

Carrizozo News

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

VOLUME 18

CARRIZOZO, LINCOLN COUNTY, NEW MEXICO, FRIDAY, MAY 18, 1917.

NUMBER 20

Commissioners' Proceedings

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK

The following minute received from the Hanchett Bonding company was ordered incorporated in to the minutes of the Board:

Minutes of a special meeting of the Board of County Commissioners of the county of Lincoln, in the state of New Mexico, held at the courthouse in Carrizozo, New Mexico, at 9 o'clock a. m. on the 30th day of April, A. D. 1917.

Present: Melvin Franks, chairman; A. J. Gilmore, member; J. L. Bryan, member; O. T. Nye, clerk; C. W. Hyde, sheriff.

The following resolution was presented by the chairman, Melvin Franks, and supported by Members A. J. Gilmore and John L. Bryan.

Resolution authorizing the issuance of \$55,000.00 bond and bridge bonds of Lincoln county, New Mexico, and prescribing the form and details thereof.

Whereas a petition has heretofore been filed with the Board of County Commissioners of Lincoln county sufficient in form and being signed by more than ten (10) per centum of the qualified electors who are tax payers in Lincoln county, asking for the issuance of \$55,000.00 of bonds for the construction and repair of roads and bridges, and,

Whereas this Board of County Commissioners has heretofore ordered an election by proclamation

No.	1 to, 5 inclusive	\$500 each,	\$2500,	due April 1, 1928
6 to 10	500	2500,	due	" 1, 1929
11 to 15	500	2500,	due	" 1, 1930
16 to 20	500	2500,	due	" 1, 1931
21 to 25	500	2500,	due	" 1, 1932
26 to 30	500	2500,	due	" 1, 1933
31 to 35	500	2500,	due	" 1, 1934
36 to 40	500	2500,	due	" 1, 1935
41 to 45	500	2500,	due	" 1, 1936
46 to 50	500	2500,	due	" 1, 1937
51 to 55	500	2500,	due	" 1, 1938
56 to 60	500	2500,	due	" 1, 1939
61 to 65	500	2500,	due	" 1, 1940
66 to 70	500	2500,	due	" 1, 1941
71 to 75	500	2500,	due	" 1, 1942
76 to 80	500	2500,	due	" 1, 1943
81 to 85	500	2500,	due	" 1, 1944
86 to 90	500	2500,	due	" 1, 1945
91 to 95	500	2500,	due	" 1, 1946
96 to 110	500	2500,	due	" 1, 1947

Both principal and interest of said bonds shall be payable at the National City Bank in the city of New York, New York.

Section 2.— Said bonds and coupons shall be in substantially the following form, viz: United States of America, State of New Mexico, County of Lincoln.

Road and Bridge Bond.

No. \$500

Know all men by these presents that the County of Lincoln in the State of New Mexico, is indebted to and for value received hereby promises to pay to bearer on the first day of April, A. D. 19..... the sum of

Five Hundred Dollars

(\$500) lawful money of the United States of America, with interest thereon from date hereof at the rate of five (5 per cent) per centum per annum, payable semi-annually on the first day of October and April of each year on presentation and surrender of the annexed interest coupons as they severally become due. Both the principal and interest of this bond are hereby made payable at the National City Bank, in the city of New York, New York, and for prompt payment of this bond, both principal and interest at maturity, the Full Faith, Credit and Resources of said county are hereby irrevocably pledged.

This bond is one of a series of like date, amount and tenor except as to maturity, aggregating the sum of fifty-five thousand (\$55,000) dollars, and issued for the purpose of construction and repair of roads and bridges in said county, pursuant to and in full compliance with Chapter 79 of the Laws of 1912, and is authorized by a vote of more than ten

which proclamation has been duly and regularly published in all respects as required by law, and,

Whereas, at the election duly held on the 7th day of March, A. D. 1917, more than a majority of all votes cast at said election as aforesaid authorized the issuance of said bonds, which votes have been duly and regularly counted and returned, and canvassed and declared by the Board of County Commissioners, and,

Whereas, all other acts, conditions and things required by law in the issuing of said bonds has properly happened and been performed,

Now, therefore, be it resolved by the Board of County Commissioners of the county of Lincoln, state of New Mexico, as follows:

Section 1.—There shall be and there are hereby authorized to be issued negotiable coupon bonds of the county of Lincoln, state of New Mexico, in the aggregate sum of fifty-five thousand (\$55,000) dollars for the construction and repair of roads and bridges in Lincoln county, which shall be dated April 2, 1917, shall bear interest at the rate of five (5 per cent) per centum per annum, payable semi-annually on the first day of October and April in each year; shall be in the denomination of five hundred (\$500) each; shall be numbered from one (1) to one hundred (100) inclusive; which bonds shall mature and become due as follows, viz:

No.	1 to, 5 inclusive	\$500 each,	\$2500,	due April 1, 1928
6 to 10	500	2500,	due	" 1, 1929
11 to 15	500	2500,	due	" 1, 1930
16 to 20	500	2500,	due	" 1, 1931
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41 to 45	500	2500,	due	" 1, 1936
46 to 50	500	2500,	due	" 1, 1937
51 to 55	500	2500,	due	" 1, 1938
56 to 60	500	2500,	due	" 1, 1939
61 to 65	500	2500,	due	" 1, 1940
66 to 70	500	2500,	due	" 1, 1941
71 to 75	500	2500,	due	" 1, 1942
76 to 80	500	2500,	due	" 1, 1943
81 to 85	500	2500,	due	" 1, 1944
86 to 90	500	2500,	due	" 1, 1945
91 to 95	500	2500,	due	" 1, 1946
96 to 110	500	2500,	due	" 1, 1947

majority of the qualified tax paying electors in said county at an election duly held March 7, A. D. 1917, whereat the proposition of said bonds was submitted after petition therefor duly filed and under authority of proceedings duly had by the Board of County Commissioners of said county.

It is Hereby Certified and Recited that all acts, conditions and things precedent to and in the issuing of this bond did exist, have happened and have been done and performed in regular and due form and time as required by law, that the indebtedness of said county, including this bond does not exceed any limitation imposed by the statutes or constitution, and that provision has been made for the levy and collection of an annual tax on all the taxable property in the said county sufficient to pay interest on this bond as it falls due, and also for the payment thereof at maturity.

In Witness Whereof, the Board of County Commissioners of Lincoln county, New Mexico, has caused this bond to be signed by its chairman, attested by the county clerk under the seal of the county, and the interest coupons hereto attached to be executed with the lithographed facsimile signatures of said officers, this second day of April, A. D. 1917.

Chairman, Board of County Commissioners, Lincoln County, New Mexico.
Attest:
County Clerk, of Lincoln County, New Mexico.

Form of Coupon
On the first day of April, October, 19...., the County of Lincoln, New Mexico, will pay to

Competitive Examinations for Naval School

Senator Jones and Congressman Walton have decided to make appointments to the Naval Academy at Annapolis by competitive examination. This method eliminates all politics and favoritism. The following announcement outlines the reason our Senator and Congressman have adopted this plan, rather than the one pursued in the past.

Washington, D. C.—Senator A. A. Jones and Congressman W. B. Walton have arranged for an examination to be held at the University of New Mexico on May 25, for appointments of midshipmen in the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis. The two applicants receiving the highest grades in the examinations to be conducted under the direction of the University authorities, who will grade the papers, and will be strictly upon the merits of the applicants.

By putting the appointment of cadets to the Naval Academy on a basis of merit it is the idea of Senator Jones and Congressman Walton not only to remove this important position from any suspicion of politics but also to bring out the very best and brightest young men in New Mexico to compete for the honor of enrolling in the school which is to turn out the future naval officers for Uncle Sam. In other words, it is their desire that New Mexico shall send only her best young men to the Naval Academy.

Full information regarding the examination can be obtained from the University of New Mexico or from Senator Jones or Congressman Walton. After the appointments are made it will be necessary for the successful applicants to stand another examination, held under government supervision, in Albuquerque on June 27. If they pass this examination they will be eligible for entrance to the Academy, subject only to the physical examination.

Patron-Teachers' Club

The Patron-Teachers Club met in regular session Monday night, May 14 at the Methodist church. Meeting called to order by President Mrs. J. B. French.

Mr. McCurdy gave a splendid paper on the past year's work, and plans for the coming year were discussed, especially the organizing of a Boy Scout Camp, also a camp fire girl organization, for which a meeting is to be called for Saturday afternoon at 3:30 at the Crystal Theatre, the mothers and as many fathers as can do so, are urged to be present, as it is of much interest to parents, that those camps be organized.

A delightful programme was rendered, Mrs. Ed Kelley gave a beautiful Piano selection, and the Duet by the Misses Brennan was most enjoyable.

Stockmens State Bank

A. B. McDonald, vice-president and director of the Stockmens State Bank Corona, has resigned, as his business interests in the western part of the state demanded his attention. E. M. Brickley cashier of the First National Bank, Carrizozo, was elected to succeed Mr. McDonald. Mr. Brickley will spend Thursday of each week at Corona looking after the bank's affairs. The Corona bank is growing steadily and the indications are that this is to be the banner year of that institution. A perusal of the report of that bank, published in this week's News, shows the business to be substantial and prosperous.

An Important Capture

What is probably one of the most important captures made in this section was made yesterday in El Paso, although the affair had a local beginning and to Sheriff Hyde and Deputy West belongs the credit for the capture.

Mr. Hyde was informed Wednesday morning that Henry Hartman, a man who had been working for the E. P. & S. W. the past month as a brakeman, had shown some plans of American submarines which he asserted he was going to take to Germany for use by the kaisers government and that he Hartman, was going to El Paso that day and would continue on his way to Germany.

The man whom Hartman had taken into his confidence—to whom, also, credit belongs—lost no time in communicating his discovery to the sheriff. The sheriff and deputy proceeded to the depot at once; but No. three had departed, carrying Hartman's grips, but leaving Hartman behind. The secret service agent in El Paso was notified by the Sheriff and Deputy West took the afternoon train which also carried Hartman. Chief agent Henry had been notified by wire and boarded the train as it was pulled into the El Paso yards, Hartman was given to understand that he must not leave the train until it reached the union depot, and, though showing signs of nervousness, made no attempt to quit the train until it reached the depot.

Upon the arrival of the train the two officers with their man were met by the government's secret agents and all proceeded to the rooms of the secret service, where Hartman was questioned and his effects examined. Before the examination proceeded, however, Hartman became belligerent and extreme measures had to be taken to quiet him. A search of the grips disclosed three submarine plans, which Deputy West says were perfect in their execution. Photographs of many of the most important buildings were also found, but the blue prints and pictures of bridges on the railroad which he claimed to the Sheriff's informant were in his possession were not found. It was the supposition that additional papers had been sent by mail to some other point.

In addition to the importance attending the capture of Hartman with damaging evidence in his possession, the secret service officials informed Deputy West that the government had been after this man for some time, chasing him out of Los Angeles where he is charged with a similar offense, but losing all track of him until the incident here led to his apprehension.

It seems strange that a man contemplating such a grave offense, should so carelessly and recklessly expose plans to an individual who was not in collusion with him, but that is partially explained when it became known that among Hartman's effects was a hypodermic needle which, naturally, produced the belief its owner was a dope fiend and that a too liberal shot might have been administered on the morning he made the reckless disclosures that led to his arrest. The intrigues of the Kaiser are thus brought home to us—very close home.

W. L. Gunim, who recently had one of his eyes extracted, is recovering from the operation but is troubled with another affliction. His blood pressure is far above normal and physicians advise him to exercise the utmost care to prevent results that might be serious.

