Carrizozo News

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

VOLUME 18. CARRIZOZO, LINCOLN COUNTY, NEW MEXICO, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1917. NUMBER 47

Probate Clerk

Woman Foully Murdered

The body of Miss Lillie Ingram was found Monday morning, not far from her home, in the Patos country, beyond White Oaks. At what hour, or even day, the woman was killed is not definitely known. She was living alone and she was missed Sunday by her brother who resides here and who informed the people of White Oaks and the authorities here of her disappearance. She was last seen Thursday, and the deed was probably committed that or the following day.

Searchers found the body behind a clump of bushes and an examination showed that it had been dragged and carried about ten feet from where it fell. A big pool of dried blood was found where the body fell and where the body lay there was more blood. A bullet wound was found under the right arm, where the ball entered, and another under the left shoulder blade where the ball had passed out. Opinions differ as to the character of gun used by the assassin, some maintaining the wound was made by a 25-30, while others assert the gun was of a larger calibre. Drs. Lucas and Paden made a post mortem examination of the body, but their conclusions were not given to the public.

The body lies in the Kelley undertaking establishment awaiting the arrival of the father who went to California a short time ago.

Many suspicious circumstances pointed to a brother, Jesse Ingram, as the perpetrator of the deed, and as the circumstances increased and grew in strength, Sheriff Hyde arrested Ingram and placed him in jail. He will be given a hearing tomorrow before Justice Harvey upon the return of District Attorney Hamilton from Las Cruces.

This is one of the foulest murders ever committed in this section—a maiden lady, living alone, shot down in cold blood—a crime of atrociousness that calls for the most careful examination and the following up by the authorities of every clue that will lead to the apprehension and conviction of the perpetrator of this foul deed.

STATE OF NEW MEXICO
CERTIFICATE OF COMPARISON

United States of America } ss.
State of New Mexico }

IT IS HEREBY CERTIFIED, that the annexed is a full, true and complete transcript of the

CERTIFIED COPY OF
CERTIFICATE OF INCORPORATION
OF
THE TECOLOTE IRON MINING COMPANY
(No. 9128)

with the endorsements thereon, as same appears on file and of record in the office of the State Corporation Commission.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, the State Corporation Commission of the State of New Mexico has caused this certificate to be signed by its Chairman and the seal of said Commission, to be affixed at the City of Santa Fe on this 12th day of September, A. D. 1917.

(SEAL)

HUGH H. WILLIAMS,
Chairman

Attest:
EDWIN F. COARD,
Clerk.

STATE OF COLORADO
Office of the Secretary of State
CERTIFICATE

United States of America } ss.
State of Colorado }

I, James R. Noland, Secretary of State, of the State of Colorado, do hereby certify that the annexed is a full, true and complete transcript of the

CERTIFICATE OF INCORPORATION
OF
THE TECOLOTE IRON MINING
COMPANY

which was filed in this office on the Twenty-first day of August, A. D. 1917 at 1:00 o'clock p. m. and admitted to record.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the Great Seal of the State of Colorado, at the City of Denver, this Twenty-first day of August, A. D. 1917.

(SEAL)

JAMES R. NOLAND,
Secretary of State.
By FLOYD FAIRHURST,
Deputy.

CERTIFICATE OF INCORPORATION
OF
THE TECOLOTE IRON MINING
COMPANY

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS: That we, Charles D. Brooks, John O. Holen and Della B. Johnston whose names are hereunto subscribed, citizens of the United States over the age of twenty-one years, do by these presents voluntarily associate ourselves together for the purpose of forming a corporation, under the Laws of the State of Colorado; and, to that end, we hereby certify:

FIRST:

That the corporate name of our said corporation is and shall be

THE TECOLOTE IRON MINING
COMPANY

SECOND:

That the object for which our said corporation is formed and the general line or department of business for which this corporation is organized is

1. To carry on the general business of mining and selling iron, the manufacture of all iron products of every character and the same of such products, and the purchase and sale of iron and of all iron products at wholesale and retail; and within the line or department of said business aforesaid and for the proper conduct of the same; to do all things incidental to the said general line of business, as may be necessary or expedient to the successful prosecution thereof;

2. To acquire in all lawful ways, hold, own, lease, let, bargain, sell, convey, operate, bond, control, possess and develop mines and mining claims, containing iron, within the State of New Mexico and elsewhere, as the corporation may hereafter determine, acting through its proper channels:

3. To mortgage or otherwise hypothecate any and all assets rights, privileges and franchises of said company, as security for the payment of any or all of the indebtedness thereof; or as security for purchase price of any property purchased;

4. To borrow money for the proper prosecution of its said business;

5 In general, to have and possess all and singular the powers, not herein expressly enumerated, given and granted to corporations generally, organized under the General Incorporation Laws of the State of Colorado;

THIRD:

That the amount of the capital stock of said company is Twenty-five Thousand Dollars; which said capital stock shall be divided into twenty-five thousand shares of the par value of One Dollar each; and the said stock shall be non-assessable;

FOURTH:

The term of the existence of the said corportion shall be Twenty Years from and after the date of this certificate;

FIFTH:

The number of directors of said corporation is Four;

The names of the directors who shall manage the concern of said company for the first year are:

Charles D. Brooks, President;
John O. Holen, Vice-President;
Edward J. Brooks, Secretary;
Della B. Johnston, Treasurer.

The name of the town and of the county in which the principal business and principal business office of this company is to be located are the city and county of Denver, State of Colorado.

This company is formed for the purpose of carrying on a part of its business outside the state of Colorado; in the city of Corona and county of Lincoln, in the state of New Mexico, and in such other portions of said state and in such other states of the United States of America, as said corporation acting through its proper channels may from time to time determine;

Seventh:

The directors of said corporation shall have power to make such prudential by laws as they may deem proper for the management of the affairs of the company, not inconsistent with the laws of the state of Colorado, for the purpose of carrying on the business of said corporation; cumulative voting not allowed;

Eighth:

All suits or actions against said company shall be commenced in said county of Denver, within said state of Colorado.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, We have executed this certificate in triplicate, on this fifteenth day of August in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and seventeen.

CHARLES D. BROOKS, (SEAL)
JOHN O. HOLEN, (SEAL)
DELLA B. JOHNSTON (SEAL.)

County of Lincoln }
State of New Mexico }

I, Benj. F. Adams, a Notary Public within and for the said county in the state aforesaid, do hereby certify that Charles D. Brooks and John O Holen, to me known and known to be the persons whose names are subscribed to the foregoing CERTIFICATE OF INCORPORATION OF THE TECOLOTE IRON MINING COMPANY, as Incorporators thereof, appeared before me this day in person and each separately acknowledged that he signed, sealed and delivered the said instrument as his free and voluntary act, for the uses and purposes therein set forth.

I further certify that my commission will expire December 28, 1919;

Witness my hand and official seal this Fifteenth day of August, 1917.

(SEAL)

BENJ. F. ADAMS,
Notary Public.

County of Denver }
State of Colorado. }

I Mary E. Pierce, a Notary Public within and for the said county in the state aforesaid, do hereby certify that Della B. Johnston to me known and known to be the person whose name is subscribed to the foregoing CERTIFICATE OF INCORPORATION OF THE TECOLOTE IRON MINING COMPANY, as one of the Incorporators thereof, appeared before me this day in person and acknowledged that she signed, sealed and delivered the said instrument as her free and voluntary act, for the uses and purposes therein set forth.

I further certify that my commission will expire August 4 1920.

Witness my hand and official seal this 20th day of August, A D 1917.

(SEAL)

MARY E. PIERCE
Notary Public.

ENDORSED
No. 65463
Certificate of Incorporation
of
THE TECOLOTE IRON MINING
COMPANY
(Domestic)

Filed in the Office of the Secretary of State, of the State of Colorado, on the 21 day of August, A.D 1917, at 1:00 o'clock p.m
Recorded in Book — Page—
JAMES R. NOLAND,
Secretary of State.
By FLOYD FAIRHURST,
Deputy.
Filing Clerk Leahy Fees 20.00
4-115-43

This document has been inspected and properly entered on the Records of the Flat Tax Department.

Date, August 22, 1917.
WILKINSON, Clerk.
Indexed by F. L.
ENDORSED: No. 9128, Foreign Cor. Rec'd Vol. 6 Page 445
Certified Copy of
Certificate of Incorporation
of
THE TECOLOTE IRON MINING
COMPANY

Filed in Office of
STATE CORPORATION COMMISSION
OF NEW MEXICO
Sept. 12, 1917, 9:00 a. m.
EDWIN F. COARD,
Clerk.
Compared HFS to EDC.

STATE OF NEW MEXICO
[SEAL]
CERTIFICATE OF AUTHORITY

United States of America } ss.
State of New Mexico }

IT IS HEREBY CERTIFIED, that there was filed for record in the office of the State Corporation Commission of the State of New Mexico on the 12th day of September, A. D., 1917 at 9:30 A M. by THE TECOLOTE IRON MINING COMPANY, a corporation duly organized and existing under and by virtue of the laws of the State of Colorado, a certified copy of its Certificate of Incorporation and Statement designating principal office in this state, agent, etc., as provided by Section 102, Chapter 79, Laws of 1905.

NOW THEREFORE, The said corporation is hereby authorized by the State Corporation Commission to transact business in the State of New Mexico, and the business is such as may be lawfully transacted by corporations organized under the laws of this state.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, the Chairman and Clerk of said Commission have hereunto set their hands and affixed the seal of said Commission, at the City of Santa Fe, on this Twelfth day of September, A. D. 1917.

(SEAL)

HUGH H. WILLIAMS,
Chairman.

Attest:
EDWIN F. COARD,
Clerk.

COME IN AND LET US FIT OUT THE WHOLE FAMILY WITH GOOD SHOES

YES, WITH "GOOD" SHOES. WE HAVE BEEN IN THE SHOE BUSINESS A LONG TIME AND LEARNED WHICH MAKERS MAKE THE BEST SHOES—THE BEST LOOKING, BEST FEELING AND BEST WEARING SHOES.

OUR SHOES ARE BUILT ON TRUE FOOT-FORM LASTS—FOR GIRLS, BOYS, WOMEN AND MEN.

WE KEEP UP THE QUALITY; WE KEEP DOWN THE PRICE.

The Carrizozo Trading Co.

Rest Rooms

ANCHO BOARDING HOUSE

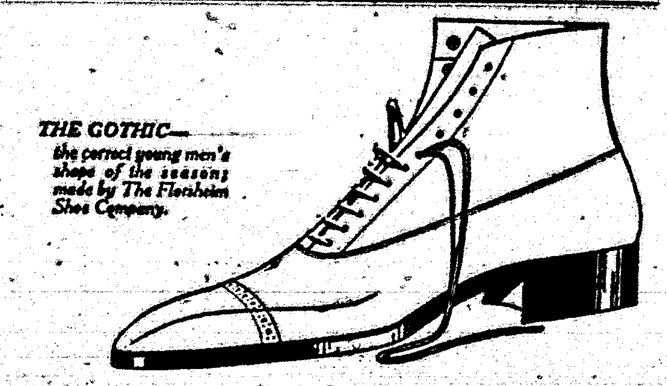
FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

Fire
Magazines
Papers

Open Night and Day

Comfortable Beds---Dormitory

MRS. ANNA EVE — Ancho, N. M.



THE GOTHIC—the correct young men's shape of the season; made by The Fleischem Shoe Company.

Unusual Conditions

call for wise economy, not stringent saving. Buy what you know will give you dollar value for every dollar you pay—make your selection on a basis of quality as before, not according to the price you formerly paid.

Ziegler Brothers

OUR WAR FOR HUMAN RIGHTS

A book that deals with the true reasons as to why America is in the present gigantic conflict with most of the other nations of the world, a war to "to liberate the world from conditions too intolerable to be longer suffered by a free people."

IT IS AN INTENSELY HUMAN AND BRILLIANT STORY OF WHY AND FOR WHAT PURPOSE AMERICA AND THE ALLIES ARE FIGHTING.

Not merely a detailed recital of the military maneuvers of the great armies that are struggling in the arenas of France and Belgium, but a Presentation of truthful color, profusely illustrated and instructive, containing concrete information and facts which furnish an adequate idea of what it is all about, what it involves and what it means to humanity.

It tells how the conflict was started and furnishes a vivid picture of the underlying conditions which developed the convulsion which has shaken the whole world—the brutal and ruthless conduct of the Germans which brought the nations together against her—Prussianism and its antecedents: How for generations the Hohenzollerns, of which the present Emperor William is the head, ruled Germany with a hand of iron and developed an efficient military machine at the expense of the individual.

"OUR WAR FOR HUMAN RIGHTS," visualizes the situation so that you can better understand every newspaper item, magazine article and history. It is a book for every member of the family. No modern school history has the information that is in this book. The boy and girl in school today need this book, and the mother and father who have finished school will read it and refer to it with keen interest. Its editorial matter is so simply told and vividly presented that it will interest every one.

AN AUTHORITATIVE, PRACTICAL AND INFORMATIVE BOOK containing nearly 500 pages, including over 100 photographic picture and war maps. Interesting and instructive from cover to cover and destined to live for all time in the realm of historical work. Securely bound in stiff cloth cover.

THIS STIRRING BIG WAR BOOK SENT POSTPAID and the New Mexico Stockman [New Mexico's Farm and Ranch Magazine] ONE YEAR FOR TWO DOLLARS.

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NEW MEXICO STOCKMAN, ROSWELL, N.M.

CLEVEREST CROOKS MAKE MISTAKES

Little details overlooked by criminals often lead to their undoing—Some instances given

THE most absorbing detective stories are based on the proposition that a series of truthful events dovetail together with exact nicety, while a fabricated story of similar events must always have a missing cog, which with diligent search will be discovered. It is beyond human ingenuity to construct a false story of a series of events and not make a mistake. Prosecuting attorneys are always on the watch for these little openings that explode the false testimony. Nor are there lacking numerous examples of this situation in the daily court grind and in general police work.

A few days ago a merchant reported to the police that a large shipping case had been opened nearly $500 in merchandise abstracted and the case nailed shut again. A police detective was detailed to make an investigation of the theft. He went over the ground with a department head and at the conclusion of his investigation had learned absolutely nothing. At a loss as to the next move he engaged the head shipping clerk in conversation, the talk being relative to the man's trade.

The clerk, an affable mechanic, took pride in demonstrating the efficiency of his department. He explained everything about the business and at last demonstrated the method of making boxes. This was a new thing to the officer. The boards were placed in position about a form of the dimension the finished box would be and with one movement nearly 100 nails were automatically driven home. The box was thus made as quickly as a man could assemble the boards, there being no time lost in the nailing process. The detective looked over the machine that in one operation drove all the nails and—got a hunch.

Strolling back to the packing case that had been rifled of its contents he made a careful examination of the surface. Then for the first time in his experience as a detective he took stock of the fiction detective and brought into play a magnifying glass.

The surface of the box indicated that instead of the mechanical nail-driving process the nails had been driven with a hammer. The magnifying glass disclosed that the hammer marks were made by a badly chipped hammer. Continuing his search the officer eventually found a hammer in the tool chest of a delivery boy's equipment that made exactly the kind of marks found on the packing case.

It only required a few hours' investigation to ascertain that the youth was the thief and that he had been disposing of the goods in a foreign settlement. The discovery of the hammer marks unfolded the crime in a few hours, while had the usual process been followed the detectives would have had to investigate the entire force of employees who had access to the basement. The theft and sale had been entirely covered up and it was only the one cog in the wheel that had been missing.

Arson Plots Revealed.

It is in cases of arson that this theory is oftenest demonstrated and the prosecuting attorney must ever be on the alert to detect the point where there is a divergence of the fabricated story. Within recent years there have occurred in a limited district more than 100 fires of more than a suspicious nature. Many of these have been exposed in court and others by some flaw in the construction of the crime.

An arsonist planned a fire and was highly successful. He had also concocted an alibi and proved by excellent witnesses that he had left home 24 hours prior to the fire. The district attorney's office, while feeling that the man was lying, could hardly refute the testimony of the witnesses produced. It was not until the last day of the trial that a member of the district attorney's office discovered that on the day the man declared he left home by train, owing to a wreck the train had not been sent out over the regular route and it was therefore impossible for the man to have taken that train. The prisoner was convicted on this one circumstance.

