Carrizozo News

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The Public Health

A new booklet, just off the press, of which we are in receipt of a copy, describes in detail the plans and purposes of the New Mexico Public Health Association.

This document is an unusually interesting one as it not only sets forth the chief public health needs of this state but suggests a solution.

New Mexico has been notoriously deficient in the matter of public health work. We have no health statistics and no way to collect them. We are ignorant as to our death rate or our birth rate. We have no central organization for carrying out the directions of the Surgeon General's Department at Washington in connection with the health crusades inaugurated by the Federal Government to combat certain conditions that are menacing the fighting effectiveness of our army as well as the health of our civil population.

The booklet states that the program of work of the Association will, for the present, focus upon securing for New Mexico an adequately financed and efficiently managed State Department of Health as a branch of the State Government at Santa Fe.

We have long needed an association of this kind and the need has increased tremendously since the declaration of war.

With hundreds of the young men of the draft age in New Mexico being rejected on account of tuberculosis, it becomes evident that disease will take a heavy toll upon the thousands who have already been accepted into the National Army and who will be exposed to the same privations and infections as the soldiers of France and the other countries at war. Five hundred thousand French soldiers have already been disabled as a result of tuberculosis.

Many of the prominent men and women of the state are on the roster of officers and directors of the association. Lack of space makes it impossible to enumerate all of them but we note the names of Governor W. E. Lindsey, Secretary of State Antonio Lucero, Superintendent of Public Instruction J. H. Wagner, Hon. Nathan Jaffa, Mrs. R. F. Asplund, Mrs. Lansing Bloom, Hon. H. O. Bursum, President A. D. Crile, W. A. Hawkins, Bishop F. B. Howden, Mrs. Louis Ilfeld, W. D. Murray, Archbishop Pitaval, and Charles A. Spiess, as well as several members of the Surgeon General's staff, including Colonel G. E. Bushnell and Lieutenant-Colonel E. H. Bruns.

You can identify yourself with this movement by paying the small membership fee of $1.00 per year. A booklet containing the association's constitution and by-laws and much information concerning public health conditions in New Mexico may be had upon application to the association, whose headquarters are in the Commerce Building, Albuquerque.

Notice

I am requested to advise that the chain letter which has been started in connection with the sale of War Savings and Thrift stamps was issued without the knowledge or sanction of the War Savings Committee and that it is an infringement upon the postal regulations. Those having received these letters will please disregard them.

HARRY B. DAWSON, Chairman,
Lincoln County War Savings Committee.

Road Matters

Carrizozo has been full of people from various parts of the county since last night, the occasion being a road discussion in which all are interested. Charles Springer, chairman of the state highway commission, Max Kempenich, member, Jas. A. French, engineer, and Engineer Long of the Forest service reached here from Santa Fe in the afternoon. A mass meeting was held at the court house last night at which all members of the board of county commissioners and a large number of citizens from the county were present.

A discussion ensued, lasting until a late hour, over the relative merits of the Ruidoso road and the Carrizozo-Roswell road, and when the meeting adjourned no conclusion has been reached. However, another meeting was held this morning at which a still larger representation of the county was present, and it seemed that a compromise was about to be reached when the meeting took a recess at noon. This afternoon agreements between the state and county boards are to be signed and the exact situation will be known when these agreements are given, to the press, which cannot very well be the case until next week.

Free Delivery

We are publishing an article this week, communicated to the News, referring to a matter of much moment to our people. It relates to the matter of delivery of goods, and at the risk of incurring the displeasure of dealers we commend it to their attention. At a period when everybody is urged to save it appears that the present system is a waste—a waste that is avoidable. Of course, it is convenient to have everything delivered, from a package of pins to a sack of potatoes, but it is well to remember that we should be willing to submit to some inconveniences, especially when it means a saving to the consumer and absolutely no loss to the dealer. People will purchase goods just the same, for they must have them, even though the delivery system is changed or discontinued.

Junior Red Cross

The Junior Red Cross Auxiliary has completed its organization and hopes to prove itself a useful adjunct to the Carrizozo Red Cross Chapter.

As the fund so generously contributed Sunday evening at the patriotic services held at the Methodist church was not sufficient to comply with the regulations of School Auxiliary organization, Mr. Dingwall has kindly set aside Friday April 5, as Junior Red Cross evening, at the Crystal Theater, the proceeds of which will be contributed to that organization.

A good show is promised, announcement of which will be made in the papers next week.

