

Carrizozo News

Probate Clerk

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

VOLUME 18

CARRIZOZO, LINCOLN COUNTY, NEW MEXICO, FRIDAY, MARCH 23, 1917.

NUMBER 12



LILLIAN READ IN THOS. H. INCE'S CIVILIZATION

"Civilization" the masterpiece of the Twentieth Century will be shown at the Crystal Theatre Monday 30th. Matinee at 4 p. m. 25 cents to all. Night prices. Reserved seats, 75 cents; General admission 25 and 50c.

The Ozark Trail

The News is in receipt of a letter from County Commissioner Gilmore of Ruidoso, announcing that a good roads convention will be held at Amarillo, Texas, at an early date; and urging the people of Lincoln county to hold a convention and send a delegation to the Amarillo meet. "For," says Mr. Gilmore, "this is our only time if we want the National Highway to pass through Lincoln county." He continues with the suggestion that we hold a meeting and send representatives, adding that such representatives be empowered to look after our interests and endeavor to get the Highway through Lincoln. He says the people of the Capitan-Lincoln-Ruidoso regions want a convention or good roads meeting on the first Monday of April at 8 o'clock p. m. The matter will be presented to the Commercial club and other sections communicated with and announcement be made later.

Fords Run Amuck

Two Fords collided Sunday evening on El Paso avenue, which caused considerable commotion and excitement, but, fortunately, the occupants of both cars escaped injury. O. Z. Finley was driving east on El Paso avenue and the Reynolds family, in a Ford driven by the little Reynolds boy, were driving up 4th street. The Reynolds car struck the Finley car amidship, thrusting it about 20 feet to one side, battering the Finley car bed and breaking a hind wheel. The Reynolds car threw a tire and was dragged to the garage.

Methodist Church

Rev. ARTHUR MARR, Pastor
The Sunday School convention last Saturday and Sunday was a decided success.
The pastor was in El Paso a part of last week attending the Border Mexican conference. In spite of the disturbed conditions in Mexico, a good representation of Mexican preachers was present.
Rev. Marston was appointed by Bishop Denny as pastor of the Mexican Methodist congregation in Carrizozo, without salary.
Services in the Mexican church east of the tracks every Tuesday night and Sunday afternoon.
The woman's Missionary society meets this week with Mrs. Schaeffer.
Strangers are cordially invited to all our services.
Mrs. Beauvier is here from Clovis visiting her sister, Mrs. George Rustin.

Fort Stanton

Miss Estella Harris, of Three Rivers, spent the week end visiting Dr. and Mrs. F. H. McKeon. Messrs. W. H. Smith and R. A. Gambrell motored to the Baca Canyon Sunday afternoon in the Purdy car.

A large attendance was had at the chapel services last Sunday morning, in fact one of the largest of the year. A special program of music was given by the choir composed of Misses A. Beattie and Helen Thurman, Captain and Miss Estella Harris of Three Rivers. "A Perfect Day" sung by Miss A. Beattie and "The Ave Maria" sung by the trio Misses Harris, Thurman and Beattie were greatly enjoyed, judging from the many compliments heard from all sides. A great number of visitors were present at the impressive service. Chaplain Frund in a few choice words extended greetings to the visitors and in the name of the congregation thanked the choir for their kindness in rendering the select program of music.

Lieut. J. R. Beas presided at the organ in his usual artistic manner. Mrs. McDonald, wife of Ex-Governor McDonald, spent the week-end visiting Dr. and Mrs. F. H. McKeon at No. 1.

Saturday last being St. Patrick's day, special services were held by chaplain in the chapel. A Communion Mass was celebrated at 6:30 a. m.

Dr. Chas. Irby spent Sunday last, visiting friends on the Ruidoso.

On St. Patrick's day Chaplain Frund entertained at his quarters from 2 to 5 p. m. in honor of Mrs. W. C. McDonald, of Carrizozo, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lewis of Seattle, and Miss Sally Brown of Memphis. The decorations were of white and Green. Light refreshments were served and a victrola concert given during the reception.

Dr. and Mrs. F. H. McKeon entertained at dinner St. Patrick evening in honor of Mrs. W. C. McDonald. Those present were Mrs. McDonald, Lieut. and Mrs. Mourro, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lewis, Miss Sally Brown, Miss Estella Harris, Chaplain Frund, P. H. S. Dr. and Mrs. F. H. McKeon.

Mr. James Handa, formerly of No. 4, is now located at Denver where he has taken a position under the U. S. Treasury Department.

The grandstand at the local ball park was completely destroyed by fire Sunday noon. Just what caused the conflagration could not be learned.

Jury To Be Drawn

The jury list for the spring term of court for Lincoln county will be drawn April 9. A new jury law was passed by the last legislature, but County Clerk Nye had formally posted notices of the drawing of the jury under the old law and prior to the date the new law went into effect; hence the lists will be drawn under the old law, thus saving considerable time and expense; for had the list been drawn under the new law, it would have necessitated the appointment of a jury commission and the preparation of a new list of names.

Dance at White Oaks

E. C. Eaker desires to announce to all that a dance will be given at White Oaks Saturday night, March 25. All lovers of terpsichore are given a cordial invitation to attend.

ROAD MAINTENANCE AND EROSION

(By J. A. UDDEN, in Farm and Ranch.)

Good and durable roads are probably the best and most permanent asset of any nation, or of any country. No roads, however, should be built by any community at the public expense, and on public credit, unless ample provision is made for their maintenance. All public work should be so planned and conducted as to do full justice, not only to ourselves, but also to those who come after us. It should be planned not only for those who live now, but for the community of the future. The life of the individual is short; the life of our communities, we hope, will endure for ages to come.

There is one process in nature with which those of us who study the effects of erosion are particularly familiar. Nothing on the surface of the earth is permanent. Rain and weather destroy not only the small rocks and hills on the land surface, but in the long run they reduce the high mountains and entire continents to sea-level. Erosion is the principal destructive agent to good roads. On the old pioneer roads over our prairies, which were neither built nor maintained, the effect of this process was seen in the deepening of the ruts which in a short time compelled travelers to select new ruts on the sides of the old ones. On hilly slopes and on routes that were much traveled, new tracks were frequently made every year. I have seen points on the old Santa Fe trail in Kansas, where this trail was very broad and where it consisted, not of a single trail, but, as it seemed to me, of scores of trails, running side by side. On well-graded roads of today, erosion not only works in the ruts, but its first effect is seen in rills which cut into the grade and run crosswise from the highest part of the grade to the gutter. In selection material from which a road is built, it is one aim of the engineer to use the kind which will be least affected and to the least extent carried away by the water, or blown away by the wind. This fact is familiar. But there is another circumstance connected with erosion, which is not so generally understood, but which nevertheless is a most important fact to be considered in connection with road maintenance. This circumstance is that erosion does not progress at a uniform rate, but at an accelerated rate, when measured with the element of time. If the quantity of filling removed in the first year be compared with the quantity of filling removed in the following year, on a roadbed which is not continually repaired, it will be found that the quantity removed the second year is considerably greater than that removed the first year. It is customary to state the law which governs the process of erosion by saying that the erosion is proportionate, not to the velocity, but to the square of the velocity of running water. Now, the velocity of running water depends for any certain slope on the depth of the water and the quantity of the water which flows over the slope. The greater pressure of a greater quantity of water produces a rapid increase in velocity. In fact, a small rain may soak into the ground and there may be no current at all. As the roadbed is furrowed, these furrows collect the water into channels and in these channels the depth of the water is increased. Every furrow will in time develop a greater and greater drainage area on the roadbed, and thus the rainfall will be collected into more and more pronounced little channels which have a continuous tendency to ramify and extend farther back into the roadbed, and consequently to increase the water drained along each little channel into the gutter. In time, this produces a furrowing crosswise to the direction of travel and when this system of furrowing has been sufficiently developed, the roadbed is seriously impaired. The process of erosion

CONTINUED ON PAGE 4

Notice to Applicants

I am authorized by the village trustees of the village of Carrizozo, New Mexico, to receive applications for the appointment of marshal up to the hour of 6 o'clock p. m., Monday, March 26, 1917.

Applicants are further notified that the appointee's duties are to begin April 1, 1917, at a salary of \$75 per month, and that the appointee will be required to devote his entire time to the duties of the office.

M. B. PADEN, Clerk.

Gone to Vermont

Albert Pfingsten, who left a few weeks ago for Vermont, writes that he has purchased a farm and a dairy herd in the "Green Mountain State," and will in the future make his home there. He will be joined soon by his family who are yet at the old home on the Mesa.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Leslie, of the Texas Park country, were doubly blessed last week—twins, a boy and a girl having been born to them.

Jack Peak

Mrs. Claud Pitts returned home last week from Carrizozo. We are sorry to say she has had to endure a very painful burn on the hand ever since returning.

Mr. Fair returned from Oklahoma last week, making the long journey in his car.

Mr. Talbert went to Deaseo a few days ago for the purchase of a load of hay.

Messrs. Fair and Pitts are now selling their second car of grain and flour, at the Ancho station.

E. E. Wilson went to Ancho Thursday to receive a lot of supplies shipped from Carrizozo.

School began Monday with a large attendance, we learn, with Mrs. Burnett as teacher.

A. H. Norton was very sick all the past week. Is improving now.

Maurice Brookin went to Ancho Monday for a load of grain and flour.

Mr. Hickson received his fruit trees a few days ago. With his ground all prepared, he was ready for their arrival.

Mr. Buckner returned from Elida the end of last week with his family. He is now anxious to become a citizen of Lincoln county.

Ira Boydston was in our neighborhood a few days ago. His ranch is south of us about four miles.

St. Patrick's day was celebrated in some homes by planting of sweet peas, as is customary here.

There is no more land in our section for location, and new arrivals are jumping claims previously staked out. There has been some squabbling but no serious trouble yet. A person who will not discriminate between "thine and mine," truly will fail as a desirable citizen.

Claud Parks was in this country a few days last week looking after forestry business.

We notice the return of the mocking bird and "pec-wee" to their old haunts, and we welcome these little harbingers of spring. Winter has been long and bitter.

A New Hotel

Mayor Lutz has succeeded in interesting capital in a new hotel, to be built on the site of the Carrizozo Trading Co. The plans, as outlined, are for a three-story building, with all modern equipment, and is to have about eighty rooms. A stock company is to be organized, and we understand a number of local people will take some of the shares, although the major portion of the capital will be from the outside. The proposition of another and larger hotel emphasizes the growth of Carrizozo as nothing else can.

Chamber of Commerce

The Carrizozo Chamber of Commerce held its second meeting Tuesday night at the court house. The committee on by-laws and organization was not ready for a report, so the club proceeded to organize, in a measure, so as to get in better working order. Ira O. Wetmore was chosen president and Geo. L. Ulrick vice president. A board of five directors was elected, as follows: J. B. French, O. Z. Finley, Jno. A. Huley, A. T. Anderson and F. W. Gurney. The board was directed to canvass the town and community, see what financial aid could be secured and in every way possible arrange for a complete working basis for the organization. This report is to be made Friday night, March 30, at which time it is hoped a good crowd will be present.

Plans for the new building of the Carrizozo Trading Company arrived this week. The company expects to let a contract at once for the erection of a building, which promises to eclipse any thing in the way of commercial building in the town. The building is to be of brick, two stories in height, a width of 75 feet and a depth of 100 feet. It will be on the corner of 4th and Alameda, facing 21st Street.



SCENE FROM THOS. H. INCE'S CIVILIZATION

In spite of the disasters shown in "Civilization," there runs through the picture a theme of such beauty that when it is ended you feel that you have indeed been walking on the mountains tops. It is impossible to compare "Civilization" with any other production, as it stands alone in its majesty, terror and soul-thrilling power.

Another Junior Audubon

The school in District No. 3 sends me the following letter which speaks for itself:

"We, the pupils of the Ruidoso school, met Friday afternoon, March 9, 1917, and organized the Junior Audubon club, pledging ourselves to abide by the By-Laws of the organization, and elected the following officers: President, Clara Hunter; vice-president, Guy Fouch; and Secretary and Treasurer, Cora Block.

A paper was read by Clara Hunter about the Chipping Sparrow, after which there was a general discussion by the pupils upon this topic.

The club will meet each Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock; at which time there will be read papers about two different birds and then will follow a discussion about these birds."