A woman conducted an unprofitable apartment house venture and planned for more than five months to destroy the property by fire. She placed more than 100 gallons of distillate and gasoline in various vacant rooms in the house. The place was a vertical bomb and had it been fired it would have been blown to pieces with great loss of life. On the night the fire was to have been started the woman opened a stopcock in the furnace room, permitting 40 gallons of distillate to escape into the room. Then she went to the top floor of the building for the purpose of overturning the many cans of inflammable liquids.

In the first room she entered, long vacant, the fumes of the gasoline overcame her and she swooned, falling against a table and overturning a telephone. The light on the switchboard alarmed the operator, who, knowing the room to be unoccupied, made an investigation and discovered the plot.

The ring and gang of arsonists fired the home of a wealthy fellow-countryman, but in arranging their plans spilled some of the liquid on their clothing. When they struck a match to light the slow fuse that was to have exploded the bomb after their departure they were both horribly burned. The men were given long prison terms, but were released on a technicality after serving two years of the sentence.

A jeweler desired to get a quick return on his insurance and planned a fire. He placed a gasoline bomb in a closet, floated a lighted candle in the mixture and fled to a neighboring city, thereby hoping to establish an alibi. When he opened the front door of his home to leave draught was created and the closet door blew shut. Lack of air extinguished the flame. A policeman witnessed the flight of the jeweler and made an investigation. The fire trap was discovered and an officer went in pursuit of the jeweler. When apprehended the police searched the man and found on him his fire insurance policy. On the envelopes were figures that later turned out to be an invoice of the property as it stood and a computation of the insurance, indicating that the man anticipated a fat profit from the transaction.

A well-known detective once overthrew an insurance fraud that was all but perfect in detail. The fire was to all appearances an accident and there was nothing on the surface to indicate fraud. Notwithstanding, the officer went into court to contest the claim for insurance and to prosecute the insured. The case went slowly along until the defendants put in their claim, mostly for expensive furniture. Then the officer showed his hand. He produced the entire remains of the fire in the form of ash and charred wood and convinced the jury that the fire was not only of an incendiary origin, but that there was nothing of value in the building.

The owners of the furniture had described a number of brass beds, elaborate, brass-finished furniture, dressers, wardrobes, trunks, tables, lamps and other metal-bound articles. The detective showed that there was not a trace of metal in the ash—no hinges, knobs or brass bed frames—nothing in fact but several hundred nails, such as come from packing cases. While it was impossible to prove arson, the insurance was never paid, as the insured fled the same night.

Rancher Robbery Victim.

Only a few weeks ago a Lankershim rancher saved $2,700 and sent a dishonest broker to jail for a long term by breaking up the elaborate story of the accused. The rancher drew the money from a local bank for the purpose of purchasing an additional piece of ground. He went to his home to meet the agent, and while awaiting his arrival worked about a windmill in the yard. Becoming warm with the exertion of tightening up a number of rods and replacing a number of iron pipes the rancher removed his coat and hung it on a board at the well. After a time he went to a nearby building to secure an additional section of pipe.

On his return the coat was on the ground, the money missing. The rancher heard the muffled roar of an automobile driven at a high rate of speed and rushing into the road saw a small machine disappearing in a cloud of dust. The rancher believed he recognized the broker's automobile, and going to a telephone he notified the police and sheriff's office of the theft and of his suspicion of the broker.

But while waiting to hear from the officers the rancher was surprised to observe the broker coming down the road in an entirely different car than the one he usually rode. The rancher formally welcomed the broker, made a quiet statement of the robbery and then declared that he had recognized the thief. He did not mince words, but openly accused the broker of the theft. While the men were wrangling a deputy sheriff appeared.

The rancher was so positive in his identification of the broker as being the person that had fled that the deputy placed the man under arrest. A search of the broker's safe revealed several sums of currency that totaled a little more than $2,700. The broker fell back on the plea that there could be no identification of money unless it was marked or unless the numbers on the bills were produced. Nevertheless, after a consultation between the rancher and a deputy district attorney a warrant was issued. The money in the broker's safe was seized, placed in an envelope and marked evidence.

At the trial the rancher was unable to prove much of a case on the broker. The machine was one of several million of the same model. He could not swear whether the broker was in the machine, and he acknowledged that he did not have the numbers of the lost currency. Then the broker was placed on the witness stand and endeavored to show that he was at a certain office at the very time of the robbery. Then by relatives he tried to show that the money in his safe had been delivered to him in several sums. At this point the district attorney called on several persons who alleged they had paid him money. In each instance they declared the money had been drawn either from a bank or had been secured on the day of delivery from another.

The district attorney's representative then arose and walking over to the accused broker, broke the seal on the package of money held as evidence and, holding it in front of the prisoner, demanded if there was any identifying mark on the currency. Nonplused for the moment, the man replied there was none. Turning to the rancher the deputy asked the same question. "Yes, there is a decided mark of identification on every bill," the man replied. Turning back to the broker the deputy gave him another opportunity to identify the money, and a third time appealed to him to know if there was any way in which he could establish ownership.

Remember the rancher had not viewed the currency since it went into the hands of the deputy district attorney. The deputy then called on the rancher to identify the money.

"If the bills in that package are mine the edges will be found smeared with red lead. I dropped the roll onto a splotch of the red lead while I was working on my windmill and, after cleaning off as much of the stuff as I could, I put the money in a coat pocket, letting the damp edges project out so they would dry. That is how this man (pointing to the prisoner) came to see the money."

The bills were examined and each one was found to have the telltale red mark along the edge. More than that, three witnesses came forward to testify that they had observed traces of red on the broker's hands on the day of his arrest and the broker declared that he "must have cut his hand."

He Forgot the Hair.

In a prepared story meant to deceive, quite as likely as not the imposter will overdo his part and thus lead to exposure. A youth with a serious charge hanging over his head managed to quite foil the issue of the case by a cleverly prepared alibi. Two reputable but mistaken witnesses assisted him. In an effort to find a point on which to seize the district attorney permitted, or rather, insisted, on a complete detailed account of the man's movements on the day in question. The story was glibly told and it was impossible to confuse the witness.

Then came the stumble. Among other incidents the prisoner told of visiting a bootblack and explained that in addition to having his boots polished he had received a thorough brushing off, all because it was an exceedingly dusty day. The records were produced and these showed that one of the heavy rains of the season raged not only on the day of the crime, but on the days prior and following. The witnesses were recalled and they also remembered that it was a dusty blowly day. This so confused the prisoner he made several other misstatements which in the end led to his conviction.

A ranch hand accused of the wholesale theft of grain from the fields of California ranches declared that he was not in California until after the date of the alleged robbery. He then convicted himself by describing a clump of gum trees in one of the fields. The prosecution was able to show that these trees were cut down two weeks before the robbery and that the accused could not have described the trees except from personal knowledge. His alibi upset, the unfortunate ranch hand pleaded to turn state's evidence and implicate what he was pleased to term the ringleaders of an extensive gang of grain thieves.

Identify Coin by Perfume.

Several weeks ago a woman dropped her purse, containing a large sum of money. A child of tender years picked up the valuable container and started to carry it home. Two men in an oil distributing station saw the incident and managed to get the purse from the child, giving him a few pennies. The men hid the money in an oil can, first extracting a few bills for immediate use.

The same day the owner of the money made a report to the police and also instituted a personal search. She inquired all along the street in which the loss had occurred, eventually embracing the very child that had found the money. The little tot immediately pointed out the two men who had taken the purse and the woman made a formal demand for the return of the money. The men denied the theft and by their fierce denial frightened the child.

Police officers were summoned, but by this time the child was thoroughly demoralized and refused to identify the men, declaring that he was not now certain to whom he had delivered the purse. The owner of the money, among other things, declared the bills of currency could be identified, if located, by their odor. She explained that following her securing the currency from a bank she had purchased a bottle of perfume and that this bottle had been accidentally opened in her purse and the bills saturated with the liquid. The police visited the stores in the neighborhood and learned that one of the suspected men had paid a grocery bill a few hours after the money was supposed to have come into his possession. On examining the bills that had been paid to the grocer they were found to be strongly impregnated with perfume. Then the officer searched the oil station, sniffing into every can and box in the place. Within a few moments after the search was instituted one of the officers found the bills secreted in a can of cotton oil waste, the perfume being distinctly discernable in spite of the oil.

Minor Matters Trip Crooks.

Instances of a similar nature may be found in the police court without number. A thief was convicted recently on a charge of larceny because, although he had memorized the numbers on the case and works of a watch and produced what purported to be a bill of sale, still he did not know that in the scroll work on the back of the case were the initials of the owner.

Another criminal was justly convicted and later made a full confession after the police had despaired of fastening the crime on him. He was accused of cutting open a number of packages in an express office and extracting articles of value, repairing the damage to the package so that there could be no exposure for several days after the theft. While the trial was in progress the prosecuting witness picked up a pocket knife, the acknowledged property of the accused, and on a close examination found a red coral bead in the slot where the knife blade reposed when closed. One of the beads had stuck to the knife blade and had thus been imbedded in the knife slot. This simple find resulted in the man's conviction and the return of several thousand dollars of loot to the express company.

NATION'S CAPITAL AFFAIRS

Commandant Suddenly Deprived of Many Grades

WASHINGTON.—The spirit shown by the District selected men in their entertainments for Camp Meade is reflected in the doings and sayings of the boys at the big, dusty encampment at Admiral. You can't hold the District boys down, that's all there is to it. If you don't believe it—but you do believe it—listen here:

Major General Kuhn, in command of Camp Meade, is taking great personal interest in the men of the National army. While not relaxing the necessary formality which should exist in any well-regulated cantonment, the commandant feels that the personal touch is necessary.

So he goes around and watches the "rookies" in their first lessons in military science. That is how he happened to come along where a company of Washington youths, fresh from the national capital, were being taught a few passes with a gun.

One young fellow was having a pretty hard time of it. Maybe he was clumsy and maybe he wasn't, but anyway, he just couldn't make that gun behave.

"Here, let me show you," said General Kuhn, kindly.

In full uniform the commandant of the camp went through the movement, first slowly and then rapidly. He did it well, too, all the other officers agreed. It was quite a sight for the other officers to see the commander of them all instruct a simple "rookie."

All the officers begin to think about the great Napoleon and his kindly consideration of the soldiers he commanded, and to compare General Kuhn's actions with those of Napoleon. It was a great privilege for this young fellow from the city to receive personal instruction from the general of the whole works.

That was the way all the officers thought, as they watched the general hand the gun back to the "rookie" with a smile. The "rookie" from the District evidently felt a kindly feeling for this guy with some sort of shoulder straps.

"Thank you, sarg," grinned the "rookie," gratefully.

Kid Looked at Things From Business Standpoint

SHE was a survival of the epoch when a man could safely die in the assurance that his widow would wear bombazine and crinkly crepe. And on her face was the nervous exhilaration of one who only gets downtown once in so often, and therefore hungers to see all that is going on—and more.

Fate was in accommodating mood, and the widery one, standing on a curb, was reveling in the excitement of something which she couldn't make out, except that it was a crowd around a street car—and which she yearned to join, only she dasn't, because of automobiles sizzling every which way at once. So she asked a man.

The man said he didn't know—same old trouble, he guessed. This was thrilling, but indefinite; so the widowy watcher asked another man, who was crossing the asphalt from the scene of action. He didn't know, either. All he could make out was that there had been an explosion of some sort. Any disaster was liable to happen in these days, with spies snooping around.

This was worse and more of it, so the woman, scared to death and perfectly happy, kept on waiting and looking until she caught sight of a newsboy, who had squirmed out of the jam and was hopping curbward like a kangaroo. She had found her bureau of information.

She wanted to know if spies had done it, and what it was, and if anybody was killed. And the boy grinned contempt.

"Nothing but a gas leak in a manhole. An accidental spark set it afire—that's all."

"Well, I'm glad it wasn't true about them trying to bomb up the car full of people who weren't harming anybody."

"Betcher I'm not, then. If a car had blown up I'd be selling extras."

Which shows up the wisdom of the man who got ahead with his maxim that everything in the world depends on the point of view.

Nurses Readily Answer Call of Their Country

AMERICAN nurses are rallying to the war call in huge numbers. The "Nurses' Register" is an old accommodation, but in Washington today there is the largest register of trained nurses that there has ever been in America. In the office of Dr. Franklin K. Martin, head of the committee of medicine, of the council of national defense, there are the names of more than 20,000 American nurses who are ready to serve their country. These nurses will not be used behind the battle lines and in the base hospitals only, but they will be used in caring for the public health of America, while thousands of American physicians are at the front.

For the most part these nurses will be engaged in public hygiene work. War will make inroads on the physicians of the United States and public health must necessarily be maintained. It is the plan of the government to use trained nurses to care for public hygiene. Already a huge campaign of welfare work is being prepared for these public-spirited nurses. They will be assigned to districts, and there will be a trained eye watching the health of every American home while the men of the nation are "over there."

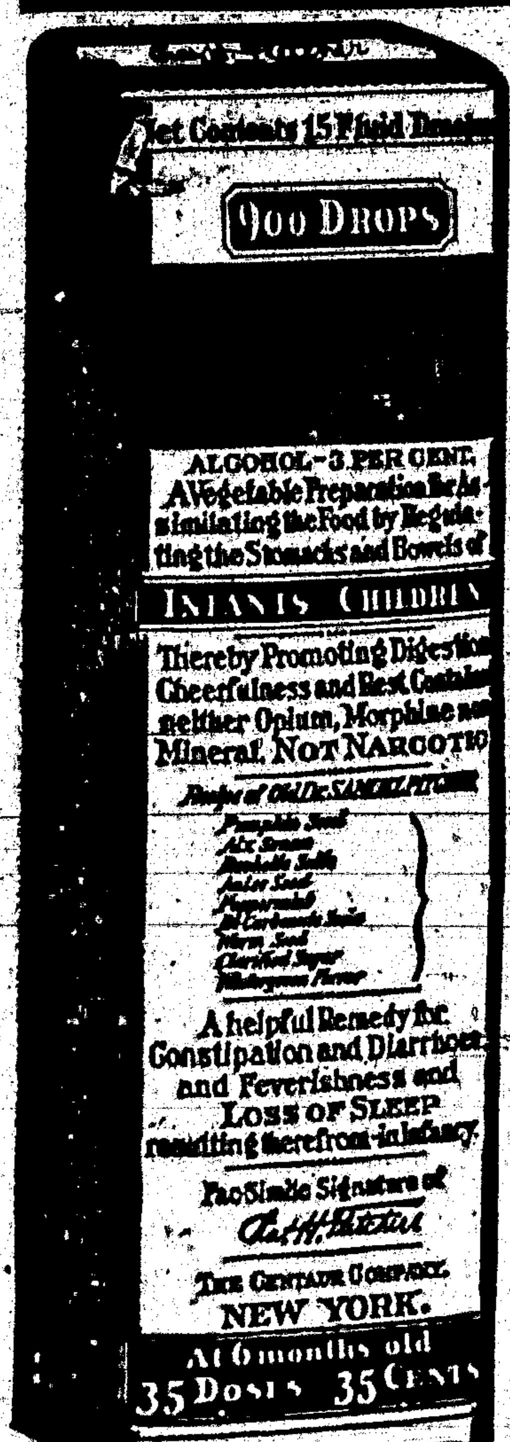
Many of the nurses will be sent to France, but this work is being cared for almost entirely by the office of the surgeon general. For foreign service female physicians are being chosen first, because of their ability not only to do nursing, but also to provide medical attention for the soldiers.

Hundreds of nurses now in training in city and private hospitals will be used in base hospitals.

New Place Must Be Found for Historic Stone

NOW that the government reservation at the northeast corner of Pennsylvania avenue and Madison place has been chosen by congress as the site of the United States treasury department annex, it will be necessary for the proper authorities to make suitable disposition of the massive block of stone which for 15 years past has occupied a prominent position on it just opposite the statue of Lafayette in the park of that name. According to the legend inscribed on the face of the big stone, it was "designed and presented by the Stonecutters' union of Washington, D. C., as the corner stone of the memorial bridge which, in connecting the nation's capital with Arlington, shall ever stand as a monument to American patriotism," and was "dedicated the 9th day of October, 1902, during the thirty-sixth annual encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic." Aside from its historical interest the stone is valuable because of its great size and perfect condition and its fine mathematical proportions.

