Carrizozo News

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Says Satan to the Kaiser

WHEN Louis Syborkrop of Creston, Iowa, wrote the satire on Kaiser Willhelm which follows, he little thought it would attract attention which it has. Requests for copies have come to him from Theodore Roosevelt, Secretary of the Navy Daniels, Secretary to the President Tumulty and other notables. The article is in the form of a letter from his Satanic majesty to his human prototype. It says:

To Wilhelm von Hohenzollern,
King of Prussia, Emperor of all Germany and Envoy Extraordinary of Allmighty God.

My dear Willhelm: I can call you by that familiar name, for I have always been very close to you—much closer than you could ever know.

From the time that you were yet an undeveloped being in your mother's womb have I shaped your destiny for my purpose.

In the days of Rome I created a roughneck known in hisiory as Nero. He was a vulgar character and suited my purpose at that particular time. In these modern days a classic demon and efficient super-criminal was needed, and as I know the Hohenzollern blood I picked you as my special instrument to place on earth an annex of hell. I gave you abnormal ambition, likewise an oversupply of egotism that you might not discover your own failings; I twisted your mind to that of a madman with certain normal tendencies to carry you by, a most dangerous character placed in power; I gave you the power of hypnotist and a certain magnetec force that you might sway your people. I am responsible for the deformed arm that hangs helpless on your left, for your crippled condition embitters your life and destroys all noble impulses that might otherwise cause me anxiety, but your strong sword arm is driven by your ambition that squelches all sentiment and pity; I placed in your soul a deep hatred for all things English, for of all nations on earth I hate England most; wherever England plants her flag she brings order out of chaos and the hated cross follows the Union Jack; under her rule wild tribes become tillers of the soil and in due time practical citizens; she is the great civilizer of the globe and I HATE HER. I planted in your soul a cruel hatred for your mother because SHE was English, and left my good friend Bismarck to fan the flame I had kindled. Recent history proves how well our work was done. It broke your royal mother's heart, but I gained my purpose.

The inherited dis ase of the Hohenzollern killed your father, just as it will kill you, and you became the rulen of Germany and a tool of mine sooner than I expected.

To assist you and farther hasten my work, I sent you three evil spirits—Nietzsche, Tritschke and later Bernhardi—whose teachings inflamed the youths of Germany, who in good time would be willing and loyal subjects and eager to spill their blood and pull your chestnuts, yours and mine; the spell has been perfect—you cast your ambitious eyes toward the Mediterranean, Egypt, India and the Dardanelles and you began your great railway to Bagdad, but the ambitious archduke and his more ambitious wife stood in your way. It was then that I sowed the seed in your heart that blossomed into the assassination of the duke and his wife, and all hell smiled when it saw how cleverly you saddled the crime on Serbia. I saw you set sails for the fiords of Norway, and I knew you would prove an alibi. How cleverly done, so much like your noble grandfather who also secured an assassin to remove old King Frederick of Denmark, and later robbed that country of two provinces that gave Germany an opportunity to become a naval power. Murder is dirty work, but it takes a Hohenzollern to make away and get by.

Your opportunity was at hand; you set the world on fire and bells of hell were ringing; your rape on Belgium caused much joy. It was the beginning, the foundation of a perfect hell on earth; the destruction of noble cathedrals and other infinite works of art was hailed with joy in the infernal regions.

You made war on friends and foe alike and the murder of civilians showed my teachings had borne fruit. Your treachery toward neutral nations hastened a universal upheaval, the thing I most desired Your undersea warfare is a master stroke, from the smallest mackerel pot to the great Lusitania you show on favorites; as a war lord you stand supreme, for you have no merey; you have no consideration for the baby clinging to its mother's breasts as they both go down into the deep together, only to be torn apart and leisurely devoured by sharks down among the corals.

I have strolled over the battlefields of Belgium and France. I have seen your hand of destruction everywhere; it's all your work, super-fiend that I made you. I have seen the fields of Poland; now a wilderness fit for prowling beasts only; no merry children in Poland now; they all succumbed to frost and starvation—I drifted down into Galacia where formerly Jews and Gentiles lived happily together; I found but ruins and ashes; I felt a curious pride in my pupil, for it was all above my expectation. I was in Belgium when you drove the peaceful population before you like cattle into slavery; you separated man and wife and forced them to hard labor in trenches. I have seen the most fiendish rape committed on young women and those who were forced into maternity were cursing the father of their offspring and I began to doubt if my own inferno was really up to date.

You have taken millions of dollars from innocent victims and called it indemnity; you have lived fat on the land you usurped and sent the real owners away to starvation. You have strayed away from all legalized war methods and introduced a code of your own. You have killed and robbed the people of friendly nations and destroyed their property. You are a liar, a hypocrite and a bluffer of the highest magnitude. You are a part of mine and yet you pose as a personal friend of God. Ah, Wilhe'm, you are a wonder. You wantonly destroy all things in your path and leave nothing for coming generations.

I was amazed when I saw you form a partnership with the impossible Turk, the chronic killer of Christians, and you a devout worshiper in the Lutheran church. I confess, Wilhelm, you are a puzzle at times. A Mohammedan army, commanded by German officers, assisting one another in massacring Christians is a new line of warfare. When a Prussian officer can witness a nude woman being disemboweled by a swarthy Turk, committing a double murder with one cut of his saber, and calmly stand by and see a house full of innocent Armenians locked up, the house saturated with oil and fired, then my teachings did not stop with you, but have been extended to the whole German nation. I confess my Satanic soul grew sick and there and then I knew my pupil had become the master. I am a back number, and, my dear Wilhelm, I abdicate in your favor. The great key of hell will be turned over to you. The gavel that has struck the doom of damned souls since time began is yours. I am satisfied with what I have done; that my abdication in your favor is for the very best interests of hell—in the future I am at your majesty's service.

Affectionately and sincerely,
LUCIFER H. SATAN.

Fort Stanton

Dr. Williams, a new appointee in the service, spent a few days last week seeing Fort Stanton. He left on Monday for Arizona.

Lieut. Besse spent a couple of days in Carrizozo with some friends.

Last week over 500 head of stock were rounded up and driven over to the Mescalero reservation, where suitable winter pasture has been found. Mr. Weber with six assistants has spent the week over there.

Mr. Powell was lost a few hours after coming back from a hunting party.

Lieut. Munro and Dr. Irby will spend the week-end with friends in the Lincoln forest, hunting big game.

Like other annual occurences, wedding anniversaries come but once a year and last Monday was the lucky day in the McKeon household; for it was then that Dr. and Mrs. McKeon had the joint pleasure of looking back upon six years of marital happiness. Nor were they alone in their joy, for this was shared by many well-meaning friends, who showered congratulations and presents upon the fortunate couple. A course dinner was given the numerous friends who came to pay their respects, and after dinner the guests spent the remainder of the evening in playing Bridge and indulging in other pastimes such as the occasion warranted The wishes of all were summed up in the words, "ad multos annos".

Lieut. Besse expects to report for active duty next month. This will necessitate the selling of his car and anyone desiring a car might profit by his departure.

Baptist Church

Rev. J. M. Gardner, Pastor.

Rev. J. M. Gardner has just closed his second year as pastor of the Carrizozo Baptist church, and is now starting on the third

The Sunday School has grown from 54 to 200 enrollment. The main Sunday school has 114 on roll, the Cradle roll has 54 and the Home Department has 32 on roll. There are classes for every body and everybody is welcome to all services.

The pastor will preach Sunday, November 11 at 11 a. m., the subject, "The Layman in the Church", and at 7:30, "The Message of the Cross."

Junior B. Y. P. U. at 3 p. m. and Senior class at 6:30 p. m. Both unions are taking on new life and interest.

Prayer meeting Wednesday, 7:30 p m., and W. M. U., Friday at 3 p. m. Remember you are always welcome to all services.

Exchange Shell for Shell

American Army in France, Nov. 7.—The German artillery was very active all last night and today shells of various calibres rained around the American positions. So thickly did they come at one time during the early hours of morning it was thought another barrage was about to be placed for a second raid on the American trenches. The Americans were ready for the Boche and hoping he would try another raid, but none developed.

The American artillery gave the Germans back shell for shell, and added a few for good measure, pounding the enemy battery positions and breaking shrapnel over their trenches.

Mocho Bros. Sell

Mocho Bros. have sold their ranch, situated near Encinosa, to some Pecos Valley parties Cattle, sheep and everything go with the deal. The sale involves about $150,000, and the transaction is for cash. These splendid Lincoln county citizens have not definitely decided what they will do, but they have hinted that they may return to France and join their countrymen in driving the Hun across the Rhine? Wherever they may go the best wishes of a host of friends go with them.

An Appreciation

Dallas, Texas, Nov. 1st., 1917.
Editor, The News,
Carrizozo, N. M.

Dear Sir:—

We are so impatient to write to you that we have decided not to wait for final figures. The services that you have rendered in the Liberty Loan Campaign have been such, that whatever the result, the sincerest thanks of the Treasury Department, and ourselves, is due to you for the magnificent efforts you have put forth.

To say that the Loan could not have been subscribed without the assistance of the press, is an obvious truism. The Government knows it, we know it, and we trust that the general public realizes it fully. The publicity carried by the newspapers, while of the greatest value to the country at large, has also benefited the press; it has enhanced the already high standing and dignity of its members over the whole country.

We are preparing a report for the officials of the treasury department, in which we shall make specific references and give details of the work you have accomplished.

Cordially and sincerely yours,
J. W. HOOPES,
Deputy Governor.

Zieglers Burglarized

A front plate glass window at Ziegler Bros. store was smashed in Monday night, and goods to the value of about $75 00 taken from the show window. The broken window will cost about $75 00 to replace, but an insurance was carried on that which will partially reimburse the loss. The burglar left quite a good deal of his blood on the broken glass and frame, but that was the only trace found.

Emil Fritz

Funeral services for Emil Fritz were held in Roswell Wednesday and the body interred yesterday in the family burying ground at the Spring Ranch, nine miles below Lincoln. In the passing of this worthy citizen Lincoln county lost one of its oldest and best citizens.

Coming to Lincoln county with his parents while a youth, Emil Fritz was a resident of the county for almost half a century. He lived the greater part of this time on his ranch below Lincoln, selling his holdings there a few years ago and coming to this section of the county where he became interested with Henry Lutz in sheep raising. He was Sheriff and Ex Officio Collector of this county during the years 1896-7 8, and was one of the most faithful and painstaking officials the county ever had. He was married sixteen years ago to Mrs. Jas. J. Dolan who survives him. He is also survived by a sister, Mrs. H. D. Reinken, of Watrous, and a brother, Henry, at Capitan, and a number of nieces and nephews.

Lincoln county had no more highly respected citizen than Emil Fritz nor was any better beloved than he by the people among whom he lived so long. The needy never appealed to him in vain and many who have enjoyed his largess throughout his long and honorable career in Lincoln county attest his generosity and goodness of heart.

Our Soldier Boys Moved

The greater number of the soldier boys Lincoln county sent to Camp Funston, Kansas, have been transferred to camp Kearney, California, near San Diego. We understand that only eleven of the ninety-four sent to Camp Funston from Lincoln county remain there. Among the number are the first five, viz: E. C. Eaker, Ralph M. Dow, Morgan Reily, William Gallacher and E. T. Brown. We also understand that Jefferson Claunch, captain of the second quota to leave here remains at the original camp, with some of the other boys who went with him. These boys—most of them at least—are noncommissioned officers and have been assigned special duties.

IT'S NO LONGER POSSIBLE to do business in the small way of our fathers, the cash drawer and the money till have largely passed out of sight. In their place is the commercial bank, with all its many advantages and help to trade. If you are one of those who have not yet a bank account, we invite you to open an account with us.

EXCHANGE BANK, CARRIZOZO, N. M

GROW WITH US

Our Facility for Handling Your Business Equals any

It is convenient for you aud a pleasure for us

Interest Paid on Time Deposits

THE LINCOLN STATE BANK

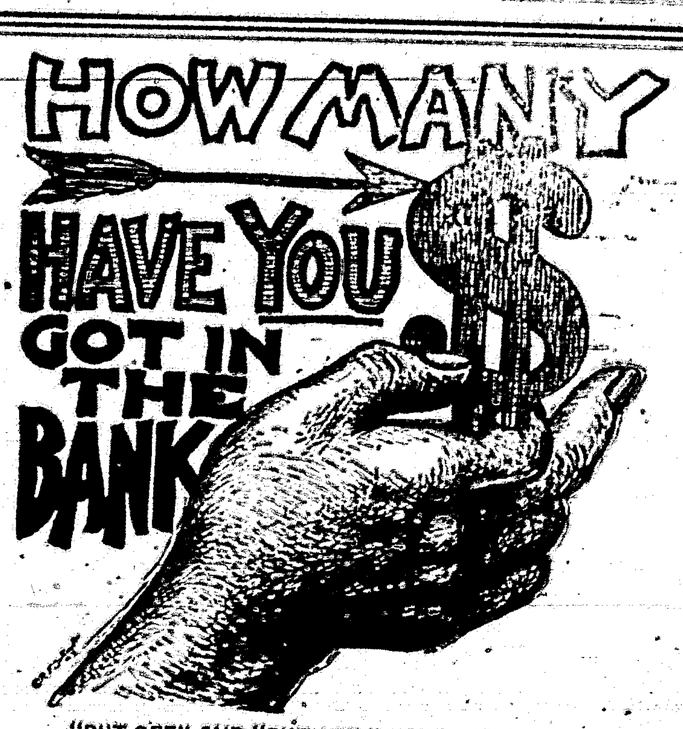
The "Ups" and "Downs"

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

Be independent. Start a bank account with us.

STOCKMENS STATE BANK

CORONA, NEW MEXICO



"PUT OFF" AND "PUT OFF," NEXT WEEK, AND NEXT WEEK, AND SO IT GOES UNTIL SOME CHANCE COMES ALONG AND THEN YOU SAY: "OH, IF I ONLY HAD THE MONEY NOW" AND SOME OTHER FELLOW BUYS THE BARGAIN, OR THE BUSINESS, OR THE REAL ESTATE AND MAKES MONEY.

WHY DON'T YOU HAVE A BANK ACCOUNT AND MAKE IT GROW SO YOU'LL BE PREPARED FOR A GOOD BUSINESS CHANCE?

COME TO OUR BANK

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK
OF CARRIZOZO

Bear, Deer, Turkey

W. M. Reily and Lin Brannon returned Tuesday from South Fork, where, in company with Tom Bragg, they spent a few days hunting. They brought back a deer, a turkey and a bear hide, all evidences of their prowess as nimrods.

F. P. Morgan Dies

Frank P. Morgan died at the Lucas hospital yesterday and the remains are to be interred at Capitan. Mr. Morgan came down from Ancho last Friday suffering from an abdomidal injury the result of a fall from a horse. He lingered until yesterday at which time death relieved him of his suffering. He leaves a wife and daughter at Capitan.

Parent-Teachers' Association

The next meeting of the Parent-Teachers' association has been deferred until an early date in December, in order that we may have the pleasure of an address by J. H. Wagner, Superintendent of Public Instructions of Santa Fe.