These societies are the sources of great improvement to the pupils of any school, and we are glad to see this important subject receiving attention among our teachers. In the study of the various species of birds found in our midst many useful things may be learned, and the killing of inoffensive little birds, the pestiferous insects would not be any thing like so numerous.

What school will be next to organize some useful club?

J. E. KOONEN
Co. Supt. Of Schools.

To Build

Arrangements are being made by Garrard and Corn to build an apartment house on the same block occupied by the Temple hotel. There are to be twenty-four rooms in the new building and so arranged that additions can be made easily. Mr. and Mrs. Garrard, who have leased the Temple for another year, will also conduct the new apartment house.

Baptist Church

Rev. J. M. GARDNER, Pastor.
Sunday school at 10 a. m.; every one welcome. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.
Rev. J. M. Gardner will give a stereopticon lecture on Africa at 7:30 p. m. Hondo Wednesday, 28 at 7:30 p. m. Capitan Tuesday 29 at 7:30 p. m.
W. M. U. will meet at the parsonage Wednesday March 28. Mrs. Pine leader.



SCENE FROM THOS. H. INCE'S CIVILIZATION

AT THE CRYSTAL THEATER MONDAY AFTERNOON AND EVENING, Matinee 4 p. m., 25c; Evening, 25c, 50c, 75c.

Woman Must Be Her Own Guide

New York.—During the ebb tide of fashion is the time to plan one's campaign in clothes. There may have been days on this continent when a woman could have gone along without confusion, bought one or two of the new things offered by the dressmakers and worn them with serenity until the following season. But today there is dire confusion concerning clothes in the minds of most women. Few are strong enough to rise above it, and not many are sufficiently poised to disregard the perplexities that confront every woman who is attempting to dress either on a small or a large income.

Dressmakers have sprung up like mushrooms; importers who were once content with sending clothes from Paris twice a year, now feel it necessary to import them by every boat, and standing orders are left by them with the French houses to send over anything that appears new or is designated as such.

This may not be true of all the centers of American life, but it is certainly true of a handful of great cities, and as women are traveling this year in great flocks, like birds, do, it is the great centers that are catering to their tastes and caprices and persuading the coin out of their purses.

Season of Uncertainty.

So, here you have this condition of life in early spring—conflicting rumors of what will be worn and what will be passed up; a widespread and sensational prosperity which enables women to spend quantities of money in the name of vanity; an immense number of importers, who are shuttling across the ocean and making new clothes do the same; a Paris needing money, and, therefore, constrained to originate new garments at every turn in order to get the money out of the only continent that has it.

Looking this condition in the face, one finds it almost impossible to sail above it. Serenity of mind is a difficult thing to have when one is beaten by currents of fashion and rivalry.

The woman who can go calmly on from October to April, content either through taste or through philosophy, with the clothes she has, is to be envied. She is not the friend of the dressmaker; she is the enemy of the importer; she is not the purchaser desired by the shops; but she keeps her head above perplexities and con-

unwise to be tempted into looking one's worst and that it is far better to refuse invitations and stay at home than to appear in costumes that are ugly, unbecoming, or not well made.

No one can tell your faults to you as well as you can do it yourself. One has heard a hundred women cry out for an expert to go over all the clothes they have, carefully mark down the social opportunities they are likely to have, regard well the figure and complexion and the personality that shines through the face, and, taking all these facts and pos-



Bandeau and bodice to match; new fashion started by French actress is to complete an evening costume with a headpiece of the same material. The gown is made of rose-colored satin ruffles from a deep, pointed collar of net embroidered in gold and colored crystals. The high bandeau with its chin strap, is of the same.

billities together, map out a rigid system of dress that will exclude failures. If any woman were successful along that line she would make more money than a powerful captain of industry. But the cry goes out into the wilderness and no prophet answers.

There are dressmakers who take entire charge of certain women and guide them as best they can; there are earnest friends who are willing to give advice for nothing and make that advice as good as human nature permits, but the majority of women, after trying the dressmaker and the friend, still come face to face with these failures in clothes, for the purely human reason that salvation is from within and not from without.

Must Make Own Endeavors Count.

I do not mean that every woman is her own best guide. There are thousands who are lifted out of the quagmire of failure by sensible friends or dressmakers who literally pull them out by the arms and compel them to wear the things that are becoming and suitable; but it is rare that these women rise to any eminence in the art of dress. The woman who really dresses well, whose clothes are rarely failures and who appears suitably dressed on all occasions is the woman who takes her clothes seriously, maps out her campaign of purchasing, puts cotton in her ears when she hears the siren's cry and passes on her own way, rising to whatever heights of dress she can through her own endeavors.

NEW NAMES FOR OLD COLORS

Shades, However, Are to Remain Just as Pretty as They Have Always Been.

Each spring brings with it a set of colors that are peculiarly its own, and these colors are given distinctive names of their own even though the colors themselves be as old as the hills. This spring we have got a set of really new and uncommon shades of color which are respectively known as sauternes, polu, delysia and penguin. Sauternes comprises three gradations of mole color, from real mole to beige; polu is a fascinating blue, very soft and, as the name indicates, a real soldier's blue; delysia is a warm rose, and penguin a delicate gray with a hint of brown in it. Each can be had in at least three nuances of its own color, and all the shades are distinctly pretty and becoming.

Blouses with any pretensions to being fashionable are no longer tucked under the skirt-waist. The new blouses are all worn outside the skirt and loosely girdled, and are of the bagged variety. Smoking is a favorite adornment for them, and splashes of gorgeous Japanese and Chinese embroidery on somber materials give them a rich and gay effect. A fascinating evening blouse of the bagged kind which was seen the other day was made in peach colored Liberty satin. The hem was about three inches wide and hemstitched, and the blouse, which was plaited from a yoke, buttoned down the front. Another, of black Jersey silk, had bright patches of multi-colored Japanese embroidery, run with gold thread splashed over it, and was girdled with a thick milken rope ending in large tassels.



Barrel skirt in Jersey silk; the color is oyster white; the embroidery at hips, at waist and at neck is done in a primitive design in the same shade as the gown.

fusion and should set an example to other women who may follow her in part, if not in whole.

March is the month that divides the year in half, as far as women and clothes are concerned. One seems to have run a breathless race with or against fashion until this time, and one knows that the race will be picked up again soon. Therefore, it is wise to give a few weeks over to mapping out a campaign that will lead to success or, at least, keep one but of a series of quagmires.

No one, not even the rich woman, wants to continue failures in the purchase of clothes. She who has \$100 a year to spend on her apparel and she who has \$10,000 is fretful if she sees her closet filled with garments that are wrong, unbecoming, or inopportune.

There are the stern economists who insist upon wearing their failures with the grim determination to punish themselves for making mistakes; and there are others who discard them with the feeling that it is

A DIFFERENCE IN THE INVESTMENT

The Western Canada Farm Profits Are Away in Excess.

Mr. GEORGE H. Barr, of Iowa, holds seven sections of land in Saskatchewan. These he has fenced and rented, either for pasture or cultivation, all paying good interest on the investment.

Mr. Barr says that farm land at home in Iowa is held at \$150 per acre. These lands are in a high state of cultivation, with splendid improvements in houses, barns, stables and silos, and yet the revenue returns from them are only from two to three per cent per annum on investment.

Last year, 1915, his half share of crop on a quarter section in Saskatchewan, wheat on new breaking, gave him 35 per cent on the capital invested—\$25,000 an acre. The crop yield was 35 bushels per acre. This year the same quarter-section, sown to Red Fire on stubble gave 3,236 bushels. His share, 1,643 bushels of 1.1 Northern at \$1.50 per bushel, gave him \$2,463.05. Seed, half the twine and half the threshing bill cost him \$453.00. Allowing a share of the expense of his annual inspection trip, charged to this quarter-section even to \$110.00, and he has left \$2,000.00, that is 50 per cent of the original cost of the land. Anyone can figure up that another average crop will pay, not 2 or 3 per cent on investment, as in Iowa, but the total price of the land. Mr. Barr says: "That's no joke now."

Mr. Barr was instrumental in bringing a number of farmers from Iowa to Saskatchewan in 1913. He referred to one of them, Geo. H. Kerton, a tenant farmer in Iowa. He bought a quarter-section of improved land at \$22.00 an acre near Hanley. From proceeds of crop in 1914, 1915, 1916, he has paid for the land. Mr. Barr asked him a week ago: "Well, George, what shall I tell friends down home for you?" The reply was: "Tell them I shall never go back to be a tenant for any man." Another man, Charles Haight, realized \$18,000 in cash for his wheat crops in 1915 and 1916.

Mr. Barr, who at home devotes most of his time to raising and dealing in live stock. On his first visit of inspection to Saskatchewan, he realized the opportunity there was here for grazing cattle. So his quarter-sections, not occupied, were fenced and rented as pasture lands to farmers adjoining. His creed is: "Let nature supply the feed all summer while cattle are growing, and then in the fall, take them to farmsteads to be finished for market. There is money in it."—Advertisement.

Thirteen Lucky Miles.

Pattence—I see that 13 per cent of the line of a railroad being built in Switzerland will be through tunnels.

Patrice—That is a case where no girl, however superstitious, could possibly think thirteen unlucky.

IS CHILD CROSS, FEVERISH, SICK

Look, Mother! If tongue is coated, give "California Syrup of Figs."

Children love this "fruit laxative," and nothing else cleanses the tender stomach, liver and bowels so nicely. A child simply will not stop playing to empty the bowels, and the result is they become tightly clogged with waste, liver gets sluggish, stomach sour, then your little one becomes cross, half-sick, feverish, don't eat, sleep or act naturally, breath is bad, stomach full of cold, has sore throat, stomach-ache or diarrhea. Listen, Mother! See if tongue is coated, then give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the constipated waste, sour bile and undigested food passes out of the system, and you have a well child again.

Millions of mothers give "California Syrup of Figs" because it is perfectly harmless; children love it, and it never fails to act on the stomach, liver and bowels.

Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly printed on the bottle. Adv.

Help! Help!

The Turk ought to make a good chauffeur—his "a" born "Auto-man" Boston Transcript.

CUTICURA IS SO SOOTHING

To Itching, Burning Skins—It Not Only Soothes, but Heals—Trial Free.

Treatment: Bathe the affected surface with Cuticura Soap and hot water, dry gently and apply Cuticura Ointment. Repeat morning and night. This method affords immediate relief, and points to speedy healing. They are ideal for every-day toilet uses.

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

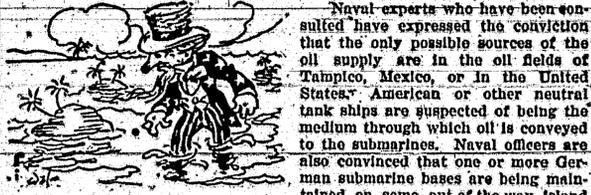
France in 1915 exported to the United States goods valued at \$110,504,965.

Cleveland's 608 public school teachers expect increased pay for 1917.

WASHINGTON GOSSIP

Uncle Sam Searching for German Submarine Base

WASHINGTON.—A systematic investigation has been started by American government officials for the purpose of finding out where the German submarines believed to be operating off the coast of South America are obtaining their supply of fuel oil and provisions.



Naval experts who have been consulted have expressed the conviction that the only possible sources of the oil supply are in the oil fields of Tampico, Mexico, or in the United States. American or other neutral tank ships are suspected of being the medium through which oil is conveyed to the submarines. Naval officers are also convinced that one or more German submarine bases are being maintained on some out-of-the-way island in the Caribbean sea. It is known that German interests control considerable oil deposits near Tampico, where the principal British supply is also located. It is realized, however, that these German-owned fields would be of no use to the German submarines unless ships could be obtained to transport the supply, and it is realized also that the only facilities for transporting it would be those afforded by American or neutral ships, there being no German merchant vessels available for the purpose.

While all ships taking on oil at any port are supposed to get clearance papers for a definite port of destination, it is suspected that some of these are stopping at some secret base and there depositing some of their oil cargo. Mexican port authorities of easy conscience, it is suspected, are certifying for a consideration, to "short" cargoes whereas in fact the vessels under suspicion may be clearing with full cargoes. In this way, it is pointed out, the vessels could dispose of part of their oil en route without there being a discrepancy between the amount of the cargo certified to at the point of departure and the amount deposited at the final port of destination.