Everybody come and help to swell the Junior Red Cross fund.

Fort Stanton Minstrel

The Red Cross benefit at Fort Stanton April 5, will be at the hour named in advertisements last week, viz: 8:00 o'clock p. m. Inasmuch, however, as time will be set forward one hour on the 31st some confusion may arise. Therefore, it will be 8:00 p. m. old time, 9:00 p. m. new time.

Mrs. Slacker for the Junior Red Cross next Friday at the Crystal Theatre.

For Junior Red Cross

The following is a list of subscribers and the amount subscribed at the flag presentation at the Methodist church last Sunday night, for the benefit of the Junior Red Cross:

T. W. Conway	$2.50
O. Z. Finley	5.00
D. R. Stewart	5.00
B. L. Stimmel	5.00
E M. Brickley	2.50
H. S. Campbell	5.00
S. G. Anderson	2.50
W. L. Gumm	1.00
E. D. Boone	2.50
J. A. Baxter	2.50
A. C. Wingfield	2.50
O. A. Bamberger	5.00
H. S. Comrey	2.50
Portner	1.25
F. F. Mudge	2.50
R. T. Cribbs	2.50
Mrs. O. Z. Finley	1.25
D. S. Donaldson	2.50
Joe Stratton	2.50
F. J. Sager	5.00
Ed Harris	2.50
J. B. French	5.00
Frank English	1.25
A. J. Laban	5.00
Olivia Kennedy	2.30
Homer Donaldson	1.50
C. Spence	5.00
F. W. Gurney	5.00
W. J. La Fleur	2.50
Collection	9.38
Total	$100.42

Junior Red Cross Benefit

Mrs. Slacker, a timely, patriotic and artistic Pathe production will be shown at the Crystal Theater for the Benefit of the Junior Red Cross next Friday April 5th.

This photo play features the dainty little star, Gladys Hulette, who is such a favorite of the little folks of our town.

Mrs. Slacker is a splendid picture of the day and hour, growing more timely as the next draft draws nearer, and is one of the really great productions of the day.

By special arrangement with the Pathe Exchange we are able to run this picture ahead of the larger cities, Mrs. Slacker being released for use on the last day of this month and will be used here on April 5th.

Watch for the children next week, they will be looking for you with tickets for sale.

Card of Thanks

We wish thus to extend our heart-felt thanks to our many friends of White Oaks and Carrizozo who so kindly rendered aid to us during the sickness and death of our darling little Isabell Ellen.

MR. AND MRS. CLYDE COLLIER,
MR. AND MRS. JOHN DALE AND FAMILY,
MR. AND MRS. JACK CLEGHORN FAMILY,
MISS IDA COLLIER.

Notice to Owners or Persons in Charge

Public notice is hereby called to Ordinance No. 14 of the Village of Carrizozo, which orders sidewalks to be built on Alamogordo Avenue, El Paso Street, 4th Street, 5th Street and Main Street, that all owners or others in charge, build or cause to be built sidewalks, at once according to the specifications contained in said ordinance. Upon failure to comply with this notice and the provisions of said ordinance, contracts will be let by the Mayor and Trustees of said Village and a special tax assessed against the property so improved.

H. S. CAMPBELL,
3-22-2t. Acting Mayor.

Stop! Look! Listen!

The Old Maids' convention will hold open session Tuesday evening, April 2, at 8 o'clock in the High School auditorium, Capitan, N. M. You are invited to attend and see the old maids transformed into beautiful young ladies right before your eyes. Come and enjoy a full evening of fun. If you cannot laugh, do not come. Help win the war so our boys will all return to us and thus prevent any such catastrophe as is portrayed by this play.

Do not forget the date and place and hurry along.

Proceeds for the benefit of the Red Cross. Anmission 35c and 25c.

Under Two Flags

Sunday morning at 11:00 o'clock Rev. R. H. Lewelling, the Methodist pastor, preached a ringing patriotic sermon to a good congregation. At night a record-breaking crowd filled the church to overflowing, the special attraction being the presentation of a United States flag to the church. The Exchange Bank, The First National Bank and The Lincoln State Bank being the donors. A service flag was also presented, containing 44 stars, representing the number of boys in Army and Navy from Carrizozo. The church provided the material for the flag and Mrs. S. L. Squier made the flag. Old Glory, 6x12 hangs on the rear wall and the service flag hangs just under it.

T. W. Conway, city superintendent of schools, made the presentation address and the pastor responded. E. M. Brickley delivered a patriotic address, well suited to the occasion. The ceremonies were quite impressive, uplifting and enthusing, and highly enjoyed and applauded by all present.