Turning Weeds Into Sheep

by Robert H Moulton

The world needs more wool and to obtain the necessary supply of this commodity the country must raise more wool producers—there should be a flock of sheep on every farm

AUSTRALIAN SALT-BUSH CUT FOR HAY

AUSTRALIAN SALT-BUSH PASTURE

SHOWING HEAVY FOLIAGE OF THE SALT-BUSH

THE remarkable success recently achieved by Mr. Y. C. Mansfield of Endicott, Washington, in fattening several hundred head of sheep on the Australian salt-bush has created an interest in this once despised weed, which is rapidly spreading throughout the northwest states. One result of Mr. Mansfield's experiment is that other farmers on whose acres the weed grows have come to look upon what was formerly considered absolutely worthless land as a real bonanza, and they are now preparing to turn their attention from the raising of hogs and wheat to sheep, with the assurance that, under ordinary conditions, they can hardly fall short of Mr. Mansfield's success. They see opened before them what is practically a virgin field of sheep raising, offering wonderful possibilities.

As soon as the value of the salt-bush as a forage crop become generally known it undoubtedly will be cultivated in other sections of the West. As a matter of fact, it is now found along all the highways from Arizona to Washington, but very few people know its true name and fewer know that it is a valuable plant. In eastern Oregon it is generally known as the Pendleton flood weed, and has been looked upon as such a pest that there is a law in the state against allowing it to go to seed.

According to Mr. Mansfield, however, it is really of more value to eastern Oregon than the alfalfa plant, for not only is it a far better feed for sheep, but it will grow on the most arid land, and practically requires no attention after once getting a stand, as it grows in hard, firm soil better than on loose, well-cultivated land.

Mr. Mansfield's experience, as related by him to the writer, who was fortunate to visit the farm at a time when a thousand head of sheep had just been turned into a new pasture of the saltbush, when the accompanying photographs were taken, reads almost like a fairy story.

For several years Mr. Mansfield farmed 3,000 acres of land, all of which was wheat land with the exception of 150 acres, which were subirrigated alfalfa land. Finally the land became so foul with Russian thistles and Jim Hill mustard, that this, together with the high cost of labor and the low price of wheat, made it impossible for him to longer continue in the growing of wheat alone without also keeping live stock to help pay the living expenses.

Accordingly, two years ago, he decided to invest in a flock of sheep, and it was while driving these home that he made the discovery which he has since turned to such good account.

Along the road near the Mansfield farm the salt-bush grew in abundance, and to Mr. Mansfield's infinite surprise the sheep began feeding upon it greedily. He figured upon the spot that he had destroyed $500 worth of good sheep feed that year, besides wasting a great deal of labor, in trying to get rid of the weeds.

Last summer he pastured his entire flock of 1,000 sheep on the salt-bush with the most astonishing results. The sheep were not only exceedingly fat, but their wool was of a superior quality. Several neighboring farmers with small flocks of sheep followed Mr. Mansfield's experiment and their sheep, also, were in much better shape than those that were taken to the mountains during the summer.

During a period of two weeks last summer Mr. Mansfield's flock of 1,000 sheep was kept on less than five acres of ground that was growing Australian salt-bush, and they did not clean the feed all up at that. These five acres of land were two feed yards where he had fed stock for years and consequently they grew an immense amount of the weed, but ordinarily dry land which practically will not grow anything else, will produce this weed. Later in the summer Mr. Mansfield made some hay of the weed, but on account of the scarcity of labor was not able to haul it in out of the shock. He had to turn his sheep through this hay to the stubble field, where there was plenty of other pasture, and they would stop and eat this hay. They cleaned it all up and saved the trouble of hauling it in.

Mr. Mansfield is not only very enthusiastic about the saltbush as a food for sheep, but believes it is good feed for other stock also. Hogs, cattle and horses, he states, eat it soon, and he believes that they would learn to like it as well as the sheep do if they were confined a short time on it. Sheep, he adds, must be confined on it a day or two before they relish it. Then they go to it with avidity. They do not, however, eat enough of it to make them sick and die, as they do on alfalfa and a great many other plants, but they get exceedingly fat on it.

The Australian saltbush is described as a much-branched perennial, which forms a thick mat over the ground a foot or 18 inches in depth, the branches extending from five to eight feet; one plant often covering an area of 15 to 20 square feet. The leaves are about an inch long, broadest at the apex, coarsely toothed along the margin, fleshy and somewhat mealy on the outside. The fruits are tinged with red, flattened and pulpy, but become dry as soon as they fall from the plant. The seeds germinate better if sown on the surface, which should be planked or firmed by driving a flock of sheep across it. When covered to any depth the seeds decay before germination.

The plant will grow on black alkalie land that is really of no value for anything else on earth. Mr. Mansfield states that there are millions of acres of such land in the United States, which, if sown to this seed, undoubtedly would keep sheep enough to produce more wool and mutton than is now raised in the entire United States.

Mr. Mansfield adds that if cut for hay the saltbush should be cut while the branches are soft and tender, and the second crop will make considerable pasture and re-seed the ground.

DECIPHERING WORLD'S OLDEST LOVE LETTER AT UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA

THE world's oldest love letter and the world's oldest map, so far found—these are two interesting discoveries just brought to light by Dr. Stephen Herbert Langdon of the University of Pennsylvania's Museum of Arts and Sciences.

The love letter, on a tablet of clay, was, according to Doctor Langdon, written about the time of the patriarch Abraham.

It is true that in the translation romance gives way to commercialism, but nevertheless there is nothing of the kind in any other museum. The tablet was deciphered and translated by Doctor Langdon.

Personal letters of this type written by the ancient are generally found inclosed in clay envelopes, so fashioned that while they cover the writing completely and hold the tablet itself secure they do not obliterate the symbols, but rather protect them.

So much for the love letter, but Doctor Langdon, leading Sumerian scholar of all time, seems much more interested in the ancient Babylonian map which he has just finished reading.

The map proves conclusively that the comprehensive city planning, heard so much of in recent years, is almost as old as civilization.

Not only did the Babylonians plan the building of their towns and cities, but, according to this map or diagram, they laid out villages and hamlets along preconceived plans to give residents "all the advantages of city life."

Nothing like the map just discovered at the university ever has been found before by archeologists, and evidently it is only one of many. If it can be taken as a fair sample of the forethought exercised by ancient Babylon in building up her outlying domains, then the whole country must have been connected by the most elaborate system of canals in the history of the world.

Babylon had no telephone or telegraph, but for certain fundamental purposes of protection it had "something just as good." For Doctor Langdon has translated some of the numerous small inscriptions on the tablet bearing the map to indicate that the particular section here described was so laid out that persons living in any part of it could hear the blowing of a horn from the central common. It was an old custom in the country to blow a horn at a certain season of the year, after which grazing was no longer permitted. The reason for this is lost in antiquity, but examination of other tablets at the museum some day may reveal it.

The exact age of the map is not definitely known. Doctor Langdon believes it was made in the Cassite period, about 1,500 years before Christ. Concerning the horn-blowing custom, Doctor Langdon says: "The map throws a welcome light upon an obscure law in the great law code of Babylonia, which bears the name of Hammurabi. In it we have reference to the custom of blowing a horn at the village gates to notify the shepherds on the plains that the grazing season was over. These rural villages in which the peasants congregated from the surrounding plain appeared to have been so arranged that the village buglers were able to make the shepherds and farmers hear the sound of the horn in every part of Babylonia.

"The rural life of ancient times in this historic land has here a visual commentary," Doctor Langdon adds, "and we see how the peasants lived together in villages, having village commons for their flocks and a municipal marsh to furnish a most necessary article of domestic life, the cane reed. Assuming that the orientation of the map is the ordinary one employed in other Babylonian maps, one is able to trace the several features of the country and their details. The skeleton of the plan is made by the canal which enters from the northeast corner of the district, flows south-southwest and turns in a rough parabolic curve, to retreat at the same angle toward the north-northwest. At the center of the district marked by the end of the parabola enter from the southeast and southwest corners two canals which unite with the main canal.

Inscriptions on the tablet give the names of the various canals, the villages and hamlets. Thus in the extreme northeast corner is the town of Bit Kar Nusku, and the northeast wing of the canal, on which this town lies, is called Nar-bilti, or "Canal of the Burden," indicating that agricultural and other products were carried upon it.

"This name and others," says Doctor Langdon, "show that these canals were arteries of trade as well as streams to supply the fields with water. The town Kar Nusku is mentioned in temple accounts of the city of Nippur as supplying sheep and grain for the support of the temple priests. In the northwest corner, on the left branch of the canal, is the town of Hamri, also mentioned in the accounts of the temple at Nippur. Therefore, the northwest branch of the canal bears the name Nar Hamri. According to references in Assyrian inscriptions, hamru designates a place where the cult of the fire god was established."

Another canal bore the name of Belsunu, a rich man, whose estate is supplied with water for irrigation purposes. Unfortunately, the estate itself lay outside the limits of the map, so it is impossible to get any description of Belsunu's country house. In the opinion of Doctor Langdon the point of chief interest in the mind of the ancient map-maker was the conelike space at the end of the parabola, which is about the center of the map. The following inscription is cut into this upon an obscure law in the great law code of part of the tablet:

"Field between the canals, the contents (?) are eight gul (a measure of area in the Cassite and Assyrian inscriptions) field of the palace."

"Therefore the mapmaker wished to give an accurate drawing of the field belonging to the royal estates," says Doctor Langdon, "and we may assume that he did his work at the king's injunction, and that the tablet has come down to us from the royal archives at Nippur. The Cassite kings nominally held court at Babylon, as the capital of Babylonia.

Forests were unknown in southern Babylon, and the natives had to use reeds for making baskets, household furniture, firewood, hedges and even for the writing stylus. Accordingly, a municipal marsh was an essential, and one is shown on the map at the university museum. Another feature of no little significance, which sheds light for the first time on the origin of the customs that sprung up in the middle ages of endowing monasteries with estates to provide for their tables, is the "field of the table of the Baru priest." On this phase of the diagram Doctor Langdon says:

"The Baru priest was the seer of the Babylonians, whom they invariably consulted about all future events. This learned priesthood was attached to all the great temples and, as we see here, owned valuable landed estates. The idea of a state-supported order of seers seems preposterous to us, for divination is considered illegal, but Babylonian religion was supercharged with magic and mystery. Kings and laymen undertook no important tasks, launched no important ventures, without consulting these sages of the liver omens, of oil omens and of every conceivable kind of divination. They formed an important part of the priesthood, and hence we find them on our map in possession of estates more valuable than those of the king himself.

"In the extreme corner of the northwestern part of the district is the village of Hamri, situated in a field which bears no name, perhaps the municipal property. South of this area is the field in which we find a village with the curious name Til amel Hassu, or Hill of the Fifty Men. The local history of this town, which would elucidate its interesting name, is unknown. The field itself bears no inscription and was probably a village common also. A small canal separates the two village properties. The large field of the table of the Baru priest is bounded on the north by the canal of the table. These names refer to the properties settled by royal decree upon this religious order for the support of their table, in precisely the same way certain lands in Europe became the property of monastic orders in the middle ages."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Battles Which Made the World

GETTYSBURG

The High Tide of the Southern Confederacy in Which Pickett's Division Performed One of the Most Desperate Charges Known in Any War.

By CAPT. ROLAND F. ANDREWS

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Gettysburg, that terrible three days' battle fought on the first, second and third days of July in 1863, marked the turning point of the American Civil war. The war did indeed continue for two years more, but it was Gettysburg which broke the military power of the South; which decided that the United States of America should endure, the united country of a free people. Gettysburg was "the high tide of the Confederacy."

Gettysburg lies in Pennsylvania, about thirty-five miles southwest of Harrisburg. A sleepy, unimportant Pennsylvania village, it possessed no strategic importance and but for accident probably never would have served as the theater of the greatest battle of our Civil conflict. Lee, directing his great invasion of the North, planned concentration of his forces there. The ragged men of A. P. Hill's advance Confederate corps—inspired it is said by the hope of obtaining shoes—pushed hurriedly into the hamlet and thereupon became involved in a spirited battle with Buford's Federal cavalry division. Reynolds, coming up with an infantry corps to support Buford, met his death on the field, but nightfall of the first found the Union forces holding the line on the Cemetery Hill position. They had been pushed back by superior numbers and cut up severely, particularly in a fierce attack led by the redoubtable Jubal Early, with Ewell's corps. Still they maintained a formidable position upon which Meade, the newly appointed Federal commander, decided to make his stand. Three more corps were moved up during the night, while Lee got his whole army into position.

Thanks to a misunderstanding between Lee and Longstreet, who was to attack the Federal left, the attack on the morning of the second, like Napoleon's attack at Waterloo, was long delayed. This gave the Northern army time to get into position on a horseshoe ridge, having its right on Culp's hill. Longstreet's assault when it did come, however, came with a desperate fury productive of some terrific fighting. Frightful was the slaughter in the Peach Orchard, where Gen. Dan Sickles holding an advanced Federal position, misunderstood or disobeyed an order to withdraw and saw his men go down like ten pins, while he himself lost a leg.

In the meantime the commanding positions of Round Top and Little Round Top remained by some strange oversight unoccupied. Their possession might have been obtained by the Confederates and might have spelled for them victory had not the error been discovered by Gen. G. K. Warren, Meade's engineer officer. Perceiving these crests to be occupied only by signalers and realizing their tremendous possibilities Warren hastily diverted some Maine regiments who scrambled to the tops and there found themselves almost instantly engaged with eagerly advancing Southern columns. The struggle here was desperate, but in the end the Maine men prevailed.

However Longstreet and Hill actually broke through the main line of the Third Federal corps, though because they were not properly supported the brigades which achieved this feat were soon driven out again. Ewell swept over Culp's hill, where the defending force had been much reduced, but Early's attempt to storm Cemetery hill was repulsed.

With the coming of night Meade found that with his line no longer a horseshoe, but prolonged to the left, he stood in danger of having both his flanks turned. In council with his corps commanders he encountered serious discussion of retreat, but since Lee had gained no commanding success and since the necessities of the hour were most serious, he decided in favor of continuing the fighting. He had the advantage of Lee in numbers and he had confidence in the steadiness of his men. Upon this superiority in force is based the amusing story of the Confederate scout, related at the reunion in 1913. He declared that creeping to the Federal camp in the darkness he discovered that "the Yanks had all creation," since he distinctly heard the command:

"Universe attention! Continents fall in! By nations, right wheel!"

Also in the night Lee changed his plan. Deciding that Longstreet should not press his attack over the broken ground, he directed that Ewell should resume his hammering of Meade's extreme right while the overwhelming blow should be delivered by an attack on the center, comparable with the charge of the Guard at Waterloo. For this duty there were assigned the troops of Pickett's fresh and splendid Virginia division, which constituted part of Longstreet's corps. Longstreet himself never believed this charge could have a chance of success. Between him and Lee there was ever afterward bitterness. But as for the charge itself, it was most gallantly delivered. It almost won.