Equestrian Indian Statue for National Capital

AT LAST the national capital may have one equestrian Indian statue, a site for which is suggested in the Smithsonian grounds between the Smithsonian buildings and the New National museum, if the proposal made by Franklin Steele, Jr., a Washington authority on sculpture, is carried out.

This statue is "The Scout," the work of Cyrus E. Dallin, standing about ten feet high. For this statue Mr. Dallin received a gold medal at the Panama-Pacific exposition. It is temporarily located in Kansas City, having been recently cast in bronze.

A Sioux brave is shown on his pony, and so impressive is the work and so true to type that when a number of Sioux Indians saw the effigy they cried out, "Lakota," meaning "the Sioux." The proposal for having this statue placed in some Washington park is thus outlined by Mr. Steele, as follows:

"If this statue could be acquired by the city it would add greatly to our ornamental features and would, no doubt, meet with the approval of the fine arts commission. An ideal place to locate, if we are fortunate enough to secure it, would be in the grounds of the Smithsonian institution, where it could stand out boldly between it and the New National museum, standing, as it does, ten feet high. Evidently this statue of the Indian scout represents an aborigine of early days.

"Before the statue in question is disposed of there should be an effort on the part of the people of this city to add this fine work of art to other ornamental features of beautiful Washington."

White House Policeman Always Picks Newlyweds

"DOPING Them Right or Spotting Newlyweds," would be an excellent title for one chapter in the life of Policeman C. E. Dalrymple, one of the uniformed officers who stand guard at the doors of the executive offices of the White House, and who probably has welcomed more newly married couples than any other individual in Washington ever has seen.

Dalrymple has been on duty at the White House since 1903. It is said that nine out of every ten bridal couples that come to Washington on their honeymoon visit the White House, as Dalrymple is on duty in the daytime, he "catches" them all.

His 13 years of duty at the executive offices has made him an adept in "spotting" the newly weds the moment they enter the White House grounds. If he is on the inside, the moment they mount the steps and come inside the storm doors Dalrymple gets their number.

He says there are no fixed rules for "spotting" the honeymooners. "You just simply know it. It must be intuition," he said. "But they rarely ever get by without being recognized.

"What is my formula? That's a hard question. "You see that couple strolling down this way" the policeman asked, as he pointed to a young fellow and girl headed toward the executive offices some distance away. The man was holding the girl's arm, and they were looking into each other's faces as they strolled along.

"They are not married," Dalrymple explained. "There are many other persons in the White House grounds now, and they know it. The average newly-wed is self-conscious, and while proud of the fact that he is married, always is trying to conceal it. He wouldn't dare catch the arm of his bride in crowded grounds like these. Neither would each gaze into the other's eyes while in company. They think that such an act would easily label them as just married.

"Even if they did not say a word, seven times out of each ten you would be able to spot a recently married pair by their clothing. Whenever you see a girl with gray shoes, stockings, dress and hat to match, you can bet your last dollar that she's a bride. But few women that come to the White House ever have complete costumes, each garment and piece matching the other in detail, unless they are part of their trousseau."

Crack in New Quarter Makes It Seem Counterfeit

A CRACK in the edge of a coin which deadened the sound, when the piece of metal was dropped on a marble or wooden surface, so worried some honest resident of Maine that he sent it to President Wilson and asked that the money experts of the government examine it and see where the trouble lies.

It was one of the new "two-bit" pieces. The Maine resident thought it was counterfeit, and when the coin was tested by the amateurs at the White House executive offices, they, too, agreed with him.

One of the secret service men attached to the executive mansion was told of the existence of the alleged spurious piece of money.

"How do you know it is not genuine?" he asked.

"Because it does not 'ring' when tossed on a table," was the reply.

"Toss to one that it's genuine, and I haven't seen it," was the expert's answer.

He took the new coin, placed it under a magnifying glass, and a tiny crack on the edge, which the glass developed into a huge gap, was seen. The secret service man inserted the point of a knife blade and further opened it.

"The coin is genuine," he said. "It has not been out long enough to be counterfeited yet."

The new 25-cent piece was returned to the Dark Harbor, Me., resident, with the information that the money was perfectly good.

TAKES OFF DANDRUFF HAIR STOPS FALLING

Girls! Try This! Makes Hair Thick, Glossy, Fluffy, Beautiful—No More Itching Scalp.

Within ten minutes after an application of Danderine you cannot find a single trace of dandruff or falling hair and your scalp will not itch, but what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use, when you see new hair, fine and downy at first—but really new hair—growing all over the scalp.

A little Danderine immediately doubles the beauty of your hair. No difference how dull, faded, brittle and scraggy, just moisten a cloth with Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. The effect is amazing—your hair will be light, fluffy and wavy, and have an appearance of abundance; an incomparable luster, softness and luxuriance.

Get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any store, and prove that your hair is as pretty and soft as any—that it has been neglected or injured by careless treatment—that's all—you surely can have beautiful hair and lots of it if you will just try a little Danderine, Adv.

Mistaken Zeal.

An old Australian farmer visited his daughter, who had antinuclears on the backs of her chairs. As he was sitting by the window, he spied the minister coming to visit "Jean," as she was called. As she went to answer the door, her father, not being accustomed to such finery, snatched all the antinuclears off the chairs and threw them under the table.

"Aye, Jean, lass, glad I was to get your washing out o' the way afore the minister came in," said the old man when the minister had gone.

FINE REPORTS REGARDING KIDNEY MEDICINE

As a kidney, liver and bladder preparation Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is rated with the best and during the past sixteen years I have sold lots of it, and my customers are very satisfied with the results obtained from its use. It is a natural preparation and I am not afraid to recommend it as I believe it will do what is claimed according to the reports received. Very truly yours,

W. A. JULLERY, Druggist, Arrads, Colo.

July 15, 1916.

From What Swamp-Root Will Do For You

Send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample size bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling about the kidney and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention this paper. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.—Adv.

Goshi

Farmer Cornoussel—Got a letter from one of these nutty-mobbed fellows, squirrel, and I'm all worked up about it.

Squire—What's the matter, Cy?

Farmer Cornoussel—Wal, the letter says, "The enclosed car is one of the most popular models on the market." But the blamed fools clean forgot to inclose it.—Maxwell Accelerator.

Makes the laundress happy—that's Red Cross Blue Buns. Makes beautiful, clean white clothes. All good goods. Adv.

Half-Watt Lamp Popular.

There has been a wide adoption in England of the half-watt incandescent lamp for interior lighting, and it is said that had it not been for the lighting restrictions—the half-watt lamp would probably have supplanted the arc lamp for outside lighting.

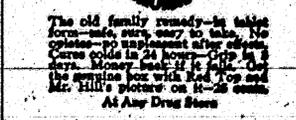
Send 10c to Dr. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, for large trial package of Anker-Pain-Expeller—curea headache.—Adv.

Every dentist does a wide-open business.

American gloves are in demand in Cuba.

BEWARE OF sudden colds.

Take—



The old family remedy in tablet form—safe, sure, easy to take. No opium—no unpleasant after effects. Cures colds in 24 hours. Cures dizziness. Money back if it fails. Out the genuine box with Red Top and Mr. Hill's picture on it—25 cents. At Any Drug Store.

The Army of Constipation

Is Growing Smaller Every Day. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible—they not only give relief—they permanently cure Constipation. MILLIONS of people suffer from Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Yellow Skin, SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

Wm. Wood

THE CARRIZOZO NEWS

Published Fridays at Carrizozo, Lincoln County, N. M.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Carrizozo, N. M., June 2, 1908

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

HALEY & DINGWALL

Publishers

A State of War

A curious situation exists with reference to the attitude of the United States and Germany war exists and yet war has not been declared. Congress, our only authority for making a declaration of war, is not in session, but will meet in special session April 16. In the meantime hasty preparations for war are under way by all departments of the government; merchant vessels are being armed and manned and instructions given to fire upon threatening submarines.

Since the announced purpose of this government to arm all merchant vessels, German U-boats have sunk three unarmed American merchantmen. All three merchantmen were bound for the United States, two carried only ballast and the third was sunk without warning. Such acts, after the announcement of our government's position, make war inevitable, and the only reason that a declaration of war has not been made is because the body with authority so to do is not in session. Nevertheless, a state of war exists and real fighting will be in progress, so it seems, before an actual declaration can formally be made.

It appears improbable, however, regardless of how far our government has to go to protect our interests, that an army will be landed in Europe. On the contrary, our navy will, no doubt, be used to convoy and protect American shipping and at the same time supply the allies with guns, ammunition, foodstuffs, etc., and thus, largely, make war upon Germany from an economical standpoint. With her submarines put out of business by the additional activity and vigilance of the American navy; the drawing of a still closer blockade around Germany and reducing her imports to nothing, will soon bring the German government to time and result in the ultimate overthrow of the house of Hohenzollern, it is confidently believed, and the birth of a democracy for Germany and the German people.

Strike Danger Passed

The threatened railroad strike that had been called for last Saturday, but, by agreement, was postponed until Monday night, has been adjusted and the wheels of industry revolve as before. Pending the 48-hour truce, the railroads conceded the 8-hour day and following right on the heels of this concession came the announced decision of the United

States Supreme court upholding the Adamson law, the passage of which last September, it will be remembered, averted a strike at that time. As a result, everybody is relieved, a serious menace to the peace and prosperity of the country has been removed and time will, it is confidently believed, harmonize whatever remaining differences exist between capital and labor.

Extra Special Session

President Wilson has called congress in extraordinary session for Monday, April 2. This call, naturally, supercedes the call made earlier for the convening of congress on April 16. Additional violations by Germany in the sinking of unarmed American merchantmen caused the president, after consulting the cabinet and leading men of the nation, to hasten the convening of congress; hence the special session will meet two weeks earlier than at first arranged. Only one thing, it is believed, can now prevent war between the United States and Germany; and that is for Germany to cease her submarine operations, make full restitution for damages done and give further and more substantial pledges that the future will see no commission of similar acts of violation. That Germany will do this none believe; for the Kaiser seems determined to defy the world.

Autocracy Overthrown

Apparently the most thorough and successful revolution of the age, and less bloodless, considering its magnitude, has taken place in Russia. Czar Nicholas, as a result, abdicated and has become a plain citizen of the country he once ruled with despotic power. It is apparent, also, that the Russian people want to form a republic, but that they are still unprepared for it is evidenced by the fact that the Czar's brother, Michael Alexandrovitch, was accepted, even though on probation, as regent. The army, which was under the command of Czar Nicholas, went over en masse to the side of the people and little disturbances of any nature took place in the vast empire.

ROAD MAINTENANCE, EROSION

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1)
is by this furrowing concentrated along definite lines where destruction proceeds at a very rapid rate. It is claimed that with certain kinds of construction, a roadbed may practically be leveled and even hollowed out in the

course of a few years. The least damage by erosion on any roadbed occurs during the first months. After the first rain, the damage will be greater than before, and with following rains it will be still further increased, owing to the increased effectiveness of erosion, when the naturally small erosive effect of the first rains is concentrated along definite lines in the roadbed.

Two important conclusions are to be drawn from this. In the first place, it is evident that the most economical way of maintaining a road is by prompt repair. For cheap and effective road maintenance, every county should have in its employ a force of men acting in the same capacity as the section men on a railroad. This practice is already established in some counties. It is the only economical arrangement for dealing with road maintenance. The working of the force should be directed by a permanent foreman, responsible to the county commissioners. To vote heavy bonds and use the proceeds for paying contracts for road construction, without making any provision for road maintenance, will in the long run bring road-building into disrepute, and cannot fail to retard unduly real highway construction.

The second conclusion of importance is that by the short-sighted policy which does not provide for road maintenance we are really robbing the future and casting heavy burdens upon our children and grandchildren who will have to pay the maturing bonds without having had the advantage of the use of the good roads which we enjoyed for the first few years after their construction. Such a policy of road-building is short-sighted indeed.

One suggestion as to the best method of protecting roadbeds from erosion has lately come to considerable notice. This is the use of asphalt and oil on the dressing. Bituminous materials are known as being extremely resistant to natural processes of destruction, such as erosion by the rain and deflation by the wind. The item of first importance in the construction of good roads is the use of the best materials, but these are not always available. In many parts of this state, roads will have to be built of inferior materials, if they are to be built at all. An oiled or tarred surface on a roadbed is a most effective protection against incipient erosion. It is an effective cover to shed the rain and thus to prevent the roadbed of this kind from being unduly softened after a season of heavy rains.