Red Cross Garments Shipped

Two big boxes of Red Cross hospital garments were shipped the 29th of this month. Fort Stanton sent 8 bath rugs; Capitan, 10 bath-rugs; Ancho, 2 pajamas; Glencoe, 9 bed shirts and 10 suits of pajamas; Lincoln, 10 bed shirts; Corona, 10 suits of pajamas; Carrizozo, 15 bath-rugs and 25 suits of pajamas.

Another box is ready for shipment and those who have bed suits out, please bring in as soon as possible.

Old Citizen Dies

Henry Emerson died Monday night and was buried the day following. Mr. Emerson had been in declining health for some time past. He had visited the Hot Springs in hopes of securing relief but returned in still worse condition. The deceased was a man of mature years and had lived in Lincoln county for more than a quarter of a century. He leaves a wife and a number of children and a large number of relatives many of whom reside in this county. A staunch old citizen has gone to his reward leaving not only family and other relatives but a large number of friends to mourn his departure.

Land Sales

The state offered and sold here Tuesday 20 to 30,000 acres of land. A number of purchasers were on hand and in most cases no contests developed and the sales were made at the minimum price. A contest, however, on a tract near Capitan caused G. A. Titsworth to pay $6.55 per acre, while a still more spirited contest on land near Carrizozo made T. A. Spencer pay $10.02 per acre.

What New Mexico Red Cross Chapters Have Produced in Three Months

CHAPTER	SURGICAL DRESSINGS Dec.	Jan.	Feb.	HOSP'AL GARM'TS Dec.	Jan.	Feb.	KNIT'D ARTICL'S Dec.	Jan.	Feb.
Albuquerque	14,447	10,144	8,113	18	2		401	432	348
Artesia	395		75	145		180	59	28	128
Chaves County	12,568	9,518	5,232	760	93	173	475	413	431
Colfax County			1,549		1	144	323	271	292
Curry County							188		164
De Baca County					28		31	58	30
Dona Ana County	1,073	59	105		116	122	50	128	120
Eddy County	1,017		6,300	67			247	199	233
Farmington	12		45	12		111	35	46	25
Grant County	3,919	2,321	2,778	1,171	39	495	468	276	412
Guadalupe County						82	63	111	105
Lea County					1			8	
Lincoln County				219		131	164		307
Luna County								48	47
McKinley County	1,522		14		174	100	49	47	166
Mora County		295			25			101	61
Northern Rio Arriba Co.			366		157	125		12	49
Otero County		3,265		200		30	43	31	73
Roosevelt County	300			110		1	73		131
Roy					13		9	48	62
San Miguel County		2,231	1,361	102	162		105	191	306
Santa Fe County	2,071	6,180	19,880	17	108	127	84	234	352
Sierra County	24	450	47			3	39		
Socorro County	155	241		24	96	80	10	58	88
Taos								69	42
Torrance County			2,147		36	31	33	44	36
Tucumcari	1,700	915	785	1	21	99	45	169	15
Union County	5			439		1	99		300
Upper Animas				1		10	101	76	102
Valencia County	6			143			31	29	24
Western Socorro County		1,706				62	29		189
Total	39,534	35,532	44,083	3,489	1,014	2,135	3,318	3,087	4,475

Pay Your Income Tax

"Tax slackers will be prosecuted as vigorously and relentlessly under the War Revenue Act as draft slackers were prosecuted under the selective service act. The aid of all good citizens is invoked in bringing to justice the man who deliberately seeks to evade his just share of the war burden."

This was the statement to-day of Commissioner of Internal Revenue Daniel C. Roper. With only eight days left in which to file income tax returns he has practically completed the organization of a huge dragnet for bringing into camp all persons who fail to file their returns by April 1. Revenue officers in every section of the country are checking up returns with a view to beginning prosecutions against tax dodgers. The word has gone forth that such offenders need expect no leniency.

"Through its educational campaign the Bureau of Internal Revenue has endeavored to cover the field so thoroughly that ignorance of the law cannot be consistently offered as an excuse", said Commissioner Roper to-day. "The press, the four minutes men, the State and County Councils of National Defense, the field force of the Department of Agriculture and other governments, banks, post-offices and hundreds of volunteer agencies have cooperated in bringing home to the taxpayer his duty.