In case congress ever makes provision for the long-desired memorial bridge the stone undoubtedly will be used for the purpose to which it was dedicated exactly 15 years ago. It is not yet settled what shall be done with it when work is begun on the foundations for the new treasury annex, but it is probable it will be transferred to Potomac park or some other public reservation, where it can be preserved, until needed for the purpose to which it was



Exact Copy of Wrapper.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria Always Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher.* **In Use For Over Thirty Years**

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Fall Run of Distemper

MAY BE WHOLLY AVOIDED BY USING "SPOHN'S" A small outlay of money brings very great results. It is a sure cure and a preventive if you use it as per directions. Simple, safe and sure. The $1 size is twice the quantity and an ounce more than the 50c size. Get your horses in best condition for late fall and winter. All druggists, harness dealers or manufacturers.

SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Manufacturers, Goshen, Ind.

Bound to Get There.

"In spite of the fine war-training the editor has had at home—meaning in his particular household—the army people turned him down three times," says the Adams Enterprise, "but he hasn't lost hope; he's going to get in that war somehow! They shouldn't discriminate against a man who is merely gray-headed, from worry."—The Atlanta Constitution.

Of course the good loser makes the best husband.

Denver Directory

Kodaks DEVELOPING and PRINTING. Send for Catalogue and Finishing Price List. The Denver Photo Materials Co., Eastman Kodak Co., 626 16th Street, Denver, Colorado

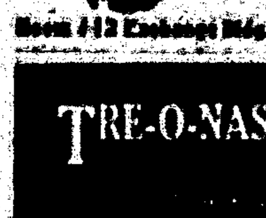
The Oxford Hotel DENVER, COLO. ... HALF BLOCK FROM UNION DEPOT

Enquire for the Wilson Never Break Trace. Guaranteed. J. H. WILSON SADDLERY CO. DENVER

The M. J. O'Fallon Supply Co. DENVER, COLO. PLUMBING and HEATING FIXTURES and MATERIAL

DIAMONDS and ARTISTIC JEWELRY. MANUFACTURING JOS. I. SCHWARTZ 16th & Curtis, Denver, Colo. WRITE OR CALL FOR CATALOG

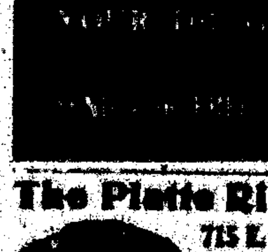
The Wyatt Live Stock Co.



Our Specialties: Range, Stock and Dairy Cattle; Pure Bred Registered Herefords; Immunized Stock Hogs. References: Denver Stock Yards Bank. Room 412 Exchange Bldg., Stock Yards, Denver, Colo.

TRE-O-NASAL BALM

The Platte River Cattle Co.



715 E. & C. Building, Denver, Colo. PURE BRED HEREFORD BULLS FOR SALE. Ones, twos and threes. See or write us before buying.

SHOE REPAIRING BY PARCEL POST Finest equipped plant in West. Shoes received and shipped by mail. Men's soles, $1.15, women's $1.00. Write for price list and shipping tags. ... 1669 Champa St., Denver, Col.

ATROCITIES AS THEY EXIST

Orphaned Children, Homeless Families, Devastated Towns, Marked Germany's Path in Belgium.

The Germans entered Belgium in August and September, 1914; we began to come in November. Hence we saw none of the atrocities of the invasion—we saw only results of them, writes Vernon Kellogg in the Atlantic. Among these results, as soon by us, were, I hasten to say, no women without breasts or children without hands. But there were women without husbands and sons and daughters and children without mothers and fathers. There were families without homes, farms without cattle or horses or houses; towns without town halls and churches and most of the other buildings, and even some without any buildings at all, and a few without many citizens. But there were cemeteries with scores and hundreds of new graves—not of soldiers; and little toddling children who came up eagerly to you, saying, "Mon pere est mort; ma mere est mort." They were distinguished from some of their playmates by this, you see!

And we had to hear—and endure—the stories, the myriad stories, of the relicts of Dinant, Vise, Tamines, Andennes and all the rest. Of course, there were stories exaggerated unintentionally, simply by the inevitable inaccuracies that come from excitement and mental stress. But there were stories that were true, all true.

A Suspicious Note.

A school teacher felt that she had every right to feel suspicious when a young boy pupil presented her with a note written in a boyish scrawl which read as follows:

"Mis Jones pleas let Johnny out of school this afternoon as I want to go to the ball game.

Johnny's mother, Mis Perkins."

The less a man says the more guessing his wife has to do.

One of the worst things under the sun is a shady reputation.

There's Superior Flavor

To

POSTUM

as a table beverage.

A package from the grocer is well worth a trial, in place of coffee—especially

When Coffee Disagrees!

SCENE OF ROMANCE

Gatchina Palace Built By Catherine II. for Gregory Orloff.

Former Grand Duke Michael and Paul Alexandrovitch Held There After Discovery of Counter Revolt.

Gatchina, where the former Russian Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch and Paul Alexandrovitch were held following the discovery of a counter revolutionary plot, is described in the war geography bulletin, issued by the National Geographic society, as follows:

"Built upon flat, marshy lands on the shores of two small lakes—the White and the Black—the attractive town of Gatchina lies, 28 miles south of Petrograd. Its resident population numbers between 15,000 and 18,000, but in peace times it is a popular summer resort for the wealthy classes of the capital.

"Gatchina's only claim to industrial distinction is a porcelain factory, but its 'place in the sun' of history is assured by the magnificent imperial palace with its 600 rooms, surrounded by a beautiful park, a quarter of a mile from the Baltic railroad station of the town.

"Many Americans have visited this palace, which under the old regime was open to visitors during the absence of the dowager empress, who made it her residence.

"The erection of the palace, which dates from 1770, recalls one of the most dramatic periods in the history of any European royal family. It was built by Catherine II. as a present to Gregory Orloff, the young artillery officer who caught the fancy of the future famous empress while she was still merely the consort of the half imbecile Peter III. It was Gregory Orloff, aided by his two brothers, who effected the sensational coup d'etat of July, 1762, in which Peter was seized and spirited away to the chateau of Ropsha, where he was eventually murdered. Thus Catherine II. acquired supreme power upon the throne.

"The grateful and infatuated Catherine rewarded Orloff not only with the palace of Gatchina, but with the title of count, a commission as adjutant-general, then director-general and finally general-in-chief of the Russian forces. He might even have succeeded in marrying the great stateswoman had it not been for the interference of Panin, the governor and tutor of Paul, Catherine's son.

"When he ascended the throne upon the death of his mother, Paul chose the Gatchina palace as his favorite summer residence and bestowed upon the town municipal rights in 1797.

"The palace is a three-storied structure with one-story wings connected with the main building by long colonnades. It contains a famous art gallery, a theater and three throne rooms.

"Gregory Orloff did not bring his days to a close in Gatchina. Upon his return to the capital after an unsuccessful diplomatic mission he found a new favorite installed in the winter palace. Subsequently he lost his mind and died in Moscow. His brother, Alexis, the actual slayer of Peter III., became a horse breeder near Moscow after winning honors in the war against the Turks. He left an immense estate valued at 5,000,000 rubles and 30,000 serfs."

A Ramsay Memorial.

Mr. Asquith has been selected as president of a committee of University College to arrange for a memorial to the late Sir William Ramsey. The memorial is to be not merely national, but international; and this is as it should be, for Sir William Ramsay was an international in more than one sense. His gifts were not only scientific, but covered a wide field of knowledge. He was, for instance, master of several languages, although he made light of the accomplishment. When he went to Stockholm in 1904 to receive the Nobel prize he surprised many of the scholars he met by his ability to speak any language that any one else happened to be speaking. "There's nothing in it," he said; "any waiter can do it." This faculty placed him in touch with the scientific genius of the world, and contributed much to his success.—Westminster Gazette.

Petroleum's Discovery.

Experts furnish us with data as to potential supplies of English petroleum which the government has commandeered, but they omit the astounding romance of that little trickle of oil in a Riddings coalpit which became the progenitor of the whole enormous industry in petroleum products. The oil was a nuisance where it was until the future Lord Playfair analyzed it and understood it, and got it turned over to "Paraffin" Young. Young farmed that stream and set the whole world tapping new resources.—London Chronicle.

Motor Pessimism.

"Care much for the outdoor life, Doppel?"

"Not since I bought an automobile."

"I should think that would have just the opposite effect."

"No. The outdoor life means nothing to me now but punctures, engine trouble and motorcycle policemen."

Letting Him Down Easy.

Critic—"Brown has painted a dreadfully bad picture. What shall I say about it?"

Layman—"Just say it is full of intrepidity."—Town Topics.

The United States Government Food Administrator Says:

"Baking Powder Breads of corn and other coarse flours are recommended"

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

Makes delicious muffins, cakes and coarse flour breads

CORN MEAL MUFFINS

¾ cup corn meal
1¼ cups flour
½ teaspoon salt
4 level teaspoons Dr. Price's Baking Powder
2 tablespoons sugar
1 cup milk
2 tablespoons shortening

Mix thoroughly dry ingredients; add milk and melted shortening and beat well. Bake in greased muffin tins in hot oven about 20 minutes.

NUT BREAD

2 cups graham flour
4 level teaspoons Dr. Price's Baking Powder
1½ teaspoons salt
1½ cups milk and water
½ cup sugar or corn syrup
1 cup chopped nuts (not too fine) or 1 cup raisins, washed and floured

Mix together flour, baking powder and salt; add milk and water, sugar or corn syrup and nutmeats or raisins. Put into greased loaf pan, allow to stand 20 minutes in warm place. Bake in moderate oven 40 to 45 minutes.

Our red, white and blue booklet, "Best War Time Recipes" containing additional similar recipes, sent free on request. Address Dept. W, 1001 Independence Boulevard, Chicago

Has a Job He Can't Quit.

Jim Garry believes that if you don't like a job, quit the job. Jim enlisted in the Sixth regiment and soldiered for 17 days, when he got leave to go home. A few days later the Sixth got back Jim's uniform, and the whole outfit. A note accompanied it. It read:

"I've thought it over and decided I don't want to be a soldier. So I quit now. My outfit is on the way."

But the soldier's job is one job you can't quit when you want to. So Jim is back in the ranks, trying to like it.—Toledo News-Bee.

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

More Than One Way.

"Everyone at the club thought my hat was lovely, dear," said Mrs. Holt with a beaming smile. "Of course it was not expensive. I only paid $22 for it, but it is quite as lovely as Mrs. Ringley's, which cost her nearly $75."

"But the Ringley's are able to own a more conspicuous pew in church than we are," faltered her husband.

"Well," she exclaimed, radiant, "they can't come in any later than we can!"—Grit.

BOSCHEE'S GERMAN SYRUP

will quiet your cough, soothe the inflammation of a sore throat and lungs, stop irritation in the bronchial tubes, inspiring a good night's rest, free from coughing and with easy expectoration in the morning. Made and sold in America for fifty-two years. A wonderful prescription, assisting Nature in building up your general health and throwing off the disease. Especially useful in lung trouble, asthma, croup, bronchitis, etc. For sale in all civilized countries. Adv.

He Got the Blind.

A tradesman in a certain town put a box outside his shop, labeled "For the Blind." A few weeks later the box disappeared.

"Halloa! What's happened to the box for the blind?" he was asked by a friend.

"Oh, I got enough money," he replied, pointing up to the new canvas blind that sheltered his shop window. "Not bad, is it?"

Porto Rican women may be given the right to hold office, but not to vote.

Answered.

The motorist was looking disconsolately at his car that lay helpessly on its side on the border of a small plowed field. It had obviously skidded off the road.

Presently a passer-by of the genial kind that will ask senseless questions came along.

"Hello! Have you had an accident?"

"No," returned the exasperated motorist. "I've just bought a new car, so I brought the old one out to bury it in this field. Got a pickaxe and shovel in your pocket you could lend me?"—Answers.

Distant.

"Is your wife hard to please?"

"I don't know; I have never reached that stage."—Judge.

The wise man goes on a still hunt for opportunity instead of waiting for it to call.

Actively Employed.

"Are you employed at present?"

"Yes, sir; lookin' for work."—Boston Transcript.

$100 Reward, $100

Catarrh is a local disease greatly influenced by constitutional conditions. It therefore requires constitutional treatment. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE destroys the foundation of the disease, gives the patient strength by improving the general health and assists nature in doing its work. $100.00 for any case of Catarrh that HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE fails to cure. Druggists 75c. Testimonials free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Explained.

"There is meat in everything that advertising man writes."

"Then no wonder he comes so high."

Accounted For.

"Did you find Jessie in when you called unexpectedly?"

"Yes; that is how I found her out."

ALL MEN AT HOME SHOULD PREPARE FOR WAR

The first test a man is put thru for either war or life insurance is an examination of his water. This is most essential because the kidneys play a most important part in causing premature old age and death. The more injurious the poisons passing thru the kidneys the sooner comes decay—so says Dr. Pierce of Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., who further advise all people who are past thirty to preserve the vitality of the kidneys and free the blood from poisonous elements, such as uric acid—drink plenty of water—sweat some daily and take Anuric, double strength, before meals.

This An-u-ric is a late discovery of Dr. Pierce and is put up in tablet form, and can be obtained at almost any drug store. For that backache, lumbago, rheumatism, "rusty" joints, swollen feet or hands, due to uric acid in the blood, Anuric quickly dissolves the uric acid as hot water does sugar. Take a little Anuric before meals and prolong your life. Send 10 cents to Dr. Pierce for trial package of Anuric. Large package 60 cents.

WHEN IT LOOKS DARK to any weak or ailing woman, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription comes to her help. For "female complaints," pains, internal inflammation or ulceration, bearing-down sensations, and all chronic weaknesses and derangements, this is the proven remedy. It's the only medicine put up without alcohol—ingredients on wrapper. Liquid or tablets. All Druggists. Tablets 60c.

An easily procured vegetable pill is made up of May-apple, the dried juice of the leaves of aloes, and the root of jalap, made into a tiny pellet and coated with sugar. It was first put into ready-to-use form by Dr. Pierce nearly 50 years ago. Almost every drug store in this country sells these vegetable pellets in vials for 30c—simply ask for Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They have Dr. R. V. Pierce stamp.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price, But Great in Every Other Way

Carter's Little Liver Pills

Make you feel the joy of living. It is impossible to be happy or feel good when you are

CONSTIPATED

This old remedy will set you right over night.

Genuine bears signature *Brent Good*

PALLID PEOPLE Usually Need Iron in the Blood. Try CARTER'S IRON PILLS

Overworked Women must learn not to neglect their health

How Women are Restored to Health

Spartanburg, S.C.—"For nine years I suffered from backache, weakness, and irregularities so I could hardly do my work. I tried many remedies but found no permanent relief. After taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I felt a great change for the better and am now well and strong so I have no trouble in doing my work. I hope every user of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will get as great relief as I did from its use."—Mrs. S. D. McAbee, 128 Dewey Ave., Spartanburg, S.C.

Chicago, Ill.—"For about two years I suffered from a female trouble so I was unable to walk or do any of my own work. I read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in the newspapers and determined to try it. It brought almost immediate relief. My weakness has entirely disappeared and I never had better health. I weigh 165 pounds and am as strong as a man. I think money is well spent which purchases Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. Jos. O'Bryan, 1755 Newport Ave., Chicago, Ill.

YOU CAN RELY UPON

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Carrizozo News

Published Friday at Carrizozo, Lincoln County, New Mexico.

Entered as Second Class Matter at the Postoffice at Carrizozo, New Mexico, June 2, 1906.

Subscription Rates, $2.00 Per Year; Six Months, $1.00

JNO. A. HALEY, - - Editor and Publisher

When the Sammies over in France get into action we expect maintain the same standard of excellency that is displayed by our navy.

The Russian situation is, if possible, in a worse muddle than ever. It is confidently predicted, however, that the socialistic-anarchistic conglomeration that has spilled the beans will ultimately be overcome.

Billy LaPoint wants a second to his nomination of a democratic candidate for the United States senate. He has already nominated his own man for the republican leadership, and is now working on the democratic side. Billy must be expecting to go after something important.

The sixty-day period Germany set for starving England into submission might not have been so far wrong had the unrestricted undersea warfare not brought new enemies into the conflict. The results are quite satisfactory, at this time, and the boys under "Old Glory" have, evidently, been doing their duty.

