alone, as he always was. He did not dance again.

I cannot give any history of him in order; nobody can now; and, indeed, I am not trying to. Those are the traditions, which I sort out, as I believe them, from the myths which have been told about this man for forty years. The fellows used to say he was the "Iron Monk;" and poor George Pons went to his grave in the belief that this was the author of "Junius," who was being punished for his celebrated libel on Thomas Jefferson. Pons was not very strong in the historical line. A happier story than either of these I have told is of the war. That came along soon after. I have heard this affair told in three or four ways, and, indeed, it may have happened more than once. But which ship it was on I cannot tell. However, in one, at least, of the great frigate duels with the English, in which the navy was really baptised, it happened that a round shot from the enemy entered one of our ports square, and took right down the officer of the gun himself, and almost every man of the gun's crew. Now you may say what you choose about courage, but that is not a nice thing to see. But as the men who were not killed picked themselves up, and the surgeon's people were carrying off the bodies, there appeared Nolan, in his shirt sleeves, with the rammer in his hand, and, just as if he had been the officer, told them off with authority, who should go into the cockpit with the wounded men, who should stay with him, perfectly cheery, and with that way which makes men feel sure all is right and is going to be right. And he finished loading the gun with his own hands, armed it, and bade the men fire. And then he stayed, captain of that gun, keeping those fellows in spirits, till the enemy struck, hitting on the carriage while the gun was cooling, though he was exposed all the time, showing them easier ways to handle heavy shot, making the raw hands laugh at their own blunders, and when the gun cooled again, getting it loaded and fired twice as often as any other gun on the ship. The captain walked forward, by way of encouragement, the men, and Nolan cracked his fat red smile.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A fortunate summer for camping parties has been forecast.

not the Warrens, or perhaps ladies did not take up so much room as they do now. They wanted to use Nolan's stateroom for something, and they hated to do it without asking him to the ball; so the captain said they might ask him, if they would be responsible that he did not talk with the wrong people, "who would give him intelligence." So the dance went on, the finest party that had ever been known, I dare say; for I never heard of a man-of-war ball that was not. For ladies they had the family of the American consul, one or two travelers who had adventured so far, and a nice party of English girls and matrons, perhaps Lady Hamilton herself.

Well, different officers relieved each other in standing and talking with Nolan in a friendly way, so as to be sure that nobody else spoke to him. The dancing went on with spirit, and after a while even the fellows who took this honorary guard of Nolan ceased to fear any contredance. Only when some English lady—Lady Hamilton, as I said, perhaps, called for a set of "American dances," an odd thing happened. Everybody then danced contrades. The black band, nothing loath, conformed as to what "American dances" were, and started off with "Virginia Reel," which they followed with "Money-Musk," which, in its turn in those days, should have been followed by "The Old Thirteen." But just as Dick, the leader, stepped for his fiddlers to begin, and bent forward, about to say, in true negro state, "The Old Thirteen, gentlemen and ladies!" as he had said, "Virginia Reel, if you please!" "Money-Musk," if you please!" the captain's boy tapped him on the shoulder, whispered to him, and he did not announce the name of the dance; he merely bowed, began on the air, and they all fell to, the officers teaching the English girls the figure, but not telling them why it had no name.

But that is not the story I started to tell. As the dancing went on, Nolan and our fellows all got at ease; as I said, so much so that it seemed quite natural for him to bow to that splendid Mrs. Graff, and say:

"I hope you have not forgotten me, Miss Rutledge. Shall I have the honor of dancing?"

He did it so quickly that Shubrick, who was by him, could not hinder him. She laughed and said:

"I am not Miss Rutledge any longer, Mr. Nolan; but I will dance all the same," just nodded to Shubrick, as if to say he must leave Mr. Nolan to her, and led him off to the place where the dance was forming.

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I cannot give any history of him in order; nobody can now; and, indeed, I am not trying to. Those are the traditions, which I sort out, as I believe them, from the myths which have been told about this man for forty years. The fellows used to say he was the "Iron Monk;" and poor George Pons went to his grave in the belief that this was the author of "Junius," who was being punished for his celebrated libel on Thomas Jefferson. Pons was not very strong in the historical line. A happier story than either of these I have told is of the war. That came along soon after. I have heard this affair told in three or four ways, and, indeed, it may have happened more than once. But which ship it was on I cannot tell. However, in one, at least, of the great frigate duels with the English, in which the navy was really baptised, it happened that a round shot from the enemy entered one of our ports square, and took right down the officer of the gun himself, and almost every man of the gun's crew. Now you may say what you choose about courage, but that is not a nice thing to see. But as the men who were not killed picked themselves up, and the surgeon's people were carrying off the bodies, there appeared Nolan, in his shirt sleeves, with the rammer in his hand, and, just as if he had been the officer, told them off with authority, who should go into the cockpit with the wounded men, who should stay with him, perfectly cheery, and with that way which makes men feel sure all is right and is going to be right. And he finished loading the gun with his own hands, armed it, and bade the men fire. And then he stayed, captain of that gun, keeping those fellows in spirits, till the enemy struck, hitting on the carriage while the gun was cooling, though he was exposed all the time, showing them easier ways to handle heavy shot, making the raw hands laugh at their own blunders, and when the gun cooled again, getting it loaded and fired twice as often as any other gun on the ship. The captain walked forward, by way of encouragement, the men, and Nolan cracked his fat red smile.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A fortunate summer for camping parties has been forecast.

not the Warrens, or perhaps ladies did not take up so much room as they do now. They wanted to use Nolan's stateroom for something, and they hated to do it without asking him to the ball; so the captain said they might ask him, if they would be responsible that he did not talk with the wrong people, "who would give him intelligence." So the dance went on, the finest party that had ever been known, I dare say; for I never heard of a man-of-war ball that was not. For ladies they had the family of the American consul, one or two travelers who had adventured so far, and a nice party of English girls and matrons, perhaps Lady Hamilton herself.

Well, different officers relieved each other in standing and talking with Nolan in a friendly way, so as to be sure that nobody else spoke to him. The dancing went on with spirit, and after a while even the fellows who took this honorary guard of Nolan ceased to fear any contredance. Only when some English lady—Lady Hamilton, as I said, perhaps, called for a set of "American dances," an odd thing happened. Everybody then danced contrades. The black band, nothing loath, conformed as to what "American dances" were, and started off with "Virginia Reel," which they followed with "Money-Musk," which, in its turn in those days, should have been followed by "The Old Thirteen." But just as Dick, the leader, stepped for his fiddlers to begin, and bent forward, about to say, in true negro state, "The Old Thirteen, gentlemen and ladies!" as he had said, "Virginia Reel, if you please!" "Money-Musk," if you please!" the captain's boy tapped him on the shoulder, whispered to him, and he did not announce the name of the dance; he merely bowed, began on the air, and they all fell to, the officers teaching the English girls the figure, but not telling them why it had no name.

But that is not the story I started to tell. As the dancing went on, Nolan and our fellows all got at ease; as I said, so much so that it seemed quite natural for him to bow to that splendid Mrs. Graff, and say:

"I hope you have not forgotten me, Miss Rutledge. Shall I have the honor of dancing?"

He did it so quickly that Shubrick, who was by him, could not hinder him. She laughed and said:

"I am not Miss Rutledge any longer, Mr. Nolan; but I will dance all the same," just nodded to Shubrick, as if to say he must leave Mr. Nolan to her, and led him off to the place where the dance was forming.

Nolan thought he had got his chance. He had known her at Philadelphia, and at other places had met her, and this was a godsend. You could not talk in contradances, as you do in cotillions, or even in the pauses of waltzing; but there were chances for tongues and sounds, as well as for eyes and blushing. He began with her travails, and Europe, and Vesuvius, and the French; and then, when they had worked down, and had that long talking time at the bottom of the set, he said boldly, a little pale, she said, as she told me the story, years after:

"And what do you hear from home, Mrs. Graff?"

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## SHE HAS LAID HER CRUTCHES ASIDE

Georgia Woman Was an Invalid for Twenty-Two Long Years, She Declares.

### WALKS ANYWHERE NOW

"I Am On My Feet Again After All These Years," She Says—Wants Everybody to Know About Taniac.

"Taniac has done a hundred times more than I expected of it," said Mrs. N. A. Bishop, of Roswell, Ga., "for I've laid my crutches aside and am actually doing all my own housework."

"I was a cripple with rheumatism for a long time and for three years I had to use crutches to get about on. I had severe pains in my hips and the small of my back, and for years I hadn't been able to do any of my housework to amount to anything. I lost my appetite and things didn't taste right nor agree with me, and I was constipated and had to be taking something for it constantly. All my neighbors knew about my helpless condition, for the fact is, I was an invalid for going on twenty-two years."