"The man who failed to register under the selective service act was regarded by the War Department as a slacker and prosecuted as such. The man who fails to file his income tax will be regarded as a 'money slacker', and when discovered, as he will be, will be made to suffer full penalties of the law.

"To the credit of the Nation it may be said that I have gratifying and conclusive evidence that these income taxes will be paid by the great majority of the American people cheerfully and willingly. But the duty of the honest man does not end with the payment of his own tax. I call upon him to aid in bringing into camp the tax dodger. A man so niggardly as to seek to evade what his representatives in Congress have declared to be his just share of a tax imposed for the support of our arms is deserving of no consideration and will receive none.

"Congress has distributed this tax justly and equitably. The rate is fixed so that the rich man and the men of moderate means are assessed, each according to his income. No man can offer the excuse that his neighbor escapes what he is made to pay. Therefore, it is incumbent upon all good citizens to aid in carrying out the intent and spirit of the law, which is that the burden of the war tax be evenly distributed and every man compelled to pay his just quota."

U. S. Marshal Hudspeth has been in the county the past week, attending to his official duties.

L. Ernst spent the first part of the week here. Mr. Ernst is watch inspector for the E. P. & S. W., with headquarters at Tucumcari, and visits our town regularly, twice-a-month.

Ivan P. French came in Tuesday on a short furlough for a visit to his mother, Mrs. Emma A. Flower, and his sister, Mrs. Oscar N. Rowden. Mr. French is in the Signal Corps and is stationed at Fort Logan, near Houston, Texas.

Draft Registrants Training for Signal Corps at State College

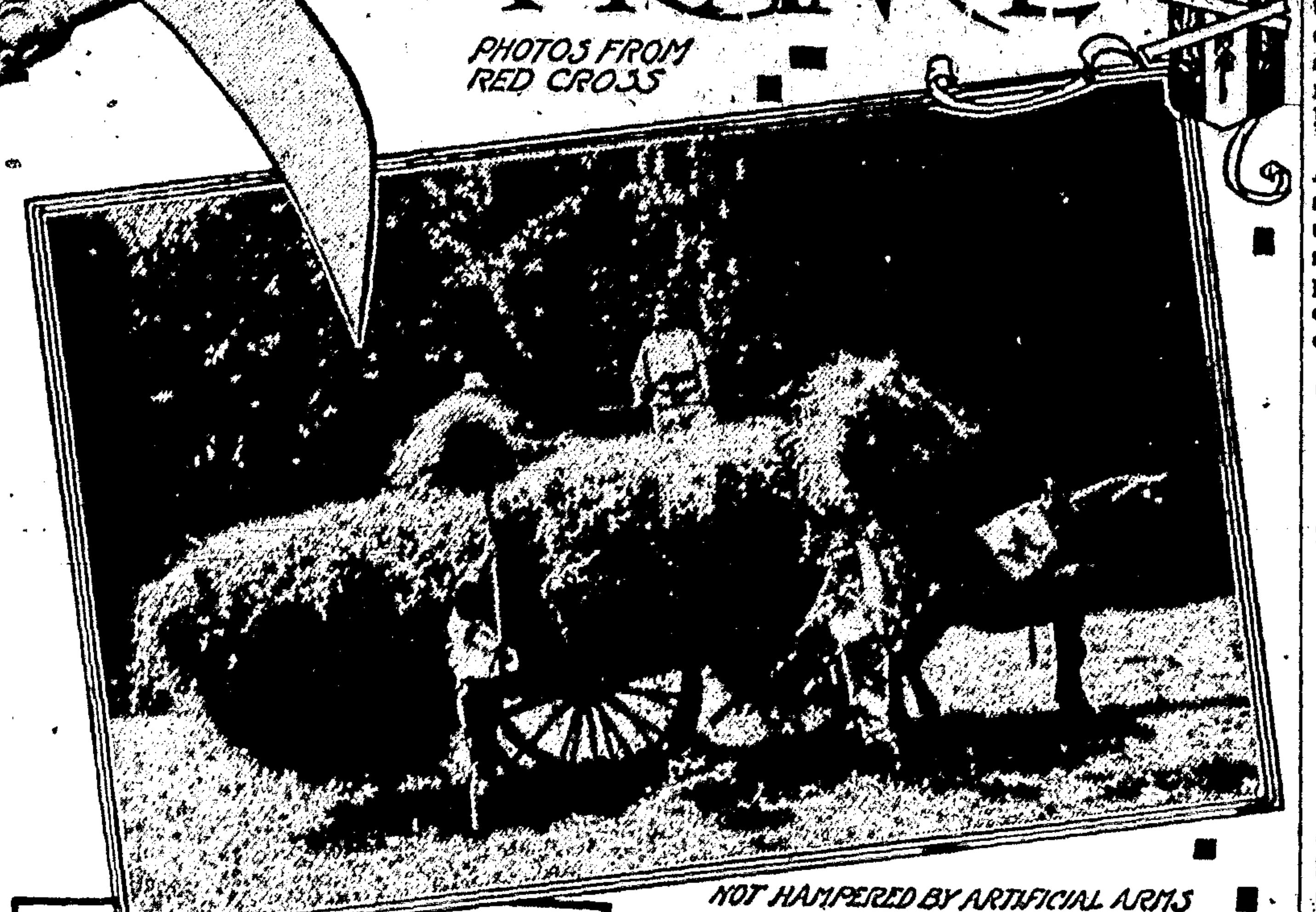
Recent announcements of the second draft caused many of New Mexico ambitious young men subject to it to send in applications for enrollment in the free Radio and Buzzer Operator's course being given at the New Mexico State College. Not only those subject to immediate call but many others are taking advantage of this excellent opportunity to themselves in the service above the rank of private and make the way to rapid promotion easy.