Catron is said to be working a combination with Hernandez, and Holt is said to be doing his best to reach an understanding with Secundino Romero, which assures a great fight over the republican nomination for United States senator, but as the voters of the party will have neither of the two principals, and another is practically sure of being nominated, the trouble ahead for the republican bunch is plenty.

If anyone doubts the efficiency of the U. S. Navy, a little study of the U-boat situation might be profitable. It is true, we hear little of the exploits of our navy, but just as sure as things that equal the same thing equal each other the activities of the U-boats, since the American navy got into action, have become less noticeable. Compare the first few months of the unrestricted U-boat warfare with the past three months and see if the results are not such as to make every American heart swell with pride.

From an Old Friend

"Sant Maria Cal., Nov. 14, 1917.
"Friend Haley:

"I note in your issue of the 9th a reference to Mr. Bryan being chased by a bull while in Arizona. Ortheman Stevens in the Los Angeles Examiner comments on the incident as per clipping enclosed and you being a student of physiology thought the comment might interest you.

"Hurrah for dry New Mexico, the arid belt still widens, watch California the next time the 'peepul' get a whack at D. R.

"Yours very truly,
"J. H. Canning."

The "Bryan and Bull" item, to which our friend refers, reads:

"Tenney Williams, Tucson, Ariz. Dear Mr. Williams: Yes, I read the account of William Jennings Bryan being chased into a mesquite tree by an infuriated bull, while the great Ex was at Chandler, in your state.

It, however, is only one more proof of the theory of compensation.

Physiologically, it is not so curious.

For ages it has been known that a worm will turn.

So why shouldn't an incensed bull when he faces his long time master?

But it doesn't matter.

Mr. Bryan is still a star—of the [illegible] of Taurus.

Until Next Week

Dr. J. Odd Hamilton, dentist, has decided to remain until next Wednesday, the 28th, and can be found at the Garrard House. Dr. Hamilton wishes to announce further that he will return to Carrizozo the early part of the year and that he will be glad to meet any old friends, and new ones, as well, who desire dental work.

Methodist Church

Rev. R. H. Lewelling, Pastor

Sunday school at 9:45 a. m. A fine corps of teachers, come and see for yourself just what kind of work we are doing.

The teachers' training class meets every Monday evening at 7:30 at the Methodist parsonage.

Gospel sermons at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

The choir under the efficient leadership of Mrs. D. S. Donaldson will furnish special music and readings.

Epworth League at 6:45 p. m. The league has life and snap in it. Come.

Should Learn French and Spanish

French and Spanish are the foreign languages which should have first importance in the schools of the United States, with Spanish, for practical reasons, taking first place in the Southwest, according to Dr. Lynn B. Mitchell, professor of modern languages in the University of New Mexico. In an interesting discussion of the relative importance of the foreign languages, in the current number of the University News, Dr. Mitchell points out that there is more than sentiment aroused by war behind the displacement of German as the first foreign language in our schools and colleges. After the war, Dr. Mitchell shows, this same sentiment, prevalent throughout the mighty group of allied nations at war with Germany, will have misplaced the German language from its proud position as the language of advanced science and scholarship, and will even refuse it a place in the language of world commerce. English and French, he concludes, will be the dominant world languages, ranking about equally, with English leading in commerce and science and French as the language of travel, literature and diplomacy. Dr. Mitchell shows that practically everything of scientific and cultural value written in the German language has now been translated into both English and French and that German is no longer the repository for knowledge that it has been in the past. French, on the contrary, will have become familiar to millions of Americans, English and and other nationals after their experience at the front. French will have the sympathetic and sentimental interest of the whole world, belligerent and neutral. Just as it has already displaced German as first foreign language in the schools of the United States so he believes it will displace the German throughout the world.

Dr. Mitchell gives practical reasons for making Spanish the first foreign language in southwestern schools. Its daily use among a large part of the population of the southwest and the avenues to usefulness and success it opens in Latin America and in the island possessions of the United States, he says, should compel southwestern schools, and especially those of New Mexico to give it first consideration.

Public Notice

All drivers of automobiles who desire to stop along the street are directed to park cars in such a manner that cars in front or behind may back out. To do so it is necessary for a car to head in to a sidewalk at an angle of about 45 degrees, and thus one car will not interfere with another. This notice shall constitute my authority for the enforcement of this provision.

F. W. Brockway,
Village Marshal.

Notice for Publication

[illegible]
[illegible]

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office, at Roswell, N. M.,
November 9, 1917

Notice is hereby that Oscar C. Pramberg of Carrizozo, N. M., who, on November 14, 1912 and March 26, 1914, made original and additional homestead entries, Nos. [illegible] and [illegible], for S½NW¼; N½SW¼; W½NE¼; N½NW¼, Sec. 2, Twp. 7-S, Range 10-E, N. M. P. M.; has filed notice of intention to make Five Year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Lillie McClung Scott, U. S. Commissioner, in her office, at Carrizozo, N. M., on December 17, 1917.

Claimant names as witnesses: Thomas A. Stewart, Paul Bently, Peter N. Skewl, and John Pramberg, all of Carrizozo, N. M.

EMMETT PATTON, Register.

Nov. 16—Dec. 14.

LOST:—An open-faced gold watch, Hamilton Movement, between head of Mal pais and Carrizozo. Finder return to News office and receive $10.00.

The Titsworth Company

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

APPLES

WRITE FOR PRICES

MAIL ORDERS GIVEN PROMPT ATTENTION

The Titsworth Company
CAPITAN, NEW MEXICO

N. B. Taylor & Son

HERE is the place to get that brace with bits and drillls to match it.

ASSORTED locks and shotgun stocks, a jack-knife or hatchet.

RAZORS, tacks, the saw, the ax, powder, paint and fuse.

DRINKINKING JARS and iron bars, rope, squares, spades and screws.

WRENCHES right; we treat you white and sell the best that's sold.

AND we have stoves to bake your loaves, they're hottest when they're coaled!

REVOLVERS, rasps, files, hinges, hasps, bolts, hammers, nails and wire.

EXTRA blades for different trades, and all that you desire.

N. B. Taylor & Son

For Sale—

KANSAS BLACKLEG SERUM

The Titsworth Co. CAPITAN N. M.

— M-O-N-U-M-E-N-T-S —

We carry the largest stock in the Southwest. Freight prepaid, every job guaranteed. Write for designs and estimates.

Bowers Monument Company
215 East Central Albuquerque, N. M.

Building Material

With a large stock of Lumber, Shingles, Prepared and Iron Roofings, Screen Doors, Paints, Varnishes and other goods we can give you good service.

We solicit the trade of the people of Lincoln county, Carrizozo and adjacent towns.

Foxworth-Galbraith Co.
D. R. STEWART, Manager

The Oldsmobile

I have the agency for the Oldsmobile Car—one of the best on the market. It will pay you to see this car before buying. Ask for a demonstration.

H. J. GARRARD, Agent

At the present time Uncle Sam requires men and money, but the family requires Something to Eat

If you want it fresh, at a reasonable price, and from a Sanitary Store try Bell's Grocery

We are now located in the New Wetmore building and invite the public to inspect our new quarters.

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

Special Facilities For Banquet and Dinner Parties.

Carrizozo Eating House

F. W. GURNEY, Manager.

Table Supplied with the Best the market affords.

WE ARE THE EXCLUSIVE DISPENSERS OF

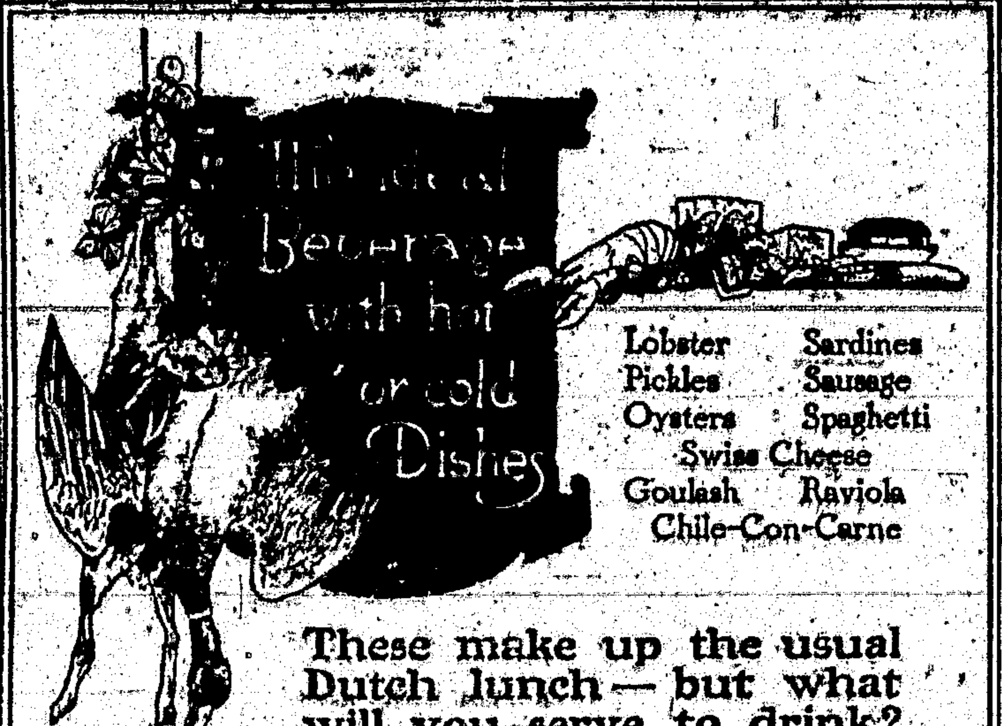
Nayal's Compounds

PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED

Kodaks, Kodak Supplies and Stationery

Ice Caeam and all Kinds of Iced Drinks

Rolland Bros.



Lobster Sardines
Pickles Sausage
Oysters Spaghetti
Swiss Cheese
Goulash Raviola
Chile-Con-Carne

These make up the usual Dutch lunch—but what will you serve to drink?

For years the host and hostess have been asking themselves that same question—especially whenever the occasion happens to be one of those cozy little after-theatre or "in-between-times" parties. Now, there is a ready answer—

Bevo

A BEVERAGE

This distinctively new creation in soft drinks is sparkling—snappy—delicious. It is healthful with the wholesomeness of the choicest cereals—appetizing with the bouquet and agreeable bitter tang which only choice hops can impart. It is sure to "hit the spot"—sure to encounter no prejudices.

Bevo—the all-year-'round soft drink

You will find Bevo

Guard Against Substitutes

Have the bottle opened in your presence, first seeing that the seal has not been broken, and that the crown top bears the Fox. Bevo is sold in bottles only—and is bottled exclusively by

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Wholesale Dealers CARRIZOZO, N. M.

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Touring Car . 360 " " " "

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F. B. SHIELDS, Proprietor

Classified Advertisements

For Sale.—Ranch and Horses. Write P. O. Box 283, Carrizozo, N. M. 9-14-tf.

Spirella Corsets—Mrs. McQuillen. Phone 1.

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

FOR SALE:—One Buick light truck, and One Buick racer. Enquire of NEWS Office. 10-19-4t.

Car of Wichita's Best Flour in a few days, at Groom's phone 46.

For Sale—A Harwood guitar, price $15. Call at News Office.

Highest Patent Hard Wheat Flour $6 50 per cwt. at Humprey Bros.

Let Crawford & Biles do your tailoring, first door south of Exchange Bank, all work given the most careful attention. Bring your laundry or call 92 and they will come after it. See us about your auto top and seat covers. 11-2-tf.

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

For Sale—Yearling and two year old Hereford bulls. The Titsworth Co Capitan.

Notice for Publication

[illegible]

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office Roswell, N. M., October 18, 1917

Notice is hereby given that Fred P. Cleghorn, of White Oaks, N. M., who, on May 28, 1913, made HD. E. No. [illegible], for N½SW1-4; SE1-4 NW1-4 and SW1-4 NE1-4, Section 18, Township 8-S, Range 12-E, N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before O. T. Nye, Clerk of the Probate Court, in his office, at Carrizozo, N. M., on Nov. 27, 1917.

Claimant names as witnesses:

Stephen P. Collier, Erastus Lacey, these of White Oaks, N. M., Andres Lopez, Angel Lucras, these of Rabenton, N. M.

EMMETT PATTON, Register.

Oct. 26—Nov. 23

Notice for Publication

[illegible]

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Roswell, N. M., October 27, 1917

Notice is hereby given that Charles Morton Bryan, of Corona, N. M., who, on August 26, 1913, made HE. No. [illegible], for [illegible] Section 12, Twp. 2-S, Range 11-E, N. M. P. M., has filed notice of intention to make three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Mary C. Adams, U. S. Commissioner, in her office, at Corona, N. M., on Dec. 5, 1917.

Claimant names as witnesses: Henry L. Porter, Claude E. Porter, Earl C. Martin, and Wade A. Porter, all of Corona, N. M.

EMMETT PATTON, Register.

Nov. 2—30.

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

Rules Governing Draft

Washington, D. C., Nov. 13, 1917.
Governor of New Mexico,
Santa Fe, N. M.

"Number ten thousand one fifty-one. Reference compiled Rulings Number Twelve, Paragraph "M." Ample time has now elapsed for the adjustment of the conditions which prompted that ruling. The unrestricted re-opening of cases of men not yet inducted into military service is delaying the raising of the army and the re-opening of cases of men already so inducted is interfering with its training. The following rules will therefore govern re-opening of the cases mentioned in that ruling in the future.

Two: Cases of men inducted into military service by a local board shall not be re-opened after such induction except as provided in paragraph five hereof. Cases of men already inducted into military service heretofore re-opened and not in process of re-hearing shall be forthwith closed and prior disposition of the cases adopted hereto.

Three: Any person already inducted into military service who claims that he has not had full and fair hearing or has not had a full and fair opportunity to be heard by a local or district board as required by the Selection Service Law and Regulations or who claims that the board has exceeded its jurisdiction or substantially violated the Selective Service Law or Regulation in passing on his claim may apply to the commanding officer of his mobilization camp at any time within seven days after arrival at the mobilization camp to be discharged under the provisions of paragraph one, three, nine Army Regulations; If the commanding officer desires information of the facts of a particular case of the circumstances of its hearing he may request the Adjutant General of the state to investigate the facts of such case and the circumstances of its hearing and the Adjutant General of the state shall forthwith call upon the proper board for a full report of all such facts and circumstances.

Four: Cases mentioned in subparagraphs "A" and "B" of Page Six of Compiled Rulings Number Twelve which have heretofore been decided may be re-opened as therein provided only when the claim for such re-opening is filed with the Adjutant General of the state within ten days after the date of this telegram and where permission to re-open is granted by the Adjutant General of the state before induction into military service. Cases mentioned in that paragraph decided hereafter will be re-opened as therein provided only where the claim for re-opening by either the local or district board shall have been filed with the Adjutant General of the state within seven days after receipt of notice by the registrant or person claiming exemption or discharge of the decision of the local or district board as prescribed in Sections twenty-five, forty-one and forty-five of the Regulations, and where permission to re-open is granted by the Adjutant General of the state before induction into military service. Such cases may not be re-opened by the local or district board unless permission to re-open them is granted by the Adjutant General of the state as herein provided and such permission shall not be granted unless the claims are filed within the time limits herein prescribed.

Five: Cases mentioned in subparagraph "A" page seven of Compiled Rulings Number Twelve may be re-opened as provided therein.

Six: Please inform all concerned and give the publicity necessary to put all on notice of the time limits.

Seven: The great number of appeals to the President suggest that there must still be a great number of appeals pending before district boards. We have found already that the President's urgent call upon lawyers to assist the Selective Service System is producing general and enthusiastic response from men of the legal profession and we have taken advantage of it here by using volunteer lawyers to analyze the records in appealed cases and to make a very short summary and recommendation upon which those charged with the decision on appeal can function properly. This suggests a way to clean up all the appeals pending before district boards very swiftly. If you will call upon men of the legal profession to offer their services to district boards and suggest to district boards that the services be utilized along the lines here suggested, the district boards will be greatly aided by these summaries and I believe that can clean up their districts within a few days.

This same method can be used at state headquarters to dispose of the congestion of requests to re-open cases.

