

WEB OF STEEL

By CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY FATHER AND SON

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CHAPTER XIX—Continued.

"I don't see him. He's not there," she said at last, handing the glass back to its owner.

"If he were there, you'd see him all right," said Winters enthusiastically, "because he'd be in the thick of the fight."

"I doubt if you can recognize anyone, even through the glass, at such a distance," said Rodney, after he had formed it and taken a look himself. "Yet if he were there, he certainly would be in the thick of it. He's that kind. You look, Dick."

"I can't see him," said Winters in turn. "But what a fight they are making to save that dam."

"Will it hold?" asked the woman.

"Impossible," said Rodney.

"I give it one hour," said Winters, handing over the glass.

"Not more than that," assented the other, after another look. "See for yourself, Miss Illingworth."

From where they stood, high up on the roof of the world, they were spectators of a great battle, witnesses of a terrible contest, in which herculean effort, desperate courage, human will, all exerted to the limit, finally degenerated into blind, mechanical habit of continuous and frenzied endeavor.

The spirit of reckless continuance had got into them and moved them to the impossible. As men in a battle charge on even with wounds enough to kill them in ordinary circumstances, as soldiers at Winchester, though shot in the heart, actually struggled after Sheridan until they fell, or even as a common horse may so be imbued with blind intensity of determination that he gallops on until he drops dead, so these men gave their all in unmatchable persistence.

"They'd better get off that dam," said Rodney. "When it once falls it'll go with a rush and then it'll be too late."

"Look at them. They're not going to get off," said Winters. "They're going down with it. Fools, God bless 'em!" he shouted, throwing up his arms in exultation over manhood and courage and determination.

"Perhaps you had better go back, Miss Illingworth," said Rodney, thinking of the horror she might witness at any moment.

"I wouldn't be elsewhere for the world," said the brave girl, white but with firm lips—she was made of the same stuff as the fighting men, it seemed—even if he were there, fighting that great battle, I should wait to see the end."

"We're not the only people in this wilderness. Look yonder!" cried Winters.

He pointed down through the ceaseless rain toward the lower edge of the mesa. There, far below him, were three sodden figures. The water in the lake had flooded the slope of the hill, and on that side it was lapping the base of the cliff. The trail had, of course, been covered, and there was no way of progress except by taking advantage of the broken rock at the foot of the cliff, which here and there still stood above the water. It was a place where men could only pass by carefully choosing their way and calculating the distance of the next point toward which to leap. These three were moving like madmen, splashing through the water, hurling themselves from rock to rock, falling against the wall, clutching a tree or shrub, slipping into the lake, carving themselves from drowning apparently only by the caprice of capricious fortune, which they were trying to the utmost limit.

One man carried a miner's pick, a spade and a surveyor's range pole, the other another spade and two long stakes which looked like the separate legs of a tripod. The barchaded man, who had thrown his rubber coat down in the reddish-yellow water, carried a good-sized oilskin bag. He was the most burdened of the three. He ran some distance in front of the others. They noticed him carefully he sought to protect the bag. When he slipped or seemed about to fall, he always thrust it frantically away from the rock with outstretched arm.

What the three men would be at of course no one knew. It was obvious that they were in a desperate hurry and that the thing in the bag must be carefully carried. Naturally the watchers connected the men with the dam builders. They were dressed as the men engaged in such labor would be dressed. The pick, the spades and the pole and stakes bore out that conclusion.

"What's in the bag?" asked the woman.

"He carries it as though it might be gold or diamonds," said Winters. Rodney shook his head. Suddenly he divined the reason for the extreme care with which the bag was carried. The men were immediately below the three watchers now. He could make out pretty well what was the size and shape of the objects that bulged the waterproof bag.

"I have it," he shouted. "Dynamite!"

"What for?"

Rodney shook his head again. The man in front was in plain view. He was a tall figure, his face was heavily

bearded. From the angle at which they saw him it was impossible to recognize him, nor was he in his frantic progress assuming the usual attitude and bearing of a man under ordinary conditions which sometimes betray him to those who know him well. Nor could Helen Illingworth with her trembling hands focus the glass, which she took from Rodney before the struggling adventurers had passed; and yet there was something in the figure below that made her heart beat faster.

She pressed her hand to the wet garments over her heart and stared. Suddenly Rodney raised his voice and shouted at the very top of it. Winters joined in, and even Helen Illingworth found herself screaming. The three men below were not more than five or six hundred feet away, but evidently they could not possibly hear in that tumult of nature. No voices would carry through any such rain and wind. They were too intent on their paths and on what they had to do to look upward. They rounded the shoulder of the mesa and disappeared in the pines at its feet.

The three on the top looked at each other.

"The dam still holds," said Rodney, quite unsuspecting what was in the woman's heart.

Even as he spoke, Helen Illingworth turned away. She ran heavily in her sodden garments along the broken mesa top past the house to the upper edge. There below her were the three men just emerging from the fringe of trees. Rounding the end of the mesa, they had at last struck firmer ground. Helen Illingworth could see them through the pines on the old trail. The going was bad enough, but it was nothing compared to what they had passed over and presently they burst out of the woods and ran along the greasy, well-rounded hogback that divided the valley from the ravine.

The woman had no idea what was toward, what was their purpose. She could only stare and stare at the rapidly moving far-off figure indomitably in the lead, and the others following after. There Winters joined her.

"Rodney sent me to look after you; he feels that he must stay back and watch the dam for his paper."

"Look," said Helen, pointing far down. The men halted at the very narrowest part of the hogback. They were clustered together. The bag lay on the ground behind them. One man bent over it, evidently opening it. Another man swung the shovel viciously, the third grabbed the pick. Winters had been too far removed from engineering even yet to figure out what was toward. They could only watch and wonder.

CHAPTER XX.

The Victors.

Meade knew that they were fighting a losing battle. Every one of the higher grade men knew it also. The spillway was entirely inadequate, but it suddenly flashed into his mind, with that consciousness of the hopelessness of the struggle, that perhaps there was another way to discharge the flood.

The same idea might have come to any other of the more intelligent of the men from Vandeventer down if they had taken a moment for reflection. If they had not been so frantically, so frightfully engrossed in their present puny but gallant efforts to save the dam, they certainly would have remembered. That the possibility came to Meade rather than to any of the others was perhaps due to the fact that he had noted the situation later and had studied the conditions more recently.

Those solitary rambles of his, those careful inspections of the terrain of the valley, had been made long after the original surveys and the results of his observations were still fresh in his mind.

The water was rising so rapidly since the cloudburst and he saw the inevitableness of the failure so clearly that he did not dare to waste time to look up Vandeventer, tell him his plan, and get his permission. Every second was of the utmost value. When the thought came, he acted instantly. He was in the position of the commander of a small force to whom is suddenly presented the bare possibility of wresting victory from defeat by some splendidly daring and unforeseen undertaking. And he was the man to seize such a possibility and make the most of it.

He had endeavored himself to some of the men and the respect in which he was held by Vandeventer was shared by the others. When he called two of the most capable of the workmen, a big, burly Irishman and a stout little Italian, to follow him, they did it without a moment's hesitation.

"The rest of you keep on here," he shouted as he left the gang. "Murphy and Funaro, come with me. Keep it up; I think I know a way to help." He yelled back through the rain as he scrambled off the dam up the rocks to the spillway. It was not his fault that they could not hear and could not understand.

The water was rushing through the spillway about knee deep, and the three men plunged forward through

it had difficulty in keeping their footing on the broken, rocky bottom. When they reached the other side, Meade, shouting above the storm:

"Murphy, bring your pick and shovel; take that iron range-pole, too. Here, Funaro, you take your shovel and these."

As he spoke he ran into the office shack and wrecked a transit tripod, ruthlessly separating the legs from one another by main force and pitching two of them into the little Italian's outstretched arms.

Without a question, both men complied with his directions. In a huge crevise, almost a small cave, in the spur of the mesa which overhung the east end of the dam the explosives were stored. The dynamite was kept in oilskin bags, the detonating caps in waterproof boxes. There were sixteen sticks or cartridges in each bag. Each stick was an inch and a half in diameter and eight inches long. One bagful should be ample. Indeed, if that did not do the work, the attempt would fail.

The men waited while Meade selected a bag of dynamite, a box of detonators, and a package of fuses. It was a cardinal rule that dynamite cartridges and detonating caps should never be carried by the same person, because the combination so greatly increased the risk of premature explosion.

The fulminate of mercury in the detonators was very volatile, highly explosive and immensely destructive, considering its size. One such cap could blow off a man's hand, or even his head, and in its explosion might detonate the dynamite. Hence the separation when being carried.