Meade began the fighting on the third day by aiming a heavy counter-offensive at Culp's hill, which after four hours of fighting was retaken from the Confederates. This, however, did not deter Lee from following his original plan. He was determined that Pickett should make his grand assault. In preparation, Alexander, the Confederate chief of artillery, opened with one long line of seventy-five guns, while sixty-five of Hill's guns came into action on the left. Against these the Federals, cramped for space, could oppose but seventy-five, and the fire of these was soon stopped that they might be held to meet the infantry attack.

Longstreet, still certain the result could be only failure, could not bring himself to order the advance, but shortly before two in the afternoon Pickett himself asked and obtained permission to go forward.

There followed one of the most desperate charges in history, beside which, when one reckons in loss of life, such an exploit as that of the Light Brigade at Balaklava becomes almost child's play. To reach the Union line the Virginians had to cross 1,800 yards of ground swept by terrible rifle and artillery fire. All three of Pickett's brigadiers went down, two killed and one, Kemper, desperately wounded. The Union troops, Gibbon's division and a part of the Second corps, all under Hancock, held unflinchingly. Lieutenant Cushing, commanding a battery, held in his entrails with one hand while with the other he helped roll a gun into position, crying out, "Give them one more shot, Webb." The slaughter was frightful, but the dauntless Virginians actually broke Meade's first line before they withered under the fearful fire and, abandoned by their support, fell back. Brigadier General Garnett, who had leaped the wall with his hat on his sword, died under a Union gun carriage.

This ended the battle. Afterward there was only a retreat which might have been a rout, had the Union troops pressed their advantage or had Lee been less prompt and skillful in rallying his men. The Confederates lost 30,000 out of a total approximating 75,000. Of Pickett's division, which charged 4,500 strong, 3,393 were left on the field. Meade's losses were 23,000 out of 82,000, but the Confederacy had attained its greatest success and had seen that success wane into hopeless failure.

Modern Babylon.

Forty miles from New York in the direction of Berlin and just behind the Fire Island lighthouse, which we used to trail from home-coming liners in the good old days before the war, when cats might look at kings and the simplest citizen of these United States at the good things in the shop windows of the Rue de la Paix without being classed as a casus belli, is Babylon, Ralph Barton writes in Cartoons Magazine. What wag, what droll fellow ever thought of choosing the name Babylon for a south shore, Long Island, clam and flatfish village, the chronicles fail to relate. Its gardens hang right side up, and bear potatoes in a highly respectable and patriotic manner, and the once justly famous daughters of Babylon are as scarce as hanging gardens, for they simply do not exist. The moment the Babylonian female attains that age when a single swift glance at a male of the genus suffices to tell her the precise figure of his income, she takes the 11:04 to the better husband stalking preserves 40 miles to the west—and she does not return.

An Aerial Shepherd.

The gallant little republic of Venezuela, which may shortly come in on the side of the allies, boasts of a remarkable bird which can be trained to tend flocks, says London Tit-Bits. Not only does the yak-a-milk, as it is called, take the place of the sheep dog, but it is frequently used to guard the home of its owner.

When the Indians capture a yak-a-milk they find little difficulty in training it to domestic use. It is attached to the farmyard and performs the same duties as a faithful watchdog. A yak-a-milk soon learns to know and obey the voice of its master. Its usual gait is slow and sedate, but sometimes it will execute most eccentric movements, waltzing and pirouetting in a very absurd fashion. Instances are recorded where these strange birds have defended their charges from attacks of wild and savage animals, and even driven them off.

Test of Endurance.

Human endurance is seldom tested so severely as among the postal messengers of the Chinese government between Peking and Lhassa. These messengers are picked and trained men, who in times of great urgency are required to cover 4,500 miles between the two capitals, on horseback, in 36 days, or 125 miles a day.

The messenger's letters, inclosed in a yellow bag, are never taken off his back except when he changes his dress, once a week. He changes horses every few miles, eats and sleeps in postal stations, is under the most rigid restrictions as to articles of diet, and is permitted to sleep only four hours a day.

TYPHOID is no more necessary than Smallpox. Army experience has demonstrated the almost miraculous efficacy, and harmlessness, of Antityphoid Vaccination.

Be vaccinated NOW by your physician, you and your family. It is more vital than house insurance.

Ask your physician, druggist, or send for "Have you had Typhoid?" telling of Typhoid Vaccine, results from use, and danger from Typhoid Carriers.

THE CUTTER LABORATORY, BERKELEY, CAL.
PRODUCERS OF VACCINES & SERUMS UNDER U. S. GOV. LICENSE

A Unique Specimen.

We once knew a man 26 or 27 years ago who read the Congressional Record closely every day and he is still alive. Indeed, he afterward went to congress and settled there. Has anyone heard of another reader of the Congressional Record?—Columbia (S. C.) State.

It you wish beautiful, clear white clothes, use Red Cross Bag Blue. At all good grocers. Adv.

Whale Possibilities.

Since one whale yielded 14,000 pounds of meat to an American whaler, says the Portland Oregonian, the man who owns a small pond ought to look into the industry. There might be money in whale veal.

Youngstown, O., is to have a monument to David Tod, Civil war governor of Ohio.

A Medicine for Women

For Forty Years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has Relieved the Sufferings of Women.

It hardly seems possible that there is a woman in this country who continues to suffer without giving Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial after all the evidence that is continually being published, proving beyond contradiction that this grand old medicine has relieved more suffering among women than any other medicine in the world.

Mrs. Kieso Cured After Seven Month's Illness.

Aurora, Ill.—"For seven long months I suffered from a female trouble, with severe pains in my back and sides until I became so weak I could hardly walk from chair to chair, and got so nervous I would jump at the slightest noise. I was entirely unfit to do my house work, I was giving up hope of ever being well, when my sister asked me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I took six bottles and today I am a healthy woman able to do my own housework. I wish every suffering woman would try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and find out for herself how good it is."—Mrs. Karl A. Kieso, 596 North Ave., Aurora, Ill.

Could Hardly Get Off Her Bed.

Cincinnati, Ohio.—"I want you to know the good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I was in such bad health from female troubles that I could hardly get off my bed. I had been doctoring for a long time and my mother said, 'I want you to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.' So I did, and it has certainly made me a well woman. I am able to do my house work and am so happy as I never expected to go around the way I do again, and I want others to know what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me."—Mrs. Joseph Cornes, 1668 Harrison Ave., Fairmount, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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.

SPOHN'S DISTEMPER COMPOUND

Puts a ... Stop to all **Distemper**

CURES THE SICK

And prevents others having the disease no matter how exposed. 50 cents and $1 a bottle, $5 and $10 a dozen bottles. All good druggists and turf goods houses.

Spohn Medical Co., Manufacturers, Goshen, Ind., U.S.A.

What's the Use.

"I have been reflecting," said an oldtimer, "upon the case of the average man, as his neighbors see him.

"If he is poor, he is a bad manager. If he is prosperous, everyone wants to do him a favor.

"If he is in politics, it's for pork. If he is not in politics, one can't place him, and he's no good for his country.

"If he gives not to charity, then he's a stingy dog. If he does give, it's for show.

"If he is active in religion, he is a hypocrite. If he evinces no interest in matters spiritual, he's a hardened sinner.

"If he shows affection, he's a soft sentimentalist. If he seems to care for no one, he's cold-blooded.

"If he does young, there was a great future ahead of him. If he attains old age, he has missed his calling."

Onesided.

He—I suppose we are to consider the engagement broken?

She—You are; not me. I'm still engaged to some one else.

Despite the Price.

"Revenge is sweet."

"All I know about revenge is this. There's less of it actually had than almost any commodity you can name."

Ever notice how narrow-minded some people are who argue with you?

Boasting of their strong points is a weakness with some people.

YOU BET I'M HELPING SAVE THE WHEAT says Bobby

POST TOASTIES
For me 3 times a day

Painful.

"I've taken a vow not to talk about the war."

"How old are you?"

Don't Neglect Kidneys

Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Prescription, Overcomes Kidney Trouble

It is now conceded by physicians that the kidneys should have more attention as they control the other organs to a remarkable degree and do a tremendous amount of work in removing the poisons and waste matter from the system by filtering the blood.

The kidneys should receive some assistance when needed. We take less exercise, drink less water and often eat more rich, heavy food, thereby forcing the kidneys to do more work than nature intended. Evidence of kidney trouble, such as lame back, annoying bladder troubles, smarting or burning, brick-dust or sediment, sallow complexion, rheumatism, maybe weak or irregular heart action, warns you that your kidneys require help immediately to avoid more serious trouble.

An ideal herbal compound that has had most remarkable success as a kidney and bladder remedy is Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root. There is nothing else like it. It is Dr. Kilmer's prescription used in private practice and it is sure to benefit you. Get a bottle from your 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.

Can't Live on $25,000 a Year.

The somewhat irritating story of the woman who cannot support herself on a large income bobs up again. Mrs. Olga Kohler Florman of New York has been drawing $25,000 annually from the state of her father, but she asks an increase because she has gone in debt. She alleged that her husband earned only $60 a week and that she had to contribute to the support of an infant son. The court allowed her a bonus of $120,000.

It pays better to appreciate fools than to be appreciated by fools.

GOOD ROADS

PIKE'S PEAK HIGHWAY OPEN

Alignment Definitely Completed From Atlantic to Pacific—Last Link Has Been Forged.

The Pike's peak ocean to ocean highway has definitely completed an independent alignment from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, says the New York Tribune. The last link in the chain was forged at San Francisco on July 30, when the national officers, in conference with representatives of various California routes, selected the Feather-River Sacramento Causeway routes and established the Pacific coast terminus at Oakland and San Francisco.

With terminal on the Atlantic seaboard both at New York city and Philadelphia, the first prong passes through Newark and Morristown, N. J.; Easton and Allentown, Pa., joining with the Philadelphia prong at Reading, Pa., thence continuing westward along the William Penn highway through Harrisburg, Tyrone, Altoona, to Pittsburgh; crossing Ohio through Steubenville, Coshocton, Newark, Columbus, Springfield and Dayton; Indiana through Richmond, Indianapolis, Rockville; Illinois through Decatur, Springfield, Jacksonville, Griggsville; Missouri through Hannibal, Macon, Chillicothe, St. Joseph; Kansas through Hiawatha, Belleville, Norton, Colby, Goodland; Colorado through Burlington, Limon, Colorado Springs, Manitou, Hartsel, Buena Vista, Leadville, Glenwood Springs, Rifle, Meeker; Utah through Vernal, Duchesne, Heber City, Park City, Salt Lake City, Ogden, Brigham, Lucin; Nevada via the Overland trail through Elko, Winnemucca, Lovelock, Deno, and California through Portola, Quincy, Oroville, Marysville, Sacramento, Davis, Benicia, Martinez, Berkeley, Oakland and San Francisco.

The completion of the western extension of the highway followed an official inspection of the trip made by President C. F. Adams, in accordance with the decision of the midsummer meeting held on top of Pike's peak, July 10-11, following a sociability tour from Chillicothe and St. Joseph. The reports made on the inspection trip indicate that less than 10 per cent of the 1,600 miles between Colorado Springs and San Francisco is in poor condition. The road follows streams, is through

Road Through Williams Canon, Near Manitou, Colo.

inhabited territory with less desert or desolate country to cross than any other transcontinental route, and traverses some of the most wonderful scenic sections of the United States. Visits were made at each town en route, to create new enthusiasm for the route, confer regarding highway development and arrange for a more complete marking system. The average running time was 19 miles per hour.

An emphatic campaign is now being conducted to complete the marking of the Pike's Peak trail from coast to coast. The national specifications require red and white bands, each 10 inches in width, at cross-roads, forks, and frequent intervals between, these to be painted on telephone poles, fence posts, trees or rocks. In addition, a striking marker design in red and white has been adopted, and 1,500 enameled steel signs, 14 by 20 inches in size, are to be placed on individual posts at intervals of not more than five miles between New York and San Francisco.

Highways in Connecticut.

The construction of concrete highways is going on in 22 cities and towns in Connecticut, and when these contracts have been completed there will be about 70 miles of concrete surfaced payment in that state. The highways are 18 feet wide and cost $15,000 a mile.

Good Roads Indispensable.

The time has come when we must consider the roads an asset, indispensable to the well-being of the farmer and his family. This being true, is it not every man's duty to do all he can to keep the roads in good condition?

Good Roads.

More than $300,000,000 was spent on highway construction and maintenance in the United States in 1916. Of this amount 16 Southern states spent approximately $52,000,000.

Wireless Air Raid Warning.

The London Daily Chronicle reports that Mr. Thorp Hincks has devised apparatus for giving warning of impending air raids. It is claimed to be especially applicable to factories and public buildings. An electric resonator is placed on the roof, and on the sound of a given pitch being produced, the resonator causes a bell to ring in the building until it is stopped. It is said that large areas, such for instance as the whole of a city, can be simultaneously and instantaneously warned.—Scientific American.

RED FACES AND RED HANDS

Soothed and Healed by Cuticura—Sample Each Free by Mail.

Treatment for the face: On rising and retiring smear affected parts with Cuticura Ointment. Then wash off with Cuticura Soap and hot water. For the hands: Soak them in a hot lather of Cuticura Soap. Dry, and rub in Cuticura Ointment.

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

She Studied Byron.

Mrs. Hawkins, who posed as a literary woman and professed a great admiration for Byron's works, had recently purchased a little dog and was showing him to a caller.

"What have you named him?" asked the caller.

"Perchance," was the reply.

"What a singular name for an animal!" commented the caller.

"I named him after Byron's dog," she explained. "Don't you remember the line in 'Childe Harold,' where the poet says, 'Perchance my dog?'"

How's This?

We offer $100.00 for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE.

HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. Sold by druggists for over forty years. Price 75c. Testimonials free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

A Woman Teaches Seamanship.

When one of the instructors in the government navigation school at Charleston, S. C., was compelled to leave, a woman, Mrs. Charlotte S. Patten of Maine, took the helm, and is now teaching beginners in nautical science. Mrs. Patten is the widow of a sea captain, and for fifteen years lived on board a ship. After the death of her husband she continued her life on the sea on board a ship captained by her son-in-law.

More Trouble for Censors.

New Thought leaders who are instructing the followers on how to "telepath" messages to soldiers in France are creating new difficulties for the censors.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Loving Wives.

A man loves his wife because he must, and loves his neighbor's because he mustn't.

M. D. Spitzer asks $10,000 because he ate a tack with some soup served him in a New York restaurant.

Many a truthful man breaks his word because he stutters.

WRIGLEY'S

S. O. S.
Send Over Some
WRIGLEY'S

Keep your soldier or sailor boy supplied. Give him the lasting refreshment, the protection against thirst, the help to appetite and digestion afforded by Wrigley's.

It's an outstanding feature of the war—"All the British Army is chewing it."

AFTER EVERY MEAL

The Flavor Lasts

Labor Scarce in Coal Region.

So scarce is labor in the coal region that when Jacob Schoen of Pottsville, Pa., superintendent of highways, advertised for men for work on the streets, the only reply he got was from a man eighty-two years of age.

The British Rifle.