Financial Agent Appointed

Governor W. E. Lindsey has appointed George L. Ulrick financial agent for Lincoln. In this capacity it will be Mr. Ulrick's duty to ascertain the needs of the farmers and, when conditions are complied with, arrange to lend them money from a fund provided by the state for the purchase of seed, etc.

The following plan, which accompanied Mr. Ulrick's notice of appointment, was suggested by the authorities. The fund, are presented so that any one, desiring aid may understand how to proceed:

PLAN FOR PAYMENT
In order that the individual farmers in each community may obtain the said seed, the following plan is suggested:

Applications for help from the state must be first approved by a financial agent appointed by the governor for the county in which the applicant resides.

If the application is approved, the financial agent so appointed shall take from the applicant his note for the amount and value of seed to be furnished at cost price, said note shall be taken for on or before December 31st, 1917, and shall bear interest at the rate of six per cent per annum, provided however, that should the crop raised by the payer of said note be matured and harvested at a time prior to the maturity of said note, then and in that event the note shall become due and payable and it shall be the duty of the state disbursing officer to collect the same. This note shall be further secured by a chattel mortgage covering the crops to be raised by said person together with such other security as he is able to give. Said note and chattel mortgage shall be made payable to the disbursing agent of the state as its trustee as heretofore mentioned. All chattel mortgages shall be duly acknowledged before some officer authorized to take acknowledgments. The papers before mentioned, namely, the written approval of the county financial agent, the note of the borrower and the chattel mortgage given by him shall be duly attached together. When these papers are properly signed and acknowledged the financial agent approving the loan shall issue his orders to the nearest County Seed repository for the amount of seed or provender applied for by the applicant. In payment of this seed the merchant shall make out a draft on the disbursing agent of the state at Santa Fe attaching thereto all of the documents above mentioned, which said draft shall be for the credit of the merchant and said disbursing agent shall be instructed to pay such draft on its presentation through any bank in the city of Santa Fe from the war funds provided by the legislature, and banks in all parts of the state will be requested to cash said drafts unless for some good cause it is otherwise ordered by said disbursing agent or the governor.

Whereas, it was the intention of the state legislature in placing at the disposal of the governor the war funds that the poor people of the state should be benefited, it is recommended that such limitation shall be placed on the amount to be loaned to individuals as may be deemed necessary. On the other hand, it should be regulated that any loans applied for in amounts exceeding this maximum can be made on a special endorsement of the disbursing agent with and by the advice of the governor.

It is further recommended, as is provided by the above recommendations, that absolutely no money shall be furnished directly to any applicant and seed and provender only through the agency above indicated.

It is further recommended that an investigation should be made as soon as possible by the disbursing agent as to the reliability and qualifications of the finance committee of each county and such report shall be submitted, one to the governor with a copy of same to the council of defense.

In explanation of the above plan, it is stated that if the state becomes the owner of the seed and provender stored in the various counties by and under purchase from the Wholesale Grocers association that they and in that case the finance committee of the county shall forward the papers in the case directly to the disbursing agent at Santa Fe, but if such arrangements be made with the Wholesale Grocers association that they carry the seed for the account of the state with such agent in each county, then the procedure outlined above shall apply.

Join the Red Cross now. Phone 47.

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Fort Stanton

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lewis, Miss Sallie Brown and Chaplain Prud spent last Sunday afternoon in the White Mountains above Alto.

Dr. and Mrs. F. H. McKeon gave a farewell dinner Wednesday evening in honor of Dr. Alison Brown and his sister Miss Sallie, who left this Friday morning for their home in Memphis.

Last week a second beautiful gift to the local chapel from Mr. W. B. McCarthy president of the Rostand Mfg. Co. at Milford Conn. was received by the chaplain. The gift consisted in a set of six brass candlesticks in the dull finish and very valuable.

A number of dinners, receptions and sewing parties were held on the square during the last week.

Master Geo. Leach is the local news boy for the El Paso Morning Times, having a number of papers to sell every afternoon after the mail car arrives.

Mrs. Michael Cavanaugh with Mrs. Oscar Brockwell and Mr. Brockman spent last Tuesday at Roswell on business. The trip was made in the Brockman car.

Last Thursday May 17th being Ascension, special services were held in the chapel. Mass was celebrated by the chaplain at 8:30 a. m. and Vesper service held at 7:15 p. m.

A baby girl was born Thursday 10th to Dr. and Mrs. Acker of 13 A. Mother and daughter doing fine.

Miss Helen Rice after a week's visit at 15 B, returned to Parsons Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Kinney of Carthage New Mexico arrived Saturday 12th to visit the Weber family at 13. B. The trip was made over land in their Buick.

A. T. Anderson of the Parson Mining Co with Mr. Murphy coach at the North Western University and residing at Evanston Ill. visited Mr. Weber and family Sunday afternoon May 13th.

Dr. C. Irby visited at Glenco Monday 14th.

Last Friday afternoon Mrs. H. Leach entertained the sewing circle at 3. A.

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HASHIMURA TOGO DOMESTIC SCIENTIST BY WALLACE IRWIN TOGO SWATS THE FLY

Dear Sir: Last Wednesday midnight p. m. were historical date when I bade sad kiss-a-by to employment from home of Mrs. K. W. Pumphrey, North Bourbon, Ky. This was too bad accident from my helplessness.

When I enter this sweetheated home Hon. Mrs. Pumphrey say me, "Togo," she relate, "I am most particular about flies."

"I am sure you must raise some delicious varieties of these live stock," I collapse for chivalry.

"O not to do!" she roing harshly. "I would sooner have a tiger in my home than a fly."

"They should not be permitted to fly," I abhor.

"It is not when they fly they are harmful. They do the damage when they land," she toll.

"In this they are similar to airplanes," I suggest.

"Perhaps!" she combust. "At any rates, I give you instructions. Whenever you see a fly, track him to his hole and shoe him at once."

"Only horse-flies can be shoed," I determinate.

She could not assimilate this reply I said.

"Whenever I see flies," she say furthermore, "I shudder, not so much for self & husband as for dearlo Baby Alexander, who are endangor."

Thuly it were with Hon. Mrs. Pumphrey about flies. Each morning she examine fly-paper lovingly like mariners studying charts.

"How many flies we caught this a. m., Togo?" she ask it.

"Six," I say it. "Five house and one butter."

"Unloosen Hon. Butterfly," she demont. "We should not punish nature's lovely insect because of sins of others."

So I grabb'that lovely insect and attempt remove him from his sticky toes. But when I dono so he turn meanly and bite me on thumb with hot end of his poison tail.

"That butterfly are a wasp!" I lecture amid Japanese word cursa.

After 2 1/2 days of continuous flymanhip I become extremely skillful in murder. My ears become very bright by listening for flies. At distance of 66 ft. I could hear Hon. Fly walking up windows. Then was time for me. My eyebrows containing gunpowder expression peculiar to Hon. Roosevelt, I hide behind curtain-shado with cruel hand containing swat-stick.

By this warfare I broke considerable flies and other dishes.

Hon. Pumphrey, husband, come homo saying scorn about flies.

"Man who talk like that never had any infancy," snagger Hon. Mrs. with peev.

"If folks in this neighborhood could pay less attention to screen door and more to window-lock there would be less burglary," he oter. "6 homes has been burglarized while everybody was busy snubbing flies."

He remove one enlarged gush revolver filled with bullets and lay him doggishly on table.

"O!!!" This from Hon. Mrs.

Once Hon. Fly alight downward on Baby Alexander nose, shaking his cruel feet, intending to leave 10,000 symptoms. Spank! I capitulate that



"You Mean Say You Approach in Here So Stealthy at Midnight for Catch Flies?"

insect by stroking Hon. Baby on head with apron. Yet he cry without thanks for my bravery.

At lastly that house were so scarce of flies you could not find him without advertising. All day, while not swooping other rugs, I search back & forthly with cruel fly-spank. Yet never a buss was there. Such was accomplishment of my great scipico.

Night of Wednesday approach up. When dinner-cat was accomplished and dish-wash ceremony dono up, my Cousin Nogi arrive to kitchen for make conversation from Japanese politics while eating cake, kindness of Mrs. Pumphrey who didn't know it. Lateness of hour arrive. When time of 11:59 p. m. come, Nogi make sleepy go-home while I omerge to my bedroom expecting tomorrow, as usual.

I light gasa. What was? Buzz! Ah, Hon. Fly, where was it? I turn my eyesight behind window-curtain—and sure enough! There stood one entirely enlarged buzzer washing his front thumbs.

With sneekret expression I borrow slipper from myself and stole forth. Crouches. Of finally, when Hon. Fly seem to be looking at his nose, I lop. Hangs! Yet he was too soon. He flew uply, airplane circular for moments, and then—when less expected—start to fly outward through door.

O!! This escape must not! Slightly down hallway were child-room where Hon. Baby Alexander layed enjoying innocent nightmares. That fly must not arrive there to sting him with medical diseases. If no hero was there to save him who must? I must!

Therefore I rosh forwards with slipperhoo in my Samurai thumbs. With talented stroke of match I lit gasa. O yes! There were Hon. Fly smugling in air right over eyebrow of that infantile. I make talented swing to lash him with slipper, yet he were too collusive for me. Ere I could brush him dead he make slippery-wing motion & flew to window-curtain where he hide shyly like pocta avoiding praise.

I should get him yet. I crouch downly, my slipper raised uply. But while I do so—O look! Who there?

Standing distinctually in doorway of child-room I observe Hon. Mr. Pumphrey standing like a cold ghost in pajamas. And in his right-hand finger he held that enlarged fistoolish revolver.

"What is?" he whisper ghastly.

"I chase one in here!" I gollup. "He are now coyly hiding behind curtain of window."

"Were he stealing my child?" gawsp him.

"Not yet but maybe," I narrate.

"Wait while I shoot," he narrate while making target movement.

"Ah not!" I holla. "Permit me to do so. I have killed several with slippers."

"How foolharded is courage!" he stotter while I lop forwards, Swat!! with careless heel of slipper-shoe I collided Hon. Fly so certainly that he broke and fell amidst dead kicks. Prides allied my lungs. Joyly I reach downly, and pick up Hon. Fly by fingers.

"I save your child without expense!" I naturalise. "Here is!"

"Here is what?" he require, peevly chewing his breath.

"Hon. Fly," I reject, like millitia.

"You mean say you approach in here so stealthy at midnight for catch flies?" This from him with flashes.

"I say it!"

"Great Scott! And I thought it was a burglar!" he say disappointly.

"So sorry I could not find one," I goup.

Hon. Mrs. Pumphrey come in while she fainted away.

"Next time you come into my baby's room don't do so!" she snarrel.

"Mrs. Madam," I decry, "how can you talk so crosswise? You tell me how slaughter flies for their rattlesnakin crimes, yet you say 'scolds' when I do so."

"Midnight is not fly-time," she narrate.

"Maybe you are enraged because it were not a burglar," I suggest. "Yet what is more horible to have in house than a fly?"

"A Japanese foolboy is!" corrae Hon. Mrs. & Mr. in together voice while selecting me out outside of screen door where I still remain, feeling quite dis-solve.

Hoping you are the same.

Yours truly,
HASHIMURA TOGO.

SILK IS REPLACED BY WOOLEN JERSEY

Unimportant Sport Material Changed in Season to Important Standard Fabric.

COATS GIVE WAY TO CAPES

Women Are Not Expected to Accept Argument That They Should Show Patriotism by Buying No New Clothes.

New York.—Despite the persuasion, pleading and argument of the hundreds of women who have organized themselves for preparedness to the effect that women do not buy any more clothes, but give this money to national defense, the process of arranging new apparel to meet the season goes steadily on.