Meade decided to take that risk. He knew how perilous was the undertaking, how liable he was in his hurry to fall against the rocks, slippery and half submerged in that pouring rain. He knew what the consequences of such a fall would be. He would center all risks in himself. He thrust the box of detonators in his pocket, the package of fuses inside his flannel shirt, and carried the dynamite bag in his hand. He would need his free hand to protect himself, so all the tools were carried by the other men.

The little Italian shook his head as he noted these preparations. He happened to be one of the explosive force, whose whose duty it was to do the blasting. In his practical way he knew a great deal about the properties and possibilities of usefulness of the dynamite. Meade's purpose was obvious, even to Murphy, who was only a laborer, though where he proposed to work neither man had any idea at all.

"Dynamite no work in this weather," said Funaro impressively.

"Probably not," answered Meade, hurrying his preparations, "but it's our only chance."

"Give me the caps," urged the Italian gallantly.

"No, I'll take both."

"It's dangerous."

"Yes, but come on."

Meade, wasting no more words, sprang at what was left of the trail, and the two men gallantly followed him. The hogback at which he was aiming was perhaps a little more than two miles from the dam. On the ordinary trail and prepared for the run, he could have managed it in fifteen

minutes; as it was, they made it in thirty. The extreme possibility of the life of the dam seemed to Meade not much greater. He went in the lead, and by his direction the others kept some distance behind him.

"If I fall and explode this dynamite, there's no need of all three of us being blown up," he had said, and it was no reflection on their courage that they complied with his directions.

Indeed a stern command was necessary to keep the two men back. They had caught something of the gallant spirit of the engineer, and the big Irishman and the little Italian were no sages to be. Helped by a few heavy

words as they ran, they had both of them learned what he would be at. They both realized that they were the forlorn hope, that if they could not save the dam nobody and nothing could. And there was a trace of the age-long rivalry between the Celt and the Roman. The action of the legionary and the son of the barbarian who had fought together in the dawn of history vied with each other then. Agla and again Meade had to order them back. He was keenly sensible of his danger. He knew that if he fell, if the dynamite struck the ground violently, it might explode. He knew that the unstable fulminate of mercury in the detonators might go off at any time—perhaps that was the greater danger—but he never checked his pace or hesitated in a leap or sought an easy way for a second. His soul was rising and his heart was beating as they had never risen or beaten in his life. And the hearts of his men beat with his own.

He knew, of course, if the dam went out the railroad, the bridge, the town, the citizens, the women and children, and everything and everybody would go. If he could save them, his act might be set off against the loss of the International. But whether that were true or not, whatever the consequences to him, he was bound to save them. The weight of every man, the weight of every woman, the weight of every child in the valley, the weight of all the business enterprises of the town, the weight of the great viaduct of steel, the weight of the huge dam itself, was on his shoulders as he ran. He carried the burden lightly, as Atlas might have upborne the world with laughter. For, despite his determination and haste, he had in his heart the great joy that comes when men attempt grandly and dare greatly for their fellow-men. If he could only by and by see his hopes justified by success, his happiness would be complete.

And there were thoughts personal as well as general. If he died, whether successful or not, men would tell about his endeavor. She would hear. It came to him afterward, when he learned how she had looked down upon him as he ran, that he had somehow felt her presence, not a presence impelling him to look up, but a presence driving him on. He lost his hat, he tore off his long coat and threw it aside as he plunged on with his precious bag in his hand. He did not dare to look at his watch, he did not stop for anything, but it seemed that he must have spent hours in that mad scramble over the water-covered rocks. He heaved a deep breath of relief when he rounded the mesa and struck the trail. Bad as was the going, it was nothing to what they had passed over.

Presently he broke out into the open slope and there before him was the rounded curve of the hogback, to gain which he had risked so much. Were they in time? Yes, the water in the lake was not flowing, it was only rising. Evidently the dam still held. He ran along it till he reached the narrowest part of it, twenty feet wide between water-covered valley and sharply descending ravine. The short separation between Pickett Wire and the Kicking Horse! The water in the lake was within three feet of the crest. The rain was coming down steadily. He could realize by the water level where he stood that it must be lapping the top of the dam now, or a little above it. He had five minutes—ten at most. He was still in time. The thoughts came to him as he ran. And as he saw the place again he made his instant plan.

He laid the dynamite down just as Murphy and Funaro reached him and stood panting, their heavy breathing, the sweat mingling with the rain in their wet faces, evidencing their exhaustion. From Murphy, who had been the faster, Meade took the two tripod legs, stout oak staves about an inch and a half thick, with sharp metal points. He jammed them down into the ground about five feet from the edge of the Kicking Horse ravine and about fifteen feet apart.

"Holes, there," he shouted, "deep enough for five cartridges."

Funaro nodded. He knew exactly what to do. Murphy had often seen the explosive gang at work. He was quick-witted and he had only to follow the Italian's actions. The work was simple. Seizing their spades, the two men cut into the sod, using the pick to dislodge small bowlders and break up the earth. The soil was light and porous, and it had been well soaked by the rain. After they had made an excavation about two feet deep, they laid aside their shovels, and with the iron range pole as a starter and the bigger tripod stakes to follow, they made two deep holes in the ground, forcing the poles and then the stakes into the earth, which the continuing rain tended to soften more and more. They made these holes about four feet deep below the excavation, driving in and twisting and churning the stakes by main strength.

They could by no means have accomplished this save for the softening assistance of the rain and the furious energy they applied. They had been

working since four in the morning at the dam, they had made that difficult run at headlong speed, yet they labored like men possessed. They even wasted breath to call challengingly and provokingly and to set forth their progress each to the other. In almost less time than it takes to tell it, they had completed the holes and so informed the engineer triumphantly.

Meade, as usual, had reserved to himself the more dangerous, if less arduous task. Covering himself with big Murphy's discarded slicker, which fell over him like a shelter tent as he knelt down, he opened the box of detonators, selected one, and attached the fuse in position carefully. Then he unfolded the paper about one of the cartridges and placed the detonator, wrapping the paper around it thereafter. He prepared two cartridges this way with the greatest care.

The men rapidly but carefully cut slits in the covering of the cartridges, and lowered four cartridges down each hole, forcing them gently into place with the butt ends of the tripod stakes and compressing them so that they filled the holes completely. Then Meade placed his two prepared sticks with the detonators on top of the other four. He cut the fuse to the proper length in each case, and, keeping it

carefully covered with the raincoat, he held it while the others filled in the holes and the excavations and carefully tamped down the earth. All that remained was the lighting of the fuse. And then? Would the dynamite go off? With fuses it was uncertain in its action at best, and although these fuses were supposed to be so prepared as to be independent of weather conditions, more often than not rain spoiled a blast. If this blast failed it was good-by dam—good-by everything.

Meade drew out from the pocket of his flannel shirt a box of matches. He had to light the farther cartridge fuse, then ran fifteen feet and light the nearer one, and then make his escape. He had made the nearer fuse a little shorter so as to secure a simultaneous explosion if possible.

Tony Funaro now interposed gallantly.

"Give me the light," he demanded, extending his hand.

"O'wan will ye," shouted the big Irishman eagerly; "lemme do it, sor."

"Stand back, both of you," cried Meade, succeeding after some trouble in striking a match.

He had cut off a shorter length of fuse for a torch, the better to carry the fire from one blast to another. As it spluttered into flame, he touched the first fuse, then the second, and turned and ran for his life after Murphy and Funaro. They had just got a safe distance away when with a muffled roar the two blasts went off nearly together. When they ran back they saw that two-thirds of the hillock on that side of the ravine had gone. A wall of earth through which water was already trickling rose between the great gap they had blown out and the lake, the upper level of which was much higher than the bottom of the great crater they had opened.

"Hurrah," yelled Meade, the others joining in his triumphant shout. "Now, another hole right there," he pointed to the foot of the bank. "Drive it in slanting and it will do the job."

"Will the dam be after holdin' yet, sor?" asked Mike Murphy, seizing his pick.

"I hope so, but, for God's sake, hurry."

With two men working, the last hole was completed before Meade was ready. Funaro, indeed, came to his assistance in preparing the cartridge. Presently all was completed. Rejecting the pleas of both men, Meade struck the match, and this time, since there was but one blast to be fired, he touched it directly to the fuse and waited a second to see that it had caught and ran as before.

At a safe distance they drew back and waited. Nothing happened. A few seconds dragged on. They saw no sign of life in the fuse, no light. In spite of the care they had taken, it had got wet. It would not work. The precious moments were flying. They stared agonizingly at the fuse through the rain.