Lists 3-1633, 3782
Notices to Entry of Lands in National Forest
Notice is hereby given that the lands described below, embracing 320 acres, within the Lincoln National Forest, New Mexico, will be subject to settlement and entry under the provisions of the homestead laws of the United States and the act of June 11, 1906 (34 Stat., 233), at the United States land office at Roswell, New Mexico, on May 28, 1917. Any settler who was actually and in good faith claiming any of said lands for agricultural purposes prior to January 1, 1906, and has not abandoned same, has a preference right to make a homestead entry for the lands actually occupied. Said lands were listed upon the applications of the persons mentioned below, who have a preference right subject to the prior right of any such settler, provided such settler or applicant is qualified to make homestead entry and the preference right is exercised prior to May 28, 1917, on which date the lands will be subject to settlement and entry by any qualified person. The SW 1/4 SW 1/4, Sec. 29; SE 1/4 SE 1/4, Sec. 30; NE 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 31; NW 1/4 NW 1/4, Sec. 32; T. 11 S., R. 15 E., N. M. P. M., 160 acres; application of Peter G. Hale, Ruidoso, New Mexico; List 3-1653. The W 1/2 SE 1/4, E 1/2 SW 1/4, Sec. 14, T. 8 S., R. 14 E., N. M. P. M., 160 acres; application of Mary A. Gray, Capitán, New Mexico; List 3-2782. February 28, 1917. D. K. PARROTT, Acting Assistant Commissioner of the General Land Office, 3-16-17

The Titsworth Company

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

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

Our Stock is large and
Our Prices are reasonable

The Titsworth Company

CAPITAN, NEW MEXICO

FEED YARD

HAY AND GRAIN IN CAR LOTS

All Competition Met in Prices on These Commodities

Roomy Yard - Stalls - Water

Coal and Wood

Wm. Barnett EL PASO AVENUE
Phone 86

Notice for Publication
Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at
Fort Stanton, N. M., February 29, 1917.
Notice is hereby given that the State of New Mexico, by virtue of the Act of Congress approved June 21, 1906 and June 20, 1908 and the acts supplementary and amendatory thereto, has filed in this office selection list for the following described land, to-wit:
List 7700. Serial No. 012907.
NW 1/4 NW 1/4, Sec. 21, T. 28, R. 18 E., N. M. P. M., 40 acres.
Protests or contests against any or all of such selection may be filed in this office during the period of publication or at any time thereafter before final approval and certification.
March 9 - April 6, A. J. Evans, Register.
Department of the Interior
United States Land Office
Roswell, New Mexico
March 1, 1917.
B-1661. Serial No. 038353.
Notice
Notice is hereby given that on the 15th day of February, A. D. 1917, the Santa Fe Pacific Railroad Company, made application at the United States Land Office, at Roswell, New Mexico, to select under the Act of April 29th, 1901 (31 Stat. 122) the following described land, to-wit:
Southeast quarter of the Northeast quarter of Section Eleven (11), Township Two (2) South, of Range Twelve (12) East, N. M. P. M., containing Forty (40) acres.
The purpose of this notice is to allow all persons claiming the land adversely, or desiring to show it to be mineral in character, an opportunity to file objection to such location or selection with the local officers for the land district in which the land is situated, to-wit: at the land office at Roswell, and to establish their interest therein for the mineral character thereof.
EMMETT PATTON,
March 9 - April 6, Register.

JOHN E. BELL

Quality Groceries
FANCY AND STAPLE GOODS

The Only Exclusive Grocery in Carrizozo

Fruits, nuts, candies and vegetables in season

A Welcome Awaits You
At

THE STAG

Where your presence is appreciated and the Best Values given

All Goods First Class Pool

JOE R. ADAMS, Prop.
Carrizozo, N. M.

The Carrizozo Bar

A. R. TICE, Proprietor

Bonded Whiskies \$1.50 per quart
Straight Bourbon Whiskey 4.50 per gallon
Various kinds of Wine .50 per quart

Agent for, Blatz Milwaukee Beer

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

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.

Notice for Publication
Department of the Interior,
United States Land Office,
Las Cruces, New Mexico, March 10, 1917.
Notice is hereby given that Lawrence Olsen, of Otero, N. M., who, on November 13, 1914, made homestead entry No. 0583, for SW 1/4 SW 1/4, NW 1/4 Sec. 26, T. 28 N., R. 18 E., N. M. P. M., has filed notice of intention to make final five year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Guido Ramseuer, U. S. Commissioner, at Otero, N. M., on the 27th day of May, 1917.
Claimant names as witnesses:
Eugene F. Jones, Horace Riddle, Cornelius Doss, Adolph R. Oeschwind, all of Otero, N. M.
GENERAL NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN TO THE STATE OF NEW MEXICO OF ABOVE NOTICE OF INTENTION TO MAKE PROOF.
JOHN L. BURNSIDE,
March 14 - April 12, Register.

J. K. SUCH
WATCH AND JEWELRY
REPAIRING

ALL WORK GUARANTEED

El Paso Ave. and 4th St.

R. L. Ransom
Plasterer & Contractor

Estimates furnished on all kinds of plastering and cement work
CARRIZOZO NEW MEXICO

W. H. CORWIN

Contractor and Builder
Brick, Plastering & Cement
Work. Estimates furnished.
Otero, N. M.



WE DO NOT
CHARGE

The Exchange Bank of Carrizozo

FOR THE MANY CONVENIENCES

that a commercial bank can offer its clients. We are only too glad to help them in any way we can. You will be surprised to find the many ways in which a bank can be of use to you if you have never had an account. Come in and let us tell you some of them.

THE LUCAS HOSPITAL

Modern Equipment

Rates furnished on application

by
ROBERT T. LUCAS, M. D.

Trained Nurse In Charge

Carrizozo - New Mexico

New Land Law

Santa Fe, N. M., March 19.—The State Land Office has issued a summary of the new "Thirty Year" or "Deferred Payment Plan" law for the sale of state lands, enacted by the recent legislature, which will be of very general interest to the people of New Mexico. Those who have studied the new law and compared it with the old state land sale contract believe it will have the effect of immediately increasing the demand for state lands, both in large and small tracts and in encouraging interest in the public auctions at which all state lands are sold.

Under the old law the purchaser of state lands paid ten percent of the purchase price at time of sale and the balance in thirty annual installments, the deferred payments bearing interest at 4 per cent. per annum. The buyer paid taxes only on his equity and improve ments.

Under the new law the successful bidder at a sale of state land pays in cash 5 percent of the purchase price. The remaining ninety-five percent may be paid at any time within thirty years, the only qualification being that such payment must be made on an interest paying date and may not be for less than one-thirtieth of this original unpaid balance. Interest charged upon the unpaid balance is 4 per cent. per annum, payable in advance. Interest due and unpaid bears interest at the rate of 1 percent per month until paid. In other words, the buyer upon payment of the purchase price, and the annual interest in advance comes into unrestricted possession of the land and remains in such possession without any further payments except the annual interest, for thirty years, or, if desired, the purchaser may complete payment of the purchase price at any time within that period. The state is protected by a 4 per cent. income bearing mortgage, based on the land.

Section 3 of the new law provides that the purchaser shall become responsible for the taxes on the land from date of purchase, thus bringing all state land sold onto the tax rolls immediately, instead of by small equity increases as under the old law. Taxes are to be assessed as other similar property is assessed and failure to pay taxes works as a forfeiture of the contract.

While the item of taxes is relatively unimportant to the buyer

under the new law, except, perhaps, in the case of very large tracts, the aggregate of all these taxes will be of very great importance to the state in the total of its assessed valuation. Thus the new law not only will stimulate demand for state lands, particularly in small tracts, and encourage more active bidding and consequent advances in prices realized, but it will bring all land sold at once onto the tax roll so that development of the state lands will be of double benefit to the state.

Section 4 of the new law provides that all existing contracts to purchase state land may be adapted to conform to the provisions of the new law, at the option of the holder and upon his application, on payment of a fee of four dollars for each contract of one section or less, and ten cents for each additional section or fraction thereof. These fees are nominal, covering the cost of clerical work involved in the State Land office. The lands selected for the account of the Santa Fe and Grant county railroad bond fund are excepted from the provisions of the new law. All other state lands come under its operation, subject to the provisions of the Public Land Code.

The new law carries the emergency clause and became effective on its approval by Governor Lindsey. The first sale under its provisions was made by Land Commissioner Robert P. Ervin last week at Taos when George A. Davidson of Roswell bought 20,716 acres of land in the Red River district of northern Taos county, for colonization purposes, at an auction in which California development interests were active contenders. Davidson bought the land after bidding it up from its minimum value of \$3 an acre, to \$4.60 an acre at which the sale was made. It is the intention of Mr. Davidson and those interested with him to develop the land in part, at least, as an irrigated colonization project which will be of great importance in the development of Taos county.

Notice of Forfeiture
To the Heirs of G. C. Hedges, Deceased:
You and each of you are hereby notified that the undersigned co-owner has expended the sum of one hundred dollars in cash and labor on the "Deer" Lode Mining Claim situated in the Jicarilla Mining District, Lincoln county, New Mexico. You and each of you are further hereby notified that if you or either of you should fail or refuse to contribute your proportion of such expenditures within sixty days from the date of the last publication of this notice, as required by Section 2724 of the Revised Statutes of the United States, your interest in and to said mining claim will become the property of the undersigned co-owner.

GEORGE J. WEINBAUER, Co-owner.
Jicarilla, N. M., Jan. 10, 1917
Jan. 12-April 13.

Perfect School Attendance, January

First Grade—Edna Mae Welsh, Clark Hust, Euda McMillan, Irvin Ray, Alvin Carl.
Second Grade—Lucile Lacey, Marian Forrest, Sara Osborn, Earl Carl, Maxine Hoffman, Ethel Johnson, Beverly Thompson, Frank Vega, Jean Riley, Fannie Ray, Elvin Harkey, Helen Rolland, Bess McMillan, Roy Rash.

Third Grade—Roy Schaeffer, Kathryn Stidham, Ray Lovelace, Edna Lahann, Albert Harrison, Bonnie McMillan, Andres Sandoval, Nabora Lueras.

Fourth Grade—Myrtle Reynolds, Robert Adams, Lee Stimmet, Aileen Haley, Velma Niles, William Kahler, Kastler Taylor, Ruth McMillan, Elmo Lovelace, Sam Kennedy, Isidoro Chavez, Lillian Johnson, Robert Poage, Frank Patten, Evelyn French, Sirilla Vigil.

Fifth Grade—Leandro Vega, Harry Cole, Carmen Chavez, Clayton Hust, Vaden Gallacher, Ella Rowland, Charlie Cole, Lois Stidham, Nellie Ayera, Blake Lovelace, Adele Lahann, Manuella Phillips.

Sixth Grade—Alta Carl, Hyron Riley, May Schaeffer, Fern Forrest, Myrtle Rowland, Roy Stimmet, Jaddette Johnson, Lucy Sandoval, Karl Kehler, Birda Lacey, Nellie Sandoval, Bryce Duggar.

High School—Elmer Eakers, Pearl Hyde, Linza Branum, Alice Mae Rice, Pearl Kennedy, Rachel Hughes, Pink Roberts, Elsie Hall, Ralph Merchant, Perola Stevens.

PRESENT FOR FEBRUARY

First Grade—Estella Harrison, Vera Richard, Euda McMillan, Alvin Carl, Emilia Gallegos, Vinn Hobbs, Lucile Rice, Clark Hust, Velma West, Vera Hall, Lois Harkey, James Bently, Lily Harkey, Bessy Hale, Pablo Gallegos.

Second Grade—Lucile Lacy, Marian Forre-t, Mildred Jones, Chrystabel Edwards, Roy Richard, Donald McInain, Frank Vega, Maxine Hoffman, Ethel Johnson, Katherine Hull, Erminia Chavez, Dea. Hust, Leslie Lopez, Jean Riley, Jewel Bentley, Erma Poage, Beverly Thompson, Roy Rash, Earl Carl, Helen Rolland, Fannie Ray, Bess McMillan, Elvin Harkey, Earl Carl, Dan Herrera.