Surely, the appeal of these women must be based on ignorance of conditions, for they have the welfare of humanity in their hearts or they would not organize into bands for civic help; but to plead that no woman should buy new clothes and that she should frown upon the pettop and the melon skirt because they are new fashions and demand the purchasing of new clothes, is to argue in a way that would take the very food out of the mouths of millions of workers.

These women argue that we should follow the example of France, England and Germany and that our women should make a sacrifice of clothes in order to show their national spirit. But why? The resources of France, Germany and England were needed for war, which was sprung upon them without any warning and found them unprepared financially. This isn't a figment of the imagination, but the statement of financiers and captains of industry.

Women Win "Buy Clothes."

However, it takes very little argument to persuade women that their national spirit should be shown in spending their money on clothes, if they have it to spend. Everybody is benefited all down the line, to the little cash girl six years old in the slums of the city, whose money is needed to give more bread to her family. Therefore, accepting the fact that new fashions will be as popular as ever and that new clothes will spring up afresh as the leaves on the trees and the grass on the ground, it is best to content ourselves with telling what it is wise to buy, rather than arguing for and against buying.

A summary of what is accepted may be wise at this time. To begin with, there never has been a season when so much worsted jersey was worn. The doom of the average skirt and silk sweater was struck when the fashionable season at the winter resorts opened on the first of the new year. The one-piece frock of any material superseded the other two garments in combination.

Varieties of separate short coats were worn, made of anything from vel-



This gown was worn by Mme. Paquin at her opening in Paris, and it gave the final seal of approval to the new silhouette. It is of dark blue taffeta embroidered in Nattier blue. The sleeves are bell-shaped, the hips are distended by drapery, and there is a narrow belt that ties in the back.

vet to stockinet, but the silk sweater was second and third class whenever high fashion was foregathered.

The number of one-piece frocks in worsted jersey is astonishing. The French designers, aided by the Americans, have produced a wide range of these garments, and they are accepted for the street as well as for the country and also appear at afternoon teas.

When a designer like Gabrielle Chanel takes up horizon blue jersey in an excessively supple and flax weave which resembles the best quality of stockinet, and makes it into a charming one-piece frock combined with biscuit-colored jersey, then it is natural that women want such clothes, becomes Standard Material.

The dominant thing that has been done this season is to change jersey from an unimportant sport material into an important standard material. It rivals serge and crepe de chine. Strange to say, the silk weaves are absent from the French gowns, and

gowns and suits of it are sold by the American dressmakers at absurdly low prices, as if they knew that its doom was sealed.

Beige, biscuit, string color and three tones of gray rule in the one-piece woollen jersey frocks, but dark blue, dull red and horizon blue are coming strongly into favor. These frocks are usually made in one piece, and all the varieties of drapery and plaiting and barrelling that prevail in the other frocks are used in the jersey.

This material has also been introduced into juvenile clothes with marked success. It promises to supersede muslin, silk and linen. Romp-



This evening gown is of white satin, the skirt embroidered in gold. The pointed bodice is of black velvet with shoulder straps of jet and jet ornament with tassels in front.

ers, country clothes and beach suits are made by the hundreds in white, horizon blue, deep pink and gray touched with blue and silver. This is an excellent idea, for the material does not wrinkle, is easily cleaned or washed and does not shrink. It also goes longer without ironing than any other kind of fabric intended for constant service.

Another segment of the wheel of fashion in which this woollen jersey has appeared is the long cape gathered to a slight yoke at the shoulders, with slits at each side for the arms and finished at the top with an immense handkerchief collar that fastens on the left shoulder. These capes are lined with brightly figured Chinese and Japanese silks.

The Cape, Not the Coat.

Another distinct change in fashions is the insistence upon capes instead of topcoats. Mme. Paquin and Mme. Georgette wore these capes in Paris all through the winter and featured them at the spring opening. The house of Cheruit also turned out a goodly number of them, with all the peculiar tricks that belong to this little group of designers.

The only topcoats that the smart houses offer are for sport use, and they are made of colored velveteen and stockinet jersey in bold, gay designs. For other hours and purposes, the cape is offered instead of the topcoat. It is of serge lined with figured crepe; it is of satin lined with horizon blue or flamingo pink; it is of Chinese blue woollen jersey lined with gray; and it is in gray lined with pink, blue or yellow.

A woman will own as many capes as she once owned sweaters. They not only appear as outdoor garments, but as indoor necessities to house gowns. They are also used for late afternoon and evening wear, indoors, and are of chiffon or net. They are banded with bright materials in the same color, they are lavishly embroidered with beads, silk-roses and bullion threads, and again they are made of chantilly, Spanish or filet lace, unlined and ungrated.

There is no limit set on the usage of figured silk for linings and facings, and the capes offer excellent advantages for this fashion. This trick never had such instant success as this season. (Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

A Knitted Sports Costume. Among the costumes lately arrived from Paris is a knitted sports costume consisting of a narrow skirt and sweater blouse, the model made of white yarn showing a border effect of large red roses placed at intervals around lower part of skirt. The mannequin wore with this costume a knitted tam to match. Another idea was a knitted yard blouse worn with a skirt of "Kaaba" and still another unique sports suit was developed of white Kaaba showing narrow skirt slit up to the knees; a band of woollen embroidery in a Paisley pattern defined the slit on either side. The jacket was adorned with embroidery to correspond.

The New Crepe Jersey. One of the most attractive of the spring fabrics is the new crepe jersey, which comes in all the new shades. From a little distance it is almost impossible to distinguish this wool material from heavy Chinese crepe, yet it has all the wearing quality of jersey.

W. L. DOUGLAS "THE SHOE THAT HOLDS ITS SHAPE"

\$3 \$3.50 \$4 \$4.50 \$5 \$6 \$7 \$8 AND MEN Save Money by Wearing W. L. Douglas shoes. For sale by over 2000 shoe dealers. The Best Known Shoes in the World.

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

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

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

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

W. L. Douglas \$3.00 \$2.50 & \$2.00 Best in the World Boys' Shoes

188 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.



Canada Offers 160 Acres Free to Farm Hands

Bonus of Western Canada Land to Men Assisting in Maintaining Needed Grain Production

The demand for farm labor in Canada is great. As an inducement to secure the necessary help at once, Canada will give

ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY ACRES OF LAND FREE AS A HOMESTEAD

and allow the time of the farm laborer, who has filed on the land, to apply as residence duties, the same as if he actually had lived on it. This special concession is the reduction of one year in the time to complete duties. Two years' residence instead of three as heretofore, but only to men working on the farms for at least six months in 1917. This appeal for farm help is in no way connected with enlistment for military service but solely to increase agricultural output. A wonderful opportunity to secure a farm and draw good wages at the same time. Canadian Government will pay all fare over one cent per mile from St. Paul or Duluth to Canadian destination. Information as to low railway rates may be had on application to

W. V. BENNETT, Room 4, Bee Bldg., Omaha, Neb. Canadian Government Agent

Some men have courage only when they lose their tempers.

SWAMP-ROOT STOPS SERIOUS BACKACHE

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

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

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

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

Snake Problem.

This is not now but it's worth repeating. A man in Zion City, Ill., sent it to the News:

Two Zion City snakes, of which there are abundance on the lake front property, had a fight. One was a garter snake and the other a bullhead. Each was three feet long and in their ferocity they seized each other by the tail and proceeded to swallow each other whole. They both started at the same time and at the same rate of speed.

Now the question is, which of these two snakes survived, or rather which one was on the outside by the time the other was swallowed, the garter snake or the bullhead?

It took five minutes for the two snakes to swallow each other and they both swallowed each other right to the tip of the fangs. Which one was on the outside when they were finished or were they both inside?—Indianapolis News.

Figurative. Kidd—I have just purchased absolutely the last word in automobiles. Kidd—That so? What are some of its specifications? Kidd—Twelve-cylinder motor; seven-passenger accommodation, and one-man top.

Though he is often derided, it is well to bear in mind that everybody's friend is nobody's enemy.

Deposits of fungus ore have been discovered in Corea and mines are being opened.

32 THOUSANDS UPON THOUSANDS OF HEALTHY BOYS & GIRLS EAT Grape-Nuts AND CREAM EVERY MORNING BECAUSE WISE MOTHERS KNOW "There's a Reason"



Making Worn Out Soil Produce 100 Bushels of Corn per Acre

CORN GROWN AFTER VETCH
by Robert H. Moulton
An enterprising Indiana farmer followed advice given by the Department of Agriculture and planted sandy vetch on dead soil

IT IS rather unpleasant to see that the world is being invited to face the cold, raw fact of a gradually increasing scarcity of the prime necessities of life. Agricultural figures just published in Rome by the International Institute of Agriculture show that the process of scrapping the most essential of all our foods, grain, goes on apace.

Steadily the arable land of the world shrinks as the area under permanent grass, often a euphemism for land that is derelict, extends its frontiers. At the present moment the United States is dependent on imported supplies for an appreciable amount of wheat and for different cereals consumed in this country.

There is not only a tremendous shortage of wheat in the United States today, but of corn also, as is testified by the price of \$1.20 per bushel paid in a number of instances recently for the latter grain. This is about three times as much as the farmer has received for it in normal times. Figures posted by the Chicago board of trade indicate that the visible supply of corn in this country today is less than half what it was a year ago. Of course, the war has had much to do with the depletion of our stores, and a consequent rise in price. But even granting that the demand has been phenomenal, the fact remains that our farmers are not producing as much corn as they should.

Evidently something is wrong with our system of growing corn. Most farmers understand the importance of good seed for planting, and the majority of them employ scientific methods of cultivation. The trouble, then, would appear to lie with the soil.

Everyone knows that, unintentionally perhaps, most farms in this country have been robbed of much fertility of the soil. In every state there are thousands of farms which formerly produced big crops but are now so worn out that the land will not return enough to pay for the labor of tilling it. Many a farmer says, as he gazes over his broad acres: "I remember when I was a boy that field was fine for corn, but now it's only fit for pasture." But if he only knew, that field is capable of producing just as much corn as it did in the old days; it is even probable that it could be made to break the records established in its earlier prime. This, at any rate, is what William C. Smith, an Indiana farmer, says, and Mr. Smith ought to know, for he has performed some amazing miracles with worn-out land down Indiana way.

Farm journals, agricultural colleges and the United States department of agriculture have been doing a wonderful good work in telling the farmer how to increase the fertility of his soil, but Mr. Smith, apparently, has discovered the easiest, simplest and most inexpensive way of all. Almost anyone can tell how to spend a hundred dollars per acre on fertilizer, crushed limestone, etc., and in the end improve the land. But it takes a practical, successful farmer like Mr. Smith to demonstrate how a field "never known to have on it a crop of any value" could be made within one year to produce 72 bushels of corn per acre at a cost of \$3.50 per acre, aside from labor. The how and why of it all has been put into a book, "How to Grow 100 Bushels of Corn on Worn-Out Soil," which Mr. Smith has dedicated to the American farmer. And he believes that any other farmer who will follow his teachings will be equally successful. It all sounds like a fairy story, but Mr. Smith has facts to back up all his statements. Furthermore, he is known nationally for the remarkable experiments he has made.

In 1908 Mr. Smith purchased a farm that had the reputation of being one of the poorest in Indiana. It had been kicked and buffeted about as trading stock. Each owner no sooner got into possession of it when he found he had purchased a gold brick, and never rested until he succeeded in unloading it upon some other victim. It never seemed to occur to any of its owners that the farm had simply been handled by soil robbers and was paying the penalty by withdrawing its bounty. Mr. Smith purchased the farm because of its cheapness, location and possibilities, and was given the laugh for so doing.