"It'll have to take a look at it," said Meade desperately.

Funaro and Murphy caught him by the arms. They all knew the tremendous risk in a nearer approach. The fuse might be alight still. At any second the same might flash to the detonator and then—yet Meade had to go. That charge had to be exploded if he could, and he had not come so far and worked so hard to fail now.

"Don't go," cried Murphy. "It's dangerous," shouted Funaro.

But Meade shook them off and bade them keep back. What was his danger compared to the issue involved? That last charge had to be exploded. He stepped quickly toward it, and as he did so he threw his eyes up toward the gray, rain-filled heaven in one last appeal.

Did he hear the blind roar, did he see the upsurging masses of sodden earth, was he conscious of the fact that the whole side of the hillock had been blown away, that the last explosion had completed the shattering work of the first—that they had succeeded? Did he mark the whirling water, driven backward at first by the violence of the explosion, returning and spilling in vast mass through the great opening, did he see it plunging down the slope, through the trees and bushes, and pour thunderously into the bed of the ravine? Did he see the tremendous rush of the water from the great lake that man had created tear earth from earth, and ever widen and deepen the opening as it crashed in a foaming, terrible, red cataract through the outlet, striking down great trees, roaring, boiling wildly to the bottom of the gorge far below?

No, he saw nothing. Broken, beaten down by a huge bowlder that had been thrown upward by the explosion and had struck him on the breast, and lying battered under a rain of smaller stones and earth, he was as one dead.

"By heavens!" cried Winters in great excitement on the crest of the hill, "he's done it. He's saved the dam; that's a man!"

"Don't you know him?" screamed Helen Illingworth in his ear.

"No."

"Meade!"

Winters caught her by the arm.

"He's dead," she cried high and shrill, "but he saved the dam and the bridge and the town. He's made atonement."

"Yes, yes; don't faint," cried Winters.

"Faint! I'm going to him."

"How?"

"The nearest way,"—screamed the woman, letting herself down over the cliff wall to the broken rocks, by which only the hardy could reach the lower level.

What of the dam below in the valley?

"Hold it, men, hold it; for God's sake, hold it," shouted Vandeventer, rising from his crouching position against the palisade to resume it instantly he had spoken. "Keep it up. If it goes down, let's go down with it. Hang on—hang on! We'll hold it. We aren't beat yet."

Broken words, oaths, protestations, curses, cheers, expletives in strange languages from the polyglot mob of men burst forth. Even cowards had been turned into heroes because they had fought by the side of men. Here and there a man not weaker physically, perhaps, but less resolute, less spiritually consecrated, less divinely obsessed, dropped out of the rank that lifted itself in furious, futile, but sublime fury against the wavering wall. Some of them fell backward and lay still. Some had fainted and some of them were half dead. A few here and there sank down on the trampled, muddy embankment and buried their heads in their hands, sobbing hysterically. But most still blind, mad, sublime, held on. And the palisade did not fall. It did not bend back any further.

The throbs that told of the tremendous pressure of the waves, the quiver that experience could feel the privilege to failure, began to die away, to stop. What did it mean? The thunder grew still, the rain diminished, it ceased, the clouds broke. Some great hood, as of God, swiftly tore the black vault of the heavens apart. Faint light began to glow over the sodden land. Through the rift they saw dimly one great peak of mighty range. What had happened?

"Here," said Vandeventer.

How white he looked, how haggard, streaks of gray in his black hair that had not been there before, but his eyes were blazing. He was still the indomitable chief of the Spartan band. The nearest men gave him a hand. He clambered up to his former vantage point on top of the highest log of the stockade and stared down. The rise of the water had stopped! He could not believe it, yet it was true. The rain had ceased again, but by every natural law the drainage from the hills would continue for some time in full volume. Yes, by all rights the dam was doomed. The water still trickled through the palisades in many small streams. That had been a gallant effort they had made, even if a vain one.

For ten minutes he stood silent, exhausted. Then he saw. The water was not rising. No, it was falling; only a trifle, but enough. Presently it had stopped filtering through the retentive. He looked back. Not a drop ran on the other side of the palisade. Vandeventer knew that the water must be discharging somewhere. The lake must have broken through somewhere. He only needed that hint to recall the hogback, and then Meade. He saw it all now.

"We've won, the dam's saved," he cried greatly to the men who stood back of the palisade staring at him. "Roberts has blown up the hogback. The water's falling. See for yourselves."

Every man sprang up the palisade. Someone laughed and then someone raised a cheer, and those mud-covered, sodden, worn-out men, who had been about to die, saluted in heroic accents him who had led them to victory and by inspection him who had made that triumph possible.

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Broken words, oaths

HAD NO HOPE OF RETURNING ALIVE

Mrs. Cason Left Home for Atlanta Propped Up on Pillows—Was Only a Shadow.

ONLY WEIGHED 60 POUNDS

After Taking Tanlac Has Gained Thirty-five Pounds and Expects to Return to Home and Husband Well and Happy.

"About six weeks ago I left my home on our farm near Acworth, Ga., to come to my sister's home here in Atlanta, and I left with only a shadow of hope of ever returning alive.

"I left Acworth in a comfortable automobile, propped up on pillows, coming through the country. I had almost as much medicine as baggage—a big box full of all kinds that had been prescribed for me. I reached here very weak and with scarcely enough strength to walk to the door. This trouble from which I had suffered so long and which I was told was pellagra, had reduced me to almost a shadow, as I only weighed sixty pounds.

"My brother-in-law, Mr. Battle, said, 'Well, you have tried everything else with no relief, now I want you to lay aside your "drug shop" and take Tanlac.' Well, he got it for me and I started on my first bottle that day.

"When I had taken about half the first bottle I began to feel stronger and encouraged. I continued to take it and it is nothing short of marvelous how I improved day by day. My appetite returned and my food seemed to nourish me and agree with me. My skin and complexion began clearing and I improved in every way possible until I am now a well woman, and when I say well I mean absolutely what I say. I want to tell the whole world that I thank God for Tanlac.

"I weigh ninety-five pounds now and feel as well as I ever felt in my life. I am going back to my husband and home on the little farm, five miles from Acworth, tomorrow, and won't it be a joyful meeting, returning absolutely well and happy—and won't I tell everybody about what Tanlac has done for me."

The above remarkable statement was made recently by Mrs. O. C. Cason of Acworth, Ga., while at the home of her sister, Mrs. J. B. Battle, English Ave., Atlanta, Ga.

There is a Tanlac dealer in your town.—Adv.

Vanishing Attitude.
"Do your constituents endorse your attitude?"

"I don't know yet," replied Senator Borah. "Attitudes are not as easy as they used to be. I can remember the time when all I needed in the way of an attitude was an Ajax-defying-thundering pose while I mentioned George Washington and the American eagle."

KIDNEY REMEDY HIGHLY RECOMMENDED

There is no medicine which we handle that gives such good results as your Swamp-Root. Many of our customers have informed us at different times that they have derived great benefit from its use.

Very truly yours,
L. A. RICHARDSON, Druggist.
May 27, 1916.
Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You. Send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample size bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention the name of the paper. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.—Adv.

His Method.
"No mining stock?"
"Nope."
"No oil stock?"
"You ought to invest, my friend. There's lots of wealth comes out of the ground."
"I know that," said the farmer, "but I'll stick to the old plan of looking for a harvest where I've done some planting."

Test smiles for a while. Always buy Red Cross Bag Biscuits; have beautiful, clear white clothes. Adv.

Its Style.
"I am writing a history of this car."
"I see; an autobiography."—Baltimore American.