"After I had taken five bottles of Taniac I could walk anywhere I wanted to go without my crutches, for I didn't need them any more, so I laid them aside. The rheumatic pains left me, my appetite is good and I can eat anything I want without the least bit of trouble. As I said before, I am on my feet and doing my own housework again after all these years. I want everybody to know about Taniac, for it is certainly wonderful."

There is a Taniac dealer in your town—Adv.

The trouble with scandal is that people are all so willing to believe it.

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

Had Best of It.  
Stude—I'm all right, but I can't get my breath.

Fryde—Well, you're extremely lucky.—Harvard-Lampoon.

Fully Qualified.  
The clergymen had advertised for a butler, and the next morning after breakfast a well-dressed, clean-shaven young man in black was ushered into his study.

"Name, please?" asked the clergyman.

"Hillary Arbuthnot, sir."

"Ago?"

"Twenty-eight."

"What work have you been accustomed to?"

"I am a lawyer, sir."

The clergymen started. This was odd. However, he knew many were called in the law, but few chosen.

"But," he said, "do you understand the conduct of a household?"

"In a general way, yes," murmured the applicant.

"Can you carve?"

"Yes."

"Wash glass and silver?"

"I—er—think so."

The young man seemed embarrassed. He frowned and blushed. Just then the clergymen's wife entered.

"Are you married?" was the first question.

"That," said the young man, "was what I called to see your husband about, madam. I desire to know if he can make it convenient to officiate at my wedding at noon next Thursday week."

### For Building Up Quickly

probably the very best food you can select is

#### Grape-Nuts.

It contains the mineral salts and energy values—all the nutriment of whole wheat and barley—digests easily and quickly, and the flavor is delicious.

"There's a Reason"

for

#### Grape-Nuts

## WASHINGTON GOSSIP

### How Capital Is Fighting "High Cost of Living"

WASHINGTON.—The "farm-to-table" movement, by which the farmers and consumers are being brought into direct communication for their mutual benefit, is proving a great success here in Washington. This movement was inaugurated by the Washington postmaster some two years ago and it has grown steadily so that it now promises to become a real factor in reducing the cost of living. Other big cities have taken up the idea and are reporting much progress.

The scheme is to put the farmer in touch with the residents of the city so that he can sell direct, delivering by parcel post, thereby saving the commission of the middleman, which is held to be one of the chief causes of high prices. A bulletin has been issued by the Washington postmaster giving the names and addresses of several hundred farmers in Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia and West Virginia, with a list of the products they have for sale. One list contains the names of 100 people in those states who have eggs for sale, another list shows those who want to sell eggs and butter, another list advertises eggs and poultry, and a much larger list gives the names of those who have miscellaneous farm products for sale. This latter list includes eggs, poultry, butter, potatoes, fresh pork, sausage, honey, turpines, smoked meats, lard, oysters, fish, squabs, buckwheat, cornmeal, hominy, sweet potatoes, scrapple, parsnips, carrots, apples, hickory nuts, walnuts, peanuts, asparagus and other things.

Any farmer who has food products for sale which can be sent by parcel post, has only to notify the Washington postmaster to have his name put on the list, together with his address and the things he has for sale. These lists are published in the bulletins issued from time to time and circulated quite generally in the city.

### Gum and Other Matters Forgotten for a Moment

TWO girls, who looked as if they had come out of a grabbag, were prancing arm-in-arm along the state department flagging. Both wore cheap white, elaborately trimmed and badly laundered skirts, with sweaters of contrasting gaudiness, somewhat subdued by grime. One had water scallops to her eyebrows, plastered down with white combs, set with rhinestones that flashed like summer lightning. The other gave a touch of simple elegance to her side-part with a black bow that stretched from ear to ear—and beyond. And both were irresponsibly joyous and ready for flirtations on sight.



As they reached Seventeenth street corner the black-bow girl unlinked herself, and going over to the granite cornerstone that joins the railings ran a finger under the weather-beaten edge and then looked crestfallen.

"Well, I'd like to know who's had the nerve to swipe my chew'n' gum!"

"Law Maame, you don't save your gum, do you?" The toss that went with the inquiry made the rhinestones sizzle, but black bow held her own.

"Sure, I save it! I guess if you had a mother and two kids to blow your good five on, you wouldn't be so brash with your nickels, neither, Miss Smart Cake. Course I don't throw my gum away!"

"You might as well, if somebody goes and cribs it."

"Oh, well, I was in a skidoo of a hurry and jabbed it under without seeing if it stuck. On somebody's shoe good an' tight by this time, I guess I gotta dandy hidin' place down at the Peace monument."

"Say, Maame, I think it's a awful thing for you to have to spend your money keepin' your folks like that. Why don't you—"

"You mind your own business, Sadie Blank, and leave mine alone! I gotta good momma an' the kids are the cutest goin'. Say, look at that young sojer feller. Ain't he grand?"

The gum was forgotten. But a woman who was strolling along beside the youngsters, for a reason, caught a flash of loyalty in the eyes of the black-bow girl. It wasn't the shine of rhinestones.

It was the real thing.

### Good Work by Council of National Defense

PREPARATIONS that are being made for participation by the United States in the greatest war of all history include the strengthening on a stupendous scale of all lines of communication leading out of the capital. The vast system of telephone and telegraph wires and cables radiating out of Washington has been more than doubled during the last few months.

Comprehensive plans have been drawn for placing the military departments, the treasury and the department of agriculture in close wire touch with all of the financial and agricultural centers and the military camps and posts throughout the country.

Long-distance service already has been practically doubled and in addition a vast system of private wires is being rapidly installed. Plans for the mobilization of the telephone and telegraph service for war purposes, which involve the laying of a new underground cable from Washington to New York, containing more than 80,000 miles of wire and supplying important cities en route, are virtually completed through the committee on telephones and telegraphs of the Council of National Defense.

When completed the new system will connect the war, navy and other governmental departments with strategic points all over the country by a widespread network of special and private telephone and telegraph wires. Everywhere the telephone and telegraph companies have given precedence to the government service.

Long-distance facilities in and out of Washington already have been nearly doubled, the original system of 148 long-distance wires leading out of the capital having been increased to 242. In addition to the new cable to New York, under contemplation, copper wire will be strung above ground in many directions. When all this work is completed there will be approximately 600 long-distance wires radiating from Washington.

### Uncle Sam's Uniform Everywhere in the Capital

WASHINGTON—the seat of the war pulse—tells a remarkable story of the change in the status of the uniform, the increasing use of it and its popularity. It is as if America has turned to a form of militarism with a sense of relief from the gray, drab colors of peace times.

Every second man on the street is a soldier, a sailor or a marine.

Any hour of the day it span one may look to the cardinal points and witness a military spectacle.

Far out Pennsylvania avenue a troop of cavalry is jogging along to "somewhere."

Over the brow of the Fifteenth street hill a battalion of infantry is swinging along to join the cavalry "somewhere." Beyond the city, camped up and down the Conduit road, along the old Chesapeake canal, far over late Virginia, are thousands of young men, in the khaki of the service, awaiting the call to "somewhere."

And at night, the grim, gray war department buildings blinks 1,000 yellow eyes, way into the small hours of the morning. It keeps its secrets and winks.

Yet it imparts a solid confidence to the thousands of men in khaki who are camped within sight of the capital and await the call to "somewhere."

The day of uniforms as a distinguishing mark for swashbuckling heroes has passed.

Today they mark the young men of nations purpose.