Third Grade—Roy Schaeffer, Albert Harrison, Kathryn Stidham, Bonnie Brady, Bill Warden, Julian Lalone, Bonnie McMillan, May Jauregui, Albert Roberts, Fred Lalone, Rue Shulda, Ray Lovelace, Andres Sandoval, Stacy Rustin.

Fourth Grade—Myrtle Reynolds, Aileen Haley, Elmo Lovelace, Albert Hearn, George Yent, Violet West, Abelina Lujan, Charlie Ross, Frank Patten, Isidoro Chavez, Dora Anderson, Lou Montoya, Robert Poage, William Kahler, Albery Lalone, Evelyn French, Sirilla Vigil, Robert Adams, Kastler Taylor.

Fifth Grade—Ruth McMillan, Leandro Vega.

High School—Elmer Eakers, Pearl Hyde, Linza Branum, Alice Mae Rice, Pearl Kennedy, Rachel Hughes, Pink Roberts, Elsie Hall, Ralph Merchant, Perola Stevens.

"News" classifieds do it quick.

Notices for Publication
02512
Department of the Interior,
United States Land Office,
Roswell, New Mexico
February 19, 1917.
Notice is hereby given that Minnie E. Hall, of White Mountain, N. M., who, on Nov. 23, 1911, made Desert Land Entry, Serial No. 02512, for NE 1/4 NW 1/4, Sec. 25, T. 10-S., R. 29-E. and the NW 1/4, Sec. 25, Township 10 N., Range 10-E., N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Proof to establish claim to the land above described, before the U. S. A. G. (Clark of the Probate Court) in the office, at Carrizozo, N. M., on March 27, 1917. (Claimant names as witnesses)
Jack M. Patten of Three Rivers, N. M.; Editha (Hogge), of White Mountain, N. M.; Correllus Hogge, of Moose Workman, of Otero, N. M.
EMMETT PATTON,
Feb. 23-Mch. 23, 1917.
Register.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

SPENCE & MERCHANT
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
Rooms 3 and 4, Exchange Bank Bldg.
CARRIZO, NEW MEXICO

GEORGE B. BARBER
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW
Carrizozo - New Mexico

BUEL R. WOOD
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR
Exchange Bank Building
Carrizozo, New Mexico

SETH F. CREWS
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Will practice in Federal and State Courts
OSCURO - NEW MEXICO

C. L. KENNEDY
LAWYER
White Oaks, N. M.

C. A. PERKINS
WITH GEORGE H. BARRER
Attorney
Special Attention Given to Collections
Life Insurance, Notary Public
CARRIZO, NEW MEXICO

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

R. E. BLANEY
DENTIST
Office in
Lucas Hospital Building
Carrizozo - New Mexico

DRS. PRISLEY & SWARINGIN
Specialists: Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat, and Fitting Glasses
Suite 1 & 5, First National Bank, ROSWELL, N.M.

T. E. KELLEY
Funeral Director and Licensed Embalmer
Phone 96
CARRIZO - NEW MEXICO

Foxworth-Galbraith LUMBER COMPANY
I am leaving the employment of this above firm at Carrizozo, and am going to Stratford, Texas, where I will have charge of the business for the same firm.

Mr. D. R. Stewart, of Texhoma, Texas, has succeeded me in the management here, and it is with pleasure that I recommend him to you, a splendid gentleman, and he will see that you continue to get the same good service that I tried to give the customers, and I assure you that he will appreciate any courtesy or favor shown him.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal of said County, at Carrizozo, New Mexico, this 29th day of February, 1917.
O. T. NYE, Clerk.
By W. H. OSBORN, Deputy.
Name and address of plaintiff's attorney: G. B. Barber, Carrizozo, New Mexico, March 2, 1917.

Carrizo Lodge No. 11 Knights of Pythias

Meets every Monday evening in the Masonic Hall. All members are urged to be present and visiting Knights welcomed.
G. T. McQuillen, E. A. O. Johnson, C. C. 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 2, February 3, March 5, April 7, May 5, June 1 and 30, July 28, September 1 and 29, October 27, November 24, December 22 and 27.
H. B. 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.
A. T. CHANNEL, N. G.
JAMES ROSKILL, Sec'y.

THROUGH DAILY SERVICE

ROSWELL-CARRIZO MAIL LINE
Leave Roswell.....7:00 a. m.
Leave Carrizozo.....1:15 p. m.
Arrive Roswell.....8:30 p. m.
Arrive Carrizozo.....2:15 p. m.

INTERMEDIATE POINTS

Picacho - Tinnie
Hondo - Lincoln
Capitan - Nogal

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

ROSWELL AUTO COMPANY OWNERS AND OPERATORS

Legal Notice
State of New Mexico, County of Lincoln, ss.
I, Henry Fritz, Executor of the last will and testament of Charles Fritz, deceased, Mrs. Clara Rankin, Mrs. Carrie Volz, Mrs. Beale Dolan, Charles Fritz, John Wilkerson, minor heirs of Mrs. Elsie Reynolds, deceased, Joseph H. Reynolds, all of whom are surviving heirs at law of Willie Fritz, deceased, and all unknown persons who may come in and be made parties as claimants to the lands described below in this notice, or who may have or claim any interest in the estate of Willie Fritz, deceased, Plaintiffs,
vs.
Mrs. Emma McAllister, the unknown heirs of Carl Fritz, known in Lincoln County, New Mexico, in his life time as Charles Fritz, and all unknown persons who may claim an interest or title adverse to the plaintiffs in the lands hereinafter described, and all unknown heirs of Carl Fritz and Mrs. Emma McAllister who may claim any interest or title adverse to the plaintiffs and all unknown claimants of interest in the estate and lands hereinafter described and left by Willie Fritz, deceased, Defendants.

In the District Court of the Third Judicial District of the State of New Mexico, for the County of Lincoln.
The said defendants above named are hereby notified that a complaint has been filed against them in the District Court for Lincoln County, that being the Court in which said case is pending, by the above named plaintiffs, the general object of said action being to quiet the title in the plaintiffs as heirs of Willie Fritz, deceased, to and to the following described lands, to wit: The W 1/2 of SW 1/4 of Section 27, divided by a straight line running from the northeast corner to the southwest corner of said SW 1/4 of NE 1/4 of said Section 27; The NW 1/4 of SW 1/4 of Section 27, and NE 1/4 of SE 1/4 of Section 26, all in Township 10 North of Range 10 E., N. M. P. Meridian, containing 230 acres of land situated in Lincoln County, State of New Mexico, and known as the Willie Fritz farm and ranch on the Donato River in said Lincoln County, as will more fully appear by reference to the complaint filed in said cause. And that unless you, the said defendants, enter your appearance in said cause on or before the 23rd day of April, 1917, judgment will be rendered against you in said cause by default.

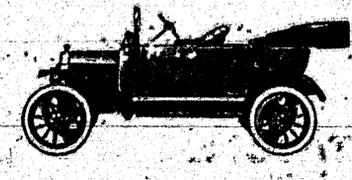
In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal of said County, at Carrizozo, New Mexico, this 29th day of February, 1917.
O. T. NYE, Clerk.
By W. H. OSBORN, Deputy.
Name and address of plaintiff's attorney: G. B. Barber, Carrizozo, New Mexico, March 2, 1917.

Stoves and Ranges. Builders' Hardware.
N. B. TAYLOR & SONS
Blacksmithing and Hardware
CARRIZO & WHITE OAKS
Tinware, Paints, Glass, Oils of all kinds.
Harness, Ammunition, Etc.

Special Facilities For Banquet and Dinner Parties.
Carrizozo Eating House
F. W. GURNEY, Manager.

Table Supplied with the Best the market affords.

Ford
THE UNIVERSAL CAR
NEW PRICES, August 1, 1916
The following prices for Ford cars will be effective on and after August 1st, 1916
Chassis \$325.00
Runabout 345.00
Touring Car 360.00
f. o. b. Detroit
These prices positively guaranteed against any reduction before Aug. 1, 1917, but there is no guarantee against an advance in price any time
WESTERN GARAGE
F. B. SHIELDS, Proprietor



You Need a Tonic
There are times in every woman's life when she needs a tonic to help her over the hard places. When that time comes to you, you know what tonic to take—Cardui, the woman's tonic. Cardui is composed of purely vegetable ingredients, which act gently, yet surely, on the weakened womanly organs, and helps build them back to strength and health. It has benefited thousands and thousands of weak, ailing women in its past half century of wonderful success, and it will do the same for you.
You can't make a mistake in taking
CARDUI
The Woman's Tonic
Miss Amelia Wilson, R. F. D. No. 4, Alma, Ark., says: "I think Cardui is the greatest medicine on earth for women. Before I began to take Cardui, I was so weak and nervous, and had such awful dizzy spells and a poor appetite. Now I feel as well and as strong as I ever did, and can eat most anything. Begin taking Cardui today. Sold by all dealers.
Has Helped Thousands.

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If you need change at any time, it will give us pleasure to supply it.
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We sincerely thank our friends for their hearty support of our institution.
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THE STOCKMENS STATE BANK
CORONA, NEW MEXICO

Toilet Articles
Rubber Goods Stationery Confectionery Drugs Prescriptions
They are good when we sell them, and the price is always right. Try us.
The Nyal Store
ROLLAND BROS.

The PRICE

By FRANCIS LYNDE
ILLUSTRATIONS BY CDRHODES

CHAPTER XXVI—Continued.

"I must be going," she said, rising. "If you will give me my envelope?" He crossed to the safe and got it for her. His curiosity was still keened, but he beat it back manfully. "I wish you wouldn't hurry," he said hospitably. He was searching the changeable eyes for the warrant to say more, but he could not find it. He was obliged to let it go at that; but when they reached the phaeton, and the horse-holding clerk had been relieved, he spoke of another matter. "I'm a little worried about Kenneth," he told her. "He came down this morning looking positively wretched, but he wouldn't admit that he was sick. Have you seen much of him lately?" "Not very much—guardedly—Did you say he had gone home?" "I don't know where he has gone. He left here about half an hour before you came, and I haven't seen him since."

"And you are worried because he doesn't look well?" "Not altogether on that account. I'm afraid he is in deep water of some kind. I never saw a person change as he has in the past week or so. You know him pretty well, and what a big heart he has!" She nodded, half mechanically. "Well, there have been times lately when I've been afraid he'd kill somebody—in this squabble of ours, you know. He has been going around—which was excusable enough, under the circumstances—and night before last, when we were walking uptown together, I had all I could do to keep him from taking a pot-shot at a fellow who, he thought, was following us. I don't know but I'm taking all sorts of unfair advantage of him, telling you this behind his back, but—" "No! I'm glad you have told me. Maybe I can help."

He put her into the low basket seat, and tucked the dust-robe around her carefully. While he was doing it he looked up into her face and said: "I'd love you awfully hard for what you have done today—if you'd let me."

It was like her to smile straight into his eyes when she answered him. "When you can say that—in just that way—to the right woman, you'll find a great happiness lying in wait for you, Edward, dear." And then she spoke to the Morgan mare and distance came between.

As once before, in the earlier hours of the same day, Miss Grierson took the roundabout way between the Raymer plant and Mercede, making the effort which took her through the college grounds and brought her out at the head of upper Shawnee street. The widow Holcomb was sitting on her front porch, placidly crocheting, when the phaeton drew up at the curb. "Mr. Griswold," said the phaeton's occupant. "May I trouble you to tell him that I'd like to speak to him a moment?" Mrs. Holcomb, friend of the Raymers, the Farnhams, and the Oswalds, had own cousin to the Barra, was of the perverse minority; and, apart from this, she had her own opinion of a young woman who would wait at the door of a young man's boarding house and take him off for a night drive to goodness only knew where, and from which he did not return until goodness only knew when. So there was no stiff missive in the crocheting when she said, stiffly: "Mr. Griswold isn't in. He hasn't been home since morning."