R. C. REID.
CROWDER.

Health About Gone

Many thousands of women suffering from womanly trouble, have been benefited by the use of Cardui, the woman's tonic, according to letters we receive, similar to this one from Mrs. Z. V. Spell, of Hayne, N. C. "I could not stand on my feet, and just suffered terribly," she says. "As my suffering was so great, and he had tried other remedies, Dr. —— had us get Cardui. . . I began improving, and it cured me. I know, and my doctor knows, what Cardui did for me, for my nerves and health were about gone."

TAKE

CARDUI

The Woman's Tonic

She writes further: "I am in splendid health . . . can do my work. I feel I owe it to Cardui, for I was in dreadful condition." If you are nervous, run-down and weak, or suffer from headache, backache, etc., every month, try Cardui. Thousands of women praise this medicine for the good it has done them, and many physicians who have used Cardui successfully with their women patients, for years, endorse this medicine. Think what it means to be in splendid health, like Mrs. Spell. Give Cardui a trial.

All Druggists

J 72

Notice of Publication

In the District Court, County of Lincoln } October, Term, A. D. 1917

No 2560 | Gladys Mason, Plaintiff, vs. Ralph Mason, Defendant.

The said defendant, Ralph Mason, is hereby notified that a suit in divorce has been commenced against him in the District Court for the County of Lincoln, State of New Mexico, by said plaintiff, Gladys Mason.

The nature of the relief sought is an absolute divorce from the bonds of matrimony now existing between the plaintiff and defendant, on the grounds of abandonment and cruel treatment on the part of defendant towards the plaintiff, as will more fully appear by reference to plaintiff's complaint filed herein

that unless you enter or cause to be entered your appearance in said suit on or before the 29th day of December, A. D. 1917, decree PRO CONFESSO therein will be rendered against you.

O. T. NYE, Clerk.
By A. H. HARVEY, Deputy.

G. B. BARBER,
Carrizozo, N. M.,
Attr. for Plaintiff.

11-9-4t.

Notice for Publication

[illegible]

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Roswell, N. M., Oct. 15, 1917.

Notice is hereby given that Celso Candelaria of White Mountain, N. M., who, on Dec. 16, 1913, made H. E. No. [illegible], for S½NE1-4; W½ SE1-4; SE1-4 SE1-4, Sec. 14; E½NE1-4, Sec. 23; and NW1-4 NW1-4, Section 24, Township 10-S, Range 9-E, N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before O. T. Nye, Clerk of the Probate Court, in his office, at Carrizozo, N. M., on Nov. 26, 1917.

Claimant names as witnesses:

Ramon Guerra, of Three Rivers, N. M., Andulecio Padilla, Candido Lopez, Rosendo Chavez, these of White Mountain, N. M.

EMMETT PATTON, Register.

Oct. [illegible]

Large work team, wagon, new harness at a bargain.—C. D. Mayer, White Oaks, N. M.

FOUND:—Bunch of keys near to residence of E. M. Brickley. Call at the First National Bank.

The Garrard House

New building, large and comfortable rooms and furnished throughout. Adjoining the Temple Hotel.

Rooms by Day, Week or Month

The Garrards

DISHES GLASSWARE now plentiful at the CASH STORE. We have a good stock of different patterns of dishes and glassware and at this time are in a position to make up sets complete in different patterns. Now is the time to fill in, and make the partial sets you have complete. Notice the two sets we have ***ON DISPLAY*** in our window, one at $10 25, the other at $13 25. At a small additional cost these sets can be made larger, as we have extra pieces.

DON'T FAIL TO CALL FOR PRICES ON OUR PLAIN WHITE DISHES

"Ours is the Trade That Service Made."

KELLEY & SON

THE LUCAS HOSPITAL

Modern Equipment

Rates furnished on application by ROBERT T. LUCAS, M. D.

Trained Nurse In Charge

Carrizozo -:- New Mexico

See MOORE, the Painter

For Painting, Tinting, Paperhanging and Interior Decorating of all kinds

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Plasterer & Contractor
Estimates Furnished on all kinds of plastering and cement work
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SETH F. CREWS
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Will practice in Federal and State Courts
OSCURO NEW MEXICO

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

R. E. BLANEY
DENTIST
Office in Exchange Bank Bldg. Upstairs
Carrizozo New Mexico

T. E. KELLEY
Funeral Director and Licensed Embalmer
'Phone 96
CARRIZOZO NEW MEXICO

Warning

All persons are warned that the undersigned is the owner of all stock in the following brands F A W and K V.

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W. B. EDWARDS, M. D.
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Specialist
Fits Glasses
Will visit Carrizozo regularly
CARRIZOZO NEW MEXICO

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

Carrizozo Lodge, No. 41, A. F. & A. M.
Regular Communications of Carrizozo Lodge No. 41 A. F. & A. M., for 1917.
January 6, February 3, March 3, April 7, May 5, June 2 and 30, July 28, September 1 and 29, October 27, November 24, December 22 and 27.
IRA E. SCHAEFFER, W. M.
S. F. MILLER, Secretary.

I. O. O. F.
Carrizozo Lodge NO. 30.
Carrizozo, N. M. Regular meeting nights, 1st and 3rd. Fridays in each month.
S. F. MILLER N. G.
A. E. O. JOHNSON, Sec'y.

THROUGH DAILY SERVICE

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Leave Roswell . . . . . . 7:00 a. m.
Leave Carrizozo . . . . . . 1:00 p. m.
Arrive Roswell . . . . . . 8:30 p. m.
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Picacho - Tinnie
Hondo - Lincoln
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Through fare one way $8.00. Intermediate points 8 cents per mile.

ROSWELL AUTO COMPANY
OWNERS AND OPERATORS

Nan of Music Mountain

By
FRANK H. SPEARMAN
Author of "WHISPERING SMITH"

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CHAPTER XXIV.—Continued.
—10—

Another bullet, deliberately aimed, chipped the rock above him. Nan, agonizing in her suspense, cried out she must join him and go with him if he went. He steadied her with a few words. A bullet struck again viciously close between them. De Spain spoke slowly: "Give me your rifle." Without turning his head, he held out his hand, keeping his eyes rigidly on the suspicious spot on the ridge. "How far is it to that road, Nan?"

She looked toward the faint line that lay in the deep shadows below. "Three hundred yards."

"Nan, if it wasn't for you, I couldn't travel this country at all," he remarked with studious unconcern. "Last time I had no ammunition—this time, no rifle—you always have what's needed. How high are we, Nan?"

"Seven hundred feet."

"Elevate for me, Nan, will you?"

"Remember the wind," she faltered, adjusting the sight as he had asked.

With the cautioning words she passed the burnished weapon, glittering yet with the raindrops, into his hand. A flash came from the distant ridge. Throwing his rifle to his shoulder, De Spain covered a hardly perceptible black object on the trail midway between Sassoon's ranch-house and a little bridge. Then he fired before Nan could believe he had lined the sights. Once, twice, three times his hand fell and rose sharply on the lever, with every mark of precision, yet so rapidly Nan could not understand how he could discover what his shots were doing.

The fire came steadily back, and deliberately, without the least intimation of being affected by De Spain's return. She had never before seen a man shooting to kill another. The very terror of watching De Spain, at bay among the rocks, fascinated her. Since the first day they had met she had hardly seen a rifle in his hands. She strove to look. The butt of the heating rifle lay close against the red-marked cheek she knew so well, and to the tips of the fingers every particle of the man's being was alive with strength and resource. Some strange fascination drew her senses out toward him as he knelt and threw shot after shot at the distant figure hidden on the ridge. She held out her arms and clasped her hands toward him in an act of devotion. Then, while she looked, breathlessly, he took his eyes an instant from the sights. "He's running!" exclaimed De Spain as the rifle butt went instantly back to his cheek. "Whoever he is, God help him now!"

The words were more fearful to Nan than an imprecation. He had driven his enemy from the scant cover of a rut in the trail, and the man was fleeing for new cover and for life. Bullet after bullet pitilessly led the escaping wretch. Suddenly De Spain jerked the rifle from his cheek, threw back his head, and swept his left hand across his straining eyes. Once more the rifle came up to place and flame shot again in the gray morning light from the hot muzzle. The rifle fell away from the shoulder. The black speck running toward the ranchhouse stumbled, as if stricken by an ax, and sprawled headlong on the trail. Throwing the lever again like lightning, De Spain held the rifle back to his cheek.

He did not fire. Second after second he waited. Nan watched the rifle slowly come down, unfired, and saw his drawn face slowly relax. Without taking his eyes off the sprawling speck, he rose stiffly to his feet. As if in a dream she saw his hand stretched toward her and heard, as he looked across the far gulf, one word: "Come!"

They reached the end of the trail. De Spain, rifle in hand, looked back. The sun, bursting in splendor across the great desert, splashed the valley and the low-lying ridge with ribboned gold. Farther up the gap horsemen, stirred by the firing, were riding rapidly down toward Sassoon's ranch-house. But the black thing in the sunshine lay quite still.

CHAPTER XXV.

Lefever to the Rescue.

Lefever, chafing in the aspen grove under the restraint of waiting in the storm, was ready long before daylight to break orders and ride in to find De Spain.

With the first peep of dawn, and with his men facing him in their saddles, Lefever made a short explanation.

"I don't want any man to go into the gap with me this morning under any misunderstanding or any false pretense," he began cheerfully. "Bob Scott and Bell will stay right here. If, by any chance, De Spain makes his way out while the rest of us are hunting for him, you'll be here to signal us—three shots, Bob—or to ride in with De Spain to help carry the rest of us out. Now, it's like this," he added, addressing [illegible] all of you know, or ought to know—everybody 'twixt here and the railroad knows—that De Spain and Nan Morgan have fastened up to each other for the long ride down the dusty trail together. That, I take it, is their business. But her uncle, old Duke, and Gale, and the whole bunch, I hear, turned dead sore on it, and have fixed it up to beat them. You all know the Morgans. They're some bunch—and they stick for one another like hornets, and all hold together in a fight. So I don't want any man to ride in there with me thinking he's going to a wedding. He isn't. He may or may not be going to a funeral, but he's not going to a shivaree."

Frank Elpaso glanced sourly at his companions. "I guess everybody here is wise, John."

"I know you are, Frank," retorted Lefever testily; "that's all right. I'm only explaining. And I don't want you to get sore on me if I don't show you a fight." Frank Elpaso grunted. "I am under orders." John waved his hand. "And I can't do anything—"

"But talk," growled Frank Elpaso, not waving his hand.

Lefever started hotly forward in his saddle. "Now look here, Frank." He pointed his finger at the objecting ranger. "I'm here for business, not for pleasure. Any time I'm free you can talk to me—"

"Not till somebody gags you, John," interposed Elpaso moodily.

"Look here, Elpaso," demanded Lefever, spurring his horse smartly toward the Texan, "are you looking for a fight with me right here and now?"

"Yes, here and now," declared Elpaso fiercely.

"Or, there and then," interposed Kennedy, ironically, "some time, somewhere, or no time, nowhere. Having heard all of which, a hundred and fifty times from you two fellows, let us have peace. You've pulled it so often, over at Sleepy Cat, they've got it in double-faced, red-seal records. Let's get started."

"Right you are, Farrell," assented Lefever, "but—"

"Second verse, John. You're boss here; what are we going to do?—That's all we want to know."

"Henry's orders were to wait here till ten o'clock this morning. There's been firing inside twice since twelve o'clock last night. He told me to pay no attention to that. But if the whole place hadn't been under water all night, I'd have gone in, anyway. This last time it was two high-powered guns, picking at long range and, if I'm any judge of rifles and the men probably behind them, someone must have got hurt. It's all a guess—but I'm going in there, peaceably if I can, to look for Henry de Spain; if we are fired on—we've got to fight for it. And if there's any talking to be done—"

"You can do it," grunted Elpaso.

"Thank you, Frank. And I will do it. I need not say that Kennedy will ride ahead with me. Elpaso and Wickwire with Tommie Meggeson."

Leaving Scott in the trees, the little party trotted smartly up the road, picking their way through the pools and across the brawling streams that tore over the trail toward Duke Morgan's place. The condition of the trail broke their formation continually and Lefever, in the circumstances, was not sorry. His only anxiety was to keep Elpaso from riding ahead far enough to embroil them in a quarrel before he himself should come up.

Half-way to Duke's house they found a small bridge had gone out. It cut off the direct road, and, at Elpaso's suggestion, they crossed over to follow the ridge up the valley. Swimming their horses through the backwater that covered the depression to the south, they gained the elevation and proceeded, unmolested, on their way. As they approached Sassoon's place, Elpaso, riding ahead, drew up his horse and sat a moment studying the trail and casting an occasional glance in the direction of the ranch-house, which lay under the brow of a hill ahead.

When Lefever rode up to him, he saw the story that Elpaso was reading in the roadway. It told of a man shot in his tracks as he was running toward the house—and, in the judgment of these men, fatally shot—for, while his companions spread like a fan in front of him, Lefever got off his horse and, bending intently over the sudden page torn out of a man's life, recast the scene that had taken place, where he stood, half an hour earlier. Some little time Lefever spent patiently deciphering the story printed in the rutted road, and marked by a wide crimson splash in the middle of it. He rose from his study at length and followed back the trail of the running feet that had been stricken at the pool. He stooped in front of a fragment of rock jutting up beside the road, studied it a while and, looking about, picked up a number of empty cartridge-shells, examined them, and tossed them away. Then he straightened up and looked searchingly across the gap. Only the great, silent face of El Capitan confronted him. It told no tales.

"If this was Henry de Spain," muttered Elpaso, when Lefever rejoined his companions, "he won't care whether you join him now, or at ten o'clock, or never."

"That is not Henry," asserted Lefever with his usual cheer. "Not within forty rows of apple trees. It's not Henry's gun, not Henry's heels, not Henry's hair, and thereby, not Henry's head that was hit that time. But it was to a finish—and blamed if at first it didn't scare me. I thought it might be Henry. Hang it, get down and see for yourselves, boys."

Elpaso answered his invitation with an inquiry. "Who was this fellow fighting with?"

"That, also, is a question. Certainly not with Henry de Spain, because the other fellow, I think, was using soft-nosed bullets. No white man does that, much less De Spain."

"Unless he used another rifle," suggested Kennedy.

"Tell me how they could get his own rifle away from him if he could fire a gun at all. I don't put Henry quite as high with a rifle as with a revolver—if you want to split hairs—mind, I say, if you want to split hairs. But no man that's ever seen him handle either would want to try to take any kind of a gun from him. Whoever it was," Lefever got up into his saddle again, "threw some ounces of lead into that piece of rock back there, though I don't understand how anyone could see a man lying behind it.

"Anyway, whoever was hit here has been carried down the road. We'll try Sassoon's ranch-house if they don't fire on us before we get there."

In the sunshine a man in shirt sleeves, leaning against the jamb, stood in the open doorway of Sassoon's shack, watching the invaders as they rode around the hill and gingerly approached. Lefever recognized Satt Morgan. He flung a greeting to him from the saddle.

Satt answered in kind, but he eyed the horsemen with reserve when they drew up, and he seemed to Lefever altogether less responsive than usual. John sparred with him for information, and Satterlee gave back nothing but words.

"Can't tell us anything about De Spain, eh?" echoed Lefever at length. "All right, Satt, we'll find somebody that can. Is there a bridge over to Duke's on this trail?"

Satt's nose wrinkled into his normal smile. "There's a bridge—" The report of three shots fired in the distance, seemingly from the mouth of the gap, interrupted him. He paused in his utterance. There were no further shots, and he resumed: "There is a bridge that way, yes, but it was washed out last night. They're blockaded. Duke and Gale are over there. They're pretty sore on your man De Spain. You'd better keep away from 'em this morning unless you're looking for trouble."

Lefever, having all needed information from Scott's signal, raised his hand quickly. "Not at all," he exclaimed, leaning forward to emphasize his words and adding the full orbit of his eye to his sincerity of manner. "Not at all, Satt. This is all friendly, all friendly. But," he coughed slightly, as if in apology, "if Henry shouldn't turn up O. K., we'll—ahem—be back."

None of his companions needed to be told how to get prudently away. At a nod from Lefever Tommie Meggeson, Elpaso and Wickwire wheeled their horses, rode rapidly back to the turn near the hill and, facing about, halted, with their rifles across their arms. Lefever and Kennedy followed leisurely, and the party withdrew leaving Satterlee, unmoved, in the sunny doorway. Once out of sight, Lefever led the way rapidly down the gap to the rendezvous.