## FARMS THE SOURCE OF WEALTH

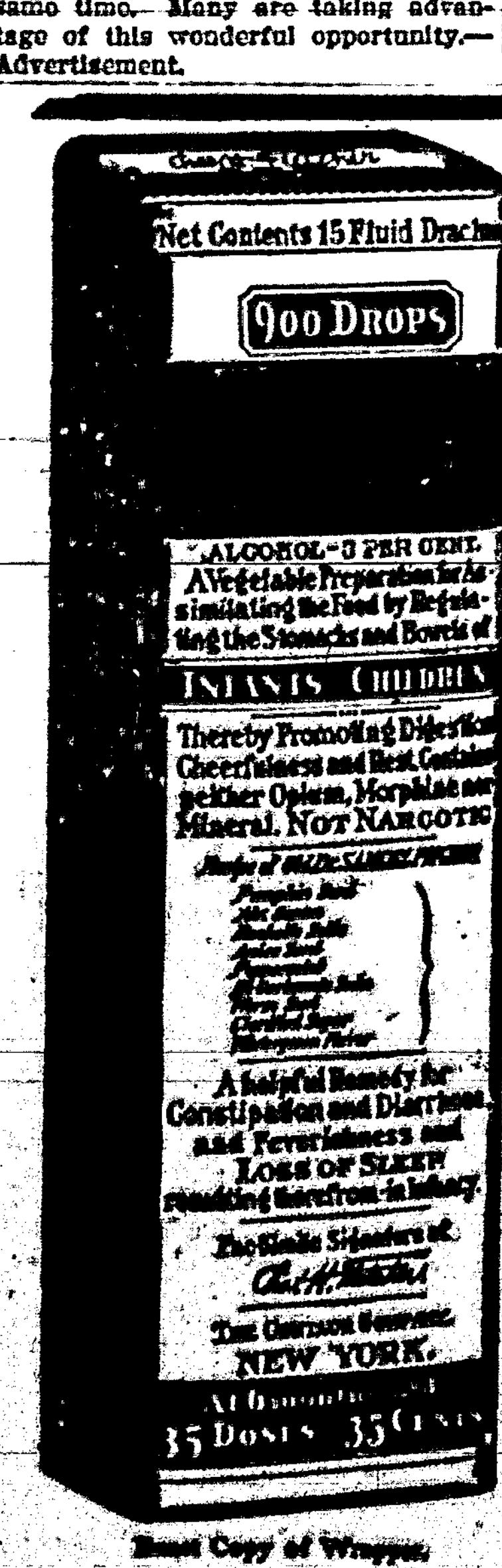
### Careful Tillage, Good Management and a Beneficent Soil.

Reading the reports of the managers of the chartered banks in Canada, one is struck by the wonderful showing that they have made during the past two or three years. They are careful in their statements, and while they attribute the success that they have met with together with that which has followed other lines of business, they are careful to emphasize the fact that the condition of big business may not continue. On the other hand, they point out that the material and fundamental source of wealth is the farm. While other lines of business may have their setbacks, and while care and scrupulous care, will have to be exercised to keep an even balance, there is but little risk to the farmer who on economic and studied lines will carry on his branch of industry and endeavor to produce what the world wants not only today, but for a long distance into the future, with a greater demand than ever in the past.

Speaking recently before a Canadian bank board at its annual meeting, the vice president, once a farmer himself, said:

"The farm is the chief source of wealth. We have now three transcontinental railways with branches running through thousands of miles of the very best undeveloped agricultural land in the world. In the natural course of things, these must attract immigration. The products of the farm are now commanding the highest prices over known, and in my opinion even after the end of the war, high prices for foodstuffs must continue to prevail. With the mechanical appliances now available for farm work, the farmer needs no considerable supply of extra capital, but should be helped to the extent needed upon good security. The food supply of the world is short, the demand is likely to increase rather than decrease. Development of mines, extension of factories and the reconstruction of devastated Europe must all call for supplies for the workers. On the whole, the farmer has been helped rather than hurt by the war, and will continue to be, or least for a long time to come."

Many men of authority and intelligence support what the vice president has said, and their statements are borne out by the facts that readily present themselves. The different grain-producing countries of Europe have been robbed of the man power that developed their agriculture, the farms have been devastated and laid waste. Full and complete reliance will have to be placed on the United States and Canada, and from what we see today, it will take the combined forces of these two countries to come anywhere near meeting the cry that will go out for food. The warnings and appeals sent out by the heads of these two countries are none too soon nor too urgent. Therefore, it becomes necessary for those who can produce to exert themselves. Secure land, rent it, buy it. Get it somewhere, some way, and have it operated. The Canadian Government, sending out its appeal, is not selfish in this matter. Thousands of acres in the United States await the tiller's efforts, and none of it should be idle. Canada, too, offers wonderful advantages, with its free lands and its low-priced lands, to those desirous of helping the nation, and improving their own condition at the same time. Many are taking advantage of this wonderful opportunity.—Advertisement.



## Too Sick To Work

### Many Women in this Condition Regain Health by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

#### Convincing Proof of This Fact.

Ridgway, Penn.—"I suffered from female trouble with backache and pain in my side for over seven months so I could not do any of my work. I was treated by three different doctors and was getting discouraged when my sister-in-law told me how Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had helped her. I decided to try it, and it restored my health, so I now do all of my housework which is not light as I have a little boy three years old." —Mrs. O. M. Rinxix, Ridgway, Penn.

#### Mrs. Lindsey Now Keeps House For Seven.

Tennille, Ga.—"I want to tell you how much I have been benefited by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. About eight years ago I got in such a low state of health I was unable to keep house for three in the family. I had dull, tired, dizzy feelings, cold feet and hands nearly all the time and could scarcely sleep at all. The doctor said I had a severe case of ulceration and without an operation I would always be an invalid, but I told him I wanted to wait awhile. Our druggist advised my husband to get Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it has entirely cured me. Now I keep house for seven and work in the garden some, too. I am so thankful I got this medicine. I feel as though it saved my life and have recommended it to others and they have been benefited".—Mrs. W. E. Lindsey, R. R. 8, Tennille, Ga.

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

#### Its Style.

"The anti-trust laws of the future will have teeth."

"Humph! You must mean that for biting sarcasm."

### ANY CORN LIFTS OUT, DOESN'T HURT A BIT!

No foolishness! Lift your corns and calluses off with fingers—it's like magic!

Soe corns, hard corns, soft corns or any kind of a corn, can harmlessly be lifted right out with the fingers if you apply upon the corn a few drops of freezezone, says a Cincinnati authority.

For little cost one can get a small bottle of freezezone at any drug store, which will positively rid one's feet of every corn or callus without pain.

This simple drug dries the moment it is applied and does not even irritate the surrounding skin while applying it or afterwards.

This announcement will interest many of our readers. If your druggist hasn't any freezezone tell him to surely get a small bottle for you from your wholesale drug house.—adv.

You can always reach the hearts of men and women by stuffing them—the men with food, the women with flotation.

Advertisement.

### TYPHOID

In no mere necessary disease. Since the malady has demonstrated the almost miraculous efficacy and permanence of Anti-Typhoid Vaccination, we are sending now to those who have not yet had it a free sample of Anti-Typhoid Vaccine.

Ask your physician, druggist, or send for "Have you had Typhoid? Testing of Typhoid Vaccine," results from 1,000 cases, from Dr. J. C. G. C. COTTER LABORATORY, BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA.

RECOMMENDED VACCINE & SERUM TAKEN & CO. LTD.

### MEN AND WOMEN

Kidney trouble preys upon the mind, discourages and lessens ambition; beauty, vigor and other qualities often disappear when the kidneys are cut off.

For good results take Kidney Freezone. A small bottle of freezezone, \$1.00, will rid one's feet of kidney trouble. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and enclose ten cents when writing.

Advertisement.

### PARKER'S HAIR BALM

A toilet preparation of merit.

For Reckless Color and

Beauty to Great Effect.

Send for Sample.

W. N. U., DENVER, NO. 28-1917.

## Children Cry For Fletcher's CASTORIA

### What Is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulence, Wind Colic and Diarrhea; alleviating Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.