The British rifle is the outcome of the South African war. It holds ten cartridges and is sighted from 200 to 2,800 yards.

E. M. Deemer, 12 years bellhop in Philadelphia, makes money as a magazine agent. He advertises.

Ducks Poisoned.

The biological survey has found that a number of ducks around Great Salt Lake, Utah, were suffering from lead poisoning as a result of swallowing the shot present in large quantities about the shooting stations and blinds.

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

Somehow the majority of our good habits never get found out.

Poverty is the one luxury the rich can't afford.

A Letter From Washington

The Food Administrator Writes Us:

"The use of baking powder breads made of corn and other coarse flours instead of patent wheat flour is recommended by the Conservation Division of the Food Administration. The wheat needed for export is thus conserved, and at the same time healthful food for our own people is provided. The circulation of recipes providing for these uses would be of assistance in carrying out our plans."

The following recipes for Corn Bread and Rye Rolls save wheat flour and make attractive and wholesome food for every day when made with

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

CORN BREAD

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

Mix thoroughly dry ingredients; add milk and melted shortening; beat well; pour into well greased pan and bake in hot oven about 25 minutes.

RYE ROLLS

2 cups rye flour
½ teaspoon salt
3 level teaspoons Dr. Price's Baking Powder
¾ cup milk
½ tablespoon shortening

Sift dry ingredients together, add milk and melted shortening. Knead on floured board; shape into rolls. Put into greased pans and allow to stand in warm place 20 to 25 minutes. Bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes.

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

An Expensive Incumbrance.

"Old Bostely says he has a million dollar brain," observed the man who was always picking up information.

"He's quite right," answered the other; "it would cost him fully that much to find out what's the matter with it."

Making Sure.

"Why didn't you call for help when he kissed you?"

"I was afraid some one would hear me."

Push and Pull.

The way the boss looks at it: "Develop the push and the pull will take care of itself."

It is a tranquil people who accomplish much.—Thoreau.

When Your Eyes Need Care Try Murine Eye Remedy

No Smarting—Just Eye Comfort. 50 cents at Druggists or by mail. Write for Free Eye Book. MURINE EYE REMEDY CO., CHICAGO

Nashville, Tenn., Commercial club has opened new headquarters building.

GREAT BIG MONEY OIL Producing and Refining

Oil prices booming. Stocks soaring. Thousands drawing dividends from small investments in ground-floor shares of reliable oil and refining companies. Write at once for BIG FREE BOOK OF PHOTOS AND OIL FACTS about big, substantial, share-and-share-alike oil and refining company (governed by board of 12 conservative bankers) owning 45,000 acres of valuable oil leases deposited in bank, all paid for and certified by law, in Oklahoma and Texas, the world's richest oil region. Big well now drilling. Dozen wells to be drilled soon. Modern Oil Refinery to be erected. Positively your fair and square quick opportunity (free from humbug or fakir's methods) to buy $1 par shares NOW in honestly-managed, fast-growing company. OSAGE OIL & REFINING CO., Oklahoma City, Okla.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff.
For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair.
50c and $1.00 at Druggists.

$200.00 PER MONTH

If you are making less, let us tell you how you can increase your income selling American Lighting Fixtures, Portable Lamps, Lanterns, etc. Old well known product. Easily sold, work all or spare time. No competition. Experience not necessary. Only small capital required. Exclusive territory to hustlers.

AMERICAN GAS MACHINE CO., Dept. A, Albert Lea, Minn.

Hand Teacher wants position. Long successful experience. Ability and character. References. Correspondence solicited. E. A. Hallstead, Hay City, Texas

Denver Directory

Require for the Wilson Never Break Trace Guaranteed

J. H. WILSON SADDLERY CO. DENVER

SHOE REPAIRING BY PARCEL POST

Finest equipped plant in West. Shoes received and shipped by mail. Men's soles, $1.15, women's $1.00. Write for price list and shipping tags. DENVER SHOE FACTORY, 1645 Champa St., Denver, Col.

Carrizozo News

Published Friday at Carrizozo, Lincoln County, New Mexico.

Entered as Second Class Matter at the Postoffice at Carrizozo, New Mexico, June 2, 1908.

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

JNO. A. HALEY, - - Editor and Publisher

Save a little every day and we will then have enough to get along with and have a good surplus for our allies.

Substitute cornbread for wheatbread; eat less meat; reduce sugar consumption, and conserve fats. Do this and we'll win the war.

New Mexico joined the dry column Tuesday and New York gave votes to women. Ohio split went dry and refused to grant suffrage to women

Tammany swept Greater New York Tuesday in the Municipal election and took everything that was not nailed down. The Tiger looms bigger now than ever.

The Austro-German army continues to drive the Italians and to drive them hard. The allies do not conceal their anxiety over the seriousness of the Italian situation

The Russians are still jawing one another, and it begins to look as though a bloody revolution is all that will ever restore a stable government Meanwhile, her allies are compelled to bear a double load because of her delinquency.

Heavy Land Receipts

Santa Fe, N. M., November 5: The State Land Department today established a new high record for income from the annual October settlements, when State Land Commissioner Robert P. Ervien paid into the state treasury a total of $462,692.34, for the credit of the various institutions and funds which are beneficiaries under the state land grants. It is the largest single payment ever made into the state treasury and exceeds by approximately $45,000 the record payment made by the state land office on November 1, 1916. The heaviest payments of the year at the state land office are made on and after October 1, when rentals on leased lands and a majority of payments on contracts to purchase fall due. Both lease and contract payments are more nearly complete this year than in any previous October in the history of the office. The October settlement brings the total of state land payments into the treasury for the present fiscal year to $1,093,669.66. With the income of the present month still to be added, this is a gain of more than $250,000 over last year's total income.

Payments into the state treasury by the land office, for the 11 months of the fiscal year have been: December, $74,367.20; January, $43,238.49; February, $33,303.39; March, $93,180.01; April, $9,477.36; May, $33,354.82, June, $114,938.09; July, $30,737 50; August, $71,554.46, September, $6,262.47; October 1, $120,563.53; November 1, $462,692.34.

The distribution of the big October income payment to the credit of the income and permanent funds of the various institutions is as follows:

Common Schools	$196,302.81
State University	18,621.45
Agricultural College	13,577.22
Silver City Normal School	3,146.96
Las Vegas Normal School	3,147.05
El Rito Normal School	2,077.43
Eastern Normal School	312.84
School of Mines	5,980.12
Military Institute	4,183.97
Reform School	786.62
Miners Hospital	2,148.41
Insane Asylum	6,674.25
Penitentiary	4,925.17
Charitable, Penal, etc	3,050.22
Blind Asylum	3,310.38
Deaf & Dumb School	4,474.59
Water Reservoirs fund	22,813.83
Improvement of Rio Grande	6,230.95
Public bldgs at Capital	6,006.74
R. R. Bond fund	92,878.69
Chaves Co. Public Schools	6.40

U. S. War Ship Sunk

The American patrol boat Alcedo was torpedoed and sunk by a German submarine in the war zone early Monday morning and one officer and 20 enlisted men are missing. The Alcedo, a converted yacht, carried a crew of seven officers and 85 men.

The Alcedo is the first American war vessel to go down in the war.

Wild Bull Chases William J. Bryan

Chandler, Arizona, Nov. 6:—William J Bryan, former secretary of state, was saved from a wild bull by the presence of a mesquite tree on the desert near here yesterday. Mr. Bryan and R. A. Hayward, superintendent of the Pima Indian reservation, were duck hunting when they were chased by the bull. They succeeded in getting to the mesquite tree. Other members of the hunting party shot and killed the bull.

Mr. Bryan was unhurt but lost part of his hunting suit in the flight from the animal.

Methodist Church

Rev. R. H. Lewelling, Pastor

Sunday School at 9:45 a. m. The Sunday School is graded in the most approved manner and uses the graded literature.

Gospel sermons at 11 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. The Epworth League will furhish special music for the evening service.

Epworth League at 6:45 p. m.

At the close of the well attended morning service at the Methodist church the following children were dedicated in Baptism to God: Mildred Miner and Lemuel Albert, daughter and son of Mr. and Mrs. L. A. McCall; Isaac Ross and Ora Mae, son and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ross Bentley; and Margaret Elizabeth daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Pearson.

In the three weeks' pastorate of Rev. Robt. H. Lewelling there have been three additions to the Methodist church, Mesdames J. F. Pearson, George Ferguson and Robt. H. Lewelling.

Miss Bessie White sang a very beautiful and touching solo at the Methodist church Sunday night.

Heinz Sweet, Sweet Mixed and Sour Pickles, just in, try them at Grom's, phone 46.

NOTICE
STATE ENGINEER'S OFFICE
Number of Application 1169
Santa Fe, N. M., October 13, 1917

Notice is hereby given that on the 13th day of October, 1917, in accordance with Section 28, Chapter 49, Irrigation Laws of 1907, Oscar C. Pramberg of Carrizozo, County of Lincoln, State of New Mexico, made formal application to the State Engineer of New Mexico for a permit to appropriate the Public Waters of the State of New Mexico.

Such appropriation is to be made from White Oaks Arroyo at a point whence the NE corner of Sec. 2, Township 7 S., Range 10 East, bears South 38 degrees 30 minutes East, 4515 feet distant by means of diversion works and five cu. ft. per sec. is to be conveyed to lands in Sec. 2, Twp. 7 S., Range 10 East, N. M. P. M. by means of main canal and laterals and there used for the irrigation of 40 acres and domestic purposes.

Any person, firm, association or corporation deeming that the granting of the above application would be truly detrimental to their rights in the water of said stream system shall file a complete statement of their objections substantiated by affidavits with the State Engineer and serve a copy on applicant on or before the 11th day of January, 1918, the date set for the Engineer to take this application up for final consideration unless protested. In case of protested applications all parties will be given a reasonable length of time in which to submit their evidence in detail or arrange a date convenient for a hearing or appoint a referee satisfactory to all to take testimony. Appearance is not necessary unless advised officially by letter from the State Engineer.

11-9-21 JAMES A. FRENCH, State Engineer.

Notice for Publication
017424

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Roswell, N. M., October 16, 1917

—Notice is hereby given that John F. Thompson, of Ancho, N. M., who, on April 12, 1909, made HD. E., No: 017424, for SW1-4 SW1-4SW1-4; W1-2 SE1-4 SW1-4SW1-4, Sec. 17; S1-2 SE1-4SE1-4; E1-2SE1-4 SW1-4SE1-4, Sec. 18; NE1-4NE1-4; N1-2 SE1-4NE1-4; E1-2NE1-4 SW1-4NE1-4; E1-2 E1-2 NW1-4 NE1-4, Sec. 19; W1-2NE1-4 SW1-4 NW1-4; NW1-4 SW1-4NW1-4; W1-2 E1-2 NW1-4 NW1-4; W1-2 NW1-4 NW1-4, Sec. 20, Twp. 4-S R. 12-E., N. M. P. M., has filed notice of intention to make five year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Mrs. Lillie McClung Scott, U. S. Commissioner, in her office, at Carrizozo, N. M., on November 19, 1917.

Claimant names as witnesses: Thomas J. Straley, Sr., Dennis Spade, James A. Cooper, Sr., and Sam H. Woods, all of Ancho, N. M.

EMMETT PATTON, Register.

Oct. 19—Nov. 16.

Notice for Publication
027631
027675

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
United States Land Office, Roswell, N. M., October 10, 1917

Notice is hereby given that Oscar N Bowden, of Carrizozo, N. M., who, on February 6 and August 15, 1913, made Original and Additional HD. Entries, Nos. 027631 and 027675, for the NW1-4 and the N1-2SW1-4, Section 20, Twp. 6-S, Range 10-E, N. M. P. M., has filed notice of intention to make three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Orville T. Nye, Clerk of the Probate Court, in his office, at Carrizozo, N. M., on Nov. 19, 1917.

Claimant names as witnesses: William J. Ayers, Emma A. Flower, Harry L. Humphrey, and Emery L. Joyce, all of Carrizozo, N. M.

EMMETT PATTON, Register.

Oct. 19—Nov. 16.

Notice for Publication
028053

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Roswell, N. M., October 10, 1917.

Notice is hereby given that William J. Langston, of Carrizozo, N. M., who, on December 8, 1913, made HD. E., No. 028053, for NE1-4; E1-2 NW1-4, Section 21, Twp. 8-S, Range 10-E, N. M. P. M., has filed notice of intention to make three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Lillie McClung Scott, U. S. Commissioner in her office, at Carrizozo, N. M., on Nov. 19, 1917.

Claimant names as witnesses: John Harkey, Alex. W. Adams, Amelia Patty, and James Byron, all of Carrizozo, N. M.

EMMETT PATTON, Register.

Oct. 19—Nov. 16.

Notice for Publication
027761

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Roswell, N. M., October 2, 1917

Notice is hereby given that Stanley T. Bates, of Carrizozo, N. M., who, on Nov. 16, 1916, made HD. E., No 027761, for W1-2SE1-4, Sec. 26; and the NE1-4; N1-2SE1-4, Section 35, Twp. 8-S, Range 9-E., N. M. P. M., has filed notice of intention to make three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Lillie McClung Scott, U. S. Commissioner, in her office, at Carrizozo, on Nov. 12, 1917.

Claimant names as witnesses: Scott O. Sprole, M. S. Sears Crockett, David B. Tennis, and William J. Ayers, all of Carrizozo, N. M.

EMMETT PATTON, Register.

Oct. 12—Nov 9.

NOTICE OF CONTEST
Department of the Interior,
United States Land Office.
Contest No. 9773.
Roswell, N. M., Oct. 18, 1917.

To Perry A. Wyman of Phoenix, Arizona, Contestee:

You are hereby notified that Jack E. Ellis who gives Corona, N. M., as his post-office address, did on Oct. 18, 1917, file in this office his duly corroborated application to contest and secure the cancellation of your Homestead Entry Serial No. 038503 made Sept. 11, 1916, for SW1-4 NW1-4, W1-2SW1-4 Sec. 3 SE1-4NE1-4, N1-2SE1-4 Sec. 4 NE1-4NE1-4 Sec. 9, NW1-4NW1-4 Sec. 10, Township 2-S, Range 14 E, N. M. P. Meridian, and as grounds for his contest he alleges that you have never established residence upon the land but have wholly abandoned same and that said absence and failure to establish residence is not due to your employment in military service rendered in connection with operations in Mexico, or along the borders thereof, or in mobilization camps elsewhere, in the military or naval service or organization of the United States or the National Guard of any of the several states.

You are, therefore, further notified that the said allegations will be taken as confessed, and your said entry will be canceled without further right to be heard, either before this office or on appeal, if you fail to file in this office within twenty days after the FOURTH publication of this notice, as shown below, your answer, under oath, specifically responding to these allegations of contest, together with due proof that you have served a copy of your answer on the said contestant either in person or by registered mail.

You should state in your answer the name of the post office to which you desire future notices to be sent to you.

EMMETT PATTON, Register.

Date of first publication Oct. 26, 1917.
" " second " Nov. 2, 1917.
" " third " Nov. 9, 1917.
" " fourth " Nov. 16, 1917.