Of all the confused impressions that crowded Nan's memory after the wild night on Music mountain, the most vivid was that of a noticeably light-stepping and not ungraceful fat man advancing, hat in hand, to greet her as she stood with De Spain, weary and bedraggled in the aspen grove.

A smile flamed from her eyes when, turning at once, he rebuked De Spain with dignity for not introducing him to Nan, and while De Spain made apologies Lefever introduced himself.

"And is this," murmured Nan, looking at him quizzically, "really Mr. John Lefever whom I've heard so many stories about?"

She was conscious of his pleasing eyes and even teeth as he smiled again. "If they have come from Mr. de Spain—I warn you," said John, "take them with all reserve."

"But they haven't all come from Mr. de Spain."

"If they come from any of my friends, discredit them in advance. You could believe what my enemies say," he ran on; then added ingenuously, "if I had any enemies!" To De Spain he talked very little. It seemed to take but few words to exchange the news. Lefever asked gingerly about the fight. He made no mention whatever of the crimson pool in the road near Sassoon's hut.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Puppets of Fate.

When Nan rode with De Spain into Sleepy Cat that morning, Lefever had already told their story to Jeffries over the telephone from Calabasas, and Mrs. Jeffries had thrown open her house to receive Nan. Weary from exposure, confusion and hunger, Nan was only too grateful for a refuge.

On the evening of the second day De Spain was invited to join the family at supper. In the evening the Jeffrieses went down town.

De Spain was talking with Nan in the living room when the telephone bell rang in the library.

De Spain took the call, and a man's voice answered his salutation. The speaker asked for Mr. de Spain and seemed particular to make sure of his identity.

"This," repeated De Spain more than once, and somewhat testily, "is Henry de Spain speaking."

"I'd like to have a little talk with you, Mr. de Spain."

"Who are you?"

The vein of sharpness in the question met with no deviation from the slow, even tone of the voice at the other end of the wire. "I am not in position to give you my name," came the answer, "at least, not over the wire."

A vague impression suddenly creased De Spain's mind that somewhere he had heard the voice before.

[illegible] where you are tonight for a few minutes' talk?" continued the man coolly.

"Not unless you have something very important."

"What I have is more important to you than to me."

De Spain took an instant to decide. "All right," he said impatiently; "come along. Only—" he paused to let the word sink in, "—if this is a game you're springing—"

"I'm springing no game," returned the man evenly.

"Come along, then. I'll tell you just how to get here. Do you hear?"

"I'm listening."

"Leave Main street at Rancherio street. Follow Rancherio north four blocks, turn west into Grant avenue. Mr. Jeffries' house is on the corner.

"I'll find it."

"Don't come any other way. If you do, you won't see me."

"I'm not afraid of you, Mr. de Spain, and I'll come as you say. There's only one thing I should like to ask. It would be as much as my life is worth to be seen talking to you. And there are other good reasons why I shouldn't like to have it known I had talked to you. Would you mind putting out the lights before I come up—I mean, in the front of the house and in the room where we talk?"

"Not in the least. I mean—I am always willing to take a chance against any other man's. But I warn you, come prepared to take care of yourself."

"If you will do as I ask, no harm will come to anyone."

De Spain heard the receiver hung up at the other end of the wire. He signaled the operator hastily and got hold of Bob Scott. To him he explained rapidly what had occurred, and what he wanted. "Get up to Grant and Rancherio, Bob, as quick as the Lord will let you. Come by the back streets. There's a high mulberry hedge at the southwest corner you can get behind. This chap may have been talking for somebody else. Anyway, look the man over when he passes under the arc light. If it is Sassoon or Gale Morgan, come into Jeffries' house by the rear door. Wait in the kitchen for my call from the living room, or a shot. I'll arrange for your getting in."

Leaving the telephone, De Spain rejoined Nan in the living room. He told her briefly of the expected visit and explained, laughingly, that his caller had asked to have the lights out and to see him alone. He made so little of the incident that Nan walked up the stairs on De Spain's arm reassured. When he kissed her at her room door and turned down the stairs again, she leaned in the half-light over the banister, waving one hand at him and murmuring the last caution: "Be careful, Henry, won't you?"

"Dearie, I'm always careful."

"'Cause you're all I've got now," she whispered.

"You're all I've got, Nan, girl."

"I haven't got any home—or anything—just you. Don't go to the door yourself. Leave the front door open. Stand behind the end of the piano till you are awfully sure who it is."

"What a head, Nan!"

De Spain cut off the lights, threw open the front door, and in the darkness sat down on the piano stool. A heavy step on the porch, a little while later, was followed by a knock on the open door.

"Come in!" called De Spain roughly. The bulk of a large man filled and obscured for an instant the opening, then the visitor stepped carefully over the threshold. "What do you want?" asked De Spain without changing his tone. He awaited with keenness the sound of the answer.

"Is Henry de Spain here?"

The voice was not familiar to De Spain's ear. He told himself the man was unknown to him. "I am Henry de Spain," he returned without hesitation. "What do you want?"

The visitor's deliberation was reflected in his measured speaking. "I am from Thief River," he began, and his reverberating voice was low and distinct. "I was sent in to Morgan's gap some time ago to find out who burned the Calabasas barn."

"And you report to—?"

"Kennedy."

De Spain paused. A fresh conviction had flashed across his mind. "You called me up on the telephone one night last week," he said suddenly.

The answer came without evasion. "I did."

"You gave me a message from Nan Morgan that she never gave you."

"I did. I thought she needed you right off. She didn't know me as I rightly am. I knew what was going on. I rode into town that evening and rode out again. It was not my business, and I couldn't let it interfere with the business I'm paid to look after. That's the reason I dodged you."

"There is a chair at the left of the door; sit down. What's your name?"

The man feeling around slowly, deposited his angular bulk with care upon the little chair. "My name"—in the tenseness of the dark the words seemed to carry added mystery—"is Pardaloe."

"You've got a brother—Joe Pardaloe?" suggested De Spain to trap him.

"No, I've got no brother. I am just plain Jim Pardaloe."

"Say what you have got to say, Jim."

"The only job I could get in the gap was with old Duke Morgan—I've been working for him, off and on, and spending the rest of my time with Gale and Dave Sassoon. There were three men in the barn-burning. Dave Sassoon put up the job."

"Where is Dave Sassoon now?"

"Dead."

Both men were silent for a moment.

"Yesterday morning's fight?" asked [illegible]

"How did he happen to catch us on El Capitan?"

"He saw a fire on Music mountain and watched the lower end of the gap all night. Sassoon was a wide-awake man."

"Well, I'm sorry, Pardaloe," continued De Spain after a moment. "Nobody could call it my fault. It was either he or I—or the life of a woman who never harmed a hair of his head, and a woman I'm bound to protect. He was running when he was hit. If he had got to cover again there was nothing to stop him from picking both of us off."

"He was hit in the head."

De Spain was silent.

"It was a soft-nose bullet," continued Pardaloe.

Again there was a pause. "I'll tell you about that, too, Pardaloe," De Spain went on collectedly. "I lost my rifle before that man opened fire on us. Nan happened to have her rifle with her—if she hadn't, he'd 've dropped one or both of us off El Capitan. We were pinned against the wall like a couple of targets. If there were soft-nose bullets in her rifle it's because she uses them on game—bobcats and mountain lions. I never thought of it till this minute. That is it."

"What I came up to tell you has to do with Dave Sassoon. From what happened today in the gap I thought you ought to know it now. Gale and Duke quarreled yesterday over the way things turned out; they were pretty bitter. This afternoon Gale took it up again with his uncle, and it ended in Duke's driving him clean out of the gap."

"Where has he gone?"

"Nobody knows yet. Ed Wickwire told me once that your father was shot from ambush a good many years ago. It was north of Medicine Bend, on a ranch near the Peace river; that you never found out who killed him, and that one reason why you came up into this country was to keep an eye out for a clue."

"What about it?" asked De Spain, his tone hardening.

"I was riding home one night about a month ago from Calabasas with Sassoon. He'd been drinking. I let him do the talking. He began cussing you out, and talked pretty hard about what you'd done, and what he'd done, and what he was going to do—" Nothing, it seemed, would hurry the story. "Finally, Sassoon says: 'That hound don't know yet who got his dad. It was Duke Morgan; that's who got him. I was with Duke when he turned the trick. We rode down to De Spain's ranch one night to look up a rustler.' That," concluded Pardaloe, "was all Sassoon would say."

He stopped. He seemed to wait. There was no word of answer, none of comment from the man sitting near him. But, for one, at least, who heard the passionless, monotonous recital of a murder of the long ago, there followed a silence as relentless as fate, a silence shrouded in the mystery of the darkness and striking despair into two hearts—a silence more fearful than any word.

Pardaloe shuffled his feet. He coughed, but he evoked no response. "I thought you was entitled to know," he said finally. "Now that Sassoon will never talk any more."

De Spain moistened his lips. When he spoke his voice was cracked and harsh, as if with what he had heard he had suddenly grown old.

"You are right, Pardaloe. I thank you. I—when I—in the morning. Pardaloe, for the present, go back to the gap. I will talk with Wickwire—tomorrow."

"Good night, Mr. de Spain."

"Good night, Pardaloe."

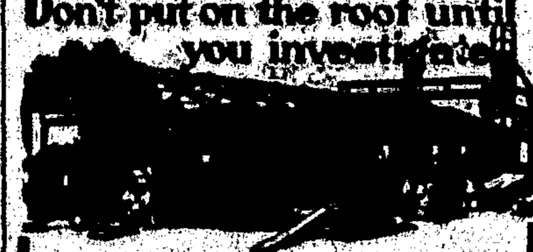
Bending forward, limp, in his chair, supporting his head vacantly on his hands, trying to think and fearing to think, De Spain heard Pardaloe's measured tread on the descending steps, and listened mechanically to the retreating echoes of his footsteps down the shaded street. Minute after minute passed. De Spain made no move. A step so light that it could only have been the step of a delicate girlhood, a step free as the footfall of youth, poised as the tread of womanhood and beauty, came down the stairs. Slight as she was, and silent as he was, she walked straight to him in the darkness, and, sinking between his feet, wound her hands through his two arms. "I heard everything, Henry," she murmured, looking up. An involuntary start of protest was his only response. "I was afraid of a plot against you. I stayed at the head of the stairs. Henry, I told you long ago some dreadful thing would come between us—something not our fault. And now it comes to dash our cup of happiness when it is filling."

She stopped, hoping perhaps he would say some little word, that he would even pat her head, or press her hand, but he sat like one stunned. "If it could have been anything but this!" she pleaded, low and sorrowfully. "Oh, why did you not listen to me before we were engulfed! My dear Henry! You who've given me all the happiness I have ever had—that the blood of my own should come against you and yours!" The emotion she struggled with, and fought back with all the strength of her nature, rose in a resistless tide that swept her on, in the face of his ominous silence, to despair. Her breath, no longer controlled, came brokenly, and her voice trembled.

"You have been very kind to me, Henry—you've been the only man I've ever known that always, everywhere, thought of me first. I told you I didn't deserve it, I wasn't worthy of it—"

His hands slipped silently over her hands. He gathered her close into his arms, and his tears fell on her upturned face. [illegible]

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



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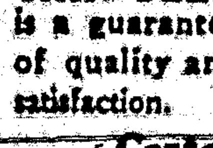

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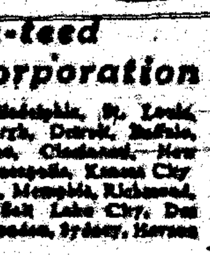

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Characteristic.

She—Did you say something?
He—Nothing.
She—How like you.—The Lamb.

The various hotels and amusement places in Great Britain employ over 81,000 women.

No, Herman, the family tree of the scrub lady isn't necessarily a scrub oak.

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LEST WE FORGET!

Why America Is at War After Making Every Effort to Keep Out of Europe's Death Grip

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

Author of "The Circular Staircase," "The Man in Lower Ten," "K," etc.

JUST why are we in this war? For democracy? For the sake of Belgium? For the ancient law among nations that the word of a people is its oath? Perhaps for all of them. Perhaps, too, because we could not keep out. We tried. Whatever may have been our record in the past, it can never be said of us that we brought this war on ourselves or that we failed to use every honorable method to keep out of the death grip of Europe. If we were long in coming to our decision, it was because we remained incredulous. We were asked to believe something that was hard to believe.

So we waited and hoped and stressed every point of international law to the breaking point because of this thing we would not believe. We were a clean and humane people. We can understand individual cruelty. We have had sad experiences of the hysteria of crowds. But we cannot understand, and today we hardly credit, the cruelty of a government.

We have ourselves constructed a government that is dignified, just, slow to wrath, and humane.

But for three years a conviction has been growing among us that one of the nations in the world war is none of these things—not dignified, not just, not humane. Had Germany's cruelties ceased with Belgium, she might in time have made her case before the world. For three years in that wretched country she has been covering her tracks.

But Germany has bungled. She has disclaimed frightfulness in Belgium only to bring it home to the world at large. She has introduced into warfare such cruelties of killing, such inhuman methods, such destruction, such contempt of the laws of war as have set the world pale with horror. She has added hate to the vocabulary of war, and hatred is a contagion.

Yes, persistently and in the face of the evidence, she has disclaimed the atrocities in Belgium. She has been willing to shoulder the sinking of women and children in unarmed ships. She is proud of the invention of poison gases and of liquid fire. She believes that the shelling of unfortified cities and the use of the submarine against helpless fishing boats will, on her initiative, be accepted by the next Hague convention as ethical and legal.

But she continues to disclaim the atrocities in Belgium. Why should she not? The thousands who died in protecting the advance of her army, the other thousands who were shot without inquiry against the brick walls of captured towns, those men who were bayoneted while trying to protect their women from the assaults of drunken soldiers, the little children whose bodies lay unburied by the roadside—none of them will ever tell the story.

ATROCITIES ON RECORD.

The atrocities in Belgium are true. They are matters of record. German soldiers themselves have set down the details in the diaries their government gave them. I have read some of those diaries. Not all German soldiers turned into beasts in Belgium. There are some who record that the horrors sickened them. It is not true that the German government ordered assaults on women. But it did order looting and arson and wholesale murder.

The result of that order for looting was a mob of drunken men, whose victims today fill great graves.

This is a terrible accusation to bring against a people. Yet I know the thing of which I speak. During the first year of the war I went to that portion of Belgium which remained unconquered. There I saw men, officers high in the Belgian army, who had themselves seen that infamous advance protected by their own people—old men, women carrying children, small girls, sturdy boys, with death behind and death ahead.

It was impossible not to believe. The accumulation of evidence was too great. The German army had come into Belgium prepared for opposition. They brought fire confetti, which they flung into the houses while they were occupied. More than one German diary tells of the shooting of the inhabitants as they tried to escape. Drunken German soldiers firing their guns led sober ones to believe the civil population was rising, although it was known they had no weapons, and 50 or more leading citizens were shot without a hearing. Women were attacked in public places.

But even here there was a chance for Germany. She could say—and she has said—she did not order these things, although she did order the shooting of hostages without inquiry, and she did order the looting which resulted in drunkenness and its thousand resulting brutal crimes.

CONVICTED ON ONE COUNT.

But on one count Germany must face the world, must be tried and sentenced, with no possibility of acquittal. She protected her advance with noncombatants.

I have before me on my desk the original copy of an interview with Albert, king of the Belgians, during the first winter of the war. Much that was said during that interview has never been published and will not be published now. I have not the king's permission, although he would probably give it. When the interview was written for publication we were still a neutral people. He respected our neutrality, although he was hopeful that some day he could lay the case of Belgium before the world. It is enough to say that he confirmed the atrocities out of his intimate knowledge, and that not the loss of a kingdom but the inhuman methods of the invaders was the thing that had struck to his very heart. Here is that interview, brought now to the attention of the American people, lest we forget, in the tangle of international law and the outcry of Germany that we are fighting the allies' war, the real cause of our entrance into the world conflict.

To the American people today this is a war not merely of democracy against military autocracy, not merely of the breaking of treaties, not at all of diplomatic juggling and disputed points of law.

It is a war against brutality and inhumanity; a war against cruelty; a war against ruthlessness and barbarism and incredible savagery; a war against the German conviction that might is right.

KING ALBERT'S CHARGES.