# Aviso de Punto - List of Taxable Property

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

Nombre	Descripción de Propiedad	Tasación	Penalidad	Costos	Total
Henry Feltz	lot 101 and part awl sec 29 10 17	17.75	.108	1.00	20.82
personal property		11.79	.71	.56	14.05
H. Kirkland	tract on Doso	47.08	.141	.56	49.02
personal property		31.69	.95	.56	32.20
Juanita Sanchez De Rubio	Tract on Doso	21.92	.128	.56	23.28
personal property		4.96	.90	.56	5.42
Luis Sanchez	tract in 4 and 5 11 17	24.48	1.48	.56	26.50
personal property		1.10	.23	.56	1.89
Conroy Bros.	personal property	136.68	8.20	.56	145.44
Jimmie Cooper	personal property	58.89	1.70	.56	60.05
J. A. Cary	personal property	37.33	8.24	.56	46.15
Cooper & Woods' personal property		202.46	6.06	.56	209.08
J. F. Thompson	Imp on ranch Carrizozo McDillot	14.60	.90	.56	15.06
personal property		98.81	5.64	.56	104.97
Sam Wood	personal property	91.93	1.57	.56	93.57
Don McFarland	4 lot 4 in 10 11 12 in lots 12 13 in 30 7 18 lot 84 part of the nw 1 of 18 17	9.31	.57	2.24	18.15
personal property		51.08	1.25	.56	57.89
J. A. Bird	personal property	35.95	.16	.56	36.41
J. J. Aragon	house-Lincoln	7.15	.43	.56	8.14
Manuel Aragon house lot Lincoln		7.04	.48	.56	8.08
Isobela Anderson	Frac of sec 24 nw 19 9 16	10.00	.60	.56	11.16
W. P. Blairius	tract in Lincoln 29 9 16	3.18	.19	.56	3.83
Pedro Beldoni	tract ne 19 9 16	1.64	.06	.56	2.20
personal property		81	.03	.56	1.40
L. M. Dotson	house and lot Lincoln	2.07	.06	.56	2.60
personal property		2.47	.05	.56	3.01
A. R. Dotson	Barber place	5.93	.36	.56	6.85
personal property		1.17	.01	.56	1.74
Francisco Gomez	personal property	2.40	.08	.56	3.04
J. S. Ilustre	sec 101, sec 4, sec 10 10 16	7.62	.46	.56	8.64
C. E. Hubert	sec 101, sec 10 10 16 part of lot 1 14 9 16	17.22	.25	.12	18.67
Bernardino Padilla	Frac of nw 18 18 16	1.42	.08	.56	2.00
personal property		6.55	.33	.56	7.00
Refugio Romero	personal property	7.39	.22	.56	8.17
Oct Salas	sec 101, sec 10 10 16	2.85	.09	.56	3.40
Geronimo Wilson	tract in Lincoln 29 9 16	5.73	.21	.56	6.50
personal property		1.64	.17	.56	2.40
Jesus M. Padilla	tract in — 9 16	4.05	.24	.56	4.85
personal property		1.96	.12	.56	2.60
Frank Chavez	tract on Ruidoso	8.65	.50	.56	9.54
Ambrolio Chavez Y.A. tract in 21 10 16		10.50	.63	.56	11.69
Izasa Gonzales	tract on Ruidoso	1.85	.10	.56	2.50
personal property		2.07	.15	.56	3.20
Florencio Gonzalez	tract on Ruidoso	1.19	.07	.56	1.75
Trujillo Polaco	Land on Ruidoso	4.21	.25	.56	5.00
Milatio Siliva	tract on Ruidoso	7.8	.05	.56	8.35
Jacobo Sanchez	tract on Ruidoso	10.02	.63	.56	10.65
Nicolas Siliva	part just Ulibarri pat	2.20	.10	.56	2.80
personal property		1.79	.11	.56	2.46
David Sanchez	part Ulibarri pat	6.71	.30	.56	7.70
G. A. Friendbloom	personal property	5.81	.35	.56	8.78
Alfred Hunter	Geo Cooce land	14.99	.62	.56	15.61
personal property		7.11	.22	.56	7.50
A. E. Hahn	personal property	3.81	.10	.56	4.36
Mrs. M. J. Pike	personal property	2.71	.11	.56	3.42
Ellen Casey	est personal property	5.93	.32	.56	6.82
John Kimball	part nw 18 12 11 18	1.73	.08	.56	2.34
personal property		2.23	.07	.56	2.91
McKnight & Co.	state land	2.10	.07	.56	2.62
Jesus Perez	aw 18 18 16 20 11 18; sec 10, sec 10, sec 23 11 18	31.64	.72	.12	32.48
personal property		2.20	.12	.56	2.80
Abel Mirabal	tract on Doso 5 11 18	14.94	.65	.56	15.60
Baldomero Sanchez	aw 18 18 16 20 11 18 aw 18 16 20 11 18	31.86	.75	.12	32.73
Nicola Chavez	personal property	4.29	.23	.56	5.04
M. D. Claves & Bro.	personal property	6.46	.30	.56	7.41
Harvey Gathrie	personal property	8.93	.32	.56	9.92
H. A. Middleton	of net, sec 10, sec 12 17 16	8.93	.34	.56	10.00
Nicolas Peraleo	personal property	10.40	.64	.56	11.59
Daniel Vizli	net, sec 10 22 16	2.46	.07	.56	3.00
personal property		21.07	.20	.56	22.83
Manuel Vigil	aw 12 22 16	2.44	.07	.56	3.00
Francisco Archuleta	Carrizozo o plot 8 blk 34	50	.04	.56	1.00
D. L. Hyatt	aw 18 18 16	9.29	.55	.56	10.86
personal property		9.60	.57	.56	10.82
J. W. Brockway	med lot 1 and 2 blk 46	7.09	.42	.56	8.07
Oppelia Barrett	o plot 2 blk 17	61	.04	.56	1.21
John W. Barrett	o plot 28 & 30 blk 17	1.19	.05	.56	1.83
Pat Burton	aw 18 18 10	8.94	.64	.56	10.00
R. G. Burton	aw 18 18 10; aw 18 18 16 20 11 18	3.25	.21	.56	3.76
Paul Beatty	pjw nw 18 18 16 20 11 18; sec 10, sec 10 nw 18 16 20 11 18	2.15	.07	.12	2.34
personal property		1.43	.06	.56	2.04
Z. D. Bootz	personal property	12.87	.78	.56	14.23
Portia Chavez	house and lot Lincoln; o plot 8 & 9 blk 4 Carrizozo; med 9 blk 1 Carrizozo.	27.18	.32	.56	28.00
personal property		4.00	.15	.56	4.56
Milton Dow	o plot 38 21 blk 7, 4 & 5 blk 12 and 8 blk 12 Carrizozo	11.81	.35	.56	12.66
E. J. Doak	2 lot 38 21 blk 7 Carrizozo	1.34	.08	.56	1.90
J. V. Dalton	personal property	2.41	.10	.56	3.00
J. E. Farley	o plot 8 7 blk 4 Carrizozo	22.26	.75	.56	23.57
G. V. Goodard	o plot 4, o plot 20 16 20 18	11.98	.71	.56	12.65
Maria Galafach	aw 18 18 16 20 11 18; sec 10, sec 10, sec 10 nw 18 18 16 20 11 18	4.22	.19	.56	5.47
Gray Horse	o plot 18 18 16 20 11 18; sec 10, sec 10 23 11 18	1.71	.15	.12	1.98
Frank Gray	selected, lots 40 acres 21 10; sec 10, sec 10 23 11 18; o plot 18 18 16 20 11 18; sec 10, sec 10 nw 18 18 16 20 11 18 Carrizozo; in e d lot 11 blk 17 Carrizozo	8.90	.84	.24	10.64
W. D. Gray	med 10 7 & 8 blk 17, p. lot 18 & 19 blk 7	8.87	.25	.12	10.24
Robt. E. Hancock	aw 18 18 16 20 11 18 Carrizozo	5.08	.30	.56	5.94
Mrs. M. C. Hatton	sec 10 18 16 20 11 18; sec 10, sec 10, sec 10 23 11 18	4.56	.14	.56	5.20
O. G. Hinton	o plot 8 blk 19 Carrizozo	1.69	.06	.56	2.20
personal property		5.10	.25	.56	5.81
Pauline Hase	med lots 8 & 7 blk 4 Carrizozo	9.12	.25	.56	10.23
W. G. Miller	Carrizozo o plot 25 & 26 blk 1, 2, 12	2.00	.06	.56	2.56
Victorio Mireles	Carrizozo o plots 20 21 22 23 blk 28	14.09	.87	.12	16.08
personal property		1.25	.06	.56	1.81
Johnson Hico	personal property	1.00	.06	.56	1.56
Mrs. Emma Madge	o d lot 18 18 16 20 11 18; blk 1 lot 12 23 11 18	11.56	.09	.12	12.73
Howard Perry	Carrizozo o plot 3 7 blk 11	1.77	.12	.56	2.43
Pearl Phillips	personal property	20.17	.55	.56	20.73
W. R. Quall	med Carrizozo lot 4 & 7 blk 11	1.76	.12	.56	2.40
Walter Reed	aw 18 18 16 20 11 18; aw 18 18 16 20 11 18	1.76	.12	.56	2.40
W. E. Holly	o plot Carrizozo 28 & 29 blk 11	9.02	.60	.22	10.84
W. M. Hiley	o plot 22 to 26 lot 28 blk 21, 22 to 26 lot 22 blk 21	8.78	.40	.22	9.40
Nellie B. Reed	Carrizozo o plot 1 & 2 blk 2	8.78	.33	.22	9.33
B. L. Hanson	o d lot 18 18 16 20 11 18 Carrizozo, lots 12 23 15 blk 7	1.76	.04	.12	1.90
Stockmen's Guaranty Loan Co.	Carrizozo o p. lots 12 23 15 16 20 11 18; blk 1 lot 12 23 15 16 20 11 18; blk 8 & 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100 101 102 103 104 105 106 107 108 109 110 111 112 113 114 115 116 117 118 119 120 121 122 123 124 125 126 127 128 129 130 131 132 133 134 135 136 137 138 139 140 141 142 14				

## Kin Hubbard Essays

### OUR DWINDLIN' RESPECT FER TH' LAW

"Th' only time justice prevails in our courts t'day is when th' defendant is both guilty an' penniless," decided Hon. ex-Editor Cal Hubbard, this mornin', after discussin' th' trial o' Ike Soles. Ike was arrested an' convicted o' alienatin' th' affections o' a ham. He was sentenced t' six months in jail at 86 cents per day expense t' th' tax-payers; an' his wife got t' custody o' th' seven children. Thus is society protected an' justice satisfied.