Miss Grierson drove on, and the most casual observer might have remarked the strained tightening of the lips and the two red spots which came and went in the damask-peach cheeks. But it was not until she had reached Mercede, and had gained the shelter of the deserted library, that speech came. "O pitiful Christ!" she sobbed, dropping into a chair and hiding her face in the crook of her arm; "he's done it at last!—he's trying to hide, and that's what they've been waiting for! And I don't know where to look!" But Matthew Broffin, sitting lazily in his chair on the downtown hotel porch, knew very well where to look, and he was watching the ease of the hiding place as an alert, though outwardly disregardful, house cat watches a mouse's hole.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Quality of Meray, On no less an authority than that of the great doctor who came again from Chicago for a second consultation with Doctor Farnham, Andrew Galbraith owed his life during the two days following his return to consciousness to the unremitting care and devotion of his companion. Seconding the efforts of the physicians, and skillfully directing those of the nurses, Margery threw herself into the vicarious struggle with the generous self-sacrifice which counts neither cost nor loss; and on the third day she had her reward. Her involuntary gasp and charge was distinctly bet-

ter, and again, so the two doctors declared, the balance was inclining slightly toward recovery. "It was in the afternoon of this third day, when she had been reading to him, at his own request, the sayings of the Man on the Mount, that he referred for the first time to the details of the accident which had so nearly blotted him out. Upon his asking, she related the few and simple facts of the rescue, modestly minimizing her own part in it, and giving her companion in the caboose full credit. "The writer-man," he said thoughtfully, when she had finished telling him how Griswold had worked over him in the boat, and how he would not give up. "I remember; you fetched him out to the hotel with you one day; no, you needn't fear I'll be forgetting him." Then, with a shrewd look out of the steel-gray eyes: "How long have you been knowing him, Maggie, child?" "Oh, for quite a long time," she hastened to say. "He came here, sick and helpless, one day last spring, and well, there isn't any hospital here in Wabaska, you know, so we took him in and helped him get over the fever, or whatever it was. This was his room while he stayed with us."

Andrew Galbraith wagged his head on the pillow. "I know," he said. "And you're doing it again for a poor old man whose sinner has never thought him anything like the love you're spending on him. You're everybody's good angel, I'm thinking, Maggie, lassie." Though he did not realize it, his sickness was bringing him day by day nearer to his far-away boyhood in the Inverness-shire hills, and it was easy to slip into the speech of the mother-tongue. Then, after a long pause, he went on: "He was wearing a beard, a red beard trimmed down to a spike—this writer-man, which ye found him, was he?" She shook her head. "No; I have never seen him with a beard."

The sick man turned his face to the wall, and after a time she heard him repeating softly the words which she had just read to him. "But if ye forgive not men, neither will your father forgive." And again, "Judge not that ye be not judged." When he turned back to her there were new lines of suffering in the gray old face. "I'm sore beset, child; sore beset," he sighed. "You were telling me that MacFarland and Johnson will be here tonight?" "Yes; they should both reach Wabaska this evening."

Another pause, and at the end of it: "That man Broffin; you'll remember you asked me one day who he was, and I tell't ye he was a special officer for the bank. Is he still here?" "He is; I saw him on the street this morning."

Again Andrew Galbraith turned his face away, and he was quiet for so long a time that she thought he had fallen asleep. But he had not. "You're thinking something of the writer-man, lassie? Don't mind the clavers of an old man who never had a chick or child of his ain."

Her answer was such as a child might have made. She lifted the big-jointed hand on the coverlet and pressed it softly to her flushed cheek, and he understood. "I thought so; I was afraid so," he said, slowly. "You say you have known him a long time; it canna have been long enough, lassie."

"But it is," she insisted, loyally. "I know him better than he knows himself; oh, very much better." "Ye know the good in him, maybe; there's good in all men, I'm thinking now, though there was a time when I didna believe it." "I know the good and the bad—and the bad is only the good turned upside down." Again the sick man wagged his head on the pillow and closed his eyes. "Ye're a loving lassie, Maggie, and that's there is to it," he commented; and after another interval: "What must be, must be. We spoke of this man Broffin; I must see him before Johnson comes. Can ye get him for me, Maggie, child?" She nodded and went downstairs to the telephone, returning almost immediately. "I was fortunate enough to catch him at the hotel. He will be here in a few minutes," was the word she brought; and Galbraith thanked her with his eyes. "When he comes, ye'll let me see him alone—just for a few minutes," he begged; and beyond that he said no more. It was after the click of the gate latch had announced Broffin's arrival that Margery drew the shades to shut out the glare of the afternoon sun, lowering the one at the bed's head so that the light no longer fell upon the instruments of the small house telephone set mounted upon the wall beside the door. "Mr. Broffin is here, and I'll send him up," she said. "But you mustn't let him stay long, and you mustn't try to talk too much."

The sick man promised, and as she was going away she turned to repeat the caution. Andrew Galbraith's eyes were closed in weariness, and he did not see that she was standing with her back to the wall while she admonished him, or that, when she had gone to send the visitor up, the earpiece of the house telephone set had been detached from its hook and left dangling by its wire cord.

Miss Grierson went on into the library after she had met the detective at the door and had told him how to find the upstairs-room. When the sound of a cautiously closed door told her that Broffin had entered the sick-room, she snatched the receiver of the library house phone from its hook and held it to her ear. For a little time she knitted brows and the tightly pressed lips. Then she smiled and the dark eyes grew softly radiant. "The dear old saint!" she whispered; "the dear, dear old saint!" And when Broffin came down a few minutes later, she went to open the hall door for him, serenely demure and with honey on her tongue, as befitting the role of "everybody's good angel."

"Did you find him worse than you feared, or better than you hoped?" she asked. "He's mighty near the edge, I should say—what? But you never can tell. Some of these old fellows can claw back to the top o' the hill after all the doctors in creation have thrown up their hands. I've seen it. What does Doc Farnham say?" "What he always says; while there's life, there's hope."

Broffin nodded and went his way down the walk, stopping at the gate to take up the cigar he had hidden on his arrival. "So Galbraith's out of it, lock, stock and barrel," he muttered, as he strode thoughtfully toward. "I reckoned it'd be that way, as soon as I heard the story of that shipwreck. And now I ain't so blamed sure that it's Raymer a-holdin' the fort in them pretty black eyes. The old man talked like a man that had just been honeyfugled and talked over and primed plum' up to the muzzle. Why the blue blazes



"He's Trying to Hide and That's What They've Been Waiting For."

can't she talk her iron-molder fellow and be satisfied? She can't swing to both of 'em. Umpt—! the old man wanted me to skip out on a wild goose chase to Frisco in that bond business, and take the first train! Sure, I'll go—but not today; oh, no, by golly; not this day!"

It was possibly an hour beyond Broffin's visit when Margery, having successfully read the sick man to sleep, tiptoed out of the room and went below stairs to shut herself into the hall telephone closet. The number she asked for was that of the Raymer Foundry and Machine works, and Raymer, himself, answered the call. "Have you heard anything yet from Mr.—from our friend?"

"Not a word. But I'm not worrying any more now. I've been remembering that he is the happy—or unhappy—possessor of the 'artistic temperament' and that accounts for anything and everything. I'd forgotten that for a few minutes, you know."

"Well?" she said, with the faintest possible accent of impatience. "He has gone off somewhere to plug away on that book of his; I'm sure of it. And he hasn't gone very far. I'm inclined to believe that Mrs. Holcomb knows where he is—only she won't tell. And somebody else knows, too." "Who is the somebody else?" "Though the wire was in a measure public, Raymer risked a single word. "Charlotte."

said the voice at the Mercede transmitter. "Excuse me, as Hank Billingsley used to say when he happened to shoot the wrong man. Come over when you feel like it—and have time. You mustn't forget that, you owe me two calls. Good-by."

After Margery Grierson had let herself out of the stifling little closet under the hall stair, she went into the darkened library and sat for a long time staring at the cold hearth. It was a crooked world, and just now it was a sharply cruel one. There was much to be read between the lines of the short telephone talk with Edward Raymer. The trap was sprung and its jaws were closing; and in his extremity Kenneth Griswold was turning, not to the woman who had condescended and shielded and paid the costly price, but to the other. "Dear God!" she said softly, when the prolonged stare had brought the quick-springing tears to her eyes; "and I—could have kept him safe!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Pendulum-Swing. To a man seeking only to escape from himself, all roads are equal and all destinations likely to prove uniformly disappointing. Turning his back upon the iron works in the day of defeat, with no very clear idea of what he should do or where he should go, Griswold pushed through the strikers' picket lines, and, avoiding the militant suburb, drifted by way of sundry outlying residences, streets and a country road to the high ground back of the city.

In deserting Raymer he was actuated by no motive of disloyalty. On the contrary, so much of the motive as had any bearing upon his relations with the young iron founder sprang from a generous impulse to free Raymer from an incubus. If it were the curse of the Midastron to turn all things to gold, it seemed to be his own peculiar curse to turn the gold to dross; to leave behind him a train of disaster, defeat and tragic dopravity. The plunge into the labor conflict had merely served to afford another striking example of his inability to break the evil spell, and Raymer could well spare him.

On the long tramp to the hills the events of the past few months marshaled themselves in accusing review. No human being, save one, of all those with whom he had come in contact since the day of dragon-boarding in the New Orleans bank had escaped the contaminating touch, and each in turn had suffered loss. The man Gavitt had given his name and identity; the mate of the Belle Julie had sacrificed what little respect he may have had for law and order by becoming, potentially, at least, a criminal accessory. The little Irish cab-driver had sold himself for a price; and the negro deckhand had earned his mess of fried fish. The single exception was Charlotte Farnham, and he told himself that she had escaped only because she had done her duty as she saw it.

And as the bedeviling thing had begun, so it had continued, losing none of its potency for evil. In the little world of Wabaska, which was to have been the theater of Utopian demonstration, the curse had persisted. The money, used with the loftiest intentions, had served only as a means to an end, and the end had proved to be the rearing of an apparently impassable wall of bitter antagonism between master and men. And the secret of the money's origin and acquisition, which was to have been so easily cast aside and ignored, had become a soul-sickness incurable and even contagious. Griswold was beginning to suspect that it had attacked Margery Grierson; that it had unconsciously, if not otherwise, thrust itself into Charlotte Farnham's life; and the days lately past had shown him into what depths it could plunge its wretched guardian and slave.

Now that the plunge had been taken and he had been made to understand that he must henceforth reckon with a base and cowardly underself which would not stop short of the most heinous crime, he told himself that he must have time to think—to plan. Caring nothing for its roughness, he followed the country road into a valley forest of oaks. After an hour of aimless tramping he began to have occasional near-hand glimpses of the lake; and a little farther along he came out upon the main-traveled road leading to the summer resort hotel at the head of De Soto bay.

Still without any definite purpose in mind he pushed on, and upon reaching the hotel he went in and registered for a room. Here he drew the window shades and lay down, and since the week of strife had been cutting deeply into the nights, when he awoke it was evening and a cheerful clamor in the dining room beneath told him that it was dinner time.

It is a trite saying that many a gull, seemingly impassable, has been safely bridged in sleep. Bathed, refreshed, and with the tramping stains removed, Griswold went down to dinner with the lost appetite regained. Early on the following day he sent a note to Mrs. Holcomb by one of the inn employees; but the copy of the Daily Wabaskan laid beside his breakfast plate made it unnecessary to telephone Raymer. The paper had a full account of the sudden ending of the lock-out and the resumption of work in the Raymer plant, and he read it with a curious stirring of self-compassion. As he had reasoned it out, there was only one way in which the result could have been attained so quickly. And Raymer taken that way, in spite of his wrathful rejection of the suggestion? Doubtless he had; and on the basis of that conclusion came a sense of deprivation

that was fairly appalling, and the healthy breakfast appetite vanished. Griswold knew what it meant, or he thought he did. Margery Grierson was gone out of his life—gone beyond recall.

After that, there was all the better reason why he should grapple with himself in the fallow interval; and for two complete days he was lost, even to the small world of the summer resort, tramping for hours in the lake shore forests or drifting about in one of the hotel skiffs, and returning to the inn only to eat and sleep when hunger or weariness constrained him. On the whole, the discipline was good. He fastened himself that the sense of proportion was returning slowly, and with it some saner impulses. Truly, it had been his misfortune to be obliged to compromise with evil to some extent, and to involve others, but was not that rather due to the ineradicable faults of an imperfect social system than to any basic defect in his own theories? And was not the same imperfect social system partly responsible for the quasi-criminal attitude which had been forced upon him? He was willing to believe it; willing, also, to believe that he could rise above the constraining forces and be the man he wished to be. That he could so rise was proved, he decided; on the morning of the third day, when he chanced to overhear the hotel clerk telling the man whose room was across the corridor from his own that Andrew Galbraith still had a fighting chance for life. In the pleasant glow of the high resolve the news awakened none of the murderous promptings, but rather the generous hope that it might be true.