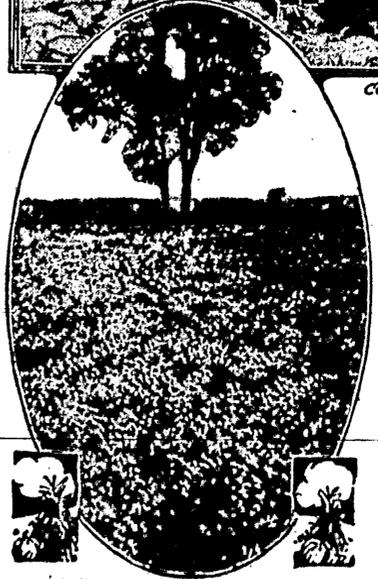
The entire farm in its early history was covered with large walnut, poplar, oak and other timber, the timber on the sandy land having been as heavy as on the other portion of the farm. The land was a portion of an Indiana reserve, set apart by the government to the Indians in 1818 and by the Indians sold again in 1835, and was cleared more than 60 years ago, and for many years produced large crops. It had always been farmed upon the principle of getting out of it all you can each year and putting nothing back into the soil. Under this system of farming the soil had become so poor that in the best season it produced but 15 to 20 bushels of corn to the acre, while in bad seasons the crop was an entire failure.

Mr. Smith had read in one of the bulletins of the department of agriculture that the value of an acre of "Sandy Vetch" plowed under was equivalent to putting into the ground \$20 or \$40 worth of commercial fertilizer, and straightway decided to try it on his farm. Accordingly, he ordered enough seed to plant two acres.

The seed was planted in August, upon the



CORN CROP AFTER VETCH CROP



VETCH IN SOIL, BLOOD

poorest and most rolling two acres of sand land on the farm. It grew rapidly, and by winter the ground was so completely covered with its foliage that washing of the land was entirely prevented. An examination of the roots showed them set thick with nitrogen nodules. Early in the spring, before any other grass or vegetation began to grow, the vetch plants were pushing out their summer foliage, and by May 1 they were four feet in length. About the first of June the two acres were cut for hay.

Seeing that he had found a valuable plant for the farm, Mr. Smith planted 25 acres to vetch the next year, the sowing being done on the poorest and sandiest land of the farm. It was decided to seed 21 acres of this land to field corn and leave the other for pasture. The vetch grew luxuriantly.

The spring of 1908 was very wet, and it was May 1 before the ground was in condition to break for corn. Delays were such that the 21 acres reserved for corn were not entirely broken until May 23. The vetch had grown to a height of five feet, and the mass of vegetation was so heavy that it was almost impossible to turn under. A half dozen makes of plows were tried with complete failure, when finally success was obtained with a double disk plow, and the field was finished. The prospect did not look inviting, for bunches of vetch showed here and there sticking out of the ground. The field was worked down to fairly good condition for planting by dragging and rolling, and on June 8 and 4 was planted to yellow corn.

There were the predictions made as to the outcome. Many contended that the heavy mass of vegetation would absorb all the moisture from the ground and the corn would die. But Mr. Smith gritted his teeth, held his counsel and awaited results. The corn came up a splendid stand. Dry weather set in, which added no little discomfort to the situation. The corn grew slowly, and as soon as it was sufficiently large the cultivators were set to work, and were worked with a little difficulty on account of bunches of vetch insufficiently plowed under catching on the cultivator points.

The neighboring farmers came around, leaned over the fence, and indulged in sarcastic remarks. The gist of these remarks was that they had never in all their experience seen so unpromising a prospect for corn as this field presented.

The weather was dry, and the corn grew five or six inches, and made no further growth for more than a week. At the end of this time it seemed to take on new life, and grew with such rapidity that even Mr. Smith was astounded.

When the corn reached waist height the prophets who had predicted its early demise on account of the great mass of vetch turned under tried another tack: "Wait until it begins to ear," they said, "and you will see it fire and wither up." But the corn refused to side with these chronic croakers, and grew up and up until it reached the height of eight to ten feet, silked, tasseled, and bore its ears of golden corn.

It was subject to six weeks of dry weather after it had silked, and yet it had, not fired and every hill was bright and green. Across the road a neighbor's corn stood clear above the ears of the corn, and did not make more than 20 bushels to the acre. But Mr. Smith's corn finally reached its harvesting stage, sound and solid. It was

gathered, hauled to market, and made by weight 72 bushels to the acre, and brought a money value of \$35 per acre.

The planter used to plant the corn was set to drop three grains to the hill, and never missed putting three grains in the hill, but too often dropped four grains, which made the corn too thick, and this condition reduced the yield fully ten bushels or more to the acre. But think of 72 bushels of corn being grown on land that had not for over 20 years produced more than 20 bushels to the acre, and this feat accomplished in so short a time and with so little expense, as the cost of the vetch seed was but \$3.50 an acre.

This experiment with vetch made Mr. Smith a vetch enthusiast. The following year he planted ten acres of better and higher land to vetch, and the yield of corn on this land after the vetch was over 60 bushels per acre, the cost of the vetch seed for this field being only \$3 per acre. Similar experiments were made with the growing of sweet corn and potatoes on land that had first been planted to vetch, and the results were equally successful.

Vetch, according to Mr. Smith, is no respecter of soils. It settles down and makes its home with the rich or poor clay as well as the rich or poor sand, and commences its business of soil restoration at once. It has no terrors of frost or drought. Winter will grasp it with its hand and hold it in its icy clasp for months and months, and when the warm sunshine of spring releases it, it smiles with its freshness of green and continues doing business at the old stand. The drought of fall, spring or summer will blow its breath upon it, but it heeds it not, and continues its business of storing fertility in the soil as though it were being constantly caressed with refreshing showers.

Big Elephant Butte Dam Will Curb the Rio Grande Floods

The United States reclamation service has completed the building of the Elephant Butte dam a reservoir capable of impounding 802,200,000 gallons of water. That is to say, within an artificial lake 45 miles long and with a shore line of 210 miles, water enough will be stored to spread a foot deep over an area of 4,285 square miles; or, if twice that depth, it would cover the state of Delaware. The purpose of this water is to irrigate 153,000 acres in four valleys lying below the storage basin in New Mexico and Texas.

While the dam itself is not so high as others in the United States for a kindred service, still the massiveness of the structure and the capacity of the reservoir make the project not only the biggest thing of its kind in the United States but the most ambitious in the world. The famous Assuan dam in Egypt impounds only two-thirds as much water and cost \$14,000,000 more than the Elephant Butte structure, or \$10,000,000. Elephant Butte is in New Mexico, about twelve miles west of Engle, and in order to carry materials to the dam site it was necessary to build a branch railway nearly thirteen miles long tapping the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe line. The government constructed this road and operated something like a fourth of it, and in this way saved \$130,000 in freight charges alone.

The dam is built of great rocks buried in a mass of concrete and blocks a canyon on the Rio Grande. From the lowermost point of the parapet wall the dam rises 318 feet, and nearly a third of this is below the river bed. At its top the structure has a length of 1,374 feet and on it runs a fine roadway 18 feet wide. The dam is 225 feet thick at its base and the entire mass, which called for 610,000 cubic yards of material, represents a dead weight of 1,000,000 tons. This strength and inertia are needed to halt the onrush of the erratic and the torrential Rio Grande and to hold the accumulated waters so that they may be supplied slowly and safely to the widespread acres reaching for 171 miles.

Work was begun in 1911, and half of the succeeding six years was taken up in preliminary operations, before the great bulkwork could be started. This preparatory work called for the construction of a great sluice to divert the river's flow and enormous bulkheads or subsidiary dams above and below the permanent dam.

The climate is an equable one in the region opened to the farmer, and the soil is abundantly productive when properly watered. A practical husbandman with \$5,000 working capital has a splendid chance.



GOOD ROADS

CONCRETE PAVEMENT IS BEST
Affords a Good Foothold for Horses as Any Other Hard Surface and Wears Quite Well.

The concrete pavement in use on the main driveway at the Kansas State Agricultural college has proved that this type of pavement is successful, according to L. E. Conrad, professor of civil engineering. This pavement has been in use for more than three years and shows practically no wear. The traffic over this road is heavy. It consists of all the coal and machinery delivered to the college, a large part of the material that is used in the construction of new buildings on the campus, college mail and express, and the many pleasure vehicles that are continually using this road.

Two methods were used to surface the road. On the level portion of the roadway the finish was made comparatively smooth, while on the grades a heavy stable brush was drawn over the green cement, leaving a rough surface. It is probable that after a few years of service the roadway which has the smooth surface will present a more uniform appearance but at present there is no appreciable difference.

"The teamsters hauling coal to the college power plant were strongly of the opinion that the road would be allpory," remarked Mr. Conrad, "but they say, after using it for three years, that it affords as good a foothold for the horses as any hard surface."

"The expansion and contraction of the concrete is taken up by steel-bound joints that are placed every 35 feet, these joints being surrounded by an elastic material. Outside of a few dollars for replacing some of this material, there has been no expense whatever for the repair or upkeep of the roadway."

SPRING WORK ON GOOD ROADS

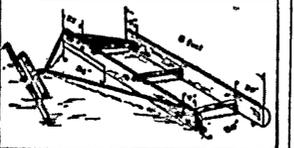
One or Two Trips Up and Down With Drag Will Put Them in Fine Condition—Details of a Drag.

(By LEO MATTHEWS.)

In the spring of the year, when the roads begin to dry and the dirt is still somewhat moist, one or two trips up and down with the road drag will put them in excellent condition. If each farmer would care for the road which passes his place, dragging it every time it needed it, we would all have occasion to rejoice.

Personally, I don't believe there is a steel drag made that will beat the work of the old King drag. Another point in its favor is that it can be made at home and costs practically nothing.

Because of constant inquiry for plans of this drag and to encourage



Outline of King Drag.

its further use I give this detailed drawing and make the following suggestions:

Use light wood. The drag will do the most efficient work if it is light enough for one man to lift.

Don't use square timber, as it will not stay sharp on the edge like a half-round timber. A log from 10 to 12 inches in diameter is best.

A strip of iron three-eighths of an inch thick, three or four inches wide, and thirty-six inches long, bolted to the right-hand side of the front timber, is very effective in cutting down annually rough spots.

TREES ALONG ALL HIGHWAYS

Plan for Annual Appropriation Commands Recognition—Investment Would Give Satisfaction.

The plan for an annual appropriation for the planting of shade trees and shrubs along the great extent of state highways commands recognition. This looks to the decoration of regions in which from year to year there is a greater passage of our people for recreation and the enjoyment of the pleasures of nature. There is no investment from whose dividends greater satisfaction can be drawn.—Boston Post.

Results From Road Drag.
The systematic use of the road drag will give better results for the money spent than any other method of maintaining an earth road, and costs from \$10 to \$15 per mile per year in Illinois, provided the road has been properly built.

\$1,750,000 for Concrete Roads.
A bond issue for \$1,750,000 to be used for building approximately 125 miles of concrete highways in Sacramento county, Cal., passed a few days ago, the vote being four to one.

BIG RUSH NOW ON

For Western Canada and the 160-Acre Homesteads.

"In a war like this, they also serve and serve effectively who till the fields and gardens."

"It cannot be repeated too often that the world needs every ounce of food it can produce this year, and that the growers of that food are sure of good prices. When men now of middle age were casting their first ballot, 'dollar wheat' was the farmer's ideal of prosperity. Today, we have two-dollar wheat, with other grains and meats and vegetables in proportion; and indications that any shift from these prices is as likely to be up as down. 'Every acre must work.' The farmer who increases his crops is performing a national service, as well as assuring prosperity for himself. There cannot be too much, and unless a united and consistent effort is made, there will not be enough."—Chicago Journal.