"Per' everything we're liable t' do ther's a penalty—some law or ordinance agin' it," continued th' veteran journalist, "an' fer ever' feller that gets in a muss ther's a skyscraper full

lawyer. When a feller crosses th' street he takes his life in one hand an' waives his rights with th' other. But it's in th' pursuit o' happiness that we're almost certain t' strike a snag unless we're rich an' influential an' carry accident an' liability insurance. Most o' our laws seem t' be written fer th' sole purpose o' curbin' happiness. Just as soon as somethin' comes along that's likely t' take our minds off th' cold, mouse-colored problems o' life somebuddy frames an' ordinance t' spoil it. Our great standin' army o' lawyers must have exercise. Society must be protected.

"But ther's a way around ever' law whereby those o' broad means may es-



"Th' Feller Who Used t' Blow a Safe an' Git Away on a Handcar Now Escapes on a Technicality. He Prefers t' Split With a Good Lawyer Rather Than Take Any Chances."

o' lawyerd. An' yit with our great army o' lawyers an' our bulgin' library o' statutes there's a flourishin' disrepect for th' law that is only equalled by our thrivin' disregard for th' rights o' others. We're overgoverned. We're sufferin' from an overproduction o' lawyers. A feller has t' be a slack-wire performer t' keep in th' straight an' narrow path. If you should chance t' meet a policeman when he isn't feelin' jest rigg he's liable t' arrest an' jug you. No matter how innocent you are th' prosecutor'll dig up an ordinance t' fit you. Maybe th' ordinance was passed last week, or maybe it was passed in 1776, but it's a cinch he's got your size if he wants t' trim you.

"What's become o' our old inalienable right t' life, liberty an' pursuit o' happiness? Wherever ther's a dangerous crossin' ther's a contingent fee

capo th' smoke an' tunnels o' a long tortuous trial. But th' fare is steep. You kin git around th' law, but you can't evade your attorney.

"In this advanced age no profession has made more rapid progress than th' profession o' law. Th' feller who used t' blow safe an' git away on a handcar now escapes on a technicality. He prefers t' split with a good lawyer rather than take any chances.

"But ther's no longer t' respect for th' law that ther's used t' be. Ther's even less regard for our unwritten laws. It's no uncommon thing t' meet a feller wearin' ton shoen with im-

punity on a Prince Albert coat.

"I see Newt Blapea, who murdered his wife an' three children no' wus convicted for manslaughter, has been granted a new trial as he still has another farm."

### OUR FARMER FRIENDS

It takes a circus people t' stir up th' motley denizens of a city on string 'em along th' down town curb where they stand or squat for hours waitin' for th' "grand free glitterin' oriental pageant three miles long," with th' name o' many camels, th' same old dusty elephants, th' same ole peacock-faced girls in spangled waistes an' wilted plumes, th' same ole sour note bands with dented horns an' faded uniforms, th' same ole pantin' polar bear an' ole knock-kneed hyenas; th' same ole fat snake charmer with coiled pink stockin' in a horse full o' amphixtated boa constrictors; th' same ole patient dapple gray pullin' th' same ole toothless lions; th' same old goddess o' liberty with stringy hair an' red nose chewin' gum on th' same ole rumblin' chariot, an' th' same ole entarhal collapse with jest enough breath t' play th' chorus o' "Too Much Mustard." But jest th' same th' city folks turn out year after year an' fill th' streets an'



Good Road in California.

main highways extending from the Oregon to the Mexican line. It should be kept in mind that an application for federal aid in the improvement of any road must be made by the highway department of the state. Consequently if anybody in the state desires to have a road improved at the aid of federal funds it is necessary that the matter be taken up with the state highway department and not with the federal government."

### BUILDING GOOD EARTH ROADS

Can Be Constructed at Low Cost, but They Require Constant and Costly Attention.

Good earth roads can be constructed at a very low cost; however, they require constant maintenance, which may be expensive where the travel is heavy. A well-built and properly maintained earth road will serve some sections as well as the most expensive types of hard-surfaced roads will serve other sections. Where this fact is realized more attention will be paid to earth roads, and the money spent on them will not be regarded as lost.

#### Hellebore.

To kill insects on trees or flowers that are to be picked within a few days, such as roses, currants, etc.

Use as a dust, 1 ounce of white hellebore mixed with 5 ounces of flour. If desired in liquid form, use 1 ounce white hellebore to 1 gallon of water.

#### Engine Sometimes Balks.

A gasoline engine sometimes balks but so does a horse. You can find out what's the matter with the engine, but no one has ever yet discovered the workings of the mind of a balky horse.

TH' CITY FOLKS TURN OUT YEAR AFTER YEAR AN' FILT TH' STREETS AN' OFFICE WINDOWS & WATCH TH' WEATHER-BEATEN CARAVAN AS IT ROLLS ALONG MAIN STREET AN' DRAWS BACK TH' SHEAV GROUNDS BY WAY O' TH' PLAININ' MILL.

office windows t' watch th' weather-beaten caravans as it rolls along Main street an' doubles back t' th' show grounds by way o' th' plainin' mill.

It takes a state fair an' a couple o' clear days t' divert th' rural districts o' other choicest examples o' rustic simplicity. While th' good crops an' good prices o' th' last ten years have encouraged many o' our country friends t' park up an' take on new ways, ther's yet remain a goodly number which no amount o' prosperity kin begalle int' throwin' aside th' manners an' wholes o' earlier days.

A state fair is alius th' scene o' many happy reunions. Friends an' relatives meet again for th' first time in a year, an' th' hugs an' handshakes an' laughs an' tears are true genuine. Men with stiff new collars an' no neck-

### Hollywood Improvement

### ROAD BUILDING HINTS GIVEN

Military Attaches With Former Premier Balfour of England, Impart Information.

Somewhat interesting information regarding military road building was given to the United States when the English mission headed by former Premier Balfour arrived in New York. Military attaches told how the armies of France and Great Britain rebuilt roads in France and Belgium.

English military engineers recently have made experiments demonstrating that it is possible and desirable to

build the highest types of road surfaces for the temporary or emergency movement of artillery and supplies. Roads built with asphalt sent from England have been constructed in the rear of the Franco-Belgian front. Roads so improved gave better service than any type attempted under the swift and heavy movement necessitated by the artillery action which precedes infantry attacks. It was observed that motor trucks and gun carriages suffered no injury in movement over these hastily constructed pavements, while frequent breakdowns were experienced when road building was not attempted.

Following those experiments a mission, including officers of the British and French engineer corps, looked over the pavements in the environs of Paris built in the last three or four years. Among other roads inspected was the asphalt pavement laid on the road to Versailles, which has been carrying heavy military traffic ever since the war started. As a result of these experiments and investigations it has been decided, wherever possible, to construct similar surfaces for the movement of military traffic in regions where roads have been destroyed or where they may be made necessary by battle plans.

After his moment of triumph the sailor moved on whistling a tune, and with the aid of both hands, the brush and one knee succeeded in plastering another poster and part of his shirt on the fence. As he continued papering the fence he rapidly incised himself in a film of white paste, but this apparently worried him not.

The World Moves.

California is Spending \$18,000,000 on Two Chief Highways From Oregon to Mexico.

John A. Wilson, president of the American Automobile Association, says of the federal good roads law recently passed.

"Thirty-four states have now outlined in some form a system of main trunk lines, which is now an agony for the success of the federal-aid plan just inaugurated. In this connection it is worthy to note that California was the first state to apply for its apportionment of the money, and California is expending \$18,000,000 on two



Good Road in California.

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### BLUEJACKET AS BILLPOSTER

One of Uncle Sam's sailors, although new to job, shows versatility in handling Paste Brush.

Uncle Sam's sailors are known for their versatility, and many a tar can cook a dinner, repair a pipe, paint a funnel or handle a ledger as well as he can wigwag a message, point a gun or silver his timbers, but crowds in lower Manhattan the other day saw a bluejacket with an odd job even for a sailor. He was a billposter, says the New York Sun.

Equipped with a pile of blue navy posters calling on patriotic citizens to enlist, he started in at the Battery apparently with the intention of billeting the entire island. He was obviously new to the job, but strove manfully with perspiration trickling down his forehead to get the hang of the paste brush and pen.