The first time King Albert of Belgium gave to the world at large his statement as to the conduct of the German army in Belgium was on that January afternoon in 1915 when, in his own villa at La Panne, he gave me the following interview. Later he re-read it carefully.

Later on, when his equerry brought me the interview, officially approved, he said, "This will make history, madame," so sure was he that the king's statement would carry with it not only conviction but the outraged sympathy of the American people.

"Fearful things have been done, particularly during the invasion," the king said, weighing his words carefully, "although it would be unfair to

Mary Roberts Rinehart.

condemn the whole German army. Some regiments have been most humane, but others behaved very badly. Have you seen the government report?"

I said I had not seen it, though I had heard that a careful investigation had been made.

"The government was very cautious," his majesty said. "The investigation was absolutely impartial and as accurate as it could be made. Doubts were cast on all statements—even those of the most dependable witnesses—until they could be verified."

"They were verified?"

"Yes; again and again."

"By the victims themselves?"

"Not always. The victims of extreme cruelty do not live to tell of it, but German soldiers themselves have told the story. We have had here at La Panne many thousands of journals taken from dead or imprisoned Germans furnishing elaborate details of most atrocious acts. The government is keeping these journals. They furnish the most elaborate details of testimony of what happened in Belgium when it was swept over by a brutal army. That was, of course, during the invasion; such things are not happening now, so far as we know."

He was trying hard to be fair. We were still neutral. I was to publish the interview in a neutral country. He did not wish to involve us, to rouse us. He had sent a delegation to us to tell us the truth, but we had not realized then what was happening, and we had not heard their story.

Slowly and gravely he went on. He sat very still, looking ahead, weighing every word.

"Thousands of civilians have been killed without reason. The execution of noncombatants is not war, and no excuse can be made for it. Such deeds cannot be called war."

HID BEHIND WOMEN.

"But if the townspeople fired on the Germans?" I asked.

"All weapons had been deposited in the hands of the town authorities. It is unlikely that any organized attack by civilians could have been made. However, if in individual cases shots were fired at the German soldiers, this may always be condoned in a country suffering invasion. During an occupation it would be different, naturally. No excuse can be offered for such an action in occupied territory.

"Various Belgian officers have told me of seeing crowds of men, women and children driven ahead of the German army to protect the troops. This is so incredible that I must ask whether it has any foundation of truth?"

"It is quite true. It is a barbarous and inhuman system of protecting the German advance. When the Belgian soldiers fired on the enemy they killed their own people. Again and again innocent civilians of both sexes were sacrificed to protect the invading army during attacks. A terrible slaughter!"

There was much more to the interview, but this part is the part that concerns us now.

There is no surmise in the king's statement. It is quiet, dignified, as restrained as possible, a bare recital of fact. On the right of Germany to invade Belgium there may be differing opinions. On the right of any army pretending to civilization to so protect its advance there can be but one verdict.

The king of the Belgians had spoken as a ruler and a soldier. He had himself fought with his army those terrible rear-guard engagements which could have but one end. He himself had seen this thing, so shocking that it is small wonder that America heard it with incredulous ears.

A king's statement and a man's. How about a woman who herself had been among the last to leave Brussels, and before whom, in the intimacy of that small villa at La Panne, came soldiers and refugee nobles with their stories of murder and debauch by the invaders?

I have never before broken the silence of my interview with Elizabeth, queen of the Belgians, that small, frail and heroic woman who has lived for three years under the roar of the artillery at Dixmude and Nieuport. But the time has come to break that silence. Not all can be told, but because an infamous report has been spread broadcast that Elizabeth of Belgium sympathizes with Germany, I shall tell some of the things she said.

QUEEN TELLS OF HORRORS.

Again I quote from my notes of that interview:

"It is the women and children!" she said. "It is terrible. There must be killing. That is war. But not this other thing."

She could not understand American skepticism on this point. She had but just returned from England, where in one convent 29 Belgian nuns were enceinte by German soldiers. She had visited them.

That to her was the most terrible thing of war. That these quiet women, living their devout and simple lives, should have suffered so grossly bewildered and dazed her. Was there nothing, then, sacred to these invaders, not even the church?

"I am a Bavarian," she said. "I have always from my childhood heard this talk that Germany must grow, must get to the sea. I thought it was just talk—a pleasantry. And the lies they have told about us! The emperor has always pretended to be so friendly, and all the time—"

She held out her hands expressively.

"Anyone who knows the king knows that he cannot do a wrong thing. It is not possible for him. He cannot go any way but straight."

Then she recurred to the invasion and the terrible cruelties of the German army.

"They were terrible," she said, "especially what they have done to women and children. But more than any men in the world the Germans are cruel to women. I have seen them myself when they did not know who I was—on trains sometimes—not since the war, of course. But the very way they stare at women is odious."

She thought that this attitude of the Germans explained many things. And she told me in detail revolting stories of the profanation of churches under the pretext, totally unfounded, that the Belgian churches were storehouses for arms. She told me, too, of the especial cruelty they had shown to priests and nuns; of locking the priests in churches and, after insulting the altar, of killing them.

I said it was difficult to say what any army would be in an occupied country. But she protested.

OWN DIARIES CONVICT.

"Do you think the Belgians would have done such things? Never. Never. Isolated instances might be possible. But the Germans have committed thousands of crimes. I have sat in this very room while the diaries of German soldiers were read. Even if we had had no other means of knowing, those diaries would have told us everything. They relate unspeakable crimes."

We cannot impeach that testimony. But we can add to it. At British headquarters later on an officer high on the staff of Lord French told me of following the German retreat at the battle of the Marne and verifying with his own eyes, for his own satisfaction, the brutalities of the invaders in occupied towns.

"It is hard for us to understand," he said. "I was incredulous myself. But I saw enough to convince me that the worst I heard was true."

I have been careful to give only such testimony as reached me direct. The king and queen of the Belgians each told of these German inhumanities to me, myself. I wrote them down at the time. They are unexaggerated, unemphasized, flat statements of witnesses in the case against Germany.

So we have seen how the Germans conducted themselves in Belgium and how they treated one British officer, which is by no means an isolated case. For—this not to me, but in Colonel Vandeleur's statement to the British war office—he tells of a car ahead of his where, the men being threatened with suffocation, they hammered so madly on the walls of the car that at last a carpenter was brought, who cut a small round hole for air.

VIOLATED HAGUE CONVENTION.

Let us see for a moment what the Belgians had a right to expect from the invading army, considering Belgium not neutral but enemy territory. Germany had subscribed to The Hague convention, that gentleman's agreement between nations which was designed, since wars seemed inevitable, to make for fairness and decency. By Article 46 of that convention Belgium, as enemy territory, has this claim:

"Family honor and rights, individual life, and private property, as well as religious convictions and worship, must be respected.

"Private property may not be confiscated."

Article 28:

"The giving over to pillage of a town or place, even when taken by assault, is forbidden.

"In sieges and bombardments all necessary steps must be taken to spare, as far as possible, buildings dedicated to public worship, art, science, or charitable purposes, historic monuments, hospitals, and places where the sick and wounded are collected, provided they are not being used at the time for military purposes."

That is what Belgium had a right to expect. What she has had, in wanton destruction of historical monuments, we know. That is what France, too, had a right to expect, and what she got, that also we know.

But The Hague convention did more than order the protection of cities and noncombatants: It ordered such humanity as was possible toward the opposing army; it forbade the use of poison or poisoned weapons, the saying that no quarter would be given, the killing of men who had surrendered, the use of arms, material or projectiles calculated to cause unnecessary suffering; it forbade the attack or bombardment by any means whatever of undefended towns, villages, dwellings or buildings.

On every one of these counts Germany must plead guilty. Every violation of them is one reason why we are at war.

WHY WE ARE AT WAR.

We are at war today not because the crown prince of Austria was killed in Serbia but because the German army protected its advance with noncombatants—men, women and children.

We are at war today not because German submarines sunk battleships but because they have sunk and are sinking peaceful vessels, little fishing boats, when the fishermen were laboring to get a scant livelihood, and great unarmed passenger ships carrying noncombatants—men, women, and children.

We are at war because of those citizens of conquered Belgium who died protecting their women.

We are at war because of that German order of August 24, 1914, for frightfulness.

We are at war against the conviction, in German minds, that might is right, that the end justifies any means, no matter how brutal.

We are a clean and a humane people. We would not believe these things at first. A million and a half Belgians fled to England with the story. We were still incredulous. Noncombatants were sunk at sea. We still felt there must be some justification. New and ever new cruelties of death came from the German trenches, and we have said: "This is modern war."

But the score is mounting higher day by day. The politics of this war are lost in its inhumanities, fathered by German skill. It was not enough that men should die. They must die horribly.

We have never understood. We have been a people of ideals, confronting a nation of crass materialists. It is time for us to understand. But it is not time, and never will be time, for the American people to stoop to the methods of an enemy which would again today, if the necessity arose, protect its advance by the helpless forms of old men, of women and of children.

• • • • • • • •

It is well for us to pause for a moment to look back on these things. We were skeptical at first, but time has shown their truth, for they are of a piece with the things that have happened since. They belong with the Lusitania and the little fishing boats. With the attacks on London. With liquid fire.

We are a people of homes. Politics means little to us; the quarrels of Europe nothing. But here is an enemy which has marched over the homes of a nation and wantonly destroyed them. Here is an enemy that took the women and children out of these homes and with that pitiful advance guard, drove ahead. "Again and again innocent civilians of both sexes were sacrificed to protect the invading army."

It is for the home we are fighting today. Democracy will live, because the principle of a free people will never die. Liberty will survive, so long as the soul is greater than the body. But the world will go on and progress only when we have placed on the lintel of each door in every land the sign, in blood if it must be, that the covenant of the weak and the unprotected must be kept.

Highway Improvement

NATIONAL SYSTEM OF ROADS

Expert at National Capital Illustrates How Scheme Is to Be Brought to Successful End.

The establishment of a national system of highways is greatly facilitated by the federal aid road law, which compels all the states that would share in its benefits—and that means all of the states—to equip themselves with state highway departments. With these state highway departments devoting their attention to the building of state systems of main, through-line highways, every condition is favorable for the next and crowning act—the establishment of a national system of highways.

By way of illustrating how a national system of highways is about to be evolved by easy and logical stages, an expert at the national capital made the following statement:

"Gradually the state has made itself a compelling factor in the handling of local road problems and, as a logical sequence, the federal government, first through educational activity and later by the financial aid provided by the federal aid law, has made itself a powerful factor in the working out of the state highway problems. The next logical step follows the same course which has been pursued by the state governments, namely, the broadening of federal participation to provide for the establishment of a system of national highways.

"This policy can be put into effect without disturbance of existing organizations, without providing new means of finance and with but little change in existing laws. The process would logically take a course somewhat as follows:

"1. The state highway departments and the federal office of public roads would make an initial selection from existing state highway systems of those highways which are of interstate importance.

"2. A system thus selected would be approved by congress, with the requirement that federal funds be applied only to such system on and after a specified date.

"3. The federal aid should be extended to maintenance as well as construction, as the national system of highways should have for all time a close relationship with the federal government.

"Some of the states already have made plans for utilizing the aid granted by the federal aid road act on roads which could not properly be included in a national system. But this need

Concrete Road in Mississippi.

not cause extreme conflict, as the federal funds for the first three or four years' operation of the present act could continue to be applied as now planned. The appropriations for the first two years are already available and considerable time necessary must elapse before the national system could be laid out and made ready for the application of federal funds.

"In all probability the new scheme would come into effect as an extension of the present federal aid road act."

WHY FAMILY MOVED TO TOWN

Compelled to Make Change Because of Poor Schools and Bad Roads—Remedy for Poverty.

"Why don't they go on to a farm?" is the question with which many men dismiss from their minds the story of some poverty-stricken family. The chances are five to one that that same family was induced to move to town because of poor schools and poor roads in the country. The remedy for much of the poverty now in our towns is good roads and good schools in the country. Why should not country schools be given the same attention given city and town schools? Why should not the children be permitted to go to them over good roads with dry feet, instead of wading through mud and water? Good roads will make the country a better place in which to live.

Cull Growing Flock.

Cull the growing flock of chicks as much as possible, market all that are in any way inferior but in good health, and kill and bury all which seem weak or sickly. It will not pay to keep any but the strongest and best chicks.

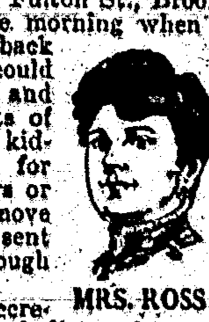
Prevent Tuberculosis.

To prevent tuberculosis, all milk and milk products should be cooked before being fed to hogs. To control hog cholera use sanitary precautions and anti-hog cholera serum treatment.

Suffered For Years

Back and Kidneys Were in Bad Shape, But Doan's Removed all the Trouble.

"My kidneys were so weak that the least cold I caught would affect them and start my back aching until I could hardly endure the misery," says Mrs. D. C. Ross, 973 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y. "In the morning when I first got up, my back was so lame, I could hardly bend over and any move sent darts of pain through my kidneys. It was hard for me to walk up stairs or stoop, and to move while lying down sent darts of pain through me.



MRS. ROSS.

"The kidney secretions were scanty and distressing and the water remained in my system, making my feet and hands swell. There were dark circles under my eyes and I became so dizzy I could hardly see. I had rheumatic pains in my knees and it was all I could do to get around. For years I was in that shape and I wore plasters and used all kinds of medicine to no avail until I tried *Doan's Kidney Pills*. They rid me of the trouble and strengthened my back and kidneys. When I have taken *Doan's* since, they have always benefited me."

Sworn to before me.

L. N. VAUGHAN, *Notary Public.*

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

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

Abraham Fur Co.

Trappers

If you are looking for THE fur house that will give you the most cash money for your furs, write for our tags today and use them on your next shipment of furs.

We have no prizes or other fly-by-night promises to offer you—just a plain business proposition to

Pay You More For Your Furs

We have been in the Fur Business 43 years—have almost Unlimited Capital and will give you

Square Grading—Highest Prices and Quick Returns

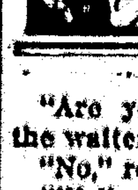
the three big things that a trapper needs.

ABRAHAM FUR CO.

166 Abraham Bldg. St. Louis, Missouri

Trappers' Supplies, Traps, baits, etc. at lowest prices.

Write today for Free Copy of Fur Facts Price List and Tags



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.

Very Nearsighted.

"Are you nearsighted, sir?" asked the waiter, as the diner was leaving.

"No," replied the man.

"Well, you've left a dime on the table, sir."

"That's for you."

"Well, if you think I'd take a tip like that, you must be nearsighted, sir."

THE BEST BEAUTY DOCTOR

Is Cuticura for Purifying and Beautifying the Skin—Trial Free.

For cleansing, purifying and beautifying the complexion, hands and hair, Cuticura Soap with touches of Cuticura Ointment now and then afford the most effective preparations at the minimum of cost. No massaging, steaming creaming, or waste of time.

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

What He's Going to Be.

"Yes," said the nice little old lady, "I am much interested in the war. I have two nieces who are going to be Red Cross nurses, and one fine nephew who is now at Ft. Sheridan studying to be an Armenian."

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

The Turtle's Choice.

The auto had skidded and upset. An Irishman came up and said to another in the crowd: "What's the excitement, Pat?"

"Shure, an automobile has turned turtle."

"Turned turtle, is it?" said the newcomer. "Bedad, that must be the rayson it chose a mud puddle."

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

The Elusive Cook.

"I see the army is advertising for cooks, with a proviso that they need not enlist for any stipulated time."

"Shows they understand the nature of cooks, all right enough."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

With Reservations.

"Do you care for jam?"

"On the supper table, but not in the trolley cars."

Many a man with a perfectly good scheme lacks the nerve to push it through.

When Your Eyes Need Care Try Murine Eye Remedy

No Smarting — Just Eye Comfort.

MURINE EYE REMEDY CO., CHICAGO

TIMES HAVE CHANGED

IT'S NO LONGER POSSIBLE

to do business in the small way of our fathers, the cash drawer and the money till have largely passed out of sight. In their place is the commercial bank, with all its many advantages and help to trade. If you are one of those who have not yet a bank account, we invite you to open an account with us.