Now that the United States has joined with the Allies, the sentiment of the past has merged into the personal interest of the present. The duty of the loyal and patriotic citizen is to bend every effort to bring the great World's War to a satisfactory conclusion, to assist in all ways the forces that have been fighting at tremendous odds the giant power of autocracy. Victory is now assured; the union of the great fighting force of the United States navy, its military, its financial co-operation, its full and complete sympathy, will eventually bring about a peace that will be solid and lasting. Canada, just across the border line, that has no mark of fortification, no signs of defense, welcomes the assistance that the United States is rendering, welcomes this new partner into the arena that is battling for a disruption of the forces that breed and beget tyranny and oppression, and fighting for a democratic and free world. What a sight it will be to see the American and the Canadian, with the Stars and Stripes and the Maple-Leaf of Canada emblazoned in one fold and entwined in their effort to rid the world of an incubus that has disregarded all laws—human and divine.

There is a necessity for the greatest effort ever made, not only on the battle fields of Europe, not only on the mined and submarine seas, but in carrying out on the peaceful fields of agriculture, the plans so urgently requested by those at the head of the departments of resources. The recent reports by the Government show a great falling off in the amount of grain that may be expected from the crop as of recent date, being only a little over 60 per cent, 10 per cent less than the average. Every patriotic American will bend all his effort towards increasing this. He may not shoulder a musket, but he can handle a hoe, he can drive a team and manage a plow. He will be doing yeoman service in this way, and assist in a wonderful manner the man who is fighting in the trenches. If he does not now own a piece of land, by all means get one—rent it, buy it—get it. There is lot of vacant land that will give ample return for his labor.

The desire to possess a home, to improve it and to prosper, is natural to every American, and today unprecedented offers are being made to secure the residence of the home hunter. The war condition is draining the continent of its foodstuffs and economists are endeavoring to meet the rapid depletion of the nation's stores of grain and other farm products. Western Canada has proven her claim to being the natural producer of economically grown foodstuffs and is endeavoring to overcome a world's shortage in necessities by offering her lands, practically free, to anyone who will take them and produce. Labor is scarce in Canada, and is now being bonused. Good wages are offered and the time a farmer has in drawing pay in 1917, is considered by the Canadian Government, the same as residence duties on one of the free 100-acre farms, that this Government is giving away, in order to settle the fertile prairies and bring about within a few years a half billion annual crop of wheat.

The most conclusive evidence is available to any inquirer, that Western Canada farm lands will produce more wheat of a better quality and at a lower cost of production per acre than has heretofore been known in grain-growing countries. It is no idle statement to say that yields of fifty bushels to the acre of wheat are grown in Canada; the statement is made in all seriousness and is backed up by the letters and affidavits of reliable farmers in Western Canada. These farmers are enjoying the same home comforts that their neighbors to the south participate; they have the same good houses, the same good horses and cattle, the same good roads and communication, as well as the same good social conditions, and, best of all, they own their land and what they earn they own for themselves, being a foundation for greater wealth and independence.—Advertisement.

Quite Satisfied.
"I have no more satisfactory me!" "Oh, no. I never try to improve on nature."

After the Morning is for Tired Eyes.
"I have no more satisfactory me!" "Oh, no. I never try to improve on nature."

After the Morning is for Tired Eyes.
"I have no more satisfactory me!" "Oh, no. I never try to improve on nature."

WEB OF STEEL

This Is a Thrilling Story of American Life as Strong, Courageous Men Live It

By CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY and CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY, Jr.
Author and Clergyman Civil Engineer

Copyright by Fleming H. Revell Co.

BERTRAM MEADE CUTS OFF HIS OLD LIFE ENTIRELY AND GOES FORTH INTO STRANGE COUNTRY TO MAKE A NEW CAREER

Bertram Meade, Sr., plans a great international bridge for the Martlet Construction company. His son, Bertram Meade, Jr., resident engineer at the bridge site, and Helen Illingworth, daughter of Colonel Illingworth, president of the Martlet concern, are engaged to marry as soon as the work is finished. The young engineer had questioned his father's judgment on certain calculations and was laughed at for his fears. The bridge collapses and 150 workmen are killed. Meade, senior, drops dead after giving orders that his failure should be made public. The orders are not carried out. Young Meade takes the blame and releases Helen from her engagement.

CHAPTER IX—Continued.

"Shurtliff," said the young engineer, after the mound had been heaped up and covered with soda and straw with flowers and the workmen had gone, "I have left everything I possess in your charge. You have a power of attorney to receive and pay out all monies; to deposit, invest, and carry on my father's estate. The office is to be closed and the house is to be sold. My will, in which I leave everything to Miss Illingworth, is in your hands. You are empowered to draw from the revenue



"I Want to Stay Here a Little While by Myself."

of the estate your present salary so long as you live. If anything happens to me you will have the will probated and be governed accordingly.

"Mr. Meade," said the old man, and he somehow found himself transferring the affection which he had thought had been buried beneath the sod on that long mound before him, to the younger man. He had loved and served a Meade all his life and he began to see that he could not stop now, nor could he be lavish what he had to give merely on a remembrance. "Mr. Meade," he said, "where are you going and what do you intend to do?"

"I don't know where I shall go, or what I shall undertake eventually," said the man. "I'm going to leave everything behind now and try to get a little rest at first."

"And you will keep me advised of your whereabouts?"

"Perhaps—I don't know. One last injunction: you are not to tell anyone the truth."

"God forbid," said Shurtliff, "we have lied to preserve the honor and fame of him we loved who lies here."

"Don't render our perjuries of non-effect."

"I will not sir. I haven't found that paper. I guess it was destroyed."

"I presume so. And now, good-by. Aren't you coming with me?"

"I want to stay here a little while by myself."

Shurtliff turned and walked away. When he reached the road, down which he must go, he stopped and faced about again. Meade was standing where he had been. The old man took off his hat in reverent farewell.

Meade was not left alone. Beyond the hillside where his father had been buried rose a clump of trees. Bushes grew at their feet. A woman—should man be buried without woman's tears?—had stood concealed there waiting. Helen Illingworth had wept over the deadness, the mournfulness of it all. She had hoped that Meade might stay after the other went and now that he was alone she came to him. She laid her hand upon his arm. He turned and looked at her.

"I knew that you would be here," he said.

"Did you see me?"

"I felt your presence."

"Listen," said the woman. "You are wrecking your life for your father's fame. A man has a right perhaps to do with his own life what he will, but when he loves a woman and when he has told her so and she has given him her heart, if it ever came to you that when he wrecks his life he wrecks hers, and that he has a right to wreck his life for anyone else?"

"Oh, my God," said Meade, "this is more than I can bear."

"I don't want to force you to do anything you don't want to do and you are not in any mood to discuss these things," she said in quick compassion. "Some day you will come back to me."

He stretched out his hands toward her over the grave.

"I don't know," he cried. "I dare not hope."

"With love like ours," she answered, "all things are possible."

"I can't bind you. You must be free," he said slowly, turning his head.

"You are breaking my heart, but I shall live and fight on for love and you."

"God bless you."

"You are going away?" she asked at last.

"I must break with everything. I must give you your chance of freedom."

"Very well," said the woman. "Now hear me. You can't go so far on this earth or hide yourself away so cunningly but that I can find you and maybe follow you. And I will. Now, I must go. I left my car down the road yonder. Will you go with me?"

The man shook his head and knelt down before her suddenly and caught her skirt in his grasp. His arms swept around her knees. She yielded one hand to the pressure of his lips and laid the other upon his head.

"Go now," he whispered, "for God's sake. If I look at you I must follow."

CHAPTER X.

The New Rodman.

There are no more beautiful valleys anywhere than those cut by the waters of primeval floods through the foothills of the great snow-covered Rocky mountains. The erosions and washings of untold centuries have flung out in front of the granite ramparts of succession of lower elevations like the bastions of a fortress. At first scarcely to be distinguished from the main range in height and ruggedness these ravines and escarpments gradually decrease in altitude and size until they turn into a series of more or less disconnected, softly rounded hills, like outlying earthworks, finally merging themselves by gradual slopes into the distant plains overlooked by the great peaks of the mountains.

The monotony of these pine-clad, wind-swept slopes is broken even in the low hills by out-thrustings of stone, sometimes the hard igneous rock, the granite of the mountains, more frequently the softer red sandstone of a period later, yet inevitably old. These cliffs, buttes, hills and mesas have been weathered into strange and fantastic shapes which diversify the landscape and add charm to the country.

The narrow canons in which the snow-bed streams take their rise gradually widen as the water follows its tortuous course down the mountains through the subsiding ranges and out among the foothills to the sandy, arid, windy plains beyond. At the entrance of one of the loveliest of these broad and verdant valleys, a short distance above its confluence with a narrower, more rugged ravine through the hills, lay the thriving little town of Colorado.

Some twenty miles back from the town at a place where the valley was narrowed to a quarter of a mile, and separating it from the paralleling ravine, rose a huge sandstone rock called Spanish Mesa. Its top, some hundreds of feet higher than the tree-clad base of the hills, was mainly level. From its high elevation the country could be seen for many miles, mountains on one hand, plains on the other. It stood like an island in a sea of verdure. Little spurs and ridges ran from it toward the range it descended and constructed into a narrow saddle, vulgarly known as a "hog-back," where the granite of the mountains was hidden under a deep covering of grass-grown earth, which formed the easy division between the valley and the gorge of ravine, before the land, widening, rose late the next hill.

The people came from miles away to see that interesting and curious mesa, much more striking in its appearance than Balboa's knob, the last foothill below it. Transcontinental travelers even broke journey to visit it. The town prospered accordingly, especially as it was admirably situated on a piece of deep water for boats, and

plorers, prospectors and adventurers, who sought what they craved in the wild hills. There were one or two good hotels for tourists, unusually extensive general stores of the better class, where hunting and prospecting parties could be outfitted, and the high-living, extravagant cattle ranchers could get what they demanded. Besides all these there were the modest homes of the lovers of the rough but exhilarating and health-giving life of the Rocky mountains. Of course there were numerous saloons and gambling halls, and the town was the haunt of cowboys, hunters, miners, Indians—the old frontier with a few touches of civilization added!

What was left of the river, which had made the valley—and during the frequent periods of rain too brief to be known as the rainy season, it really lived up to the name of river—flowed merrily through the town, when it flowed at all, under the name of Pickett Wire. When the railroad came the Pickett Wire had been first studied in the hope of finding a practicable way over the mountains, but the ravine on the other side of the mesa had been found to offer a shorter and more practicable route. And by the way, this ravine, taking its name from the little brook far down in its narrows, was known as the "Kicking Horse."

So the railroad ran up the ravine and the Pickett Wire was left still virgin to the assaults of man. But the day came when it was despoiled of its hitherto long standing, unrivaled innocence. Shouts of men, cracking of whips, trampling of horses, groaning of wheels, wordless but vocal protests of beasts of burden mingled with the ringing of axes, the detonations of dynamite. The whistle of engines and the roar of steam filled the valley. Under the direction of engineers, a huge mound of earth arose across its narrowest part, nearest a shoulder, or spur, of the mesa reaching westward. No more should the silver Pickett Wire flow untraced on its way to the sea. It was to be dammed.

All that the huge, hot inferno of baked plain, where sage brush and buffalo grass alone grow, needed to make it burgeon with wheat and corn was water. The little Pickett Wire, which had mandered and sparkled and chattered on at its own sweet will was now to be held until it filled a great lakelike reservoir in the hills back of the new earth dam. Then through skillfully located irrigation ditches the water was to be given to the millions of hungry little wheatlets and cornlets, which would clamor for a drink. The force sun was no longer to work its untraced will in burning up the prairie.