When first seen he was engaged in sticking one of the big sheets to a fence surrounding the subway digging operations in Battery park. In the persistent breeze he found an enemy, for the bill refused to cling to the boardings, obstinately preferring to wrap itself about his chest. He made a frantic swipe with the big pastebrush, but only succeeded in giving the poster to his uniform.

Abandoning the brush, he carefully peeled off the now sodden paper and this time with his hands alone he succeeded in sticking part of it on the fence. Ignoring the wet paste trickling down his chest, he dabbed at the unruly paper with the brush and finally stepped back several feet to view the poster with an air of triumph. It was torn in several places, one corner had been wafted away by the breeze and it was wrinkled all over, but never did artist gaze at his own masterpiece with more satisfaction and admiration.

After his moment of triumph the sailor moved on whistling a tune, and with the aid of both hands, the brush and one knee succeeded in plastering another poster and part of his shirt on the fence. As he continued papering the fence he rapidly incised himself in a film of white paste, but this apparently worried him not.

The World Moves.

A certain downtown business man, who is up to date enough to drive a motor car for business purposes, but who disclaims any desire to be known as a speed demon, was observed to shake his head and mutter to himself as he slid his car into the last space left along the block. "Times have certainly changed," said he to a friend on the sidewalk, "and the ways of the traffic policemen with them. Why, only five or six years ago I drove a little horse to family surrey. The limit of speed of the animal at a swing trot was not more than six miles an hour. One evening going home in a hurry I dared to drive across Washington street in a jog trot. The traffic man promptly called to me to slow down to a walk while crossing. Just now I was coming across at the same place about ten or twelve miles an hour, and the 'copper' yelled: 'Well, move along there, and get out of the way,' accompanying the injunction with a jerk of the hand that gave emphasis to official impatience at the way I was blocking traffic in the interest of caution."—Indianapolis News.

### Singing Men Are Fighting Men.

The power of music has long been extolled by people who have made that field of art their chosen work. What is of unusual interest, however, is the fact that an appreciation of its value as a builder of strength and courage was voiced by an officer in the army. At the opening day of the officers' training camp at Plattsburgh, N. Y., General Bell, one of the officers at the head of the training corps, made an address before the men gathered there, emphasizing the seriousness of the work undertaken by them. During the course of the talk he made the following statements:

"A soldier must think only of his duty and do it in a way that all who survive him will be proud of the way he gave up his life. You know whom we are going to fight. German soldiers sing while they march. I want you to see that our army beats them at their own game, for singing men are fighting men."

**BERRY PATCH FOR HOME USE**

Every Farm Should Have Strawberry Bed, Raspberry Bushes and Few Currant Bushes.

(By LE ROY CADY, Associate Horticulturist University Farm, St. Paul, Minn.)

Every farm home should have a good strawberry bed, seventy-five or more raspberry bushes and a few black, white and red currant bushes. The black currants are thrifty and vigorous of growth. Red currants are sometimes a disappointment because the currant worm gets the leaves. This is easily prevented by spraying with paris green or arsenate of lead.

Distinguished Victim.

"Have you ever had any distinguished visitors in this town?"

"I should say so, stranger. Only the other day the sheriff of the neighboring county stopped off here on his way to the state prison with one of the most notorious malefactors in the country."

Dreadfully Different.

Formerly—Things will be different when we have taken graft out of politics.

Machine politicians—They certainly will. Then the office will have to seek the man.—Judge.

### Horticultural News

#### HOW APPLE IS MOTH-EATEN

Most Serious Enemy of All the Five Hundred Different Kinds of Enemies is Codling Moth.

Of all the 500 different kinds of insects which attack the apple, the fruit's most serious enemy is the codling moth.

It is nothing unusual for fully one-fourth of an apple crop to be ruined by the codling moth. In New York state the value of the fruit destroyed in this way every year is estimated at over \$2,000,000.

The codling moth passes the winter as a full-grown caterpillar, curled up in a tough silken cocoon under flakes of bark or in crevices in the trees.

With the first warm days of spring the caterpillars begin to transform to dark brown pupae.

About two weeks after the apple blossoms fall the pupae become moths. Their wings when expanded measure about three-fourths of an inch.

The average life of a moth is about ten days, and each female lays from 80 to 100 eggs. These hatch in ten



A Codling Moth Larva Burrowing Its Way Toward the Core, Where It Eats the Seeds and Hollows Out a Cavity.

days or less into little caterpillars, whitish in color and about one-sixteenth of an inch in length.

The little caterpillars live for a little while on the leaves, but soon make their way to the young apples where they find the feeding like beetles.

Most of them enter the apples at the blossom end. After feeding for a short time in the calyx cavity they burrow to the core, eat the seeds and hollow out a large cavity which becomes filled with masses of waste matter and silk.

The best means of fighting the codling moths is to spray the apple trees three times each season with a mixture of arsenate of lead and lime sulphur.

Discover New Insect Pest.

Believed by Entomologists to Have Been Brought From Japan—Attacks Many Fruit Trees.

A new insect for this country has recently been discovered by the entomologists, the pest believed to have been brought from Japan. The insect attacks the peach and similar fruits. In its larval stage the pest is a small white and pink caterpillar, and in the adult stage a brownish moth. It bores into every shoot and twig, and a gummy substance is often seen at the twig ends. The young caterpillars usually attack the fruit near the stem end, and the larva as it grows, makes its way into the flesh, which soon becomes discolored and more or less slimy. The full-grown caterpillar spins a whitish silk cocoon in which to pupate, and the moth emerges in the spring for egg laying by the time the young shoots are out. No remedy for the pest has been discovered as yet, and the federal department wishes orchardists to be on the lookout for same and keep them advised should any be found.

Swedish Drill.

They were in the squad under training at a certain military center who furnished a contrast not uncommon these days. One was tall and wiry, the other short and puffy, and an hour of Swedish drill had set the lesser of the two to blowing hard.

"I can't stand much of this," he whispered. "I'm simply all out," and at that moment the drill sergeant intimated that he would give them another spell before they dismissed.

This was too much. The orderly felt it was time to protest.

"

## The Shattered Pane

By Walter Joseph Delaney.

(Copyright, 1917, by W. G. Chapman)

The man was attired in the height of fashion. He wore no ornament except a small discolored ring, pendant from a silken watch ribbon, crossing his vest. His face was bronzed, his hands scarred and rough. With all of these incongruities, it would have puzzled even a skilled physiognomist to determine his exact social and business status.

He bore a thin package about the size of an ordinary window pane, covered with wrapping paper, under his arm. Whoever or whatever he was, he was seriously intent upon the business in hand. He stood with one foot on a kitchen doorstep, his ear bent within. Then he placed his package carefully tilted against the house and stole on tiptoe across the first room beyond.

In the adjoining one a table was set with three persons around it, a gray-haired old man, his gentle-faced wife and a girl of about twenty, evidently their daughter. At one side of the table was a plate reversed, knife, fork and spoon, cup and saucer and a napkin encircled by a silver band, and as the eyes of the intruder noted this, he fairly suppressed a great gasp and his eyes moistened and his strong face quivered.

"Dear old folks!" he breathed and then off and down went his hat, his head bowed reverently. The old man was asking a blessing upon the homely meal. The watcher stole across the kitchen floor, noiselessly dropped into the empty chair at the table and sat there trembling and expectant as the old man's voice concluded the formal grace with the earnest words:

"And bring back to us our dear wandering boy."

And then the reverent heads were lifted and old John Davis, his staring eyes fixed upon the wandering boy re-

"Say, dad, you're looking!" exclaimed Eldred.

"I never was more in earnest," insisted the old man. "See here!"

He arose and reached behind a door.

Hence from its hook he took a broad leather strap that had been the rod of justice in Eldred's boyhood days.

"You don't mean it—" he began.

"Take off your coat," ordered the father grimly. "You're a man now, but the principle holds."

"Dad, you come here," invited Eldred and he led his father outside. Then he lifted the package he had left tilted up against the clapboards.

"Know what's in that?"

"I don't."

"A pane of glass and some putty, nine by fourteen—say, all through the years I've remembered the measurements of that unlucky window pane! I even snooped around the old Sloan place before I came here. Bless me! If that shiftless old Jedah Sloan hasn't let that shed window stay out all of these years, I'm going over there now and set it. I'm finally able to obey you, dad. Surely that settles the score, hey?"

"You're the same quick-witted rascal you was as a boy, hasn't you?" almost chuckled his father. "Yes, call it quits," and taking out his pocket knife he slowly cut the leather strap into bits and threw them aside.

"I say, dad," broke in Eldred afresh, "how's Miriam?"

"Oh, she's grown to be a likely girl," responded the old man.

"Not married yet?"