The Titsworth Company
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

APPLES

WRITE FOR PRICES

MAIL ORDERS GIVEN PROMPT ATTENTION

The Titsworth Company
CAPITAN, NEW MEXICO

For Sale

KANSAS BLACKLEG SERUM

The Titsworth Co. CAPITAN N. M.

— M-O-N-U-M-E-N-T-S —
We carry the largest stock in the Southwest. Freight prepaid, every job guaranteed. Write for designs and estimates.
Bowers Monument Company
215 East Central Albuquerque, N. M.

Building Material

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

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

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

The Oldsmobile

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

H. J. GARRARD, Agent

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

At the present time Uncle Sam requires men and money, but the family requires Something to Eat
If you want it fresh, at a reasonable price, and from a
Sanitary Store try Bell's Grocery
We are now located in the New Wetmore building and invite the public to inspect our new quarters.

FEED YARD
HAY AND GRAIN IN CAR LOTS
All Competition Met in Prices on These Commodities
Roomy Yard - Stalls - Water
Coal and Wood
Wm. Barnett EL PASO AVENUE
Phone 86

Special Facilities
For Banquet and Dinner Parties.
Carrizozo Eating House
F. W. GURNEY, Manager
Table Supplied with the Best, the market affords.

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

Tax Notice

Judgment in the district court having been rendered against property in the county upon which the 1916 tax is delinquent and unpaid and which has been advertised according to law, the annual tax sale of the county will take place beginning Nov. 10th, at 9 o'clock at the court house, and continuing from day to day for a period not to exceed 30 days, until all or enough of each parcel of property has been sold to satisfy amount of taxes, interest and penalties against same.

A. J. ROLLAND,
Treas. and Ex-officio Collector.

Pay Your Road Tax

I have been appointed by the Board of County Commissioners to collect the road tax in this precinct. The tax is $3.00 assessed against every able-bodied man between the ages of 21 and 60 years old. This tax is now due, and prompt payment of the same is requested.

G. T. McQUILLEN.

Classified Advertisements

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

FOR SALE—McCormic Corn Binders—The Titsworth Co.—Capitan, N. M. 9-21-tf

Spirella Corsets—Mrs. McQuillen. Phone 1.

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

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

Highest Patent Hard Wheat Flour $6.50 per cwt. at Humprey Bros.

FOR SALE OR TRADE:—Two second hand automobiles, in good running condition. O. T. Nye. 8-31 tf.

FOR SALE:—Four second hand Fords, in good running order, bargain if taken at once. Western Garage. 10-19-tf.

Subject to market changes we can quote prices as follows: Corn number two, $4.40 per cwt.; Mill Run Bran, $2.35 per cwt.; Stock Salt Crushed Rock, 70c per cwt. In straight or mixed lots of one thousand pounds ten cents per cwt less. Humphrey Bros.

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

Grapes! Grapes! Grapes!

Concords, Black Prince, White Malagas, and Tokays. Concords about gone. Get your order in if you like Jelly. Groom's, phone 46.

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

Warning

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

SAM WELLS.

Notice for Publication
025387

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

Notice is hereby given that Charles Morton Byrns, of Corona, N. M., who, on August 26, 1912, made H.E. No. 02387, for E½E½, Section 12, Twp. 2-S, Range 11-E, N. M. P. M., has filed notice of intention to make three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Mary C. Adams, U. S. Commissioner, in her office, at Corona, N. M., on Dec. 5, 1917.

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

EMMETT PATTON,
Nov. 2-30. Register.

Notice for Publication
02324

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

Notice is hereby given that Fred P. Cleghorn, of White Oaks, N. M., who, on May 29, 1913, made HD. E. No. 02324, for N½NW¼, SE¼NW¼ and SW¼NE¼, Section 15, Township 6-S, Range 13-E, N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before O. T. Nye, Clerk of the Probate Court, in his office, at Carrizozo, N. M., on Nov 27, 1917.

Claimant names as witnesses:

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

EMMETT PATTON,
Oct. 26—Nov. 23 Register.

Notice for Publication
02363

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

Notice is hereby given that Celso Candelario, of White Mountain, N. M., who, on Dec. 16, 1913, made H. E. No. 02363, for E½NE¼, W½SE¼, SE¼-SE¼NE¼, Sec. 14; E½NE¼ Sec. 23; and SW¼NW¼, Section 24, Township 10-S, Range 9-E, N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before O. T. Nye, Clerk of the Probate Court, in his office, at Carrizozo, N. M., on Nov. 26, 1917.

Claimant names as witnesses:

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

EMMETT PATTON,
Oct. 26—Nov. 23. Register.

Million Letters In the Mails Today Bearing Magic Words "With the Colors"

Keynote of the Splendid Work the Y. M. C. A. Does Among Our Men In Uniform Is Keeping Them In Touch With the Folks at Home.

STAMPED WITH STARS AND STRIPES AND RED TRIANGLE

Multifarious Ways in Which the Association Appeals to Your Boy, Your Neighbor's Boy, or Some Boy You Know and Love—Creates a Helpful Environment in Cantonment, on Way Overseas, in Front Line Trench and Beyond—First to Aid as He Comes Tottering Back—Give Your Share of the $35,000,000 Required to Accomplish This "Last Evidence That Somebody Cares."

IT was evening on the broad Hempstead Plain, Long Island, where the Rainbow division was spending its last night before embarking for France. It had been raining hard in the afternoon—a cold, steady autumn downpour—and there was nothing to suggest the rainbow in the outward aspect of the camp. Lines and lines of sodden canvas housed 27,000 men, gathered from 27 different states. The ground was dotted with pools and quagmires. Under the wet canvas it was damp and cold, with a penetrating chill. Lit by flickering candles, the tents were far from cheerful shelter for a man's last night in his native land.

But there were seven big tents where electric lights, numbers and friendliness made the night pleasant, least is on its way to you. Each one of our 16 cantonments, where the new national army is being trained, is using more than a million sheets of this paper every month. In the draft army alone that means 16,000,000 filaments of love every month reaching out from the great encampment where the men are being trained into the greatest army this nation has ever dreamed and binding them to the hearts at home. Multiply that by thinking of all the other places where Uncle Sam has men with the flag—in navy yards, on the high seas, in arsenals and officers' training camps and "Over There" in France. In all these places men are writing home. Those unassuming little sheets of notepaper gladden millions of hearts a day. They transfer more love from one

Music, Games, Good Reading and Correspondence Facilities in Y. M. C. A. Building.

In each of these a soldier was strumming on a piano; others were reading books and magazines; hundreds were writing letters home. Behind the raised counter at one end three or four young men were busy passing out notepaper and envelopes, selling stamps, and weighing parcels, which the men were sending home. One of the soldiers said to me as I stood in the tent used chiefly by men from Iowa: "We came all the way here from Des Moines, and we were mighty lonely. Then we found this Y. M. C. A. on the job, and it's been a home and more than a home to us. It gave us what we wanted when we needed it most. We'll never forget it. The boys' best friend is the Y. M. C. A."

Fine, Clean-Cut, Upstanding Fellows.

How close those benches were packed with men, bending over the long tables absorbed in their writing! What an appeal to the sympathies those great groups of soldiers make! Fine, clean-cut, upstanding fellows, some of them mere boys, one thinks immediately of the sacrifice they have made for the rest of us and how precious they are to some one back home. Somewhere, in far off farm or village or city street, there are parents or brothers or wives who would give all they possess for one glimpse of those sunburned faces as you and I see them on their last night before going across. And it was with a throb of the heart that I watched them, bent over their letter paper, in one after another of those seven big tents.

These were the tents of the Y. M. C. A. On that last night in America the association was serving the soldiers in the best of all ways—giving them an opportunity to write home. On previous nights they had enjoyed boxing bouts, movies, concerts, dramatics and a score of healthy entertainments as well as religious meetings. But on this last night home ties were strongest. And perhaps that is the keynote of the splendid work the Y. M. C. A. is doing among our men in uniform—keeping them in touch with home.

Magic Words, "With the Colors."

In these times there are some letters that mean more to us than any we have ever read before. They are written on sheets of paper stamped with the Stars and Stripes and the red triangle of the Y. M. C. A., and they bear the magic words, "With the Colors." There are many more than a million such letters in the mails now while you read this. Perhaps one at part of the world to another than statistics can express. Statistics are pretty poor anyway when it comes to reckoning in terms of love and human tenderness. Let's put it this way: That the Y. M. C. A. is the biggest express company the world has ever seen, and the parcels it is handling are the loves and devotions of human beings.

World's Best Loved Trademark.

This war has made us think hard and fast. Your boy or your neighbor's boy or some boy you know and love has been called to do his share in the big job of policing the world for democracy and human liberty. Is it any comfort to you to know that wherever his duty may call him your boy will have a friend that will serve him in body, mind and soul? Are you glad to know that this friend will place books and magazines at his disposal, organize classes to teach him what ever he wants to learn, give him a pocket testament and invite him to join religious meetings of the faith that he was brought up in? Did you realize that the association provides athletic equipment for his favorite games, teaches him games if he knows none and holds concerts, lectures movies, Bible classes, dramatic entertainments and every kind of wholesome amusement to keep him interested? Are you glad to know that this friend will go with him overseas, help to shield him from a score of difficult and dangerous temptations and follow him right up to the front line trench and beyond it? The last contact the soldier has with this life he loves so well is a cup of tea given him by the Y. M. C. A. free just before he goes "over the top" to a hand to hand struggle with the enemy. And as he comes tottering back from No Man's Land, wounded, but strong enough and plucky enough to keep on his feet, even before his wounds are dressed the Y. M. C. A. is waiting for him with tea and sweet chocolate, the great comforts of the man in the trenches. Do you wonder that the Red Triangle is called "the best loved trademark in the world?" One soldier in France has called it "the last evidence that anybody cares."

If every thinking citizen could see with his or her own eyes something of the actual work being done for our men by the association there would be no question of the Y. M. C. A. having to appeal to the public for money. Rather than let this essential work falter for an instant rich men would sell their motorcars, poor men would forego coveted possessions or even necessities. The work must go on, because there is no one thing that contributes so much to the spirit and efficiency of the troops. The Y. M. C. A. is working night and day to help the government win this war. And every penny that is given to aid the work is a direct assistance to the health, happiness and strength of your boy and mine.

Snapshots of Kaleidoscopic Work.

In all the big cities in France where our men pass through in large numbers, the Y. M. C. A. is operating hostels, where they can get beds and meals at a minimum cost. In London the American Y. M. C. A. has erected a large building for our soldiers and a clubhouse for American officers.

There are Y. M. C. A. dugouts right behind the front line trenches, where the soldiers can get hot drinks, crackers and other comforts at all hours.

Over 2,000 men who had been rejected on account of physical disability have been able to get into the British army by reason of the physical work of the British Y. M. C. A.

A fleet of motor cars leaves the big Y. M. C. A. headquarters in London at midnight every night to pick up soldiers who are wandering about the streets without any wholesome lodging in which to spend the night. These cars are operated by Englishwomen of position and refinement, who report that they never meet any discourtesy at the hands of the soldiers. The importance of this service can be estimated by the fact that at least 50,000 soldiers are on leave in London every week. Over half of these sleep in Y. M. C. A. beds every night.

Entertainment on Vast Scale.

The Y. M. C. A. has erected a big auditorium, seating 3,000, in each of the big draft camps, and huge chautauqua tents, seating 2,500 in the other encampments. The association is running a 22 week entertainment circuit among the camps and is paying 16 companies of entertainers, who are traveling to 30 camps performing before the men.

In each of the draft camps the Y. M. C. A. has ten secretaries engaged in educational work. The association is seeing to it that every man who cannot speak English is taught to do so. In many of the camps the association has a singing director, who is teaching the men to sing the popular and martial airs that do so much to keep up their spirits.

Of 64 Y. M. C. A. men at Camp Dix only three are being paid full salaries. In all the camps the majority of the Y. M. C. A. men have left lucrative positions to do this work simply because its appeal is irresistible to any red blooded man. Harry Lauder, the famous Scotch singer and comedian, now on his farewell concert tour in the United States, is giving all his spare time to the service of the association and is singing to the soldiers at all the camps he can reach.

In one of the draft camps the Y. M. C. A. is supervising athletics on 120 playing fields, providing full athletic equipment. The winners of the inter-regimental games will play the champions of the other camps.

One of the greatest services rendered by the association is the making

A Red Triangle Dugout in the Trenches.

out of money orders by which the men can send their pay home to their families. In some of the big camps the Y. M. C. A. is providing banking facilities for the men as well.

Do Your Bit With a Tenner.

This month (November) the Y. M. C. A. must raise $25,000,000 to carry on its work among our soldiers and their allies until next July. Of this $35,000,000 about $24,000,000 will be spent on the work with our own troops or about $10 for every man in Uncle Sam's uniform. If everybody who has received letters from soldiers and sailors were to contribute $10 the task would be easy. Are your boy's health and happiness and clean soul worth $10 to you?

Your town mayor, your pastor, your school superintendent will know who is the treasurer of the campaign committee in your county or town. Otherwise send a check or money order to Cleveland H. Dodge, treasurer, 124 East Twenty-eighth street, New York city.

Only sacrificial giving by millions of givers will make possible the continuance of this vast work for American soldiers and for those of our allies.

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

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

Best Values Obtained on Bedding at the Cash Store

Make comparison with the following prices:

Cotton filled comforts range in price from	$3.25 to $4.25 each
Cotton Blankets	3.75 each
Wool nap Blankets	4.25 each
All Wool Blankets	11.75 each

Our prices on Pillows and Mattresses are strictly CASH prices. We mean prices lower than can be made on any other than a CASH BASIS.

"Ours is the Trade That Service Made."

KELLEY & SON

THE LUCAS HOSPITAL

Modern Equipment

Rates furnished on application by

ROBERT T. LUCAS, M. D.

Trained Nurse In Charge

Carrizozo -:- New Mexico

Stoves and Ranges. Builders' Hardware.

N. B. TAYLOR & SONS
Blacksmithing and Hardware

CARRIZOZO & WHITE OAKS

Tinware, Paints, Glass, Oils of all kinds. Harness, Ammunition, Etc.

See MOORE, the Painter

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

Signs, Show Cards and Bulletins

R. L. Ransom
Plasterer & Contractor

Estimates Furnished on all kinds of plastering and cement work

CARRIZOZO - - - NEW MEXICO

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

GEO. SPENCE W. C. MERCHANT
SPENCE & MERCHANT
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
Rooms 5 and 6, Exchange Bank Bldg.
CARRIZOZO, : : NEW MEXICO

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

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

C. A. PERKINS
WITH GEORGE B. BARBER
Attorney
Special Attention Given to Collections
Life Insurance, Notary Public
CARRIZOZO, NEW MEXICO

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

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

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

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

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

Carrizo Lodge No. 11 Knights of Pythias

Meets every Monday evening in the Masonic Hall. All members are urged to be present and visiting Knights welcomed.