With the promise of water on the plain beyond, Colorado sprang into power and more vigorous life. In the language of the West it "boomed." The railroad had been a forlorn branch running up into the mountains and ending nowhere. Its first builders had been daunted by difficulties and lack of money, but as soon as the great dam was projected, which would open several hundred thousand acres for cultivation and serve as an inspiration in its practical results to other similar attempts, people came swarming into the country buying up the land, the price for acreage steadily mounting. The railroad accordingly found it worth while to take up the long-abandoned construction work of mounting the range and crossing it. Men suddenly observed that it was the short-



A Young Man Roughly Dressed.

est distance between two cardinal points, and one of the great transcontinental railroads bought it and began improving it to replace its original rather unsatisfactory line.

The long wooden trestle which crossed the broad, sandy depression in front of the town, the bed of the ancient river, through which the Pickett Wire and further down its almost the Kicking Horse, flowed humbly and modestly, was being replaced by a great viaduct of steel. Far up the

gorge past the other side of the Spanish Mesa another higher trestle had already been replaced by a splendid steel arch. A siding had been built near the ravine, a path made to the foot of the mesa, and arrangements were being made to run a local train up from the town when all was completed to give the people an opportunity to ride up the gorge and see the great pile of rock, on which enterprise was already planning the desecration of a summer hotel, the blasphemy of an amusement park!

Up the valley of the Pickett Wire one morning in early fall came a young man roughly dressed like the average cow-puncher from the ranches further north. He rode well, yet with a certain attention to detail and a niceness that betrayed him to the real rough-rider of the range, just as the clothes he wore, although they were the ordinary cattleman's outfit, were worn in a little different way that again betrayed him. One look into the face of the man, albeit his mustache and beard hid the revealing outlines of mouth and chin, sufficed to show that here was no ordinary cow-puncher. He rode boldly enough among the rocks of the trail and along the rough road, which had been made by the wheels of the wagons and hoofs of the horses. There was about him some of the quiet confidence begot of achievement, some of the power which knowledge brings and which success emphasizes, yet there were uncertainty and hesitation, too, as if all had not been plain sailing on his course.

To be the resident engineer charged with the construction of a great earth dam like that across the Pickett Wire, requires knowledge of a great many things beside the technicalities of the profession, chief among them being a knowledge of men. As the newcomer threw his leg over the saddle-horn, stepped lightly to the ground, dropping the reins of his pony to the soil at the same time, Vandevanter, the engineer in question, looked at him with approval. Some subtle recognition of the man's quality came into his mind.

Here was one who seemed distinctly worth while, one who stood out above the ordinary applicant for jobs who came in contact with Vandevanter, as the big mesa rose above the foothill. However, the chief kept these things to himself as he stood looking and waiting for the other man to begin: "Are you the resident engineer?" asked the newcomer quietly, yet there was a certain nervous note in his voice, which the alert and observant engineer found himself wondering at, such a strain as might come when a man is about to enter upon a course of action, to take a strange or perilous step, such a little shiver in his speech as a naked man might feel in his body before he plunged into the icy waters of the wintry sea.

"I am."

"I'd like a job."

"We have no use for cow-punchers on this dam."

"I'm not exactly a cow-puncher, sir."

"What are you?"

"Look here," said the man, smiling a little, "I've been out in this country long enough to learn that all that it is necessary to know about a man is 'Will he make good?' Let us say that I am nothing and let it go at that."

"Out of nothing, nothing comes," laughed the engineer, genuinely amused.

Some men would have been angry, but Vandevanter rather enjoyed this.

"I didn't say I was good for nothing," answered the other man, smiling in turn, though he was evidently serious enough in his application.

"Well, what can you do? Are you an engineer?"

"Well, I can't over the last question, too, if you please. I think I could carry a rod if I had a chance and there was a vacancy."

"Umph," said Vandevanter, "you think you could?"

"Yes, sir. Give me a trial."

"All right, take that rod over there and go out on the edge of the dam where that stake shows, and I'll take a sight on it."

Now there are two ways—a hundred perhaps—of holding a rod; one right way and all the others wrong. A newcomer invariably grasps it tightly in his fist and jams it down, concluding that the only way to get it plumb and hold it steady. The experienced man strives to balance it erect on its own base and holds it with the tips of his fingers on either side in an upright position, swaying it very slightly backward and forward. He does it successfully, too.

Vandevanter had been standing by a level already set up when the newcomer arrived and the rod was lying on the ground beside it. The latter picked it up without a word, walked rapidly to the stake, loosened the face-rod, and balanced the rod upon the stake. As soon as Vandevanter observed that his new partner after work held the rod in the right way, he did not trouble to take the sight. He threw his head backward and raised his hand, beckoningly.

"It is impossible," he began, "that I can give you a job. The rodman just

in line of promotion has been given the level. One of the men went East last night. You can have the job, which is—"

"I don't care anything about the details," said the man quickly and gladly. "It's the work I want."

"Well, you'll get what the rest do," said Vandevanter. "Now, as you justly remarked, I have found that it is not polite out here to inquire too closely into a man's antecedents and I have learned to respect local customs, but we must have some name by which to identify you, make out your pay check, and—"

"Do you pay in checks?"

"No, but you have to sign a check."

"Well, call me Smith."

Vandevanter threw back his head and laughed. The other man turned a little red. The chief engineer observed the glint in his new friend's eye.

"I'm not exactly laughing at you," he explained, "but at the singular lack of inventiveness of the American. We have at least thirty Smiths out of two hundred men on our pay roll, and it is a bit confusing. Would you mind selecting some other name?"

"If it's all the same to you," announced the newcomer amusedly—the chief's laughter was infectious—"I'm agreeable to Jones, or Brown, or—"

"We have numbers of all of those, too."

"Really," said the man hesitatingly, "I haven't given the subject any thought."

"What about some of your family names?"

"That gives me an idea," said the newcomer, who decided to use his mother's name, "you can call me Roberts."

"And I suppose John for the prefix?"

"John will do as well as any, I am sure."

"We have about fifty Johns. Every Smith appears to have been born John."

"How did you arrange it?" asked the other with daring freedom, for a rodman does not enter conversation on terms of equality with the chief engineer.

"I got a little pocket dictionary down at the town with a list of names and I went through that list with the Smiths, dealing them out in order. Well, that will do for your name," he said, making a memorandum in the little book he pulled out of his flannel shirt pocket. He turned to a man who had come up to the level. "Smith," he said—"by the way this is Mr. Claude Smith, Mr. Roberts—here's your new rodman. You know your job, Roberts. Get to work."

And that is how Bertram Meade, a few months after the failure of the great bridge, once again entered the ranks of engineers, beginning, as was necessary and inevitable, very low down in the scale.

CHAPTER XI.

The Valley of Decision.

Much water had run under the bridges of the world and incidentally over the wreck of the International, since that bitter farewell between Bertram Meade and Helen Illingworth over the grave of the old engineer. Life had seemed to hold absolutely nothing for Meade as he knelt by that low mound and watched the woman walk slowly away with many a backward glance, with many a pause, obviously reluctant. He realized that the lifting of a hand would have called her back. How hard it was for him to remain quiet; and, finally, before she disappeared and before she took her last look at him, to turn his back resolutely as if to mark the termination of the situation.

Father, fame, reputation, love, taken away at one and the same moment—a weaker man might have meant life to rot away in the troubled days after the fall of the bridge, his father's death, the ineffectual, his testimony and evidence freely given, and that parting something like despair had filled the young engineer's heart. Life held nothing. He debated with himself whether it would not be better to end it than to live it. He envied his father his broken heart. Singularly enough, the thing that made life at least value was the thing that kept him from throwing it away—the woman.

Striving to analyze the complex emotions that centered about his losses he was forced to admit, although it seemed a sign of weakness, that love of woman was greater than love of fame, that in the balance one girl outweighed bridge and father. That the romance was ended was what made life insupportable. Yet the faint, vague possibility that it might be resumed if he could find some way to show his worthiness was what made him cling to it.

Of course he could have showed without much difficulty and beyond peradventure at the instant over Albert and the investigation into the cause of the failure of the bridge—unfortunate but too obvious—that the brilliant and ideal error in the design was not his and that he had protested against the accepted plan, if only he had found the letter addressed to his father, but that he would never do

and the letter had not been discovered anyway. He did not even regret the bold falsehood he had uttered or the practical sabotage of the party of which he had been guilty in drawing out and accepting and boasting Shurtliff's testimony.

There had been no inquest over his father's death. The autopsy had showed clearly heart failure. He had not been compelled to go on the witness stand and under oath as to that. Although, if that had been demanded, he must needs have gone through with it. Indeed so prompt and public had been his avowals of responsibility that he had not been seriously questioned thereon. He had left nothing uncertain. There was nothing concealed.

He had inherited a competence from his father. It was indeed much more than he or anyone had expected. He had realized enough ready money from the sale of certain securities for his present needs. The remainder he placed in Shurtliff's care and a few days after the funeral, having settled everything possible, he took a train for the West.

The whole world was before him, and he was measurably familiar with many portions of it. He could have buried himself in out-of-the-way cor-



He Debated With Himself Whether It Would Not Be Better to End It Than to Live.

ners of far countries, in strange continents. These possibilities did not attract him: He wanted to get away from, out of touch with, the life he had led. He wished to go to some place where he could be practically alone, where he could have time to recover his poise, to think things out, to plan his future, to try to devise a means for rehabilitation, if it were possible. He could do that just as well, perhaps better, in America than in any place else. And there was another reason that held him to his native land. He would still tread the same soil, breathe the same air, with the woman. He did not desire to put scars between them.

He swore to himself that the freedom he had offered her, that he had indeed forced upon her unwilling and rejecting it, should be no empty thing so far as he was concerned. He would leave her absolutely untrammelled. He would not write to her or communicate with her in any way. He would not even seek her to hear about her and of course as she would not know whether he had gone or where he was she could not communicate with him.

The silence that had fallen between them should not be broken even for ever unless and until— Ah, yes, he could not see any way to complete that "unless and until" at first, but perhaps after a while he might.

He knew exactly where he would go. Dick Winters, another classmate and devoted friend at Cambridge, had gone out West shortly after graduation. He had a big cattle ranch miles from a railroad in a young southwestern state. Winters, like the other member of the youthful triumvirate, Rodney, was a bachelor. He could be absolutely depended upon. He had often begged Meade to visit him. The engineer would do it now. He knew Winters would respect his moods, that he would let him severely alone, that he could get on a horse and ride into the hills and do what he pleased, think out his thoughts undisturbed.

To Winters, therefore, he had gone. He had an idea that his future would be settled at Cambridge. Indeed he had put all thought of his chosen profession out of his mind and heart, at least so he fancied. Yet, spending an idle forenoon in Chicago waiting for the departure of the western train, he found himself irresistibly drawn to the great steel-framed structures, the skyscrapers rising gaunt and rigid above the other buildings of the city.

A man of Meade's ability will soon find a place for himself in any environment, and so it is with the young engineer. His new start in life is described in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Sweet, Young Thing.

In a local theater, one evening recently, a powerful spotlight revealed a beauty by crawling over the polished surface of a pretty girl's back. "Oh, lookie," whispered a little girl in tones that could be heard all about her, "lookie at the girl!" "Sweet, dear," the child's mother cried. "There was a woman's name, then the little girl again whispered sweetly: 'I hope the girl thinks he is on a handsome fellow.'"

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Too Many Operations

The Right Medicine in Many Cases Does Better than the Surgeon's Knife. Tribute to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Doctor Said Operation or Death—But Medicine Cured.



Des Moines, Iowa.—"My husband says I would have been in my grave today had it not been for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I suffered from a serious female trouble and the doctors said I could not live one year without an operation. My husband objected to the operation and had me try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I soon commenced to get better and am now well and able to do my own housework. I can recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to any woman as a wonderful health restorer."—Mrs. BRANCH JEFFERSON, 703 Lyon St., Des Moines, Iowa.