With the return of fine weather the new Field Buzzer sets recently received are being put into service. This gives the men practical experience with the regular equipment, sending and receiving at temporary stations about the College campus. In addition to this a new class has been organized for the study of telegraph circuits and equipment in which instrument adjustment, the location of trouble, and its repair is taken up. This latter course seems to be very popular with the men as many of them realize that rapid promotion comes to those who can not only perform the ordinary functions of their work well, but are ready and capable to meet any emergency which may arise, and in war work emergencies are the rule rather than the exception. Detailed information on and application blanks for this work may be had by addressing the Dean of Engineering, State College, New Mexico.

"BACK TO THE LAND" IN WAR SWEPT FRANCE

PHOTOS FROM RED CROSS

AT WORK IN FIELD THOUGH ARMLESS



NOT HAMPERED BY ARTIFICIAL ARMS

SWINGING SCYTHE WITH ONE GOOD ARM

By BARTON BLAKE

WAR means wrecking chemical and physical and moral wrecking. And it is the wreckage of men that is most distressing to those who see the war at close range. Houses can be rebuilt. The farms of the Oise and the Aisne can be cleared. The factories at Chaunes can be restored, or else razed and erected all over again and made modern. But what about wrecked men?

In France I have heard an ironist say

"Yes, he was a hero for ten days and now he is a decorated ruin—a cripple for life."

Yet even "mutiles" can be patched up. They can be provided with a "Jambe Americaine" and an arm fixed with all sorts of joints and springs that make it practical. Last week in the train to [illegible] I sat next to one such mended hero; he showed me his arm with real pride and explained that for the present he had work in the municipal markets of Paris, but that he hoped to get transferred to something more esthetic; he would prefer to be a sort of subcurator in a picture gallery.

"See, Monsieur, I can hold a fork like this—or I can grasp a glass; the thumb is exaggeratedly long. I have to get a special glove."

Yes, the mutiles' features can be molded into something like a human semblance, where it's the face that has suffered. But that is hardly enough. It is not enough to make the hero for ten days, the cripple for a lifetime, look like a man. He must be restored to real living—to a part in the world of industry. That is for the sake of Belgium, or France or Britain, or whatever his country may be; it is also for the man's own sake.

I have just had a talk with Miss Grace Harper, chief of the bureau of the re-education of mutiles at American Red Cross headquarters in Paris. She has shown me estimates that for every million men placed in the field France counts on having to care for 50,000 mutiles, 5,000 of them a month. And this figure does not take account of the war blinded and war-deafened and war-crazed.

"Please do not quote these figures as our own," says the cautious chief. "They are the best estimates we have been able to secure, but they are estimates.

"France is working miracles in making over maimed men," Miss Harper goes on, "but even at the close of 1917 the work of reconstruction has not yet caught up with the destructive forces. Under the French system the wounded soldier passes from a 'Post de Secours' to a base hospital, and thence to one of the eleven existing 'Centres de Physiotherapie.' At that center he receives surgical treatment, or physiotherapy, or both, physiotherapy meaning electrical or mechanical massage. Here he receives also an artificial limb, and his industrial training is begun—to fit him for a new place in the social organism.