S. L. Squier, C. C. — E. A. O. Johnson, K. of R. & S.

Carrizozo Lodge, No. 41, A. F. & A. M.

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

IRA R. SCHAEFFER, W. M.
S. F. MILLER, Secretary.

I. O. O. F.
Carrizozo Lodge NO. 30

Carrizozo, N. M. Regular meeting nights, 1st and 3rd Fridays in each month.

S. F. MILLER N. G.
A. E. O. JOHNSON, Sec'y.

THROUGH DAILY SERVICE
ROSWELL-CARRIZOZO MAIL LINE

Leave Roswell.....7:00 a. m.
Leave Carrizozo.....1:00 p. m.
Arrive Roswell.....3:30 p. m.
Arrive Carrizozo.....2:15 p. m.

INTERMEDIATE POINTS
Picacho - Tinnie
Hondo - Lincoln
Capitan - Nogal

Through fare one way $3.00. Intermediate points 8 cents per mile.

ROSWELL AUTO COMPANY
OWNERS AND OPERATORS

Nan of Music Mountain

By
FRANK H. SPEARMAN
Author of "WHISPERING SMITH".

(Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons)

DE SPAIN RECEIVES A MYSTERIOUS MESSAGE WHICH CAUSES HIM TO TAKE THE MOST DESPERATE CHANCE OF HIS LIFE

Henry de Spain, manager of the stagecoach line between Thief River and Sleepy Cat, a railroad division town in the Rocky mountains, is fighting a band of cattle thieves living in Morgan gap, a fertile valley about 20 miles from Sleepy Cat and near Calabasas, where the stage horses are changed. De Spain has killed two of the gang and has been seriously wounded. Pretty Nan Morgan, niece of Duke Morgan, gang leader, and De Spain are in love. Her uncle has taken steps to marry her to Gale Morgan, a cousin, who is a bad man in every way.

CHAPTER XXI—Continued.

—14—

Bull lifted his weak and watery eyes. His whisky-seamed face brightened into the ghost of a smile. "What I'm going to ask you to do," continued De Spain, "is a man's job. You can get into the gap without trouble. You are the only man I can put my hand on just now that can. I want you to ride over this morning and hang out around Duke Morgan's place till you can get a chance to see Miss Nan—"

At the mention of her name Bull shook his head a moment in affirmative approval. "She's a queen!" he exclaimed with admiring but pungent expletives. "A queen!"

"I think so, Bull. But she is in troublesome circumstances. You know, Nan and I—"

Bull winked in many ways.

"And her Uncle Duke is making us trouble, Bull. I want you to find her, speak with her, and bring word to me as to what the situation is. That doesn't mean you're to get drunk over there—in fact, I don't think anybody over there would give you a drink—"

"Don't believe they would."

"And you are to ride back here with what you can find out just as quick, after you get into the clear, as a horse will bring you."

Bull passed his hand over his mouth with a show of resolution. It indicated that he was pulling himself together. Within half an hour he was on his way to the gap.

For De Spain hours never dragged as did the hours between Bull's starting and the setting of the sun that night without his return. And the sun set behind Music mountain in a drift of heavy clouds that brought rain. All evening it fell steadily. At eleven o'clock De Spain had given up hope of seeing his emissary before morning and was sitting alone before the stove in the office when he heard the sound of hoofs. In another moment Bull Page stood at the door.

He was a sorry sight. Soaked to the skin by the steady downpour; rain dripping intermittently from his frayed hat, his ragged beard and tatered coat; shaking with the cold as if gripped by an ague, Bull, picking his staggering steps to the fire, and sinking in a heap into a chair, symbolized the uttermost tribute of manhood to the ravages of whisky. He was not drunk. He had not even been drinking; but his vitality was gone. He tried to speak. It was impossible. His tongue would not frame words, nor his throat utter them. He could only look helplessly at De Spain as De Spain hastily made him stand up on his shaking knees, threw a big blanket around him, sat him down, kicked open the stove drafts, and called to McAlpin for more whisky to steady the wreck of it crouching over the fire.

McAlpin, after considerable and reluctant search, produced a bottle, and unwilling, for more reasons than one, to trust it to Bull's uncertain possession, brought a dipper. Bull held the dipper while De Spain poured. McAlpin, behind the stove, hopped first on one foot and then on the other as De Spain recklessly continued to pour. When the liquor half filled the cup, McAlpin put out unmistakable distress signals, but Bull, watching the brown stream, his eyes galvanized at the sight, held fast to the handle and made no sign to stop. "Bull!" thundered the barn boss with an emphatic word. "That is Elpaso's bottle. What are you dreaming of, man? Mr. de Spain, you'll kill him. Don't ye see he can't tell ye to stop?"

Bull, with the last flickering spark of vitality still left within him, looked steadily up and winked at De Spain. McAlpin, outraged, stamped out of the room. Steadying the dipper in both hands, Bull with an effort passed one hand at the final moment preliminarily over his mouth, and, raising the bowl, emptied it. The poison electrified him into utterance. "I seen her," he declared, holding his chin well down and in, and speaking in a pardonably proud throat.

"Good, Bull!"

"They've got things tied up for fair over there." He spoke slowly and brokenly. "I never got inside the house till after supper. Toward night I helped Pardaloe put up the stock. He let me into the kitchen after my coaxing for a cup of coffee—he's an ornery, cold-blooded guy, that Pardaloe. Old Duke and Sassoon think the sun rises and sets on the top of his head—funny, ain't it?"

De Spain made no comment. "Whilst I was drinking my coffee—"

"Who gave it to you?"

"Old Bunny, the Mex. Pardaloe goes out to the bunkhouse; I sits down to my supper, alone, with Bunny at the stove. All of a sudden who comes a-trippin' in from the front of the house but Nan. I jumps up as strong as I could, but I was too cold and stiff to jump up real strong. She seen me, but didn't pay no attention. I dropped my spoon on the floor. It didn't do no good, neither, so I pushed a hot plate of ham and gravy off the table. It hit the dog 'n' he jumped like kingdom come. Old Bunny sails into me, Nan a-watchin', and while Mex was pickin' up and cleanin' up, I sneaks over to the stove and winks at Nan. Say, you oughter see her look mad at me. She was hot, but I kept a-winkin', and I says to her kind of huskylike: 'Got any letters for Calabasas tonight?' Say, she looked at me as if she'd bore holes into me, but I stood right up and glared back at the little girl. 'Come from there this mornin',' says I, 'going back tonight. Someone waiting there for news.'

"By jing! Just as I got the words out o' my mouth, who comes a-stalking in but Gale Morgan. The minute he seen me, he lit on me to beat the band—called me everything he could lay his tongue to. I let on I was drunk, but that didn't help. He ordered me off the premises. 'N' the worst of it was, Nan chimed right in and began to scold Bunny for lettin' me in—and leaves the room, quick-like. Bunny put it on Pardaloe, and she and Gale had it, an b' jing, Gale put me out—said he'd pepper me. But wait till I tell'y' how she fooled him. It was rainin' like h—l, 'n' it looked as if I was booked for a ride through it and hadn't half drunk my second cup of coffee at that. I starts for the barn, when someone in the dark on the porch grabs my arm, spins me around like a top, throws a flasher up into my face, and there was Nan. 'Bull,' she says, 'I'm sorry. I don't want to see you ride out in this with nothing to eat; come this way quick.'

"She took me down cellar from the outside, under the kitchen. When Gale goes out again she flings up the trapdoor, speaks to Mex, pulls all the kitchen shades down, locks the doors, and I sets down on the trapdoor steps 'n' eats a-pipin' hot supper; say! Well, I reckon I drank a couple o' quarts of coffee. 'Bull,' she says, 'I never done you no harm, did I?' 'Never,' says I, 'and I never done you none, neither, did I? And what's more, I never will do you none.' Then I up and told her, 'Tell him,' says she, 'I can't get hold of a horse, nor a pen, nor a piece of paper—I can't leave the house but what I am watched every minute. They keep track of me day and night. Tell him,' she says, 'I can protect myself; they think they'll break me—make me do what they want me to—marry—but they can't break me, and I'll never do it—tell him that.'

"'But,' says I, 'that ain't the whole case, Miss Nan. What he'll ask me, when he's borin' through me with his

"'N' I Eats a Piping Hot Supper."

eyes like the way you're borin' me through with yours, is: When will you see him—when will he see you?'

"She looked worrit for a minit. Then she looks around, grabs up the cover of an empty 'bacco box and a fork and begins a-writing inside." Bull with as much of a smile as he could call into life from his broken nerves, opened up his blanket, drew carefully from an inside coat pocket an oilskin package, unwrapped from it the flat, square top of a tin tobacco box, on which Nan had scratched a message, and handed it triumphantly to De Spain.

He read her words eagerly:

"Wait; don't have trouble. I can stand anything better than bloodshed. Henry. Be patient."

While De Spain, standing close to the lantern, deciphered the brief note, Bull, wrapping his blanket about him with the air of one whose responsibility is well ended, held out his hands toward the blazing stove. De Spain went over the words one by one, and the letters again and again. It was, after all their months of ardent meetings, the first written message he had ever had from Nan. He flamed angrily at the news that she was prisoner in her own home. But there was much to weigh in her etched words, much to think about concerning her feelings—not alone concerning his own.

He dropped into his chair, and, oblivious for a moment of his companion's presence, stared into the fire. When he started from his revery Bull was asleep. De Spain picked him up, carried him in his blanket over to a cot, cut the wet rags off him, and, rolling him in a second blanket, walked out into the barn and ordered up a team and light wagon for Sleepy Cat. The rain fell all night.

CHAPTER XXII.

An Ominous Message.

Few men bear suspense well; De Spain took his turn at it very hard. "Patience." He repeated the word to himself a thousand times to deaden his suspense and apprehension. Business affairs took much of his time, but Nan's situation took most of his thought. For the first time he told John Lefever the story of Nan's finding him on Music mountain, of her aid in his escape, and the sequel of their friendship. Lefever gave it to Bob Scott in Jeffries' office.

"What did I tell you, John?" demanded Bob mildly.

"No matter what you told me," retorted Lefever. "The question is: What's he to do to get Nan away from there without shooting up the Morgans?"

De Spain had gone that morning to Medicine Bend. He got back late and, after a supper at the Mountain house, went directly to his room. The telephone bell was ringing when he unlocked and threw open his door.

"Is this Henry de Spain?" came a voice, slowly pronouncing the words over the wire.

"Yes."

"I have a message for you from Music mountain."

"Go ahead."

"The message is like this: 'Take me away from here as soon as you can.'"

"Whom is that message from?"

"I can't call any names."

"Who are you?"

"I can't tell you that. Goodby."

"Hold on. If you're treating me fair—and I believe you mean to—come over to my room a minute."

"No."

"Let me come to where you are?"

"No."

"Let me wait for you—anywhere?"

"No."

"Do you think that message means what it says?"

"I know it does."

"Do you know what it means for me to undertake?"

"I have a pretty stiff idea."

"Did you get it direct from the party who sent it?"

"I can't talk all night. Take it or leave it just where it is."

De Spain heard him close. He closed his own instrument and began feverishly signaling central. "This is 101. Henry de Spain talking," he said briskly. "You just called me. Ten dollars for you, operator if you can locate that call, quick!"

There was a moment of delay at the central office, then the answer: "It came from 234—Tenison's saloon."

"Give me your name, operator. Good. Now give me 22, and ring the neck off the bell."

Lefever answered the call on No. 22. The talk was quick and sharp. Messengers were instantly pressed into service from the dispatcher's office. Telephone wires hummed, and every man available on the special agent's force was brought into action. Livery stables were covered, the public resorts were put under observation, horsemen clattered up and down the street. Within an incredibly short time the town was rounded up, every outgoing trail watched, and search was underway for anyone from Morgan's gap, and especially for the sender of the telephone message.

De Spain, after instructing Lefever, hastened to Tenison's. His rapid questioning of the few habitues of the place and the bartender elicited only the information that a man had used the telephone booth within a few minutes. Nobody knew him, or, if they did know him, refused to describe him in any but vague terms.

Outside, Bob Scott in the saddle waited with a led horse. The two men rode straight and hard out on the sinks. The sky was overcast, and speed was their only resource. After two miles of riding, they reined up on a ridge, and Scott, springing from the saddle, listened for sounds. He rose from the ground, declaring he could hear the strides of a running horse. Again the two dashed ahead. The chase was bootless. Whoever rode before them easily eluded pursuit.

Undeterred by his failure to overtake the fugitive, De Spain rode rapidly back to town to look for other clews. Nothing further was found to throw light on the message or messenger. No one had been found anywhere in town from Morgan's gap; whoever had taken a chance in delivering the message had escaped undetected.

Even after the search had been abandoned the significance of the incident remained to be weighed. De Spain was much upset. A conference with Scott, whose judgment in any affair was marked by good sense, and with Lefever, who, like a woman, reached by intuition a conclusion at which Scott or De Spain arrived by process of thought, only revealed the fact that all three, as Lefever confessed, were nonplused.

"It's one of two things," declared Lefever, whose eyes were never dulled by late hours. "Either they've sent this to lure you into the gap and 'get' you, or else—and that's a great big 'or else'—she needs you. Henry, did that message—I mean the way it was worded—sound like Nan Morgan?"

De Spain could hardly answer. "It did, and it didn't," he said finally. "But—" his companions saw during the pause by which his lips expressed the resolve he had finally reached that he was not likely to be truned from it—"I am going to act just as if the word came from Nan and she does need me."

More than one scheme for getting quickly into touch with Nan was proposed and rejected within the next ten minutes. And when Lefever, after conferring with Scott, put up to De Spain a proposal that the three should ride into the gap together and demand Nan at the hands of Duke Morgan, De Spain had reached another conclusion.

"I know you are willing to take more than your share, John, of any game I play. In the first place, it isn't right to take you and Bob in where I am going on my own personal affair. And I know Nan wouldn't enjoy the prospect of an all-around fight on her account. Fighting is a horror to that girl. I've got her feelings to think about as well as my own. I've decided what to do, John. I'm going in alone."

"You're going in alone?"

"Tonight. Now, I'll tell you what I'd like you to do if you want to: ride with me and wait till morning, outside El Capitan. If you don't hear from me by ten o'clock, ride back to Calabasas and notify Jeffries to look for a new manager."

"On the contrary, if we don't hear from you by ten o'clock, Henry, we will blaze our way in and drag out your body." Lefever put up his hand to cut off any rejoinder. "Don't discuss it. What happens after ten o'clock tomorrow morning, if we don't hear from you before that, can't possibly be of interest to you or make any difference." He paused, but De Spain saw that he was not done. When he resumed, he spoke in a tone different from that which De Spain usually associated with him. "Henry, you've pulled a good many rough games in this country. No man knows better than I that you never pulled one for the looks of the thing or to make people talk—or that you ever took a chance you didn't feel you had to take. But it isn't humanly possible you can keep this up for all time! It can't go on forever. The pitcher goes to the well once too often, Henry; there comes a time when it doesn't come back.