Another Operation Avoided.

Richmond, Ind.—"For two years I was so sick and weak from female troubles that when going up stairs I had to go very slowly with my hands on the steps, then sit down at the top to rest. The doctor said he thought I should have an operation, and my friends thought I would not live to move into our new house. My daughter asked me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as she had taken it with good results. I did so, my weakness disappeared, I gained in strength, moved into our new home, do all kinds of garden work, and raised hundreds of chickens and ducks. I cannot say enough in praise of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. M. O. JOHNSON, Route D, Box 190, Richmond, Ind.

Of course there are many serious cases that only a surgical operation will relieve. We freely acknowledge this, but the above letters, and many others like them, amply prove that many operations are recommended when medicine in many cases is all that is needed.

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.

It is hope that paints the future fair.

BOSCHEE'S GERMAN SYRUP

A Valued Household Remedy for Over Half a Century.

In our climate, with its sudden changes of temperature, rain, wind and sunning often intermingled in a single day, it is no wonder that our children, friends and relatives are so frequently taken from us by neglected colds, many deaths resulting from this cause. A bottle of Boschee's German Syrup kept in the house, and a few doses taken in time, will possibly prevent a severe illness, a doctor's bill, and perhaps death. For fifty years this has been a very successful remedy for coughs, colds, throat or lung troubles. It induces a good night's sleep with easy expectoration in the morning. For sale by druggists in all parts of the civilized world, 25 and 75 cent bottles.—Adv.

Occupation is the scythe of time.

Do You Neglect Your Machinery?

The machinery of the body needs to be well oiled, kept in good condition just as the automobile, steam engine or bicycle. Why should the human neglect his own machinery more than that of his horse or his engine? Yet most people do neglect themselves. To clean the system at least once a week is to practice preventive measures. You will escape many ills and clear up the coated passages, the slow complexion, the dull eyes, the lazy liver, if you will take a pleasant laxative made up of the most delicate and most effective of all the most of laxatives, and called Pleasant Laxative. You can obtain at almost any drug store in this country these valuable pills in vials for 25c—simply ask for Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Laxative. There can be no uncertainty if they have the Dr. Pierce stamp. Proven good by 50 years use.

FAIR AND CLEAR

That's the way your skin will be, if you'll take Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Pimples, blotches, eruptions, and humors are all easily banished by this medicine. It takes away more thoroughly and certainly than anything else, the blood poisons or impurities that cause them. For every skin, scalp, and scrofulous affection, no matter how it came, the "Discovery" cleanses, builds up, strengthens, and invigorates every part of the system. Eruptions, pimples, salt-rheum, warts, boils, carbuncles, enlarged glands, and the worst scrofulous sores and swellings are completely and permanently banished by it. The "Discovery" is made from natural roots without alcohol, and can be had in liquid or tablet form from all dealers. It is one of the best health-givers, you feel refreshed in strength and vigor after taking this vegetable tonic.

NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

Washington Society Women Are Ardent Patriots

WASHINGTON.—If you happen into either one of two of the city's best-known garages, and find a girl, or matron, perhaps, under a car, with grease dripping upon her fair face, and getting all smeary, you will appreciate the earnestness of nearly a hundred of Washington's best-known society women in preparing as motor mechanics to aid the nation in time of war.



A school for mechanics has been started by the Red Cross corps of woman ambulance drivers recently organized by Mrs. J. Borden Harriman, Mrs. Augustus P. Gardner, Mrs. Lara Anderson, and others.

Ninety-three of the city's best-known girls and matrons are enlisted for service with the armed forces of the United States as soon as the call comes from the war department through the Red Cross.

More than a score of the drivers, many of them prepared to donate cars, are qualifying as mechanics to make field repairs. They are being schooled by experts in two big garages. The women are qualifying rapidly, and there are several who have won "diplomas" for skill in motor mechanics.

They can take down and reassemble a three-gear car without a lock washer or cotter pin left over. They know the parts and can call them by name, even to all of the gears and pins in the transmission and differential. Furthermore, it is declared, they show surprising skill and strength.

The women interested are "going at it" with a vim. A garageman facetiously said he was getting frightened, because if many more of the women showed such skill the day might come when society women would do their own automobile overhauling.

The corps has been divided into companies of ten each with a captain. Each Sunday morning the companies go to Fort Myer and practice handling army motortrucks over rough ground. Each one enlisted is a skilled driver of one or more types of passenger cars, electric or gasoline. Each is being instructed in the handling of heavier vehicles over difficult ground.

The drivers will handle all motor units of the medical and Red Cross departments, supply wagons as well as ambulances behind the lines, according to present plans.

Army officers are co-operating in the instruction of the drivers, but some of the women are giving instruction to fellow corps members.

Purchase Not Altogether a Matter of Charity

"PUSSY WILLOWS, pussy willows, lady? Ficenserbunch" Everybody loves pussy willows, but no lady could possibly be expected to waste a nickel on switches bumpy with close-fisted buds and all tied around with a dirty string. Still when you come right down to it, a child's fight with life is just as formidable if not so scripturally important as David's combat with Goliath, so the woman, who has to grub around for small yarns, started a conversation.

"Selling a whole lot, son?" "Nomo. Ain't sold nair bunch."

"That's bad. Where did they come from?" "I gathered 'em yestryday down yander in Mim'gumny county, where I lives. I haster 'tump roun' everwhicheverway an' can't hardly never sell a thing, counter the mash makket, but mammy she say I gotta keeper comin', 'cause how's we gwine buy sugar an' tea an' stuff, when alga aliter laying free yit, 'cept'n to set with? I like pappy. I druther work in the country, where I knows how to do whatter I got to do. He's ben daid mos'n two years now."

"I like the country, too. Why don't you get a regular job down there?" "Cause I ain't big enough to hire for a man, an' they all don't give child'n nothin' but bode an' close—but I gotta job ahead runnin' arrens and creshin' the grass for a white lady that's boughtin a house down yander to live in when warm weather comes—an' I mout hepper in the garden."

"Fine! I reckon I might as well take those other two bunches and then you can run along home—and give my love to Montgomery county."

The boy started off as spry as a lizard, and the woman took her switches home and put them in water.

Charity? Of course not—business. The woman put the little incident on a pad and got paid for it—and a story is always worth its price.

President Caused Flutter in Navy Department

PRESIDENT WILSON'S recently formed habit of dropping in on Secretaries Lansing, Daniels and Baker in the state, war and navy building, opposite the White House office, for informal war preparation conferences, has inspired the officials in these three important branches of the government to put forth their best efforts to have everything in readiness for the clash with Germany.

The president bobs up at unexpected moments at all hours of the day and is in thorough touch with the work in every bureau. The other day Mr. Wilson arrived at the navy department while Secretary Daniels was giving his regular afternoon audience to Washington correspondents. About 40 newspaper men were crowded around Mr. Daniels' desk, plying him with questions.

The president slipped quietly into the room, accompanied by a secret service man, took in the situation with one glance and stepped softly to a couch, where he sat down to await his turn.

The president was not noticed at first. He was discovered by a newspaper man, who apprised the secretary in a stage whisper. Instantly the correspondents separated. Lieutenant Commander McCandless jumped to a salute, and the president, laughing at the confusion he had caused, arose to his feet, greeted Mr. Daniels in cordial, but businesslike fashion, and apologized for having broken up the conference.

Before the room was cleared the president and the secretary of the navy had their heads together and were earnestly discussing plans of naval preparation. The president looked the picture of restored health, his color was good and his step springy.

Illumination of Capitol Dome Pleases Many

OWING to the continued illness of Elliot Woods, superintendent of the Capitol, no definite steps were taken for some time toward the continued lighting of the capitol dome. The cost of this lighting has not been figured, but no special appropriation or legislative authority is necessary.

There is plenty of current on tap in the capitol power house, and all that is required is to direct the flow of current to the lighting units necessary to illumine the dome in white each night. The installation of the flood-lighting system for the inaugural ceremonies was paid for out of money appropriated by congress and the system installed is a permanent one.

Now that it is ready for use, the electric light bills do not have to be reckoned with, any more than if those in charge of the capitol grounds determined to put an extra lamp post in a dark spot in the park.

Although there seems to be no possible objection to lighting the dome each night, Superintendent Woods desires to have the proper authorities give their assent formally. Scores of letters from citizens of this city, as well as from foreign visitors, have been received at the capitol, expressing delight and appreciation of the lighted dome.

Clever George. Mabel—Oh, George, they say the moon is a dead body. George—Awright, Ies sit up with the corpse.

FOR SKIN TROUBLES

That Itch, Burn, Tetter, and Disfigure Use Cuticura—Trial Free.

The Soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal. They usually afford immediate relief in itching, burning eczemas, pimples, dandruff and most baby skin troubles. They also tend to prevent little skin troubles becoming great if used daily.

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

Help! "Can you send a dog by parcel post?" asked the Old Fogey. "Yes," replied the Grubch. "You can if it is male."

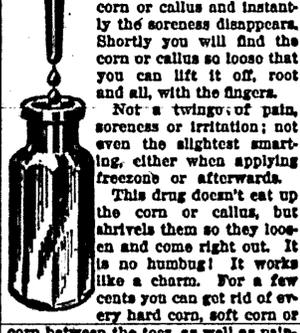
PAIN? NOT A BIT! LIFT YOUR CORNS OR CALLUSES OFF

No humbug! Apply few drops then just lift them away with fingers.

This new drug is an ether compound discovered by a Cincinnati chemist. It is called freezeone, and can now be obtained in tiny bottles as here shown at very little cost from any drug store. Just ask for freezeone. Apply a drop or two directly upon a tender corn or callus and instantly the soreness disappears. Shortly you will find the corn or callus so loose that you can lift it off, root and all, with the fingers.

Not a twinge of pain, soreness or irritation; not even the slightest smarting, either when applying freezeone or afterwards.

This drug doesn't eat up the corn or callus, but shrivels them so they loosen and come right out. It is no humbug! It works like a charm. For a few cents you can get rid of every hard corn, soft corn or corn between the toes, as well as painful calluses on bottom of your feet. It never disappoints and never burns, bites or inflames. If your druggist hasn't any freezeone yet, tell him to get a little bottle for you from his wholesale house.—adv.



She Had 'Em. Student—What are your terms for students? Landlady—Deadbeats and bums.

Many a woman has lost an ardent admirer by marrying him.

Getting Old Too Fast?

Late in life the body shows signs of wear and often the kidneys weaken first. The back is lame, bent and achy, and the kidney action distressing. This makes people feel older than they are. Don't wait for drumpy, gray hair, hardening of the arteries or Bright's disease. Use a mild kidney stimulant. Try Doan's Kidney Pills. Thousands of elderly folks recommend them.

A Colorado Case

Mrs. Frank Low, 428 W. First St., Loveland, Colo., says: "I had several attacks of backache and other kidney disorders that made me miserable. Whenever I stooped, sharp pains darted through my hips and I could hardly straighten. If I stood much, the attacks were more severe. Doan's Kidney Pills completely cured me."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box. DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.



The John Van Ripper Investment Co. WYOMING OIL STOCKS. Information Furnished Free. 453 Equitable Bldg., Denver, Col.

Films Developed ANY SIZE ROLL 10c. A special offer, to introduce our work. In addition we will make prints from three best negatives in each roll FREE. HAASTAD & MCKEE 404 15th Street DENVER, COLO.

PATENTS. W. N. U., DENVER, NO. 17-1917.