"Oh, no; she doesn't seem to care anything for fellers."

A bland, satisfied smile covered the face of the returned wanderer. He tucked the package under his arm and crossed lots to the Sloan place, whistling thoughtfully, but with his usual hearty homesickness.

Eldred came to the Sloan home by the rear. There was the old shed used as a kitchen as of yore, there was the unglazed gaping sash. Eldred sat down beside a sheltering lilac bush and removed the covering from the pane of glass and the putty, placed these handy for his meditated operations and drew a putty knife from his pocket.

A keen mental retrospection held him within its thrall for a few vivid moments. His thoughts ran back twelve years and the picture was dominated by a vision of sweet Miriam Sloan, a child of his own age. How tenderly had they exchanged love tokens! She had given him a cheap metal ring, which time had worn and tarnished and the luster of the glass imitation ruby was dimmed. He had used his small savings to buy Miriam a tawdry necklace and this was one of the reasons that he had run away from home, for the discovery of this quan-

emberzlement would have certainly won him a double chastigation. "And the further reason was Miriam, dear little Miriam!" now soliloquized Eldred and his eye brightened at the memory of her bewitching beauty.

It was Miriam who had carelessly flung the ball that had shattered the shed window, and she had run frightened as she heard her father come around the house, and Eldred had darted homewards. Mr. Sloan had held Eldred the guilty one and had so apprised his father.

"I wonder if Miriam is as sweet and bewitching as ever," murmured Eldred, and proceeded to the denuded window casch. All the lights were gone, but he set the one in place the destruction of which had sent him wandering over the globe. He had just finished when a merry thrilling voice echoed through the house. It approached nearer and nearer. Miriam Sloan, beaded for a clotheeline where hung some laces and kerchiefs, paused with a shock.

"Oh, Eldred!" she cried, and stood stock still and trembled.

He advanced and clasped her willing hand between his own. She was fluttering like a frightened dove.

"The window," he said all smile—"I came back to fix it—after twelve years."

"Then you did not forget—"

"You? See," and Eldred dangled the cherished ring before her gaze. "You, I suppose, have never thought of me since that day in the long ago."

"Wait!" she said, her face flushed, her eyes dancing.

She sped away like a deer. She returned breathless. Miriam removed the cover from a little pasteboard box in her hand.

"Look!" she breathed, and he saw inside a faded rose, nestled in a downy mat of cotton, the tinsel neck chain he had given her in the past.

"And I broke the window, and you took all the blame!" she chided herself mournfully. "Have you come back to stay?"

"That rests with you, Miriam," said Eldred Davis simply.

Sparrow in New-Orleans.

An incident probably unique in the annals of the stage was witnessed by a crowded house at the opera house in Cape Town during a matinee. Immediately the curtain rose on the garden scene in which a parrot and perch are a feature, a sparrow flew down from the dome of the theater onto the stage and hopped and flew about quite fearlessly, picking up the parrot food and the ground rice (thrown in this scene) at the feet of the astonished actors, taking not the slightest notice of their movements, not even the dancing disturbing its equilibrium. When

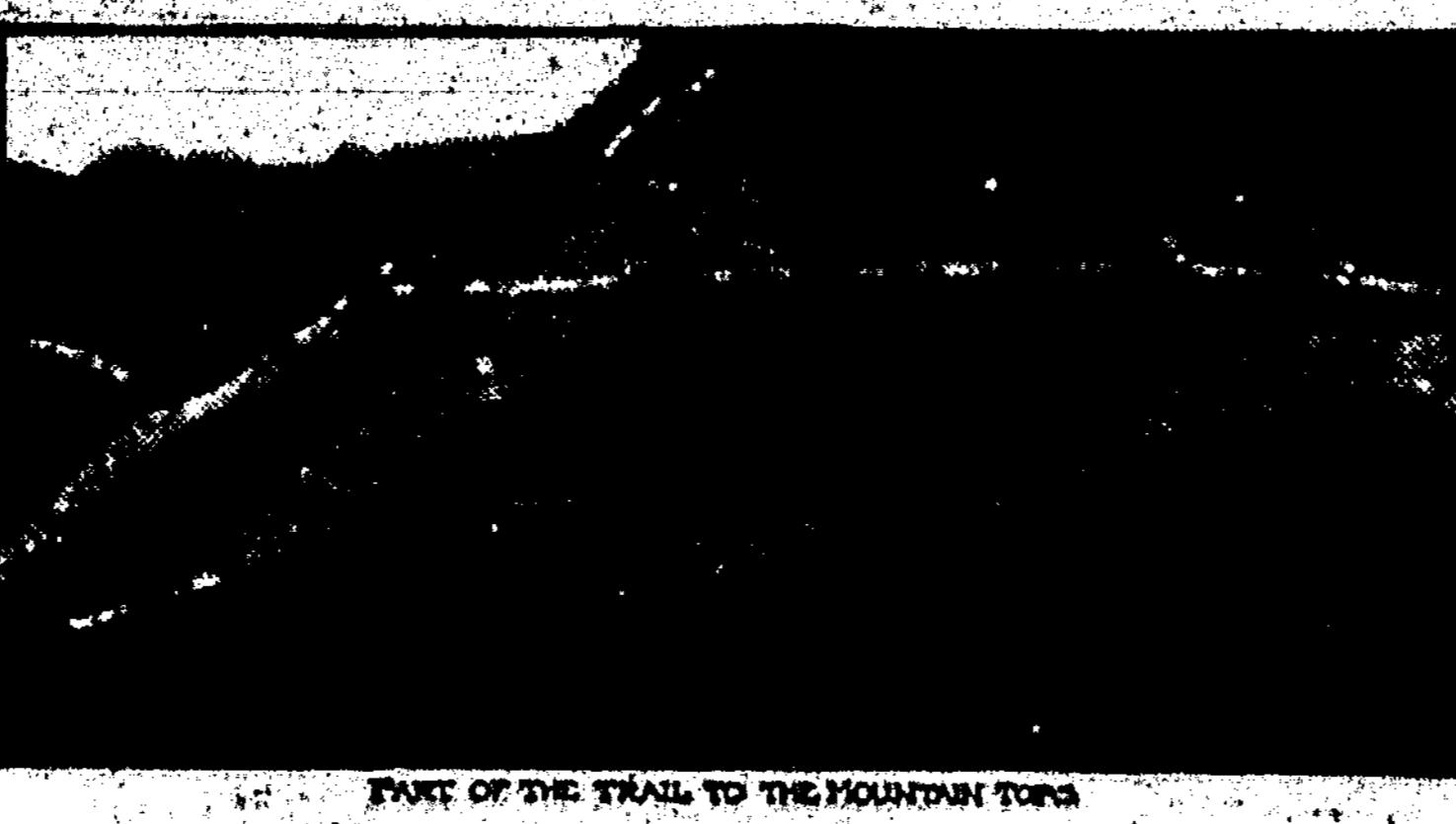
the scene neared its end the sparrow flew up onto the front of the dress circle and then disappeared in the dome. The incident caused the greatest amusement, both to the company and to the audience—the latter being quite under the impression that the sparrow had been trained and was part of the show.

"I'm proud of you, for you've made a man of yourself, I can see that," pursued the old man, "but my word is my word. I sent you out to mend a window. I told you a strapping was coming if you disobeyed."

"Why, yes, that's it, father," assented Eldred, rather taken aback.

"Well, you disobeyed—and you've got to take your medicine."

## Mountaineering In The Philippines



PART OF THE TRAIL TO THE MOUNTAIN TOPS

**T**HIS morning I awoke to the crackle of resinous knots in the great fireplace. The air was cool and bracing. Outside, the breezes stirred the giant pines whose mastlike trunks reached high into the air in vain attempt to look over the 1,000-foot cliff against which our log resthouse nestles in a bed of ferns, written Maynard Owen Williams, to the *Christian Herald*.

We are on the mountain trail of Benguet, in northern Luzon, in the Philippines, resting in a resthouse which deserves the name. Roughing it in northern Luzon is what Irvin Cobb would call "de luxe." Rich, savory oyster stew, fricassee chicken, tender peas, sweet potatoes, tea, blueberries and hot biscuit and honey are all we have had for lunch, but we had all we could eat, and the Filipino cook is the best cook and the tidiest housekeeper in the Philippines, which is going some.

To appreciate the cool shade of the lofty pines and the clean, rustic charm of our pine palace of repose, we must shoot back to Manila and begin our trip by auto in the delightful cool of morning.

Several men with whom I had expected to have interviews were either out of Manila or in the hospital, and things seemed to be moving in a circle. Then, one morning, I read that Director of Education Marquardt, Prof. R. M. McElroy of Princeton and others were to make a tour of inspection of the schools in the Igorroto and Ifugao districts north of Baguio, and I proceeded, as diplomatically as possible, to "but in."