"Understand—I'm not saying this to attempt to dissuade you from the worst job you ever started in on. I know your mind is made up. You won't listen to me; you won't listen to Scott; and I'm too good an Indian not to know where I get off, or not to do what I'm told. But this is what I've been thinking of a long, long time; and that is what I feel I ought to say, here and now."

The two men were sitting in De Spain's room. De Spain was staring through the broad south window at the white-capped peaks of the distant range. He was silent for a time. "I believe you're right, John," he said after a while. "I know you are. In this case I am tied up more than I've ever been tied before; but I've got to see it through as best I can, and take what comes without whining. My mind is made up, and, strange as it may sound to you, I feel that I am coming back. Not but what I know it's due me, John. Not but what I expect to get it sometime. And maybe I'm wrong now; but I don't feel as it's coming till I've given all the protection to that girl that a man can give to a woman."

CHAPTER XXIII.

A Surprising Slip.

Scott was called by Lefever to conclude in secret the final arrangements. The ground about the quaking asp grove, and nearest El Capitan, afforded the best concealment close to the gap. And to this point Scott was directed to bring what men he could before daybreak the following morning.

"It's a short notice to get many men together—of the kind we want," admitted Lefever. "You'll have to skirmish some between now and midnight. What do you think you can do?"

Scott had already made up a tentative list. He named four—first Farrell Kennedy, who was in town, and said nobody should go if he didn't; Frank Elpaso, the Texan; the Englishman, Tommy Meggeson; and Wickwire, if he could be located—any one of them, Lefever knew, could give an account of himself under all circumstances.

While Scott was getting his men together, De Spain, accompanied by Lefever, was riding toward Music mountain. Scott had urged on them but one parting caution—not to leave the aspens until rain began falling. When he spoke there was not a cloud in the sky. "It's going to rain tonight, just the same," predicted Scott. "Don't leave the trees till it gets going. Those gap scouts will get under cover and be hunting for a drink the minute it gets cold—I know them. You can ride right over their toes, if you'll be patient."

The sun set across the range in a drift of grayish-black, low-lying clouds, which seemed only to await its disappearance to envelop the mountains and empty their moisture on the desert. By the time De Spain and Lefever reached the end of their long ride a misty rain was drifting down from the west. The two men had just ridden into the quaking asps when a man coming out of the gap almost rode into them. The intruders had halted and were sufficiently hidden to escape notice, had not Lefever's horse indiscreetly coughed. The man from the gap reined up and called out. Lefever answered.

"It's Bull Page," declared De Spain after the exchange of a few words

"It Can't Go On Forever."

calling to Bull at the same time to come over to the shelter of the trees.

"What's going on in there, Bull?" asked De Spain after Bull had told him that Gale had driven him out, and he was heading for Calabasas.

"You tell," retorted Page. "Looks to me like old Duke's getting ready to die. Gale says he's going to draw his will tonight, and don't want nobody around—got old Judge Druel in there."

De Spain pricked up his ears. "What's that, Druel?" he demanded. Bull repeated his declaration. Lefever broke into violent language at the Sleepy Cat jurist's expense, and ended by declaring that no will should be drawn in the gap that night by Duke Morgan or anybody else, unless he and Bull were made legatees.

Beyond this nothing could be learned from Bull, who was persuaded without difficulty by Lefever to abandon the idea of riding to Calabasas through the rain, and to spend the night with him in the neighborhood, wherever fancy, the rain, and the wind—which was rising—should dictate.

While the two were talking, De Spain tried to slip away, unobserved by Lefever, on his errand. He failed, as he expected to, and after some familiar abuse, rode off alone, fortified by every possible suggestion at the hands of a man to whom the slightest precaution was usually a joke.

De Spain reached Duke's ranch unchallenged. Night had fallen everywhere, and the increasing rain obscured even the outline of the house. But a light shone through one uncurtained window. He waited some time for a sound of life, for a door to open or close, or for the dog to bark—he heard nothing. Slipping out of the wet saddle, he led his horse in the darkness under the shelter of the lone pine tree and, securing him, walked slowly toward the house.

Mindful of the admonitions he had been loaded with, he tramped around the house in narrowing circles, pausing at times to look and listen. In like manner he circled the barn and stables, until he had made sure there was no ambush and that he was alone outside. After a time he stepped around to the front of the house, where, screened by a bit of shrubbery, he could peer at close range into the living room.

Standing before the fire burning in the open hearth, and with his back to it, he now saw Gale Morgan. Sitting bolt upright beside the table, square-jawed and obdurate, his stubby brier pipe supported by his hand and gripped in his great teeth, Duke Morgan looked uncompromisingly past his belligerent nephew into the fire. A third and elderly man, heavy, red-faced, and almost toothless as he spoke, sat to the right of the table in a rocking chair, and looked at Duke; this was the old lawyer and justice from Sleepy Cat, the sheriff's brother—Judge Druel.

Nan was not to be seen. Gale, big and aggressive, was doing most of the talking, and energetically, as was his habit. Duke listened thoughtfully, but seemingly with coldness. Druel looked from Gale to Duke, and appeared occasionally to put in a word to carry the argument along.

What happens to De Spain when he goes into Morgan gap during the night to rescue his sweetheart is told with thrilling detail in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Good Answer.

"Why do you want five cents, son?" "Well, you see, me father disinherited me this mornin', so I'm goin' in business for meself."

WAS ALL RUN DOWN

Faulty Kidneys Caused Acute Suffering. Completely Recovered Since Using Doan's.

Mrs. Harry A. Lyon, 5 St. William St., S. Boston, Mass., says: *"Doan's Kidney Pills* have surely done me wonderful good. About two months prior to the birth of my baby, I had two convulsions and was taken to a hospital. Doctors said the convulsions were due to my kidneys not working properly.

MRS. LYON.

"I had swelling of the feet and ankles so that I had to wear large-sized slippers. My back ached intensely, I was nervous and unable to sleep. I also suffered from awful headaches and felt weak, tired, languid, and run down.

"After I came home a friend suggested that I try *Doan's Kidney Pills*, and I got some. I soon noticed improvement; my back became stronger and I felt better in every way. I kept on taking *Doan's* and was cured. They are surely reliable."

Mrs. Lyon gave the above statement in May, 1915, and on March 12, 1917, she said:

"My cure has lasted. I take *Doan's* occasionally, however, as a strengthener for my kidneys."

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

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

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

For Constipation Carter's Little Liver Pills will set you right over night.

Purely Vegetable

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price

Carter's Iron Pills

Will restore color to the faces of those who lack Iron in the blood, as most pale-faced people do.

Mental Preparedness.

"Children trained from the very start to self-expression enter school with invaluable mental preparedness for the work to be done there. They have a poise that keeps them from being diffident in class. They are not afraid to ask questions," declares a prominent educator. "They know how to tell what is in their mind. In associating with other children they get more joy from it because they know how to make themselves understood. Older people find them more charming and interesting.

"Effective training toward self-expression in the young child means that characteristic of life, and there is no training more effective than telling him stories and teaching him how to tell them.

"Asking about a child's doings will encourage him to tell you about them.

"For instance, when your little boy comes home from a walk get him to tell you all that he has seen while out. When he comes in from play get him to tell you all about the fun he has been having.

"Always make him feel your vital interest in his thoughts and actions."

Where Nerve Is Needed.

He—If he marries now, won't he be called a coward?

She—Not if he marries her.—Judge

Correction.

"Is your wife a good plain cook?"

"No, she isn't; she's a good pretty one."

THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT POSTUM AS A HEALTH IMPROVEMENT OVER COFFEE

Clothes of Many Colors Are Offered

New York.—These are stirring times in clothes. The manufacturers and shops have prepared for a rush season. It is their own expression that they are actually scrambling for a supply to meet the demand.

The French gowns are here. New American gowns are not only exploited, but tremendously admired and approved. The effects of those who have taken the French silhouette and built gowns in their own workrooms, made of American materials, should be commended in an entire chapter.

Some of the best houses in this country have tried out experienced designers and colorists in producing several hundred gowns that are first cousins to the French in that they express the adopted Paris lines. Each of the designers gives full tribute to the fact that Paris has laid down the laws for the season; but every designer boasts with honest pride that the clothes are the product of American study and workmanship.

In every case, the houses that showed these American gowns called upon their experienced French workers to produce them, and the only ones that were successful were the gowns that had been given into the hands of those who had studied the Paris methods with reverence and earnestness. The result was that the clientele of these houses saw extraordinarily good drapery, the combination of alluring colors and an excellence in tailored suits that we are led to believe is purely American.

The Colors That Prevail.

The silhouette has been established. Every woman now knows that her skirt is to be narrow and her coat long or short, provided it clings to the figure. She knows that top coats are as important as frocks and that some of the best tailors offer only sport suits and top coats to wear over thin one-piece gowns.

She also knows that soft materials take precedence over stiff ones; but she has not exactly classified the various colors, fabrics and accessories that she must accept or avoid.

These are vastly important matters to the average shopper. True, there is a class of women who go to expensive houses that handle only a few of the most fashionable pieces of apparel and offer nothing that can lead one into the wrong path; but this class remains an exclusive one, and what they do or do not do is not always a guide to the mass of women who must fight out the battle of clothes in their own way and to whom victory is vital.

Take colors. Who does not feel perplexed and confused on entering a shop where hundreds of colors are dashed upon the vision and offered as the latest thing? One feels that a gigantic kaleidoscope has been run before the eyes. The brain refuses

The material in this evening gown is heavy brocaded satin, the odd bodice in dark blue with a girdle of pale gold dotted with jet beads. Skirt of pale gold with flowers in blue, gold and black.

to work. The judgment is suspended. One goes out of the shop with a feeling that it is futile to try to buy clothes and with a desire to let the season slide.

It is this discouragement that assails three-quarters of the women who go out to get their new apparel, so let them be guided by the fact that not many colors are really in fashion, and not many are available for the woman who has not many social opportunities to display a variety of clothes.

To begin at the beginning of the color scheme: Midnight blue holds its own.

Black is in demand by those who want to dress well in the afternoon and evening, but it does not hold a high place for street suits or frocks.

Dark Green Rivals Blue.

Dark green is a serious rival to dark blue, and the French dressmakers who exploited it last year are now reaping a reward because the public is accepting it. Know yourself well, however, before touching any tone of green. If you're picturesque, you can wear it in any one of the shades that are variously known as jade, Egyptian and lettuce.

The woman who can wear jade clothes and jewelry has a successful season before her, for many of the best materials are woven in this alluring but difficult tone, and the Oriental shops are filled with bits of fine jade made into earrings, hair combs and necklaces. There are fans of peacock feathers with jade sticks and also buckles of the Chinese quartz for slippers. Soft gold-tissue gowns are embroidered with jade beads, in the Byzantine fashion.

Red flickers through the color scheme or bursts upon the vision like the flame from the artillery at the

This Helmet of Navarre is made of tete de negre velvet, with visor faced with white satin. It is trimmed with two large silver buckles.

front. It is against the accepted psychology that the colors of war should be exploited while war is on.

It is better to be sane than foolish when one approaches the subject of red in clothes. The scarlet danger sign should be put over all the counters where red fabrics are placed, and it should be worn by the mannequin who parades in a red gown. It is the color of conflict; it is not the color of peace. The woman who can wear it well is thrice blessed, sartorially speaking, and she is apart from her neighbors, because she is a rare type.

None of this applies to dark red. No danger sign is needed against the rich wine surface that brings out what is best in a woman's complexion and eyes. These well-known burgundy shades are offered. They come in duvetyn, serge, satin, velvet and and Rodier's weave of the so-called Bolivia cloth, which the American weavers are imitating in a successful way.

An Epidemic of Gray.

The world has gone on for a century or two feeling that gray is the tone of sadness and that its Quakerish ugliness must be avoided. It has been a difficult color for decades. Women have adopted it only when the silver sheen on its surface made it possible. This season, however, all doubts are dispersed by the superior tones which the dyers have imparted to the various fabrics grouped under the elastic name of gray.

There is moonlight gray, which may spell peace, but it is in close proximity to artillery gray, which stands for death. There is the gray of granite and the gray of London smoke. There is the gray of a New England sea mist, and there is the tone that one gets from the glitter of cut steel.

These grays are not used alone this season. They are combined with horizon and Chinese blue, with jade and Egyptian green, with incendie red, Mandarin yellow and amethyst purple.

The silver gray tissues are loaded with rhinestone, jet, cut steel and periwinkle blue beads. An artistic dressmaker can do anything she pleases with gray today. She regards it as a neutral foundation for whatever color scheme, Florentine or Futuristic, that she cares to work out on its surface.

Serge is good, if it is soft; otherwise, it should be barred. The fundamental thing is to get the fabric that clings to the figure. All others must be put on the opposite side of the scale. Nothing must have any chance to flare. Even though the bustle is an accepted fashion—and by the way, it is an American production that has met with an unusual success—it must be arranged in a soft fabric that merely drapes itself over the end of the spine and does not show any ambition to project itself into space.

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Squirrel Popular.

The winter furs will show much dyed squirrel. One exquisite full length coat is in gray squirrel, in excellent soft tones, while its collar and cuffs are gray fox so well blended that there is scarcely any variance in the two furs.

NEWS and GOSSIP of WASHINGTON

Representatives Frequently Derelict in Duty

WASHINGTON.—"Papa, the man down there said they were in committee of the whole, but that isn't all of them, is it?" "No, son. There are only forty-nine present, and there are 435 members." "Then why do they call it committee of the whole house?"

Right here papa, not being a parliamentarian, was stumped and had to admit it to the boy. Others in the house of representatives gallery wondered with the boy, who unconsciously had displayed a bit of delicious irony at the expense of the nation's lawmakers. No house session in the last month has seen more than one-fourth of the total membership present, and "committee of the whole" is rather more of a joke than anything else.

In a short time the house of representatives has passed on at least three tremendously important pieces of legislation:

The five-billion-dollar urgent deficiencies appropriation.

The $176,000,000 war risk insurance bill.

The $11,538,000,000 bond and certificate measure.

At no time during discussion of the last-named bill were there more than 75 members on the floor of the house. Rarely during the insurance discussion did more than 60 show themselves.

Washington, accustomed to anything in the way of congressional behavior, or misbehavior, has hardly raised an eyebrow at this queer, not to say naive, way of handling important national business. But the casual visitors with nothing better to do than to visit the house have frequently remarked on the situation.

A faithful handful of representatives have been fairly regular in attendance, but by far the great majority have not shown themselves at the capitol in weeks. "Illness in the family" and "necessary business" must be responsible, as alleged, for absences, because it is an off-year for elections.

Notable Gift to United States National Museum

THE United States National museum at Washington has recently received and put on exhibition a notable collection of swords, uniforms and miscellaneous relics of Maj. Gen. George B. McClellan. These mementos were a gift to the museum from George B. McClellan of Princeton university.

The swords, of which there are nine, are perhaps the most interesting feature of the collection. The most striking of these is a gold-mounted sword set with pearls presented to McClellan by a number of citizens of Boston in 1863, in recognition of his services during the Civil war. The scabbard is inscribed, "To Major General George B. McClellan, from many citizens of Boston, Feb. 5, 1863. Pro rege saepe, pro patria semper." Two swords in the collection were carried by McClellan in the Civil war, a dress sword and a service sword.