EXCHANGE BANK, CARRIZOZO, N. M

GROW WITH US

Our Facility for Handling Your Business Equals any

It is convenient for you aud a pleasure for us

Interest Paid on Time Deposits

THE LINCOLN STATE BANK

The "Ups" and "Downs"

in life come to everybody. Right now, while you are making money you ought to be saving it, and when the downs come you will have something to fall back upon.

Be independent Start a bank account with us.

STOCKMENS STATE BANK

CORONA NEW MEXICO.

HAVE MONEY

1¢ 2¢ 5¢ 10¢

will start you in our CHRISTMAS BANKING CLUB

Come in, let us show you how in 50 weeks you can have from $12.75 to $127.50

ALL YOU NEED TO DO IS TO BRING IN ONE CENT, 2 CENTS, 5 CENTS OR 10 CENTS, AND JOIN OUR CHRISTMAS BANKING CLUB. EACH WEEK FOLLOWING YOU INCREASE YOUR DEPOSIT THE SAME AMOUNT YOU STARTED WITH. FOR INSTANCE, IF YOU JOIN THE 5 CENT CLUB, SECOND WEEK YOU DEPOSIT 10 CENTS, THIRD WEEK 15 CENTS, AND INCREASE YOUR DEPOSIT A NICKEL EACH WEEK.

10-CENT CLUB PAYS	$127.50
5-CENT CLUB PAYS	63.75
2-CENT CLUB PAYS	25.50
1-CENT CLUB PAYS	12.75

OR YOU CAN MAKE THE LARGEST PAYMENT FIRST AND DECREASE YOUR PAYMENTS EACH WEEK.

WE ALSO HAVE 50 CENT, $1.00 AND $5.00 CLUBS WHERE YOU PAY IN THE SAME AMOUNT EACH WEEK.

COME IN AND ASK US ABOUT IT

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

OF CARRIZOZO

Remember the Boys

The boys in camp—our boys—will be looking for a slight remembrance Christmas. Every boy that went from Lincoln county, whether in the National Army, Regular Army or National Guard located in the various cantonments—it is too late to send Christmas gifts to those across the seas—should be remembered by our people. We hope some concerted action may be taken which will insure a gift—just a token of remembrance—for every one of our boys. The Red Cross cannot send to individuals, but no doubt the Lincoln County Chapter would be glad to name a committee to take the matter in hand and see that gifts reach the proper soldier. It will, no doubt, not only assist in the labor, but its members, we feel assured, will give liberally to any reasonable proposition that will consummate the desired result. We have about one hundred men in the various cantonments and if every section will unite in this laudable—and what should be a pleasant—undertaking the burden would be light on all, and each soldier would have the assurance that he retained a warm spot in the hearts of the people of Lincoln county whose battles he has been sent forth to fight.

Street Work

Alamogordo Avenue is now passable, thanks to the efforts of John Doering. The holes have been filled, wet down and packed, and John says they'll hold "until the cows come home." We hope he is right; and, at any rate the street presents a much better appearance and is a great relief, even if it should be only a temporary betterment. Our hats off to you John; keep up the good work.

Struck Oil

The News received a wire yesterday afternoon from Lutz and Andre, Electra, Texas, saying: "Struck a good well." Mayor Lutz and Fred Andre own a block of land in the Electra oil district and began a short time ago to sink, and the above wire announces their good fortune. Their success gives their friends pleasure.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

Geo. L. Ulrick left Saturday for Santa Fe.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Mocho were here this week from Encinosa.

J. P. Perry, a prominent citizen of the Ruidoso country, was over Wednesday.

Rev. S. M. Johnson was here a short time Saturday, talking roads with some of our people.

For Sale—Two Ford Trucks. Apply to the Western Garage or Willow Springs Coal Co. 1t

Don't forget that fresh meats will drop from 2 to 5 cents a pound at Groom's.

W. L. Radney, postmaster at Roswell, was here a short time Tuesday on his return home from El Paso.

Henry Putsch, who is developing the Bender mine at Nogal, was down Monday.

Don't forget that fresh meats will drop from 2 to 5 cents a pound at Groom's.

Allison Stevens went to the mal pais one day this week and returned with a five proug buck.

W. R. White was over yesterday from the upper Ruidoso, where he now has his sawmill set and in operation.

Ed C. Pfingsten, Will Sexton and Will Ferguson were all here Saturday from the Mesa, attending to business matters and shopping.

Don't forget that fresh meats, will drop from 2 to 5 cents a pound at Groom's.

Chas. U. Babbs was here Monday from Fort Stanton. He was pushing the big Red Cross dance that is scheduled at the Fort the 28th.

R. T. Cribb is not a repeater. He failed to bag his deer this season; yet he's hopeful, and says another season will soon roll around.

Monroe Howard brought his daughter over from Capitan yesterday and put her on the train for El Paso, where she may have to undergo an operation.

Get your fruit, pecans, almonds, walnuts and Brazil nuts at Groom's, phone 46.

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Gates, who have been living in the J. B. Garven house the past few months, have gone to El Paso for the winter.

Governor McDonald returned Sunday morning from Santa Fe and Albuquerque, to which points he had gone in the prosecution of his duties as fuel administrator.

Order your thanksgiving turkey early as they are scarce and don't forget the Cranberries.—Groom's, phone 46.

Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Lacey are in receipt of a letter from their daughter, Margie, conveying the welcome information of her rapid recovery from an operation performed last week.

We are glad to announce to our many customers that in a very short time the price of meat will drop from 2 to 5 cents per pound Groom's, phone 46.

Mrs. F. H. McKeon came over from Fort Stanton yesterday to attend a meeting of the bridge club which was entertained by Mrs. Geo. L. Ulrick. Mrs. McKeon returned to the Fort today.

Serve for your thanksgiving dinner a nice hen, oyster stuffing, cranberry sauce, celery, nut, lettuce, and fruit salads and pumpkin pie. All at Groom's, phone 46.

M. A. Palmer was down Monday from White Oaks, and gave the News a farewell call. Mr. Palmer has sold his place beyond White Oaks and he and his family will leave in a few days for Oklahoma and Missouri.

Ed R. Kelley, T. E. Kelley and Mason Hull returned last week from a hunt in the Mogollons. They got their deer as well as other game and report a very successful and pleasant outing.

Superintendent Conway left yesterday for Santa Fe, where he goes to attend the State Educational association. Other Carrizozo teachers will leave tomorrow, and a number of teachers from other parts of the county will leave on the same day.

We are in receipt of a synopsis of the War Tax, courtesy of the Lincoln State bank. It is a handy compendium, including the income tax, showing rates, exemptions, etc., and gives concrete examples of its application to individuals, partnerships, corporations and companies.

We Salute

The dispatches announce the winning of a commission by Charles Henry Lutz, son of our mayor, at the training camp, Leon Springs, and we are in receipt of a letter from the mayor himself, confirming the report. Young Henry, who is now Lieutenant Lutz of the regular army, was selected is one of the best ten in his company. Many failed to meet the strenuous tests applied in the training but Carrizozo and Lincoln county's representative met the test, won his spurs and did it while many older and more experienced men were discharged. Mayor Lutz writes: "I am the proudest man in the world today", and the new lieutenant's mother and sisters, no doubt, feel equally elated. Lieutenant Lutz, we salute you!

Fort Stanton Dance

Fort Stanton will give a masked ball Wednesday night, November 28, the admission to which, for men, is $1.00. The Fort has a splendid hall, the music will be excellent and refreshments will go with the price of admission.

The receipts, every cent of them, the management announces, will go for the benefit of the Red Cross. All are invited to go in costume, but costumes are not required. The management says: "Enjoy yourself, help our boys, and your bit."

Jewelry

L. L. Ernst, Railroad watch inspector will be at the Carrizozo Eating House Nov. 25, 26, 27, 28, with a full line of Rings, Lavelliers, Necklaces, Braceletts, Lockets, Wrist Watches. Don't miss the opportunity of making your selection. 11-16 4t

Neil H. Bigger, publisher of the Capitan Mountaineer, Newt Kemp and John B. Burch, also of Capitan, were here Tuesday and made the News a pleasant call. Come again, gentlemen, the latch string is always out.

MONEY TO LOAN

$500 to $50,000

First Mortgage Real Estate 9 o/o

See C. A. Perkins, Carrizozo, N. M. 11-16tf

Corn number two, $4.60, Mill Run Bran, $2.35, Cotton Seed Cake or Meal, $3.25 per cwt. In straight or mixed lots of one thousand pounds ten cents less per cwt. Humphrey Bros.

Thanksgiving Program

A thanksgiving program will be rendered at the Methodist church at 8:00 on Thanksgiving night. The program is under the care of Mrs. D. S. Donaldson. There will be appropriate readings and music. Everyone is invited to attend.

Missionary Meeting

The Womans' Missionary society of the Methodist church were guests of Mrs. Ray Lemon on Wednesday afternoon. An interesting program was rendered: "Missions During the War," led by Mrs. Lawelling, papers read by Mesdames Squier, Forest and McCarty. Refreshments of cake and coffee were served at the close of the meeting.

In the Trenches

William B. Thomas, a son of Mrs. Potts, who spent a part of last year here with his mother, covered himself with glory when the Germans raided the American-French trenches. The Germans made an attack in force against a little bunch of fifteen Americans Three Americans were killed but the remaining twelve put up such a scrap that they drove the Germans out. Thomas and the others are given special praise in the official report.

Cummins-Smith

A quiet wedding occurred yesterday afternoon at the Baptist parsonage. Rev. J. M. Gardner uniting in marriage Mr. Oscar Cummins and Miss Minnie Smith. The contracting parties are well known residents of Capitan, and following the ceremony returned to their home.

Notice for Publication

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Roswell, N. M., October 31, 1917

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:

Serial 041[illegible], List No. [illegible], for [illegible], Sec. [illegible], T. [illegible], R. [illegible], [illegible] 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, Register.

Nov. [illegible]—Dec. [illegible]

THE GREAT QUESTION ?

PART I.

What is my duty; what is the most sensible and profitable course for me to follow in my private and business affairs during the continuance of the war?

This is the great question confronting every American citizen.

Here is a common-sense reply:

Before we can settle the matter in detail, we must grasp those elementary principles which govern national affairs.

This does not involve great learning or research, for economic knowledge is little else than common-sense applied to big subjects.

The war will be won by the Nation which can place the greatest number of men, the greatest amount of material in the field, and produce the greatest amount of foodstuffs to supply its military and civilian forces. This fact is so generally recognized that it is not necessary to bring forward elaborate arguments to prove it.

We are a wealthy Nation, and the question arises as to whether or not we can win the war by throwing our surplus wealth into the struggle.

We cannot.

Why? Because our savings, as a Nation, amounted to about 5 Billion Dollars annually before we entered the war, and our war estimates for the first year's operations call for an expenditure of about Eighteen Billion Dollars, or over 3½ times as much as we have saved over before in one year.

Now, there are three courses open to us. We can endeavor to produce 3½ times as much wealth this year as ever we did before. We can endeavor to save 3½ times as much money as ever we did before. We can lie down on the whole proposition, and let Germany win.

Having described this article as a common-sense reply to a great question, we will eliminate the last mentioned possibility.

We cannot produce 3½ times as much wealth this year as ever before. It will take several years to adjust our affairs so as to produce such results.

To save 3½ times as much as ever we have before is quite possible, but would mean actual hardship for millions of our people.

The most sensible solution of the problem is to aim at a combination of production and self-denial which will find us at the end of a year at least 3½ times wealthier as a nation, than ever before.

The method indicated has been followed by our Allies with results that have astonished the world. After 3½ years of physical and financial strain, England raised recently a loan of 5 Billion Dollars, equivalent to Ten Billion Dollars in this Country, owing to the fact that we have about double the population. England has speeded up her production of wealth, denied herself so much, that despite the fact that millions of her finest specimens of human material are fighting, despite the fact that she had raised previously about a like amount of 5 Billion Dollars in loans, and is paying 2½ Billion Dollars yearly in taxes, she was able still to produce this enormous amount in a 30 day campaign.

Germany is speeding up her production along the most scientific lines, and is starving herself. That is the sole reason Germany exists today.

Are we super-men that we can do things differently to others?

Let us forget this talk of "Uncle Sam soon cleaning up the Germans when he gets there." The Germans will not be "cleaned up" by talk, or even by bravery alone. They must be fought with their own weapons, hard work and self-denial—the things that win wars.

Again, the man who cries, "Let the rich man pay," has not grasped the elementary facts of the situation. The rich man IS paying, and WILL pay, for the Government already is calling for as much as 80% of his profits in the shape of Income and War Profit Taxes.

It is true that the Government is not taking away the rich man's capital, but neither is it asking the less wealthy producer to part with his capital. All alike must retain their capital in order to run factories, farm the land, build ships, equip armies, and provide wages.

It would be an entirely mistaken policy to attempt to use the capital wealth of the Country to finance the war. What you need, what the government needs, what the whole world needs, is an increase, a very great increase, in the INCOME of rich and poor alike.

You farmers must produce more, must work harder; the uncultivated land of this Country is a standing reproach to us. You working-men, must work over-time. You women must economize and save in the home. You wealthy automobilists must curtail your extravagances and let the Automobile Manufacturer be free to make trucks and cars for the Government. You society women must realize that it is vanity and almost treason to keep an army of workers making your clothes when they could be doing useful work for the Government. You children must help with the housework and free men and women to fight and produce goods needed by the Country.

We must get together for greater efficiency.

We must save or perish.

* * *

PART II.

We will assume that you have agreed the conclusions in Part 1, and have resolved to produce more wealth, to work harder, and to deny yourself in the matter of food and luxuries.

Soon after adopting these measures you will find yourself growing richer, accumulating money at a much greater rate than ever before.

Your duty and your common-sense demand that you loan this money to your Government.

By doing this you will make a very definite contribution to the success of the war. The additional crops you grow, the additional hours you put in at your work, the little hardships you endure as you economize, will feed soldiers, will buy guns and ammunition, build air-ships, will crush Germany, will make the world safe for business and safe for democracy.

How can you best lend your wealth, the product of your labor and self-denial, to your Country?

By buying Liberty Bonds.

"But," you say, "The Campaign for the Second Liberty Loan is over."

Yes. The flags have ceased to wave, and the bands have stopped playing, but have you a Bond? Or if you have, have you purchased to the limit of your ability?

In those sections where people were indifferent to The Loan, the Bankers came forward, shouldered the responsibilities of their customers, and bought Bonds far in excess of their share, because they believed that sooner or later, their customers must see reason, and would be anxious to purchase Bonds. If you have no Bond, purchase one from your Banker just as soon as you are able. You will be doing a man's part, "doing your bit," shouldering your own responsibilities, instead of allowing the Banker to do your duty for you.

Some men seem to regard the purchase of Bonds as a mysterious business, and feel that they are sinking their money forever in the purchase.

A Bond looks like a great big $50.00 or $500.00 Bill, and is wonderfully like one in its uses. There is one great difference, however, a $50.00 or $500.00 Bill bears no interest, whereas, a Liberty Bond bears 4% interest.

How easily can a Bond be turned into money?

Almost as easily as a Bill of large denomination. While you buy your Bond with the idea of lending the money to your Government, there are thousands of people ready to relieve you of your responsibility, should you find such a course necessary.

Millions of Dollars worth of Liberty Bonds change hands every week. Everywhere, Commercial Firms are beginning to advertise that they will accept Liberty Bonds in payment of accounts.

"Why," you say, "I might as well own Bonds as money."

Better; far better.

"Why then, do you make this special appeal, and beg of me so earnestly to buy Bonds?" you may ask.

Because, when you buy these Bonds, the Government has the use of your money; can use it to win the war. If you from failure to understand the situation, insist that your money shall not be used by the Government, you are taking up a selfish attitude, lacking in both common-sense and patriotism.

It may be your money was not available when the last Loan Campaign was in progress. It may be you intended to buy a Bond, but allowed the lists to close before you got around to it.

Here is your chance. Go now to your Banker, ask him whether this little article contains the truth, ask him whether he has Bonds on hand, or will obtain one for you, then buy to the limit of your ability.

Whatever you do, whoever you are, and whatever your business, start working, saving, economizing now for future Loans. There will be others, one probably early next year, for the end of the great struggle is by no means in sight.

The writer of these lines has nothing but the good of our beloved Country at heart—no one makes one cent out of your Liberty Bonds, but yourself. Earnestly, sincerely, as one American to another he bids you remember this message and warning.

"We must get together for greater efficiency."

"We must save or perish."