Sore Eyes

Granulated Eyelids. Eyes inflamed by exposure to Sun, Dust and Wind quickly relieved by Murine Eye Remedy. No Stinging. At Drug Stores or by mail 50c per Bottle. Murine Eye Remedy in Tubes 25c. For Sale of the Eye Remedy at Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

Kin Hubbard Essays

PROF. ALEX TANSEY ON "THE MODERN COLLEGE EDUCATION"

While postin' fer his annual haircut yesterday, Professor Alex Tansey, o' Tharp's Run School, Number nine, wuz lamentin' th' unusually poor quality o' intellect bein' turned out by our schools an' colleges these days o' athletics an' cigarettes. He says he reckons ther haint two students in th' middle West that knows th' difference between specific an' advalorem. An' th' worst o' it is, he says, they don't seem t' care. He says it's little less'n remarkable how gracefully a student kin glide thro' college these days without bein' infected—without even absorbin' somethin' thro' daily an' constant contact. A boy'll come out o' college with sunburnt arms an' a chubby briar pipe an' pose around fer

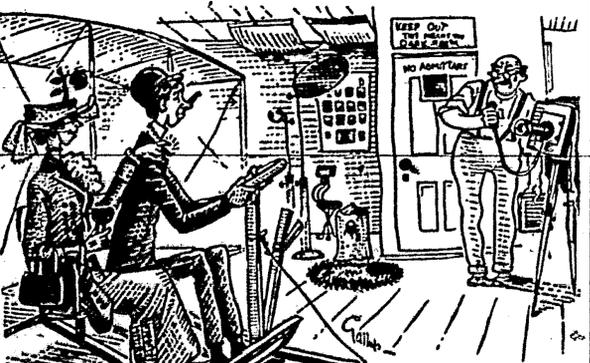


He Had Only Found One Student in Three Hundred That claimed t' Know Any thing About Aristotle, an' He Said It Wuz Some Kind o' Specially Prepared Paper That Wuz Used by Photographers.

a year or two an' then start in t' find somethin' that jist suits him. Professor Tansey says a college career is a mighty pretty thing t' look back on in after years, but that it don't git you nothin' unless ther's somethin' in your noodle that wuz already there. This thing o' sayin' "Father got by without knowin' nothin'" won't do. If father wuz successful he must o' had somethin' besides a standin' broad jump record an' a diploma. It's true lots o' merchant princes don't know what altruism is, but they know how t' add an' subtract.

HONEYMOON DAYS

Weddin' couples are beginnin' t' return t' ther ole stampin' grounds—t' th' scenes o' ther engagement days, th' happiest days they'll ever know agin. They are tired an' grimy and disillusioned. Some have bathed in th' crystal waters o' Cedar Point, some have walked solemn-faced thro' th' historic precincts o' George Washington's ole home at Mt. Vernon, some have crawled thro' th' mud o' Mammoth Cave, some have mingled in th' gayety o' Atlantic City, while some have returned sun-browned from th' croquet grounds o' inland resorts.



Then Comes th' Photo Studio an' They Git Took T'gether Settlin' in a Dummy Airplane, th' Groom With a Se-gar in His Mouth an' His Hat Tilted Back.

won't hang anywhere an' a high one-ply La Verdad collar an' a unmanageable necktie. An' a bride pinned t'gether in a travellin' suit o' blue serge that turns red on th' shoulder next t' th' window an' a hat o' her own creation. They spend th' first day at th' Falls among th' souvenir puzal booths an' ice cream cone bazars. Then comes th' photo studio an' they git took t'gether settlin' in a dummy aeroplane, th' groom with a se-gar in his mouth an' his hat tilted back. Th' bride places her left hand on his shoulder (ring showin') an' in her other hand she clutches a red goblet bearin' th' inscription, "From Cecil t' Myrt, Niagara Falls, 1917." How happy they are!—She can't see th' Falls fer her new ring, while his breast swells with

FOR BETTER ROADS

WHERE OILED HIGHWAYS PAY

Better on Sand Than on Clay or Loam Soils—Oil Sometimes More Satisfactory Than Water.

Oiled earth roads should not be regarded as a permanent improvement but are much better than common earth roads, in the opinion of W. S. Gearhart, professor of highway engineering.

"Oiled roads do not require so much dragging as ordinary earth roads," said Professor Gearhart. "They shed water better and do not become so dusty. Although oiled roads are not so satisfactory as gravel roads, they may be a help in developing good roads sentiment."

The best results from oiling are to be obtained by applying the oil when



Macadam Treated With Oil.

the road is hard, smooth, dustless, and without any ruts or potholes, according to Professor Gearhart.

Where there is a pocket in the road, water will gather after every storm. Oil works better on sandy soils than on clay or heavy loams. Loam soils may be helped by sprinkling a light coating of sand over the oiled surface.

After the first year it is better to apply from one-quarter to one-third of a gallon of oil to each square yard of surface in the spring and the same amount again in the fall.

For laying the dust on city streets, oiling may be as economical and more satisfactory than water, particularly if the soil is sandy. When city streets are oiled it is best to cover the cross walks with dust or dirt so that they will not be covered with oil. When the oiling process is finished the dust or dirt may be swept away. Surface oiled streets are not satisfactory if the soil is clay or loam, for the oily dust blows about and is carried into buildings and upon walks.

MOISTURE FOR ROAD MAKING

There is Certain Water Content at Which Soil Packs Hard—Remove All Grass and Weeds.

Road making is largely a matter of moisture control. When soil contains too much water it becomes mud, and when it has too little moisture it becomes dust. But there is a certain moisture content at which soil packs hard. And this is just about the amount of moisture that a soil will hold readily. This usually can be maintained in a road that has good drainage, that is well crowned so the water will run off when it rains and that is free from grass and weeds. These if allowed to grow, will soon draw the moisture out of the soil and so remove the binding material.

CONVICTS ON PUBLIC WORKS

Proportion on Road Improvement Increased From 1.3 Nearly to 13 Per Cent Since 1885.

The proportion of convicts employed on public works instead of on lease or contract has increased since 1885 from 33 to 53 per cent and the proportion on road work alone from 1.3 to nearly 13 per cent, according to a report by the federal public roads office based on a survey of many prisons. State rather than county supervision of convict labor on roads is recommended.

Easily Converted. It is not at all difficult to convert the owner of a new automobile to the good-roads theory, if he is caught at the moment when he is trying to worm his way through a fresh sod improvement, two miles and a half long and running from fence to fence.

New Position for Goethals. Major General Goethals has accepted the newly created post of state engineer of New Jersey. New Jersey is about to expend \$1,500,000 on a new highway system.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria
Always Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Hathcock*
In Use For Over Thirty Years
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THE CASTORIA COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

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ALCOHOL—3 PER CENT.
A Vegetable Preparation that Assimilates the Food by Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of Infants and Children.

Thereby Promoting Digestion, Cheerfulness and Best Condition, neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Relieves
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Sore Throat
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Feverishness
Loss of Sleep
Resulting therefrom

A helpful Remedy for Constipation and Diarrhoea and Feverishness and Loss of Sleep resulting therefrom

The Similar Signature of *Dr. J. C. Hathcock*
THE CASTORIA COMPANY
NEW YORK

At 6 months old
35 Doses 35 CENTS

Exact Copy of Wrapper.

Carter's Little Liver Pills
Make you feel the joy of living. It is impossible to be happy or feel good when you are **CONSTIPATED**. This old remedy will set you right over night.

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

Genuine bears signature *Brentwood*

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

A REAL PATRIOT.
"You ought to be proud of your boy."
"We are. He volunteered to serve his country without insisting on being enlisted as an officer."
The head porter of a New York hotel recently died, leaving an estate of \$100,000.
Too much gravity argues a shallow mind.—Lavater.

Having produced a whitlow brain, nature usually tries to even things up by supplementing it with a fluent tongue.
Be happy. Use Red Cross Bag Biscuits; much better than liquid blue, delights the laundress. All grocers. Adv.
Just Reversed.
Doctor—Did he take the medicine I prescribed for him religiously?
Nurse—No, sir; he swore every time.

Certain-teed

Everywhere under the sun—wherever roofs are laid—*Certain-teed* stands for these two things:

Efficiency, Economy

CERTAIN-TEED roofing is the most efficient and economical type of roof for factories, farm buildings, garages, etc., because the first cost is less than that of metal, wood shingles or tar and gravel. CERTAIN-TEED costs less to lay than any other kind of roof. It will not rust, is not affected by fumes, gases and acids, coal smoke, etc., it is light weight and fire retardant.

Certain-teed Roofing

is the best quality of prepared roofing. It pays to get the best. The only difference between the first cost of a good roof and a poor one is in the materials—the labor, freight, etc.—costs the same in both. As CERTAIN-TEED Roofing is guaranteed for 1, 10 or 15 years according to thickness (1, 2 or 3 ply) it will be in splendid condition years after a poor quality roof has to be replaced.

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Canada's Liberal Offer of Wheat Land to Settlers

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 but her fertile farm land just as cheap, and in the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta

160 Acres Homesteads Are Actually Free to Settlers and Other Land Sold at from \$15 to \$25 per Acre

The great demand for Canadian Wheat will keep up the price. Where a farmer can get near \$2 for wheat and raise 20 to 40 bushels to the acre he is bound to make money—That's what you can expect in Western Canada. Wonderful yields also of Oats, Barley and Flax. Irrigated Farming in Western Canada is fully as profitable as any industry on grain raising.