It was late in the afternoon of this third day, upon his return from a long pull in the borrowed skiff around the group of islands in the upper and unfrequented part of the lake, that he found a note awaiting him. It was from Miss Farnham, and its brevity, no less than its urgency, stirred him apprehensively, bringing a suggestive return of the furtive fierceness which he promptly fought down. "I must see you before eight o'clock this evening. It is of the last importance," was the wording of the note; and the heavy underscoring of the "last," and a certain tremulous characteristic in the handwriting, stressed the urgency.

It was still quite early in the evening when the inn conveyance set him down at the door of his lodgings in upper Shawnee street. To the caretaking widow, who would have prepared a late dinner for him, he explained that he was going out again almost at once; and taking time only for a bath and a change, he set forth on the cross-town walk. It lacked something less than a half hour of the time limit set in Miss Farnham's note, but he attached no special importance to that. He knew that the doctor's dinner hour was early, and that in any event he could choose his own time for an evening call.

It nettled him angrily to find that the promission of coming disaster was still with him when he crossed the courthouse square and came into the main street a few doors from the Winnobago entrance. Attacking from a fresh vantage ground it was warning him that the town hotel was the stopping place of the man Broffin, and that he was taking an unnecessary hazard in passing it. Brushing the warning aside, he went on defiantly, and just before he came within identifying range of the loungers on the hotel porch an omnibus backed to the curb to deliver its complement of passengers from the lately met northbound train.

Griswold walked on until he was stopped by the sidewalk-trocker group of freshly arrived travelers pausing to identify their luggage as it



Dartly the Man Catcher Worked Them Open.

was handed down from the top of the omnibus. Alertly watchful, he quickly recognized Broffin among the porch loungers, and saw him leave his tilted chair to saunter toward the steps. Then the fatal thing happened. One of the luggage sorters, a clean-limbed, handsome young fellow with boyish eyes and a good-natured grin, wheeled suddenly and gripped him. "Why, Griswold, old man!—well, I'll be dogged! Was on the face of the earth would ever have thought of dandling you here! So this is where you came up, after the long, deep, McIntyre dive, is it?" Then to one of his fellow travelers: "Hold on a minute,

Johnson; I want you to shake hands with an old newspaper pal of mine from New York, Mr. Kenneth Griswold. Kenneth, this is Mr. Beverly Johnson, of the Bayou State Security bank in New Orleans."

Thus Bainbridge, sometime star reporter for the Louisianaian, turning up at the climactic instant to prove the crowded condition of an overmorrow world, much as Matthew Broffin had once turned up on the after-deck of the coastwise steamer Adelantado to prove it to him.

While Griswold, with every nerve on edge, was acknowledging the introduction which he could by no means avoid, Broffin drew nearer. From the porch steps he could both see and hear. Bainbridge, cheerfully loquacious, continued to do most of the talking. "He was talking Griswold the streak of good luck which had snatched him out of a reporter's berth in the South; to make him night editor of one of the St. Paul dailies. Johnson was merely an onlooker. Broffin's eyes searched the teller's face. Thus far it was a blank—a rather bored blank.

"And you are on your way to St. Paul now?" Griswold said to the newspaper man. Broffin, whose ears were skillfully attuned to all the tone variations in the voice of evasion, thought he detected a quaver of anxious impatience in the half-absent query. "Yes; I was going on through tonight, but Johnson, here, stumped me to stop over. He said I might be able to get a news story out of his sick president." Bainbridge rumbled on. "Ever meet Mr. Galbraith? He is the bank president who was held up last spring, you remember; fine old Scotch gentleman of the Walter-Scott brand."

"When did you leave New Orleans?" Griswold asked; and now Broffin made sure he distinguished the note of anxiety. "Two days back; missed a connection on account of high water in the Ohio. Might have stayed another 12 hours in the good old levee town if we'd only known, oh, Johnson!" And then again to Griswold: "Remember that supper we had at Chaudiere's, the night I was leaving for the banana coast? By George! come to think of it, I believe that was the last time we foregathered in the— Say, Kenneth, what have you done with your beard?"

Something clicked in Broffin's brain. The final doubt was cleared away. Griswold was the man he had seen and marked when the two were saying good-by on the banquet in front of CHAUDIERE'S.

Broffin's right hand went swiftly to an inside pocket of his coat and when it was withdrawn a pair of handcuffs, tied to his wrists, came with it. Doffly the man-catcher worked them open, using only the fingers of one hand, and never taking his eyes from the trio on the sidewalk. One last stop remained; if he could only manage to get speech with Johnson first— During the trying interval Broffin had been fully alive to his peril. He had seen the swift hand-passing, and he knew what it was the Broffin was concealing in the hand which had made the quick pocket dive. He knew that the crucial moment had come; and, as many times before, the savage fear-mania was gripping him. In the cold vise-nip of it he had become once more the cornered wild beast.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Whooping Cough. The Bureau of Laboratories of the New York board of health has been conducting an extensive investigation of whooping cough, and Dr. Paul Luttinger recently reported to the Medical association of the greater city of New York some of the results of that inquiry.

Among the most interesting conclusions reached is that the early part of the disease is the most infectious. The bacillus that is believed to cause it is rarely found in the sputum after the first week of the paroxysmal, or whooping, stage, so there would seem to be no necessity for the child to be kept in the house for more than a week after the whoop appears.

Doctor Luttinger says physicians underestimate the seriousness of the disease and fail to report cases. Only 26 per cent of cases in a certain area were reported, and "probably not more than 10 per cent are reported in Greater New York."

Good Men Are Scarce. Col. E. Polk Johnson of Louisville, who fought for the Confederacy, read something in the dispatches from the front the other day that reminded him very much of what happened when he was serving in the western army in the Civil war. "I remember it was a wet, cold, rainy night in the middle of winter," said the veteran, "when a long, lean chap in my regiment was ordered to go on picket duty. He thought the situation over for a minute and then he turned to the sergeant who had brought the message. 'You go right straight back whar you come from,' he drawled, 'and tell the cap'n I jest natchally can't do it. I got a letter from Gl'ral Bragg this mornin', and he said good men was gittin' mighty scarce in this here army, and for me to take good care of myself!'"

Respirators for Air Raids. As a result of the police warnings advising people to keep all windows closed in the event of an air raid on London; and thus prevent the admission of deleterious gases, there has been a rush to buy respirators. Stores were sold out within an hour or two. The most popular form was that made of either non-inflammable celluloid or rubber, except the mouthpiece. They have motor goggle fittings to protect the eyes.—London Globe.

TRAINING TODAY'S BOYS AND GIRLS

When Impudence Is Disrespect and When Frankness.

BOTH CALL FOR RESTRAINT

What Kind and How Much Are the Real Considerations That Must Be Studied by the Wise Parent.

By SIDONIE M. GRUENBERG. ONE does not need to be very old to recall the days when all children were well-behaved and respectful to their elders. And those of us who are too young to remember the good old days can get from European visitors the assurance that American children are, on the whole, altogether too free in their speech. Indeed, our visitors from abroad are more frequently shocked by the "impudence" of our children than they are impressed by the height of our buildings.

It must be admitted that our children are rather outspoken. In our reaction against the crushing restraints of puritanism, we have no doubt gone too far. And in rejecting the old standards of human and child conduct we have too frequently failed to establish definite standards of our own. But we are not compelled to choose between disrespect and lawlessness on the one hand, and repression and hypocrisy on the other. Children must have freedom, but they can and should be taught to speak in a more respectful and mannerly fashion.

A great deal of what older people resent as "impudence" is really not offensive in spirit, but when the shocking word is spoken it is not always accompanied by its own explanation. It is necessary for older people to understand what goes on in the child's mind, instead of waiting for the child to make the explanation. There are three common sources of "impudence" that we can learn to understand and to treat. Children unconsciously imitate the tones and expressions that they hear at home or among their associates. If a child is often scolded and reproved in coarse terms, we should not expect him to use gentle and refined speech in situations that call for his critical and resentful spirit. We are outraged on hearing a young miss say to her father: "You were crazy to go out without your umbrella; you might have seen it would rain." But it does not take us long to find out that the child is using the friendly and conventional language of

beyond the point where they can be safely suppressed. It is better that we know just what the children feel. Occasional expressions of ill will or of irreverence may be taken as the occasion for a claring up the moral atmosphere. Talking a situation over with the child will often bring to the surface lingering shreds of spite or bitterness. These gnawing and growing usually only where the children are fairly free to give expression to their feelings, restrained only by what they learn of genuine respect and courtesy.

In many cases what appears as disrespect or worse is merely an indication of ignorance or crudeness. This was illustrated by a little boy of four, whose violent jumping on a rickety stair was interrupted by his cautious grandmother. When the old lady's back was turned the child whispered to his brother, "Don't you wish she was dead?" This was a scandalous thing to hear, and under other circumstances a child saying anything like that would have been mercilessly chastised. But in this case, as in many others, there was neither malice

Children Unconsciously Imitate the Tones and Expressions That They Hear at Home.

in the child's feelings nor understanding of his mind. In all good faith he wished the disturbing grandmother beyond good and evil. A child needs in a case of this kind not reproof or punishment, but enlightenment. He must learn the remoter meanings and implications of the words he uses, and he must learn to speak discriminately. Whether the undesirable modes of expression that we commonly call impudence are the results of imitating bad models, or the results of unrestrained freedom of expression, our remedies are not to be sought in enforced silence. It is well for us to know first of all what the sources of the impudence are, and then deal with these. We cannot always regulate in advance the language and manners of the associates of our children, but we can do a great deal to make the home impressions that they ought to be. And it is better for us to know just what the children think and feel and improve their thoughts and feelings than to foster hatred and hypocrisy under the cloak of decorum.

DEVOTED TO HIS NECKTIE

Strange How Neckwear Will Weave Itself About the Tenderest Parts of a Man's Heart.

Every morning we stand before the mirror, flap the large end over and around, push it behind and up and draw it carefully through. It becomes a habit, and yet, like dining, it has a certain fascination. The keen pleasure of a new and increased cravat helps to make a whole week brighter. And that dread day when a white spot appears in the center of the front of our favorite green one, or when the beloved brown parts internally, and, while appearing the same without, tells us that it is gone forever—that day our coffee is bitter and the mercury low.

But we never cruelly desert a faithful friend. For a couple of times after the white spot appears we try to tie it farther up or lower down, usually with pathetically ineffectual results. And then we pasture it back somewhere on the rack with the bowties that are not good taste any more and the selections made by a worthy aunt at a reduction sale, and let it enjoy a quiet old age. Somehow eventually it disappears. We do not know how. Perhaps a careless maid drops it in a waste-basket, or a plotting wife makes way with it. But most probably, like old watches and college text-books, it has some unseen heaven of its own whither it is wafted after its life amongst us is over.—From the Atlantic.

"Lambamena." One of the oldest native Madagascan industries is the curing and manufacturing of silk into what is called "lambamena." "lamba" in Malagasy means dress, shroud, or clothing, and "mena" means red. "Lambamena" is made from a heavy gray native silk principally in the Betsileo country, in the southern part of the central plateau. This material was originally used for wrapping the bodies of prominent natives for burial. The more celebrated or wealthy the deceased or his relatives were, the more lambamena was used, but this custom is being gradually discontinued.

No Cause for Worry. Mrs. Flatbush—"Oh, dear!" Mr. Flatbush—"What's wrong now?" "Oh, I read today that if the earth were to revolve seventeen times faster than it does, bodies at the equator would lose their weight and remain stationary in the air without support." "Don't worry, dear; if we ever get there I'll support you just the same."—Yonkers Statesman.

The Victorious Defeat

By KATHERINE HOWE

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

"I've got to play ragtime in a cheap cabaret—or starve."

Philip Hutchins looked at the girl before him with an odd mixture of humor and despair.

"Oh, Phil! That's awful! It's heart-breaking—disgraceful!"

"Not as disgraceful as borrowing money till people get on the other side of the street—or—or being carted off to the morgue." He tried to speak lightly, not wanting her to know how much it cost him. In Germany he had been the great master's best pupil. At his first concert he had made the piano speak the poetry of Chopin and Liszt till the critics had cried "Bravo." But the war had come, and also the end of his income, and he had returned to New York to try to make a living with his art, with this result.