Advertisement for Castoria featuring a bottle of 900 Drops. Text includes: "Net Contents 15 Fluid Ounces 900 DROPS", "ALCOHOL—3 PER CENT. Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food by Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of INFANTS, CHILDREN", "Thereby Promoting Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.", "A helpful remedy for Constipation and Diarrhoea and Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP causing Nervousness in Infants.", "The Reliable Signature of Dr. J. C. HITCHCOCK", "THE CASTORIA COMPANY, NEW YORK.", "At 6 months old 35 DROPS 35 CENTS", "Beware of cheap imitations.", "Beware of cheap imitations. Beware of cheap imitations."

Advertisement for Castoria featuring a signature and text: "CASTORIA For Infants and Children. Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria Always Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Hitchcock In Use For Over Thirty Years CASTORIA".

Canada's Liberal Offer of Wheat Land to Settlers

Advertisement for Western Canada featuring a map and text: "is open to you—to every farmer or farmer's son who is anxious to establish for himself a happy home and prosperity. Canada's hearty invitation this year is more attractive than ever. Wheat is much higher here than in the United States and the fertile farm land is cheap, and in the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.", "160 Acre Homesteads are Actually Free in British Columbia and 320 Acre Homesteads are Free in Alberta. The great demand for Canadian Wheat will keep up the price. When a farmer can own 160 Acre of wheat and raise 50 to 60 bushels to the acre he is in a position to produce 8000 bushels of wheat for the market. This is a fortune in the United States. The price of wheat is 1.00 per bushel. This means 8000 dollars for the farmer. This is a fortune in the United States. The price of wheat is 1.00 per bushel. This means 8000 dollars for the farmer. This is a fortune in the United States.", "W. V. BENNETT, Room 4, Bank Bldg., Omaha, Neb., Canadian Government Agent."

Advertisement for Carter's Little Liver Pills and Carter's Iron Pills. Text includes: "Carter's Little Liver Pills. You Cannot be Constipated and Happy. A Remedy That Makes Life Worth Living. Contains pure ingredients. Beware of cheap imitations.", "Carter's Iron Pills. A Remedy That Makes Life Worth Living. Will gently help meet pain-faced people."

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

R. L. Howell was down Tuesday from Ancho.

B. F. Goff is on the federal jury at Santa Fe.

W. W. Slack was a business visitor Tuesday from Alto.

Misses Estelle and Anna Belle Harris were here Tuesday evening from their Three Rivers home.

E. W. Hulbert is here from Lincoln, working on tax matters in the assessor's office.

J. F. Morris arrived last Friday from Kansas City and has assumed the duties of bookkeeper in the Exchange bank.

Perry Humphrey was here Monday from his home on the Bonito. He reports good rains throughout his section.

J. O. Nabours was up Monday from his home on Three Rivers. He says his fruit was slaughtered by the late freeze, but that he will have a partial crop.

The Misses Johnson arrived this week from California and will visit for the remainder of the month with their uncle, Hal Young, at Nogal.

R. A. Hunnicutt was over this week from his home on the Mesa. He was smiling over the fine rain that visited his community last Friday.

W. M. Ferguson and L. R. Lamay left Monday night for Erick, Oklahoma. They go to look at some blooded milk stock which, if satisfactory, they will purchase.

J. Mr. Rice and A. T. Anderson were down Tuesday from Parsons. They report work progressing evenly at the Parsons mine and mill—and that returns are quite satisfactory.

The dance given Tuesday night, at the new Commercial Club Hall was well attended. The music by the orchestra was simply irresistible, and the floor perfect, dancing continued until quite early.

C. C. Elliott received a shipment of registered Jerseys Saturday night from Kansas. They are A 1 stuff, and Mr. Elliott will use them at his ranch north-east of town in connection with his dairy.

Judge Rollins and W. B. Crabtree were here Wednesday from their iron mines near Tecolote. They visited the Willow Springs coal mines while here and were greatly pleased and surprised at the valuable coal deposit there shown and the development of the property under the management of Geo. C. Benedict, the president.

Methodist Church

Rev. ARTHUR MARSHALL, Pastor Rev. Hoornig of the Episcopal Church will preach the Baccalaureate sermon to the High School graduates next Sunday evening at 8 o'clock in the Methodist Church.

The pastor will preach in the morning. The boys and girls prayer meeting Monday afternoon is growing in interest.

The mid-week remember the time every Wednesday night.

The women's Wesley Bible Class in the Sunday School is growing in interest and members, we hope to see the men's class doing as well.

The pastor will preach at White Oaks at 3 p. m. next Sunday.

Parsons

Mrs. O. T. Anderson and Mrs. W. W. Merriam departed last week for Los Angeles where they expect to remain till the first of July.

Nogal-Peak has been white with snow twice during the past week and as most of the buds on the oak brush have been killed by the late frosts, it will probably be some time before the hillsides are green this year.

Mr. and Mrs. Bart Kinney and children of Carthage, N. Mex. motored up from Fort Stanton with the Weber family and spent the day with the Rices. Mr. Kinney has recently opened up a coal mine not far from the old Government mine that used to furnish coal to Fort Stanton, when that was a Military Post.

Mr. Stone of Albuquerque and Mrs. Pierce of Carrizozo spent a day with friends here recently.

Mrs. Jackson of South Bend, Ind. on her way home from California, where she spent winter, stopped over to spend a few days with her son-in-law Mr. Harris.

Buck Jenning is working for the Railroad Co. at Nogal Lake. Better come home Buck the fishing season is open.

Mr. G. B. Greer has departed again for his goat ranch.

Mrs. James Martel of Grass Valley, Cal. has come to join her husband who is employed by the Parsons Mining Co. at present the Martels are occupying the cottage of Mr. W. W. Merriam.

Local showers have been of great benefit to those fortunate enough to have their garden and field seeds in.

Prof. Vaughn of Las Cruces lectured on farming at the school house last Friday night. The bad weather was responsible for the small number that attended the meeting.

Resolutions of Respect

Whereas, God, in his infinite wisdom saw fit to take from us in the midst of her usefulness Sister Margaret Rolland, whom we all loved and with whom association always redounded to the betterment of the community in which she lived.

Therefore be it resolved, That in this hour of gloom and trial, we extend to A. J. Rolland the husband and the family our sincerest condolences secure in the thought that he whose knowledge surpasses all understanding has done well in this as in all things.

Therefore be it resolved that a copy of these resolutions be placed upon the minutes of our Lodge and a copy sent to both of our local papers.

Signed EDNA ORME JOHNSON, ANNA ROBERTS, MARY E. HOFFMAN, Committee, COALORA REBECCA Lodge No. 15.

Lincoln State Bank

For a new bank which began business only a few months ago, the Lincoln State Bank has established a record that justifies its management with optimism for its future and creates a faith in the public for its perpetuity, growth and usefulness. A glance at its report which appeared in last week's News, shows that its business has more than doubled since its last report.

Commencement Exercises

Tuesday night of this week at the Methodist church marked the beginning of the public school commencement exercises. The church was crowded and the program, published in last week's News, was entertainingly rendered. The intersociety contest, of which Misses Margaret Scott and Ola Edmiston are respective presidents, supplied the greater part of the program.

In the declamatory contest Mayo Hamilton, who had for his subject "The Great Peril of Unrestricted Immigration," won over Gladney White, whose subject was "Americanism." "A Half Hour on the Beach," a reading by Margaret Lacey, won over Hilary Cooper whose subject was "Little God and Dicky".

The two winners above were members of Miss Scott's society, and, although losing the decision in the debate, was awarded the silver cup, "To have and to Hold" for a year, or until the opposing society succeeds in wresting it from the present winner, captured in a manner to the one similarly related.

The debate, "Resolved that the government should own and operate all railroads doing an interstate business," was decided in favor of the negative. Homer Donaldson and Lorena Haley represented the affirmative while the negative was championed by Rufus Branum and Perola Stevens.

Funeral Notice

Simon Dillford, a colored man who had worked for Williams, of the R. R. grading outfit, for several years, was brought in from the camp last week sick with pneumonia. He lived only a few days and died last Thursday. Services were held in the undertaking establishment of Mr. E. R. Kelley on Friday afternoon in the presence of a small company of friends. Simon had been a faithful servant and was much thought of by his employers and his associates. He came originally from West Point, Miss. He was buried with appropriate services in the local cemetery.

The Exchange Bank

By reference to the report of the Exchange Bank, published in last week's News, it will be seen that this old and reliable institution still retains its standing with the growing prosperity of its patrons. It is the oldest financial institution in the county and one of the most substantial in the state. It is a half a million dollar institution in which the community, as well as its managements derives much pride.

Dog License Due

Notice is hereby given that the dog license imposed by the Trustees of the Village of Carrizozo is due on or before the 1st day of June. The license on all male dogs is \$1.00 on all female dogs \$2.00. All dogs on which license has been paid and which do not wear a collar with license tag attached will be shot by the Marshal.

Classified Advertisements

Hogs bought and sold. Rufus Hughes.

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

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

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

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

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

FOR SALE—Hooder Kitchen Cabinet, dining table and six chairs. Inquire at this office. 5-5

FARM Seeds, amber orange and red top pure seed. Milk vetch, alfalfa, millet, corn and wheat seed. —Munphy Bros.

Patriotism Demands That You Spend-- But Spend Wisely

It is not true patriotism to hoard your money. The community needs it in circulation to carry on the war. Don't spend less money. But spend it more carefully.

Below we list many items at prices that will interest you. These prices are for CASH ONLY—ABSOLUTELY NO EXCEPTIONS. These special prices are lower in many instances than wholesale cost, and we must sell strictly for

CASH ONLY

THESE PRICES ARE FOR ONE WEEK ONLY

Great Special--Ladies' Skirts, Suits and Dresses. No stock reserved, every garment included in this sale—



One lot of Skirts, all new spring models, including Palm Beach Cloths. Values up to 7.50, for cash, 6.35

Suits, Palmer garments, have about one dozen suits, good sizes and this season's styles, regular 25.00, 30.00 and 35.00 values, included in this cash sale at 21.95

Dresses—of Silk—in Poplins—Taffeta and Messelines, also a few Crepedechines—at a special discount for cash of 25 per cent

Middy Blouses, White and Colors, new spring styles at the following Cash Prices: 55c, 85c, 1.25, 1.45, 1.65 values up to 2.50

Shoes at Less Than Manufacturers Cost

These Shoes will be Sold for Cash Only

One Lot, Boys' Shoes—good Ladies' Shoes and Pumps in Extra Special—Ladies' and run sizes and all leathers. Tan and Black Leathers. Misses Shoes in Button and Odd styles, values up to 3.50 Values to 4.50. During this Blucher—all sizes, priced For Cash, 1.50 Cash Sale, 1.50 For Cash, 2.35

We can make you some very interesting prices on your next bill of groceries. For Cash Only we will sell you Cream of Wheat Flour at per cwt., 8.20. Sugar per sack, 9.50. Butter, Meadow Gold, 45c pound

Be Sure and Get Our Prices First

The Carrizozo Trading Co. Quality First Phone 21 Then Price

How Does It Benefit Me?

Business men believe in the Federal Reserve System, but many of them know little about it or how it operates.

To tell our community how the system benefits them and how they can contribute directly to its support, we have prepared a short pamphlet.



If you haven't seen it we shall be glad either to mail it to you or give it to you if you will call.

The First National Bank OF CARRIZOZO

Send for Booklet "How Does It Benefit Me?"

I attended the dance And enjoyed it So did everyone The ladies were dressed becomingly The men not so much so And I wondered why. Our store can supply the necessary "duds" To the men as well as to the ladies. So men, "dress up" in a new Hart Schaffner & Marx suit And a pair of Florsheim shoes And other things too.

THE UNIVERSAL PROVIDERS

Ziegler Brothers

ESTABLISHED IN LINCOLN COUNTY SINCE 1881