The excellent grasses, full of nutrition, are the only food required either for beef or dairy purposes. Good pasture, abundant, means more money for the farmer. There is an unusual demand for farm labor to reap the harvest. The farmer who has a few men to spare for the harvest will have particularly good opportunities to see the best of the country and to see the best of the country.

W. V. BENNETT
Room 4, New Bldg., Ottawa, Ont.
Canadian Government Agent

160 ACRES FARM IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

Home Making

(Glenn Brazel)

There is not a sweeter word in the English language than the word home, and by adding another word to this we get the "homemaking," one of the greatest, if not the greatest, professions in the world, because the home is the backbone of the nation. Home training in early life is the largest controlling factor in character making, and success in life depends very largely upon it.

Just as the old methods of business are gone forever, and as the quill pen has been displaced by the typewriter, so the old methods of financing the household are things of the past. It is the new housekeeping that is upon the women, just as the new business is upon the men. People are beginning to recognize the fact that real housekeeping, and particularly homemaking, is a science, and must be carried on as such if the best success is to be had in this most important work.

True homemaking is naturally four fold: that which has to do with the physical needs of the members of the household; that which has to do with the mental; that which has to do with the social, and that which has to do with the religious.

We believe the physical to be

one of the most important features of homemaking. In order to do the best work, the individual must be physically fit, and since the kind and quality of food eaten, the clothing worn, the right amount of rest and recreation, and the care of the body, are all factors in making and keeping the body fit, the housewife should be able to look after all these things in an intelligent manner. She should not only know the value per cent of the various foods to the human body, but how to combine them in a way that will be palatable, and, at the same time, furnish the proper nourishment; and in this day of high cost she should be able to prepare a well-balanced meal by combining foods that cost less than some others and yet furnish the same food value to the body as the more expensive foods would furnish. Without this knowledge she may supply meals to her household that are not only insufficiently nourishing, but are more costly than they ought to be. The homemaker should also know how much, what kind, and the cost of material to buy for clothing of the various members of the home, whether better value will be received by buying factory-made clothing, or by having some of the clothing made in the home.

Further, if the body is to be kept physically fit, the individual

must not only have sufficient rest, but that rest must be taken under proper conditions. The housewife should know enough of the principles and the importance of good ventilation, that no matter the arrangement of the house, she will know how to provide proper ventilation during both the waking and the sleeping hours.

Then the homemaker should take into consideration the mental side of the individuals of the household. There should be some kind of good music in every home; a library of moral, uplifting, inspiring books; and a few good pictures, not necessarily expensive ones but those which will have a wholesome influence. If there is no place nor means of growing flowers outside of the house, some plants should be grown in window-boxes within the house. It has been said, that no matter how lowly the home, if flowers are found there, it is positive proof that there is some degree of refinement in that home.

In the social life of the household, the housekeeper has a great responsibility. If the home were what it should be, there would be less of loafing by boys of all ages, loafing in places where they hear evil stories, associating with people whose ideals are so low that the boy stands a chance of becoming morally stunted to that extent, that his usefulness may be hindered for all life. If the home were what it should be, there would be fewer wayward girls. Then the home should be so inviting that the father will not seek companionship at the club, the neighboring saloon, or any other place except at home. People are by nature social, and if the homemaker does not look after this part of her work, before she is aware of it, the family will be seeking pleasure elsewhere. She should make the home a pleasure in itself, make it so interesting that outsiders will seek admittance to that home.

We have been taught from earliest times that the religion of the individual should have its beginning in the home. But many persons overlook this phase of their work as homemakers, which is a great mistake, as it is the early training that stays with the child,—that training received while under the influence of "mother." Providing some kind of religious training, developing habits of some kind of worship in the members of the household, is not only a duty but a privilege of the homemaker.

If the business of the homemaker is four-fold, how is it to be brought about that our women may not only know how to be good housekeepers but efficient homemakers as well? Some women seem to be good homemakers naturally; however, the majority have to be trained in one, if not in all, the phases of home making.

For many years the United States has been accustomed to spend thousands of dollars every year in trying to cure some disease that is killing the calf, or in trying to get rid of some kind of insect that is killing young cotton plants, while a pitifully small sum, as compared to this, has been spent upon the welfare of the people of the Nation. But we as a nation are beginning to realize the importance of the proper care of the people. While the government has not yet given as much for the aid of teaching home economics as it is hoped will be given in the future, yet it is beginning to give serious attention to this work. Not only may the housewife get help from the schools of home economics in our country but she may also, by applying to the Department at Washington, get information and aid regarding any phase of domestic work.

In America, we have also been very indifferent about encourag-



The Nation's Needs First

The illustration shows a military officer hurrying to the telephone for important military business and a civilian cheerfully according him the right of way. This typifies the attitude of the nation and it also typifies the attitude of the Bell System.

The nation is at war and it is necessary that private interests shall be subordinated to the Government's need for telephone service.

When war was declared, the whole Bell System was immediately placed at the disposal of the Government.

During these weeks of military preparedness the Government has had the service of the most comprehensive and efficient telephone system in the world.

As our military strength grows, and we become larger participants in the great war, the demands of the Government upon our service will continue to increase, and must always be met.

An extraordinary increase in telephone traffic, due to the unprecedented commercial and industrial activity incident to the war, must be adequately provided for.

We ask you to cooperate in this patriotic service, and to bear cheerfully any unavoidable inconvenience or delay in your telephone service.

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To the Cash Store for Mattresses.

At the Cash Store, your dollar buys as much as your neighbor's. No special privileges, no discriminating, but a square deal for all.

- Sealy Mattresses, full size..... \$30.00
- Ostermoor Mattresses, full size..... 23 00
- Elain Felts..... 18.75
- Monobats..... 11.50
- Association Felts..... 10.35
- Excelsior Cotton Tops..... 5.00
- Sanitary Couch Pads \$6.00 each. Cot Pads \$3.50

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ing education in home economics. We have felt that it was red tape; we have thought it was unnecessary; we have considered that home is the place to learn such things, and we have failed to realize that homemaking is an art and a science. But even if those who are older prefer to go on in their happy-go-lucky way, they should think of the children who in a few years will be the homemakers of our land, and if possible give these their rightful training. And we are glad to say that our nation is waking up to this fact as never before. The necessity of a child's being

taught economy and home management is impressed more deeply than ever before upon the people. A regular course covering all the phases of domestic arts and sciences has been put into the public schools, normals and colleges. Schools of home economics have been established in all of our larger cities for those persons who did not have these advantages when in the regular school. A large per cent of the pupils taking courses in these schools of home economics are already homemakers, and are attending these for the purpose of becoming more efficient in their work connected with home making. Then besides, all these schools offer good correspondence courses for any who may be unable to attend the school.

All of these institutions have been established, domestic training placed in the public schools, normals and colleges, for no other purpose than to develop not only housekeepers but real homemakers of the girls and women of our land. Even more time and money than that yet provided should be spent in the schools in teaching the household arts, for in no other way can all the future housekeepers be efficient homemakers.

Special: A few Ford castings, mostly Goodyear, for sale at \$8.75. 6-22-t. Western Garage.

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

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No. 41,
A. F. & A. M.
Regular communications of Carrizo Lodge No. 41, A. F. & A. M., for 1917:
January & February 3, March 3, April 7, May 5, June 2 and 30, July 25, September 1 and 29, October 27, November 24, December 22 and 27.
T. H. E. SUTHERLAND, W. M.
S. F. MILLER, Secretary.

I. O. O. F.
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American Farmers Will Win The Great War



Without food for all, neither the United States nor her Allies can crush the enemy: The great corn crop may be the real life saver for us

ROBERT H. MOULTON

THE farmers of the United States are on the firing line of the great war today. Their plows are worth many cannons. The seed they sow is worth regiments of men. For no army can fight without food and no nation can sustain war without food. The allies, our allies, are beginning to feel the pinch of want, not in the same degree as the people of central Europe, but that will come unless America puts forth all her energies to supply them.

But it is most essential to feed America first. Even now a large class of our people are feeling the weight of food shortage. Food riots and partial famine are threatened by crop failure in the United States. So it is up to the American farmer to do his best.

Many conditions have contributed to bring about the situation in which there are hunger riots in a land so rich naturally. Much of the shortage of food is primarily due to costly habits of eating, which for many decades have been holding all classes in their clutch. The time is at hand when the nation will appreciate the many valuable articles which before Columbus came the Indians were developing. There are many food products native to the Western world which have been unaccountably neglected.