We are traveling in the wilds, where

a few years ago head-hunters made gruesome collections. There are pythons here and wild boar and other game in plenty, none of which I have seen trace of as yet.

Motoring on Fine Roads.

It is ten hours by auto from Manila to the summer capital of the Philippines at Baguio, 175 miles away and 6,000 feet higher up, where blankets are needed in summer.

For 50 kilometers from Manila the big seven-passenger car in Mr. Miller, his twelve-year-old son, Professor McElroy and myself traveled, rolled luxuriously over the fine roads through towering arches of coconut palms, mango trees and fire trees (which become a mass of red blossoms) over old Spanish bridges and modern concrete ones spanning shady, curving streams in which derrik-like fishing nets rose above the boats, which lay idly at anchor in the warm radiance of the morning light.

We passed thousands of nipa huts, with thatched roofs, built up on stilts so as to keep them dry in the heavy rains, and to afford a shady retreat for the razor-backed porkers with long snouts like their wild ancestors, and the spindly legged game roosters with shiny plumage, slender necks and heads, and beautiful crows—the sporting animals of the islands.

In every town there is a Catholic church, its steeple topping the view and its whitewashed or caliced walls crumbling through the ravages of time in a humid climate. Farther on, towns are fewer, and the heat beats into one's face in hot gusts, while the baked fields seem almost barren, except for cogon grass or weeds. For miles we did not see a house, and the only sign of life was the wavering rush of crowded motor cars, which dash by at frenzied speed.

After passing a toll bridge, which collapses when the rainy season makes heavy bamboo rafts necessary, we turned aside from the main road and took the North Luzon Agricultural college at Las Munos.

Teaching the Natives Farming.

The school is not a show place, but a workshop, and its director, Mr. Moe, a graduate of the University of Wisconsin, is working with ideas rather than expensive equipment. Tuition is free, and each boy earns his food by working at productive labor at the rate of three cents an hour, with meals costing four cents each. The boys not only build their own buildings, but have set up a machine shop with a discalated traction engine, which cost \$50, dismounted and made to drive the machines. The moving picture machine and the stereopticon are used regularly, and six miles of irrigation canals bring water from the nearby hills.

As yet it is a barren place, for if only one farm irrigates, the bug population of the county holds a convention and festival in its crop beds; but by co-operating with the homesteaders, additional fields are now being irrigated, and an era of prosperity is setting in. Nicholas Stutz, a former teacher of \$11 a month, made \$2,500

last year through the knowledge he gained at Las Munos, and a higher standard of living is inevitable.

The school is not an experiment station, but a college. Its extension work exerts a wide influence, however, as its graduates emigrate to the fertile plateau of Mindanao and many other places.

After leaving Las Munos the road runs as straight as a die for miles on end. Then comes the famous Benguet road, 15 miles long, one of the finest mountain roads in the world, over which the sturdy automobile trucks carry freight and passengers from the hot plain to the cool summer resort. It was surveyed by army experts, who said it would cost \$75,000. So far, it has cost 40 times that amount, and frequent slides and washouts add to the total cost annually.

### Peculiarities of Baguio.

Baguio is not a place, but a collection of places separated by pineclad hills and lovely valleys. Mrs. McElroy was at Camp John Hay, two miles from the hotel, and the professor and I set out after dinner to find her. The moon was bright and nearly full, the roads inviting and the air delightful.

Here and there the lights of a rambling residence shone from some rounded knoll above which the stately pines rose in silhouette against the glorious Southern Cross. After more than an hour of walking and a dozen questions, we arrived at the corral and, by accident, came upon the cottage where she was staying. After a false start and a new start I made the four kilometers back to the hotel in 40 minutes.

I slept well, getting up at 2 a. m. and putting on a sweater coat and pulling the blankets closer around me.

### Shivering in the Philippines. Err-rr!

We spent next morning selecting horses, or rather ponies, for our trip and visiting the dog market, where the Igorrotes bought and sold half-starved canines with visions of a great feast off the protruding ribs. The Igorrotes are about as much like the cultured Filipinos as they are like cultured Americans or cultured Japanese; but the fact that the Igorrotes eat dogs has done as much to prejudice us against the Filipinos as has the story that the Chinese eat rats to turn us against the well-bred Chinese, who not only do not eat rats, but even have a distaste for caviar and limburger.

Our first 12 kilometers from Baguio were made in motorcar on a narrow trail, with primitive bridges and sharp turns. On the way we passed parties of Igorrotes returning from the mountain metropolis, leading gaunt dogs with cords in the middle of which a stick was tied, or black porkers with lead reins knotted through their ears. Our motorcar caused no surprise. Mr. Moss, whose 18 years among the mountain peoples makes him an authority, says that the Igorrotes would be surprised if the Americans did not surprise them.

### Up the Mountain on Ponies.

Mounting our small ponies, we rode for 18 kilometers over high trails, with the hillside opposite, stood the log hut that was to house us for the night. A sharp gallop of a few minutes brought us to the resthouse at Camp Thirteenth, 80 kilometers from Baguio.

Our evening meal was excellent and the big fire was a welcome companion. After dinner we stepped out into the moonlight. Someone said, "This is Sunday," and the reverent answer was,

"I don't believe I ever worshipped God more truly than today."

I went out to see how my little buckskin pony was faring, and after he had rubbed his nose against my hand I left the dark stable and walked slowly to the rough hut that was home for the night. One great pine stood out black and mighty against the sky in which the last light of day lingered. As I entered the big room where the men sat around the bright fire, I noted that I had been humming:

### "Now the day is over,

"Night is drawing nigh;

"Shadows of the evening

"Steel across the sky."

Up there, on the "long, long trail winding back to the land of my dreams," a song had spontaneously sprung to my lips. It was Sunday, and that was my evening hymn, high up on the mountainside, under the stars.

### Peer Hubby.

Hub (in an outburst of enthusiasm)—

"You know, Mary, I'm ambitious and want to be something great. As the expression goes, I want to do things the work way."

Wife (quietly)—You generally do, Alibert.

## SIMPLICITY IN CLOTHES SOUGHT

Women Eliminate Appearance of Waste and Extravagance in Their Frocks.

### ECONOMY HYSTERIA SUBSIDES

Idea Now Followed Is Not to Deprive Seamstresses of Their Livelihood but to Avoid All Unnecessary Display.

New York.—In talking to a dressmaker of importance, whose bills to the rich women run into thousands each season, avert this current topic of economy in clothes, she said that she had found less economy among all classes than a strong desire to wear clothes that did not express money.

Simplicity may be very costly, as we all know, was her further explanation, and women were paying good prices for their summer apparel, but they made a strong demand that

ployed and gave them sufficient money on which to live; and it did not offend the public. No one wants to appear frivolous or unthinking in a crisis like this. When women are dressed in gold or silver in jeweled trappings and in precious gems, that vast public that is thinking only of how to live and how to sacrifice, might begin to murmur those terrible sentences of the French people in the revolution.

It is the appearance of extravagance, therefore, that women should avoid in these times of stress. Let them spend as liberally for apparel as they can afford, but let all women follow the lead of the wealthy and conservative set and see to it that their clothes reflect this great hour in dignity, seriousness and simplicity.

It is interesting to know that Germany is the first of the belligerents to put a restriction on the amount of wearing apparel for each person. The Imperial clothing office has fixed the amount of garments that each man or woman may buy or possess during the year. This office also limits the amount of material which may be used in the making of a gown or a suit. No one may purchase a yard of material or a single garment without a special permit.

It is also interesting to know what Imperial Germany thinks is sufficient in the way of clothing for one woman—two everyday frocks, one Sunday frock, one separate skirt, two blouses, one coat or cape, one shawl, one dressing gown, three spongs, one pair of gloves, a half dozen handkerchiefs, four chemises, three nightgowns, three combinations or bloomers, three petticoats and four pairs of stockings.

Clothes That Appear Well.

It is the comment of all dressmakers that they are compelled to sell gay clothes at half the price of solemn ones. This should be a guide to all those who are preparing to plan the summer wardrobe.

There is no idea of substituting black for all colors, as there was in France at the beginning of the war, for we're not facing an invading army and burying masses of our dead. Yet, women are choosing frocks with only a bit of white, or Chinese brocade, to enliven them; and beige, sand, white and dull plaid are preferred to red, blue, green and purple.

The woman who may have chosen a cloth of gold brown with a tunic over it for last summer, will today choose a frock of white satin with a bit of black tulle at neck and arms, and a girdle of ribbon velvet with a rhinestone buckle. She may pay as much for the one as for the other,