The other swords in the collection commemorate his Mexican war service, one dress sword having been presented to him "by a number of gentlemen as a testimonial of their high admiration for his gallantry during the war with Mexico. First, at the siege of Vera Cruz; second, the battle of Cerro Gordo; third, battle of Contreras; fourth, battle of Churubusco; fifth, Chapultepec; sixth, capture of the City of Mexico."

Another of the swords carried in the Mexican war is a service saber with a small piece of the hilt broken away. The donor of the collection writes: "A piece of the hilt of this sword was carried away by a bullet which slightly wounded General McClellan in the hand."

Among the other relics of this great American general are several uniforms, spurs, field glasses, revolvers, powder flasks, and a number of more personal relics.

Many Clerks Needed to Handle President's Mail

PRESIDENT WILSON'S mail bag is the largest in the world. Thousands of letters arrive daily, and every one of any importance must have the individual attention of America's first citizen. Of course, the president is not able to read all his correspondence himself. This difficulty is overcome by a carefully developed system by which the contents of the White House mail bag of any importance are laid before Mr. Wilson each day.

The work of selection falls upon a corps of confidential clerks, who open the letters and give them a first reading. Then they are carefully sorted. Many of them are simply recommendations for office. These, after courteous acknowledgment, are referred to the proper departments and placed on file until the matter can be taken up for consideration. Hundreds of the missives are purely formal, or contain impossible requests. These are immediately answered by the staff and signed by one of the president's assistant secretaries.

Such communications as the president ought to see are clearly briefed—that is, a slip is pinned at the top of each letter, and on this is a typewritten synopsis of its contents, telling who the writer is and what he has to present. Frequently the president is sufficiently interested by the brief to cause him to read the whole letter. Sometimes the communication is referred to a cabinet officer, in which case the slip is retained at the White House and filed.

Washington Watches Daring Military Aviators

DARING Italian military aviators, in two battle planes of lightning speed, and a giant bombing plane carrying ten passengers, gave official Washington a marvelous example of what the American aviation corps must do to strike Germany through the air. All three airplanes flew without accident from Langley field, near Newport News, Va., to Washington in less than two hours. The distance was approximately 120 miles, and the average height maintained was 7,000 feet.

In the great Caproni bombing machine, which has a wing spread of 86 feet and 525 horse-power engines, there were several government officials, who enjoyed the trip immensely, suffering no inconvenience whatever. After arriving here two of the airplanes thrilled thousands of spectators with feats of the air, which filled the highest officers of the signal corps of the army with undisguised admiration.

The exhibition ended with the flight of the great Caproni machine over the city, carrying a party of persons, and the "bombing" of the White House by one of the smaller machines with bouquets of flowers, dropped from a great height.

Officers of the army and navy who witnessed the landing of the three machines and the wonderful aerial feats which they later indulged in, did not hesitate to say that the United States has yet a long way to go before it can equal the aviation corps of Europe.

Many members of the house and senate were present, and they were visibly impressed with the efficiency of the Italian machines and the skill of their pilots.

JAPAN AND ITS SOLDIERS

IT WAS gala day indeed in Akita, a beautiful city in northern Japan. Excitement prevailed where peace and quiet usually reigned supreme. The tiny, narrow streets were literally lined with gay "rising sun" flags, and the whole city had been transformed with gay lanterns and bunting. At every gate crowds of children and grown-ups, too, had gathered with an expectant air, for this was the first of the three days in which Akita was to entertain, or rather, be entertained by the soldiers. They were to gather there from the different army posts throughout that section of the country to participate in annual manuevers, writes Lillian A. Wheat in the Los Angeles Times.

Soon they began to pour into the city from every direction, by every road, some 5,000 blue-clad men—some with field artillery, some with blankets and camping equipment, some with horses and Red Cross wagons, some walking and some riding, according to rank. Many had marched over 100 miles. All the morning they streamed past our place, bound for the "enoba" (parade ground), where they were to stop and rest and prepare their dinner.

At noon a few men, dusty and perspiring from the long tramp, turned in at our gate, to beg hot water of the maid for their tea and a hibachi of coals over which they might smoke while they rested and ate their lunches of dried fish and rice, which they had in small aluminum boxes in their packs. The maid rushed in to ask permission of me to serve the "hetai sans" (soldiers), impressing upon me the importance of the occasion. For it is serious business with these patriotic people. I realized something of the pride Japan must feel in her soldiers when I caught sight of these sturdy, bronze fellows who had stopped to lunch under our stoop. "Are you tired?" I asked.

"Ile Okasan watakushi, domowa Omoshiral." (No, honorable madam, we do enjoy.) This expresses their sentiment exactly. They may be tired physically, but their spirits never flag where patriotism is concerned.

Not Just Cogs in a Machine.

We had lived near the barracks ever since our residence in Japan, and had heard the air being torn to shreds every morning and evening by buglers in training—had heard the crack of bayonet practice day after day—had seen squads of soldiers pass in the morning going on their long tramps, or to do target practice, which was held two miles out from town, and return hot and dust-covered in the evenings, but until now I had never felt anything but an indifferent interest in them. It was surprising to find that they were intelligent individuals and not just cogs in a great machine. I began to take a real human interest in them as I questioned them more closely about the coming maneuvers.

Holiday had been declared, they told me, along the route which they had come. The roads had been lined with village school children shouting "banzais" and waving their tiny paper flags each with its conspicuous "rising sun" in the center. Likewise Akita was trembling with excitement and would turn out en masse to match the maneuvers, for, they added with pride, hardly a house but has a son who has done, is doing, or will do, military duty.

Japanese Troops in Action.

It was an occasion of unusual interest, for these were the first maneuvers in this district since war had been declared in Europe, and the public as well as the soldiers were very curious to see what new methods would be used, and its curiosity was fed most generously for the next three days. We were lulled to sleep at night by the popping of guns and awakened before daybreak by the roar of the cannon, as the sham battles progressed next morning. The city was taken and retaken. Every hay stack, canal and rice paddy was pressed into service. The new trench and barbed-wire methods were tried out, for Japan must be up to the minute in warfare, if she be behind in everything else. No battle on the European field of war has been fought more earnestly or with greater ferocity and with happier results, for there were no dead or wounded after the noise of the guns had ceased and the smoke had cleared away.

Trained From Cradle.

Japan is a nation of soldiers. They train them from the cradle. Hetaisan is a favorite game with the small boys. Often the narrow streets are blockaded with squads of small, kimono-clad figures—shoulders erect and with tiny paper flags and wooden sticks for guns, if not in the act of fighting, being put through innumerable drills by a small captain. They are put into uniforms as soon as they leave kindergarten. All government schools in towns of any size are military schools, where boys get the training of soldiers along with how to read and write.

Every man must do military service at the age of twenty-one. They are divided into four classes, according to physical perfectness. First-class men enter the army at once and do three years' straight service. Second and third classes do several months of the year for three years, then go into the reserves, subject to be called out at any time. Even the fourth class, whose physical condition is far below normal, get a few weeks of training each year for three years. Only the deaf, dumb and blind or physically disabled escape military duty entirely.

Well Fed and Neat.

The expense of the army to the government is very small, considering its size. It takes very little food to keep them "well fed." A bit of beef is added to the daily fish and rice when some unusually hard training is being done.

In appearance they are neat and clean. Uniforms much the same as those of our own soldiers are worn—blue flannel in winter and khaki trimmed in red for summer. Puttees are worn with "foreign" shoes, and after never having worn anything but straw sandals or wooden geta (except for the few who were fortunate enough to have attended military schools where uniforms similar to those of the soldier are worn) getting accustomed to the "foreign" shoes is not the least of hardships of military training.

The regular soldiers are paid about yen 1.50 (or 75 cents gold) per month, for tobacco and spending money, everything else being furnished them. To us this seems an absurdly small sum, but in Japan, where the cost of living is so low, this seems to provide very comfortably for the modest needs of the Japanese, who have practiced self-denial from infancy.

The patriotic spirit is absolutely national. It has been instilled into them since Japan was a nation, and is one of their most marked characteristics. In the days when the old feudal lords and daimios ruled the land, before the restoration of the emperor, and before western civilization reached them, when they had so many other things to think of, it was even greater than it is now. For a man to give his life in defense of his lord and master was not only a duty, but a great honor, a thing which he would go out of his way to obtain, for in this manner he might bring honor and a great name to his family which could be handed down from generation to generation.

Tea Jags in London.

"Has it been noticed that since the anti-treating epoch and since alcoholic liquor came to vanishing point, men invite one another to cups of tea and get quite feverish over their potations?" asks the London Daily Express. "Yesterday afternoon an actor who is 'resting' confessed that he had consumed nine cups of tea since breakfast time. They had certainly changed his condition. He was terribly restless. Glittering eyes, rapid, nonsensical voluminous talk, high temperature, an uncertain temper, a fluctuating pulse, hands nervously clinched—all these are the signs and tokens of tea drunkenness."

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

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

Joseph H. Gentry, postmaster at Fort Stanton, was here yesterday.

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

Building continues brisk in the town, a number of new residences going up.

Finest, Choicest Beef, Veal, Pork and Mutton at Groom's, phone 46.

George C. Clements came down from Corona yesterday and returned on No. 8 this afternoon.

Head Lettuce, Cauliflower, Turnips, Beets, Parsnips, Carrots, Cabbage, Celery, Egg Plant, etc., at Groom's, phone 46.

George L. Ulrick has returned from an attendance upon a meeting of the State Tax Commission at Santa Fe.

Finest Cranberries on the market at Groom's, phone 46.

Juan Perea of Lincoln passed today through Carrizozo enroute to El Paso, where he will visit his mother and other relatives.

We've got it, we've got it, if it's to eat. Groom's, phone 46.

Mrs. W. G. Bohling and little son returned last week to their home in Tucumcari, after a couple of days' visit with folks here.

County Treasurer Rolland and County Clerk Nye drove to Roswell Tuesday They expect to return today.

We are in receipt of an interesting letter from Roy Grumbles at Fort Rosecrans, California, but it arrived too late for publication this week.

Mrs. C. D. Leon is in El Paso where she underwent an operation on her eyes. She is recovering and expects to return home soon. Mrs. Albert Ziegler, her daughter, is with her.

Dr Fred S Randles came in Tuesday from Fierro. Dr. Randles is interested in some iron property in the Capitans and returns to do his annual assessment work—though congress has relieved him of this work for the years 1917-18.

Plans and specifications have been drawn and are in the hands of contractors for the submission of bids to erect a new telephone office. The building will front the Garrard House and will be up-to-date in every respect.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Reece arrived Monday from Tulsa, Oklahoma. Mr. Reece, who is an old abstract man, has begun on a set of abstracts for Lincoln county, which will keep him employed for several months. Mr. and Mrs. Reece are Mrs. W. W. Stadtman's parents.

Two car loads of Carrizozo folks visited the Encinosa country Sunday, and were guests of John T. Hodo, at the Block ranch, at a most delightful dinner. Mr. and Mrs. F J. Sager, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Gumm and Supt. T. W Conway were in one car, while Mr and Mrs. J B. French, Mrs. W. C. McDonald, Mrs H. S. Fairbanks and Jno. A. Haley were occupants of the other. A joint campaign for prohibition and the Red Cross was the purpose of the jaunt.

Chili Dinner

The Chili Dinner, given by the Women's Missionary Society, was quite a success. Many thanks to Mr. Bell and to the respective newspapers and all patrons.

Mrs. Roy Lemon.

The Election

We had hoped ere this to have a complete report of the result of the vote of Lincoln county, by precincts, but we have practically nothing on two of the amendments—taxation and judicial district—and two precincts, No. 3, Arabela, and No. 7, Jicarilla, have failed to report on the prohibition amendment. With these two precincts missing the prohibition amendment has a majority of 443. It is believed Arabela has gone wet and it is reported that Jicarilla voted dry; so the final result will be changed very slightly. The fourteen of the sixteen Lincoln county precincts that have reported gave the following vote on the prohibition amendment:

NO.	NAME	FOR	AGAINST
1.	Lincoln	41	35
2.	San Patricio	61	27
4.	Picacho	32	18
5.	Raventon	5	23
6.	Encinosa	30	22
8.	White Oaks	52	8
9.	Capitan	61	21
10.	Ruidoso	52	0
11.	Nogal	25	17
12.	Bonito	43	12
13.	Corona	67	19
14	Carrizozo	184	53
15.	Oscuro	14	1
16.	Ancho	36	4
		703	260

In the state at large definite reports are still lacking, although sufficient information is at hand to warrant the announcement that the state has gone dry by 12,000, and the majority for the amendment may reach 15,000. Incomplete reports from the state on the other two amendments indicate that the tax amendment was defeated and that the judicial amendment possibly was adopted.

Public Notice

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

F. W. Brockway,
Village Marshal.

Special Mining Blanks

Last week the News published the joint resolution by congress, exempting the holders of mining claims from annual assessments for the years 1917-18. It will be remembered that the resolution provides for the filing by the claimant a certificate, said certificate to be recorded in the county clerk's office. We now have a supply of these blanks, and anyone desiring them may secure them by writing or calling in person to the News office.

Notice of Publication

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

No. 2600 { Gladys Mason, Plaintiff, vs. Ralph Mason, Defendant.

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

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

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

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

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

11-9-4t.

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Clothes advice from a banker

A GOVERNOR of the Federal Reserve Bank recently said, "A suit of clothes should do the work of two suits now"

Which means that quality in clothes is more important than ever. And quality is the watchword here; always has been.

You'll find Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes at this store; theyr'e all-wool, skilfully tailored; one such suit will do the work of two others; and you can't surpass them for style.

Our shirts, hats, neckwear, underwear—are all chosen for quality—in material, construction, and in style.

ZIEGLER BROS.

The home of Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes

CRAWFORD & BILES

Cleaning, Pressing and Alterations. Work Guaranteed

Next door south Exchange Bank, Phone 92

Seat Covers—Auto Top Recovering

The Garrard House

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

Rooms by Day, Week or Month

The Garrards

FOR WINTER

WHEN THE RAW WINDS BLOW YOU ARE GOING TO NEED WARM THINGS—HOSIERY, UNDERWEAR AND ALL SORTS OF SNUG, "COMFY" CLOTHES. COME IN NOW, GET THEM AND BE READY TO FACE MR. BLIZZARD WHEN HE COMES.

BRING ALONG THE WHOLE FAMILY. DO YOUR FALL AND WINTER BUYING ALL AT ONE TIME AND HAVE THE WORRY OF IT OFF OF YOUR MIND.

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

The Carrizozo Trading Co.

Ford

THE UNIVERSAL CAR

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Ford Cars Have Not Advanced in Price

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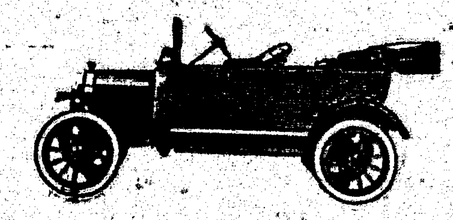
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