The most striking examples of unused value in foods is the corn crop. Every other nation in the world is eager for American corn, and yet this cheap and highly nutritious cereal is neglected in the land which is its main source of supply. What wheat was to the armies of old, corn could be to the forces of the United States.

The legions of Hannibal and of Caesar subsisted on the whole wheat; Gaul's conqueror in his "Commentaries" tells how soldiers chewed fragments as they marched. To this day Roman and Punic skeletons are unearthed on the old battlefields of Europe and the skulls are firm and hard because of the valuable salts and bone-building constituents which came from the wheaten diet of the ancient soldiery.

Corn is no less valuable as a bulwark of brave and sturdy men. The favorite ration of Davy Crockett was parched and ground corn, which he carried with him into the depths of the forest. It was a saying of his that if a man had a gun and ten pounds of parched corn he could easily live a year. His diet was a trick learned from the Indians, who were able to withstand the fatigues of warpath and hunting trail because of this simple and quickly assimilated food. The corn, rich in starch and protein, parched until it was made quickly digestible, was mixed with water. A cupful of this most simple of all the elixirs had the effect of almost instantly strengthening the tired body.

The government of the United States urges upon the people of this country that at least one-fourth part of cornmeal be added to wheat flour in the making of bread. As a matter of fact, corn has been used in the form of a fine flour for centuries by various tribes of Indians, and when well enough ground it is fully as palatable as the wheaten product.

The coarse cornmeal bears little resemblance to the Impalpable powder of corn which the primitive races of this continent made by grinding between stones and that by hand. The outer covering of the kernels is scraped off after soaking them in hot water to which a little lye has been added. This flour is mixed with water at times, and the white liquid resulting is quaffed, with much relish. It is an emergency ration of the highest food value.

Whittier has sung the praises of the dish of samp and milk by homespun beauty poured. The hominy block in the time of Daniel Boone was an adjunct of the cabin of every settler. It stood at the edge of clearings as a mark of the diet to which these steel-thewed pioneers looked for strength.

The Johnnycakes and the corn pone of the hardy mountaineers of the South bear abundant testimony to the body-building qualities of the staple from which they are derived. Corn enters into the composition of patient bread-



fast foods, but long before the days of cartons and bright labels the Indians were making corn dishes which for delicacy of flavor and dietetic value put the products of this modern day to shame. They also constructed flapjacks which literally melted in the mouth. The tortillas of the Central American countries are a form of corn which appeals to travelers. The tortilla is made of corn flour and is a first cousin of the pancake. Before it cools it is rolled up and a surprise party put inside it, usually a little high-seasoned meat. It is then kept for future use. A favorite breakfast in the Central American countries consists of two tortillas which have been heated before the fire. They and a cup of coffee are enough to satisfy even the hungriest Indian. Totopzill tastes much better than it sounds. It is a very thin, light wafer made by the Indians in

the southern part of this continent. The corn from which the cake is made is first slightly parched and then pounded to a fine dust. The cakes are flake-like and not much thicker than wrapping paper. They are carried in small bags thrown over the shoulders of the hardy Indians.

Totopzill is dry and crumbly and yet delicious in flavor as well as sustaining in its qualities. The biscuit and crackers of civilization are tame in flavor as compared with this aboriginal provender. Corn flourishes in the fertile bottom of the middle West, under the lee of the mesa of Arizona, and even in regions of the Northwest, where until recently it had a hard time to escape the frost.

One of the greatest gifts which the Indians bestowed upon the world was this grain of gold. The general impression is that the redskin was merely a hunter, when in reality he was a walking experimental agricultural station. It is one of the favorite outdoor pastimes of the Indians of the Southwest to laugh at the government agricultural experts who have from time to time been sent out there to teach them how to grow corn.

The Indians profess great interest, and not to appear unappreciative, they used to plant corn patches alongside those of the federal apostles of modern farming. The government corn came up bright and green and soon withered away, while that of the Indians flourished like weeping willows by the river's brink. The Indians in order to avoid the killing dryness often lodged the kernels three and four feet below the surface in the bottom of holes made by their planting sticks. Hence the development of the deep-growing corn which often raises only its ears above the surface. The corn or maize is essentially a tropical plant which had its origin in Mexico and was adapted to this climate by the Indians.

The agricultural secrets of the Mandan Indians have recently been applied in the Dakotas with such success that the domain of the tasseled-crowned King Corn has been much extended. The introduction of the Indian methods have made it possible for the farmers to grow a corn which can be harvested within 60 days after it is planted and thus escape the frosts which would ruin it even in its maturity.

Corn, therefore, should be an ideal food for both the soldiery and the civil population, for it now may be raised abundantly in practically every part of the country. Vast tracts could be devoted to the grain and many crops could be harvested. In winter the Americans could learn the value of the hog and hominy, of the flavor of that delectable compound of cornmeal and pig's head, known as scrapple, and could eat with zest fried mush and corn cakes. The summer would bring them corn flour and polenta and many other foods derived from the yellow cereal.

What the Insignia On Uniforms Means

In times of peace by means of the amount of gold braid and shiny buttons displayed the average man could usually guess the rank of an officer within a few grades, but in the stern days of war, when officers and men are clad alike in business-like khaki, there is little to tell a private from a major. There is, of course, a method in this, for it would not do in modern warfare to make officers conspicuous to the enemy.

In all branches of the service, infantry, cavalry and artillery, the same symbols or insignia of rank are used. The corporal, at the bottom of the scale of officers, is distinguished from the private by the chevron, consisting of two bars on the right sleeve. In the case of the sergeant, next highest in rank, the chevron is of three inverted V-shaped bars. All enlisted men, including these non-commissioned officers, wear on one side of their coats or blouses a bronze button with the number of their organization, and in relief crossed rifles for the infantry, crossed sabers for the cavalry and crossed cannon for the artillery. Coast and field artillerymen may be distinguished by the fact that in the case of the former in addition to the cannon there is a shell at the point of intersection of the cannon.

The second lieutenant, lowest in rank of the commissioned officers, may be distinguished from the enlisted man, despite the fact that he wears no insignia on his shoulder straps, by the gold marking on his collar. This symbol, as in the case of the enlisted men, is of crossed rifles, sabers or cannon, according to the branch of the service, and is worn by all regimental officers. On the other side of the collar are the letters "U. S." in gold. Infantry officers may be distinguished by the fact that the latter wear canvas leggings, while the officers have tan leather leggings.

First lieutenants have a silver bar on their shoulder straps, while captains have two bars. Of the field officers, the major wears a gold leaf, and the colonel a silver spread eagle. The brigadier general has one silver star, and the major general

the highest officer in our army at present, has two silver stars.

The campaign hats—broad-brimmed felt hats with stiff brims—afford another clue to the arm to which the wearer belongs. The hats of all enlisted men are alike, but the hat cord around the crown reveals by its color the branch of the service to which the man belongs. A blue cord signifies infantry, a yellow cord cavalry, and a red cord artillery, either coast or field. The men of the quartermaster's corps have buff, the engineering corps red and white, the signal corps orange and white, and the hospital corps maroon and white hat cords. Officers of all branches wear gold and black hat cords, the insignia on their collars being the only indications of rank.

The insignia of the quartermaster's corps is a winged wheel crossed by a key and sword, of the engineering corps three turrets, and of the signal corps crossed flags. There are a few other emblems, but these are the most important.

In addition to the hat cords used in the service there are frequently seen on the streets the red, white and blue cords of the men who have been at Plattsburg or other camps, but who are not actually in the service. The home-defense men wear green and white hat cords and slate-colored uniforms to distinguish them from the regulars.—New York Sun.

PROTESTS OF ESTERN.

"Is Bliggins a patriot?" "I don't know. He says he loves his country." "That ought to settle it." "Well, he says he loves his family, too. If he doesn't treat his country any better than he does his family I doubt whether his love for country will make much difference."

EXPENSIVE INTELLECT.

"Old Bostely says he has a million-dollar brain," observed the man who was always picking up choice bits of information. "He's quite right," answered the other; "it would cost him fully that much to find out what's the matter with it."

HONORED BY TURKS

American Missionary Is Given the Order of Red Crescent.

Heroism Displayed in Care of Wounded and Sick Wins Recognition From Officials.

The Turks at Sivas have honored Miss Mary Louise Graffam, an American missionary, by presenting her with the order of the Red Crescent for her devotion to the care of the wounded and sick.

The Red Crescent is a Turkish organization corresponding to the Red Cross.