"But you, little girl! If I could only make them give you your chance. It wouldn't be long before Ruth Lambert, the violinist, would be blazoned in big letters on the billboards."

"I'm afraid that'll never come." The tears gathered in her eyes, and her voice was so near the breaking point, she could not trust herself to go on.

"Don't say 'never,'" he cried, with an attempt at being courageous. "I tell you, Ruth, I've heard great artists in Berlin, and you—you have it in you."

"But no one will pay me for playing. I can play before these clubs, and at afternoon teas till the end of time, and it never occurs to them I have to pay room rent and have at least two meals a day. I don't know how to get rich people interested in me—somehow I can't do it, and I have haunted the bureaus and agencies till the very thought of one makes me sick. It's just about as pleasant a prospect to think of going home—a failure—as—as what you said."

"But you're not a failure!" he asserted. "I know fine playing when I hear it! You are bound to make your mark! Go home for a little while. Call it a needed rest, a short vacation, and maybe before long I shall be making enough for both of us. Then you shall have your concert, and we shall be together all the time."

For answer she put her hand in his and he drew her to him. It had been understood now for several months that "some day" they should be "always together." It began with their first meeting at Burleson's studio reception, when her accompanist failed to appear, and he offered to be a substitute. How wonderfully he had played, following, helping her fill the violin and piano seemed to talk together and understand each other.

"Oh, if you could only get the ear of Merriden!" he exclaimed. "He could make you!"

"You might as well try to get the ear of the czar of all the Russias. I'm not going to attempt it again. Yesterday when I called, after making an appointment, the secretary said Mr. Merriden could see no one, as he was not well and was going away for a rest. So what's the use?"

"You ought to have called yourself Miss Lambert, or something foreign," laughed the young man.

"That's it!" she exclaimed, indignantly. "If, instead of Hutchins, you had posed as the great Hutchinoff, or any sort of a Russian, with long hair, you would have been having them at your feet by now. Oh, it makes me so furious to think that Americans will let their own artists starve while they just shower flattery and money on anything with a foreign name."

"It won't always be so," he said.

"Maybe not; but I've got to give it up and go home. Phil, I don't believe you quite understand all that means. You see, my mother made sacrifices for me to come to New York to study. My father was always against it. He made it pretty hard for both of us."

"Now mother hasn't any more money to send—and I wouldn't want her to—if she had. I meant to be earning something by now. I didn't want to go back till I had. You see, father is bent on my marrying a man—an old friend of his who has barrels of money. He was terribly angry because I refused. He said I would come to my senses yet, and come back." This man writes me every little while saying he is waiting. It doesn't seem to make any difference that I have refused him, and send back the letters unopened."

"Well," smiled Hutchins, "I like his grit; but," and his face grew serious, "you wouldn't?"

"Never, Phil! Never!" she broke in. "But you see now—"

"Oh, dear! You mustn't go! You mustn't!"

It was her turn now to look the problem fairly in the face.

"I must. I can see there is no other way," she said firmly. "But I will come back when you send for me."

"Perhaps they will ask you to play ragtime in Glendale," he said, grimly.

"Not with my violin, my darling. It would be so insulted it would break."

"You're not thinking of giving them Brahms or Saint-Saens?"

"I'm not thinking of giving them anything," she said with a kind of grim humor.

Ruth's mother was her worry, as

mother's have a way of doing, and even her father seemed glad to see her. But it soon became apparent that his gladness hid a covert chuckle at what he construed as defeat and surrender. He let her know that he had been losing money, and he expected her to either make the advantageous match which was still waiting for her, or go to work at something.

"If you won't marry Bond," he urged, "you can have a place as cashier in one of his stores. I think it was pretty decent of him to offer it."

"O I couldn't do that!" she cried, knowing well that it only meant more opportunities for him to push his attentions.

A few days after this the neighborhood experienced something of a sensation, when the very rich and fashionable young widow, Mrs. Renton, stopped in her car before the modest home of the Lamberts. She was getting up a benefit for the benevolent fund of St. Matthew's, and would Miss Lambert play for them?

"But," objected Ruth, "I have no accompanist."

"O I'll see that you have one if I have to import him from New York," answered the lady.

A lady who was visiting one of the families of the millionaire set was found to accompany Ruth, they had a rehearsal, and as she was entirely satisfactory the Brahms and Saint-Saens numbers went on the program.

Ruth felt on the night of the concert just a little flutter of delight that her selections were the best in the list, but she wondered how the audience would take them. After the beautiful "Havannaise" there was a rather perfunctory applause. Ruth felt it was nothing more, but as it quickly died away a sudden loud and vigorous clap-

ped from one man set them all going again.

"O!" thought Ruth, "there is one who understands. I will play for him!" And she came back heartened and uplifted. When she finished a man's voice cried, "Bravo!" And Ruth was very happy.

After the concert Mrs. Renton came around to the entrance with a gentleman.

"Miss Lambert!" she laughed. "I had to drag this man to the concert, and now he is dragging me around here to meet you. Let me introduce Mr. Merriden."

Ruth tried to cover her astonishment as admirably as possible, and perhaps rather overdid it in dignity.

"Mr. Merriden has just been raving over your playing, and—"

"But what is more to the point," he broke in, "I want to know if you will come and see me. I want to talk business."

Ruth's good fortune gave the man she loved his opportunity, and they are considered in the profession an ideally married pair.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan's Humor Knew No Distinction Between His Friends and His Foes.

One of the smartest bons mots ever spoken in parliament came from Richard Brinsley Sheridan, grandson of Doctor Sheridan, at the time he was sitting for Westminster. A long-winded member having paused in the midst of a tedious harangue to take a glass of water, Sheridan immediately rose to a point of order. Everybody wondered what the point of order could be.

"What is it?" asked the speaker.

"I think, sir," said Sheridan, with great seriousness, "that it is out of order for a windmill to go by water."

Burke's well-known melodramatic flinging of a dagger on the floor of the house of commons was a farcical event which gave scope for a joke from Sheridan.

"The gentleman has brought us the knife, but where is the fork?"

He spared neither friend nor foe with his wit.

When it was suggested that his son should enter parliament, and he was asked which side he would take, the young man replied that he would vote with those who had the most to offer him, and he should wear on his forehead a label, "To Let."

"De, Tom," commented Sheridan, "and write underneath, 'unfurnished.'"

Too Sick To Work

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

Convincing Proof of This Fact.

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

Mrs. Lindsey Now Keeps House For Seven.

Tonnille, Ga.—"I want to tell you how much I have been benefited by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. About eight years ago I got in such a low state of health I was unable to keep house for three in the family. I had dull, tired, dizzy feelings, cold feet and hands nearly all the time and could scarcely sleep at all. The doctor said I had a severe case of ulceration and without an operation I would always be an invalid, but I told him I wanted to wait awhile. Our druggist advised my husband to get Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it has entirely cured me. Now I keep house for seven and work in the garden some, too. I am so thankful I got this medicine. I feel as though it saved my life and have recommended it to others and they have been benefited."—Mrs. W. E. Lindsey, R. R. 2, Tonnille, Ga.

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

Mum's the Word. Doctor—Something wrong with the baby? Mother—Yes, doctor; he got hold of an old dictionary some way, and chewed up two pages out of it. "Did you give him an emetic?" "Yes, doctor, but I can't get a word out of him!"

LIFT YOUR CORNS OFF WITH FINGERS. How to loosen a tender corn or callus so it lifts out without pain.

Let folks step on your feet hereafter; wear shoes a size smaller if you like, for corns will never again send electric sparks of pain through you, according to this Cincinnati authority. He says that a few drops of a drug called frezone, applied directly upon a tender, aching corn, instantly relieves soreness, and soon the entire corn, root and all, lifts right out. This drug dries at once and simply shrivels up the corn or callus without even irritating the surrounding skin. A small bottle of frezone obtained at any drug store will cost very little but will positively remove every hard or soft corn or callus from one's feet. If your druggist hasn't stocked this new drug yet, tell him to get a small bottle of frezone for you from his wholesale drug house—adv.

Translated. "Maybellie used a lot of make-up on her face." "Now I shall call it make-out."

ACTRESS TELLS SECRET. A well known actress gives the following recipe for gray hair: To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Harbo Compound, and 4 cc. of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Full directions for making and use come in each box of Harbo Compound. It will gradually darken streaked, faded gray hair, and make it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off. Adv.

Its Limit. "Is there any limit to the scope of this submarine war?" "Only the submarine's periscope."

Don't be misled. Ask for Red Cross Bag Blue. Makes beautiful white clothes. At all good grocers. Adv.

Insects in the United States yearly destroy \$700,000,000 worth of trees.

What Is Uric Acid?

Everyone has uric acid in the system, but usually in small quantities. Excess amounts are caused by eating too much meat and foods that ferment in stomach. The kidneys, being the filters of the blood, are supposed to separate and throw the poisons out of the system. Weak, tired and overworked kidneys fail to do this, hence the uric acid accumulates and the urate salts are carried by the blood to the solid tissue structure, forming backache, lumbago, rheumatism, dropsy, drowsiness, and tired feeling.

To overcome the trouble is only a matter of toning up the kidneys, and this is best done by a treatment with Anuric, three times a day. Anuric is a recent discovery of Dr. Francis of Buffalo, N. Y., and can be obtained at any drug store. Experience taught Doctor Pierce that Anuric is a more powerful agent than Uricin in dissolving uric acid, and it is then carried out of the system.

Garcasm of the Rejected. "Do you write for publication?" "Oh, no; merely for circulation among the editors."—Boston Transcript.

"CASCARETS" FOR SLUGGISH BOWELS

No sick headache, sour stomach, biliousness or constipation by morning.

Get a 10-cent box now. Turn the mascalos out—the headache, biliousness, indigestion, the sick, sour stomach and foul gases—turn them out to-night and keep them out with Cascarets. Millions of men and women take a Cascaret now and then and never know the misery caused by a lazy liver, clogged bowels or an upset stomach.

Don't put in another day of distress. Let Cascarets cleanse your stomach; remove the sour fermenting food; take the excess bile from your liver and carry out all the constipated waste matter and poison in the bowels. Then you will feel great. A Cascaret to-night straightens you out by morning. They work while you sleep. A 10-cent box from any drug store means a clear head, sweet stomach and clean, healthy liver and bowel action for months. Children love Cascarets because they never gripe or sicken. Adv.

Mean Thing. "Mr. Dauber used my face was classic. What is classic?" "Oh, most anything did."

EAT LESS MEAT

Excessive eating of meat is not only tremendously expensive, but it is positively injurious to health. In place of meat try Skinner's Macaroni and Spaghetti the most delicious of all food and the richest in nutriment. They can be prepared in a hundred appetizing ways at small cost. Write Skinner Mfg. Co., Omaha, Neb., for beautiful Cook Book. It's free—Adv.

Many a man who owes his success to his wife doesn't owe her much at that.

THE ONWARD MARCH OF Bronchitis

and deep seated Coughs is arrested by Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. In those scrofulous conditions of the blood which involve Consumption in every lingering Cough, and Weak Lungs, which threaten you with the fatal disease, and when other help has failed—this medicine is a proven remedy.

At a blood-disease, strength-restorer, and tonic, it is sure to benefit, in all lingering Bronchitis, and Throat affections, and in every disease that can be reached through the blood. It never fails to benefit in any tablet or liquid form.

The machinery of the body needs to be well oiled, kept in good condition just as the stomach, brain and organs of the body. Why should the human system be its own machinery more than that of a horse or his master? Let our people do nothing else. Cleanse the system at least once a week with Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.



The Days When All Children Were Well Behaved.

her own home. There is no question of disrespect or insolence. We learn that the girl does not mean to be offensive. But it is clear that she cannot cultivate reverence while she continues to speak in this manner to her parents. What is at first but an inelegant use of language comes in time to be an unwholesome attitude toward other people. There are two things we may do in such a case. We may either establish the rule that the child must use only certain kinds of expressions and tones in addressing older people, and must avoid others. This would insure the preservation of the outward forms. Or we may furnish the child with the models that we should not fear to have copied. We must decide for ourselves which method we are to prefer: the arbitrary separation of the child's notion of conduct into that which is to be permitted to elders but forbidden to children, and that which is permitted to all, or the cultivation of a wholesome atmosphere of consideration and respect for others.