When the war broke out Miss Graffam was at the head of the American board's system of schools for girls in Sivas and its outstations. Early in that first terrible winter Erzerum, 200 miles away and near the battle line, became one fever camp from typhus. The Sivas missionaries offered to send a group of helpers, including doctors, pharmacists, nurses, etc., to the Red Cross of Erzerum. Miss Graffam was a member of the party. The journey in midwinter over the mountains, in cold and storm, took three weeks.

The day after they got there, Mrs. Sowmy, an American nurse, learned that her husband, a physician, lay dying of typhus in a village at the front. Miss Graffam went with her through deep snow, fording unknown rivers at night and within sound of cannon most of the way. The doctor died and it took the women two days to get back to Erzerum.

The need was so great that Miss Graffam, though with slight knowledge of Turkish and an acquaintance with hospital work gained only from casual observation, was put in charge of a hospital for Turkish officers. Here for four months she filled a difficult position successfully.

In the spring, while on the return journey to Sivas, Miss Graffam's companion, a Swiss nurse, died at Erzerum of malignant typhus. The plucky American had to go on alone. The inns were full of typhus, the roads lined with bodies of dead and dying people and horses. Knowing that no one could be sent to meet her unless absolutely necessary, she wrote Sivas that if she became ill of the fever she would be conscious for two days and would write for help. Then she traveled on alone, until, within four days' journey of Sivas, some teachers met her and brought her in safely.

Then came the deportations. All the teachers and pupils of Miss Graffam's high school, with their relatives, were ordered south. Miss Graffam, after much urging of the wall, secured permission to start with them. She took medicine, food and money and was able to be of great help until after five days she was forbidden to go farther.

When the other American missionaries left Sivas Miss Graffam and Miss Fowle, who has since died of typhus, were allowed to remain and given the use of two rooms in one of the mission buildings. They did what relief work was permitted and organized industrial work among the refugees. Since Miss Fowle's death Miss Graffam has remained alone, carrying on her work with unflinching devotion.

Sympathetic Jury.

"In Denver," says a member of the bar, "a large, fat man was suing a little, skeleton-like individual who had a bad hacking cough."

"The case had been given to the jury, which had been out half an hour. On the evidence and the instructions the big man had won the case. The jury was called and fled out into the courtroom."

"Have you reached a verdict?" asked the judge.

"No, your honor," said the foreman. "We only want to know which is the defendant and which is the plaintiff." "The large man sitting over there is the plaintiff, and the small man here is the defendant," replied the judge.

"The jury fled back to the jury room. In a few minutes they signaled that they had reached a verdict. The judge received it and read—"

"We, the jury, find for the man with the consumption."

Sun-Heated Water.

Seventy-five per cent of the homes in southern California, it is said, have solar heaters, which furnish the hot water for domestic purposes. The arrangement is simple, and consists of water pipes placed on the roof of a house under a glass top and underneath them some sheets of copper painted black. Under the rays of the sun the water expands, creating a circulation thereof in the pipes until the water reaches the boiling point, and it will remain hot for more than 48 hours after the sun stops shining. It is not often that there is any failure of sunshine for more than two or three days, and as a consequence there is hot water sufficient for all purposes with rare exceptions throughout the year. The cost of a solar heater is not great, and a handy man can make one for himself.

A Valuable Machine.

Write—I see they have invented a machine that measures the millionth part of an inch.

Podder—By jingo! That's the very thing to size up that part of my boy's brain which tells him where he put his cap.

LIFT YOUR CORNS OFF WITH FINGERS

How to loosen a tender corn or callus so it lifts out without pain.

Let folks step on your feet hereafter; wear shoes a size smaller if you like, for corns will never again send electric sparks of pain through you, according to this Cincinnati authority.

He says that a few drops of a drug called freezeone, applied directly upon a tender, aching corn, instantly relieves soreness, and soon the entire corn, root and all, lifts right out.

This drug dries at once and simply shrivels up the corn or callus without even irritating the surrounding skin.

A small bottle of freezeone obtained at any drug store, will cost very little but will positively remove every hard or soft corn or callus from one's feet.

If your druggist hasn't stocked this new drug yet, tell him to get a small bottle of freezeone for you from his wholesale drug house.—Adv.

A woman gets almost as much satisfaction out of a good cry as a man does out of a good laugh.

HEAL ITCHING SKINS

With Cuticura Soap and Ointment—They Heal When Others Fail.

Nothing better, quicker, safer, sweeter for skin troubles of young and old that itch, burn, crust, scale, torture or disfigure. Once used always used because these supplicating emollients tend to prevent little skin troubles becoming serious, if used daily.

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

EUROPE FOR CLEAN MOVIES

Foreign Countries Are Buying Much Film From America, but Suggest Change in Its Character.

Europe is buying more motion picture film from America than ever before. This is an excellent branch of our export trade. It does not take much raw material. It gives employment to many grades of labor from the rough to the highest grade. It distributes money through all the stages of its progress from the crude product to the finished.

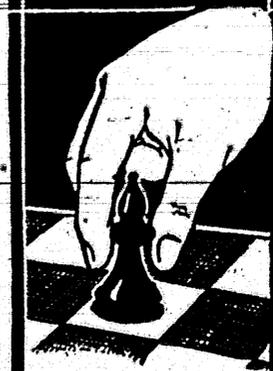
Europe finds in the "movie" a bit of relief, or relaxation from the long strain and horror of war. It wants American pictures, but what an indictment of American morals is contained in the report of our vice consul, David C. Kerr, stationed at Birmingham, England, who notifies the secretary of commerce that "the only recommendation offered by visiting agents as to any improvements desired in American films is a request for 'less of the sexual problem.'" We are so habituated to seeing indecent plays, suggestive "movies" and women in scant drapery that we have lost the proper sense of proportion morally. "Less of the sexual problem," says Europe. The message is a good one from a people who are being made better, cleaner, truer as they are tried in the fire of war.—Financial America.

Explained.

"Father, will you kindly enlighten me as to the meaning of the expression 'financial flurry?'" asked the boy who had had a highbrow streak in his makeup.

"Certainly, son," answered his sire. "A financial flurry is the condition your mother is in when there is a bill collector at the door and she can't find her purse."

Some 200 female textile workers have been deported from Ghent by the German authorities.



A Wise Move

is to change from coffee to

POSTUM

before the harm is done.

"There's a Reason"

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

Mrs. Ira O. Wetmore is spending the week in El Paso. W. G. Wells and young Grafton were down Tuesday from Parsons. Fred Neighbauer was in Tuesday from his ranch beyond the mal pais. Will Brady says the Wednesday rain just hit in spots on north. But it's a start. Hon. Ira O. Wetmore made a trip to Roswell Tuesday in the interest of his company. Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Critch returned Wednesday from a ten days' outing on the Rio Grande. Mrs. Nellie Jorgensen, who has spent the past six months here, left Wednesday for Red Oak, Iowa. Al Gaudin, until recently in the service of the railroad company as an engineer, spent Wednesday here. Robt. H. Taylor, of White Oaks, accompanied by his mother of this place, returned Tuesday from the Hot Springs where they have been for several weeks. Julian went after them in his car.

MARGUERITE CLARK

"MISS GEO. WASHINGTON" The story of a girl who could not tell the truth by Lewis Allen. The mention of the name of George Washington probably recalls more vividly to mind the cherry tree incident than the fact that he was the savior of his country. Therefore the announcement that Marguerite Clark is starred by the famous Players in the Paramount Picture "Miss George Washington," conjures up one of two pictures—a girl who cannot tell a lie, or a girl who cannot tell the truth.

THE CRYSTAL THEATER Saturday, June 30

Life Was a Misery Mrs. F. M. Jones, of Palmer, Okla., writes: "From the time I entered into womanhood... I looked with dread from one month to the next. I suffered with my back and bearing-down pain, until life to me was a misery. I would think I could not endure the pain any longer, and I gradually got worse. Nothing seemed to help me until, one day, I decided to TAKE CARDUI The Woman's Tonic. 'I took four bottles,' Mrs. Jones goes on to say, 'and was not only greatly relieved, but can truthfully say that I have not a pain. It has now been two years since I took Cardui, and I am still in good health. I would advise any woman or girl to use Cardui who is a sufferer from any female trouble.' If you suffer pain caused from womanly trouble, or if you feel the need of a good strengthening tonic to build up your run-down system, take the advice of Mrs. Jones. Try Cardui. It helped her. We believe it will help you. All Druggists

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. A. Cooper were down yesterday from Ancho. They report a good rain there Wednesday. Mrs. Lewis, mother of Mrs. F. H. McKeon, Fort Stanton, spent the past week here, guest of Mrs. Geo. L. Ulrich. Mrs. Benjamin Lujan and children went to La Luz last Saturday. They expect to remain until the latter part of July. J. K. Ayres was up one day this week from his ranch near the mal pais, and reports some good showers in his vicinity. Mayor Luiz returned Monday from Clouderoft. He bought 60,000 pounds of wool from Otero county sheepmen while away. James W. Baxter returned Sunday from Santa Fe, where he had gone the previous week to attend the Scottish Rite reunion. Judge Gatewood was here from Roswell this week. He represented some clients before Judge Medler, who presided in a short term of court this week. W. M. Barnett is preparing to erect a warehouse on the railroad right of way. The building will be 80x100; a part of which will be two story. The adobe are being made and the foundation is about ready.

Ordinance Number Ten AN AMENDMENT Be it Ordained by the Board of Trustees of the Village of Carrizozo, That ordinances numbered One, Three, Four, Six and Seven of the Village of Carrizozo, be and the same are hereby amended by adding to each and every one of said ordinances the following: The courts of this State are hereby authorized and empowered to assess the costs of prosecution in any cause tried under said ordinances in any court where a conviction is obtained against the person, firm or corporation convicted. Sec. 2. That Ordinance-number nine of the Village of Carrizozo, be and the same is hereby amended, to read as follows: That dealers in merchandise whose annual sales total \$50,000.00 and over shall pay to the said Village, as annual occupation license tax of \$50.00. Passed by the Board of Trustees April 10th 1917. HENRY LUZ, Mayor. St. B. PADRE, CLERK. Mrs. G. T. McQuillen accompanied her brother, Fred B. Shields, to Roswell Tuesday. They are expected home today. Col. Prichard came in this week from Santa Fe to look after the interests of some clients before Judge Medler, who sat in chambers this week. Rev. Edward J. Hoerrig, Episcopal rector, was here Monday and preached that night at the Methodist church. Following the service, he left the same evening for Tucumcari. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Johnson returned Tuesday from Phoenix, Arizona, to which point they went a month ago. Harry is greatly pleased over the possibilities of the Salt River valley.

Pale Faced Women Take Phosphates to Make Rosy Cheeks and Beautiful Forms Men Need Phosphates to Make Strong, Healthy, Vigorous Bodies Athletes increase their strength, energy and endurance 200 per cent or more by simply taking a few weeks treatment of Argo-Phosphate.

Atlanta, Ga.—Dr. F. A. Jacobson says that Phosphates are just as essential to any man or woman who tires easily, is nervous, or irritable, worn out, or looks haggard; and pale to make a strong, robust, vigorous healthy body, as they are to cotton to make it grow. The lack of Phosphate is the cause of all scum conditions and the administration of Argo-Phosphate tablets will increase the strength and endurance of weak, nervous, care worn men and women 200 per cent. In two or three weeks time in many instances, and their continued use will build up the whole nervous system, and give new life, vim, vigor, and vitality to the whole body. I always prescribe Argo-Phosphate to patients who are suffering from nervousness, and it is surprising to see how quickly a pale face to a rosy complexion, and a listless, nervous, and unhealthy looking woman, without their system is immediately supplied with Phosphates. In fact, the only medicine which physicians on the average prescribe to a patient who is suffering from Phosphates in the blood of American men and women, I have strongly emphasized the fact that Phosphates should be more plentiful in the form of Argo-Phosphate for weak, worn out, haggard looking men and women. When the skin is pale, and flesh flabby, it is a sign of Phosphates. When the phosphates go from the blood, the pink cheeks turn to the leaden face. They become nervous, irritable, melancholy, the brain fails, and the memory fails. Therefore if you wish to preserve your youthful vim, vigor, and vitality, to a ripe old age, you must supply the deficiency of Phosphates lacking in your food by using Argo-Phosphate, the form of Phosphates most easily assimilated. NOTICE: Argo-Phosphate which is recommended and prescribed by physicians in all countries is not a secret or patent medicine, it is being entirely unlike many other Phosphates. It is easily assimilated and will be most effective in the treatment of indigestion and stomach troubles, as well as for care worn, nervous conditions. The manufacturer of Argo-Phosphate will furnish to any charitable institution \$25.00 if they cannot treat any man or woman under 65 who lacks phosphates, and increase their strength and endurance from 200 per cent or more in six months. If they are free from organic trouble. It is dispensed by all reliable druggists. If your druggist will not supply you, send \$1.00 to the Argo Laboratories, 16 Fourth St., Atlanta, Ga., and they will send you a two weeks treatment by return mail.

"WE ARE THE EXCLUSIVE DISPENSERS OF" Noyal's Compounds PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED Kodaks, Kodak Supplies and Stationery Ice Cream and all Kinds of Iced Drinks Rolland Bros.

COCOTONE SKIN WHITENER 25c BOX FREE A Skin Bleach or Whitener for dark or brown skin, removing blemishes and cleaning swarthy or sallow complexions and causing the skin to Grow Whiter. Don't envy a clear complexion use Cocotone Skin Whitener and have one. WHAT USERS THINK OF COCOTONE Cocotone Co., Macon, Ga. Dear Sir: I have used Cocotone Skin Whitener and I find that Cocotone Skin Whitener is the best preparation I have ever used to clear the skin, and what you would mail me I do not care to be without them. Enclosed you boxes at once. (Signed) MRS. C. F. JOHNSON. Do not accept imitations or imitations. CUT THIS OUT THE COCOTONE CO., Atlanta, Ga. I have never used Cocotone Skin Whitener, but I have used many other preparations, and I have been disappointed in every one of them. Please send me one box of Cocotone Skin Whitener and I will send you one box of Skin Whitener and I will send you one box of Skin Whitener. Name: ANNA M. WHITE Address: ARBUCKLE

ANNOUNCING The Continuation of the Wonderful BARGAINS Heralded in last Week's Paper Only 10 pairs left of those \$2.00 White Oxfords and Pumps, for \$1.45. Your size may be among them 12 pairs only are left to sell of the \$3.00 Black Pumps and Oxfords, at \$1.95. Will soon be gone A few Wool Skirts left at less than cost Big reduction offered in Waists and Dresses It Will Pay You To Investigate THE UNIVERSAL PROVIDERS Ziegler Brothers ESTABLISHED IN LINCOLN COUNTY SINCE '86

Notice for Publication Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Roswell, N. M., June 11, 1917. Notice is hereby given that Mark M. Daka, of Carrizozo, N. M., who on July 13, 1911 and Feb. 21, 1914 made Orig. & Add. 1 H.D. Ex. Serial Nos. 024983 & 025021 for the NW 1/4 and the SW 1/4 NE 1/4, W 1/2 NE 1/4, SE 1/4, SE 1/4, Section 13 T. 28, N. 10-E, N. M. P. Mer., has filed notice of intention to make final five year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Lillian McClung Scott, U. S. Commissioner in her Office at Carrizozo, N. M., on July 17, 1917. Claimant names as witnesses: Albert H. Harvey, Earl Perry, Henry B. Campbell, Harry Little, all of Carrizozo, N. M. SWARTZ PATRON. June 15—July 15. Classified Advertisements Hogs bought and sold. Rufus Hughes. Spirella Corsets—Mrs. McQuillen. Phone 1. We pay the highest prices for hides and pelts. Ziegler Bros. For Sale—Parke Davis & Co.'s Blacklegoids. The Titsworth Co. Captain. For Sale—Yearling and two year old Hereford bulls. The Titsworth Co., Captain. Try it once. We believe it will pay you. When in need of Flour, Feed and Stock Salt, call at—Humphrey Bros. I am now ready to fill orders for pure Ice Cream and Sweet Milk. We have registered Jerseys. Phone 107 F 5 rings.—C. C. Elliott.

PALM BEACH SUITS For these hot days; Try one; Keep cool Priced from \$6.50 to \$10.00 Complete Line of Panamas and Straw Hats \$1.50 to \$8.00 Carrizozo Trading Co. Quality First Phone 21 Then Price Col. A. H. Hilton was here the first of the week from San Antonio and Socorro. The Colonel buys wool, hides, pelts and almost any old thing, and visits this section occasionally in the pursuit of his business. O. W. Bamberger and Dr. F. H. Johnson returned this week from Electra, Texas. They went down to look over the new oil field at that place, and speak enthusiastically of the oil development of that section. Dr. R. T. Lucas has been offered a commission in the Medical corps, Texas National Guard. He is unable, however, at this time to take advantage of the offer, owing to the installation of his hospital and his local practice, all of which it would require time to adjust.