"The French centers of physiotherapy are capable of receiving less than 25 per cent of the mutiles. Happily the schools of re-education are able to take care of some of those mutiles who must, perforce, forego the physiotherapeutics.

"I am talking to you in terms like these because the problem is such a big one, and because our own country, too, must realize something of the problem we are all up against, and the support that must be given to the American Red Cross if we are either to be of much help to France or to ourselves in this business of making men out of war's wastage. But I want you to realize that the Red Cross did not come to France just to study.

"I, for one, have been in Paris since March, 1917, and have visited practically every large center of re-educational work in France, and some of the small ones; not all, by any means, for nominally there are 103 of them. The Red Cross continues to study the new developments, the new demands in the field of re-education, for when the American army has its full share of casualties the Red Cross, whose first task is to back up that army, must benefit by French and British experience. But our real program for helping in France has now advanced beyond the stage of study.

"A superficial examination of our field shows this: The training already provided in France is industrial training, or the preparation of discharged soldiers for such jobs as stenography, bookkeeping, school teaching, etc.—sit-down work. And yet it is a fact that from 65 to 75 per cent of the French mutiles nowadays were, before the war, farmers or farm laborers. Not all of these men should undertake, or are physically and mentally fitted to undertake, industrial or city jobs. Moreover, everyone knows that the first great world peace problem will be the challenge of a food shortage. Obviously, as many mutiles as possible—France's today, America's tomorrow—must go back to the land. So it is the plan of the American Red Cross to help France in placing some of them there and, later on, to help America in the same way."

I ventured to point out to Miss Harper that reports show there are 31 agricultural centers in operation in France, but Miss Harper was inclined to shake her head. She would not quarrel with my figures, but with the impression they created.

"No doubt," she said, "but you must remember that, judged by American standards, France is not yet in the forefront of scientific agriculture. French economists, whose minds are now more than ever busy with the facts of food production, are exclaiming at the sad truth that Germany, with a less and inferior farming area, should, before the war, have exceeded France in agricultural production.

"These thirty-one agricultural centers of re-education you speak of have opened their doors for mutiles, but they lack necessary equipment, and the canny mutile looks in and, too often, passes on. Small wonder, especially if you reflect upon his eagerness to get home, to be free of discipline that is irksome because it is (after three years and a half of war) still discipline.

"France is teaching her mutiles small trades, cobbling, basket-making, tinsmithing, machine work, etc., but what the Red Cross wants above all to do is to co-operate in the agricultural movement. We who are world-famous for our agricultural machinery must provide motor tractors and other mechanical equipment for the schools of re-education. Also, we must give expert instruction in the raising of live stock, poultry, rabbits, bees. We must go in for training in horticulture. When the spring of 1918 has come, we should be in a position to show you our agriculture center in full blast, filling a part, at least, of the great need I have mentioned. And that farm of about 500 acres will be situated in one of the richest farming areas of France, very close to one of the great psychotherapeutic centers. That is all I can very well tell you now.

"Of course, that one farm will not solve the whole problem of the war mutile. At least, it will at all times take care of 200 mutiles. It will have been leased for three years. Dairies, sheds, cowbarns, sheepcotes, pig-sties, a forge, machine shop, carpentry shop—all these things figure in our calculations. By spring, work of construction and repair will have been accomplished, quarters for men put up and some of the work will have been contributed by the mutiles themselves. It is not only more economical, it is better so. And they will get two francs a day wage—these mutiles; five francs a day when they are themselves instructors."

Miss Harper is a former student at the University of Chicago, who has been associated with the Children's Aid society and with a night club for boys and girls in Boston; who has taught bookbinding in Haverhill, Mass.; who has served with the Massachusetts Infant asylum—and who first came to deal with cripples in helping Dr. Richard Cabot organize the King's Chapel bureau for the handicapped at the Massachusetts General hospital. There at Boston she set a group of cripples to work making children's clothes; their product was sold from coast to coast and at good prices. The work paid the workers commercially, as well as helping to restore their status as independent, self-respecting and respected citizens.

The chief of the bureau of re-education is a woman, and a feminine woman. I think it would seem to the antebellum American mildly diverting if he could cast his eye over the list of equipment for the Red Cross farm of re-education which, at this point of our talk, Miss Grace Harper permitted me to see: tractors! plows! harrows! extirpators and Canadigns (whatever "Canadians" are—she told me—but I don't remember); rollers, drills, manure distributors, horse hose, mowing machinery—and I don't know how many machines more—6 horses, 15 cows, 1 bull, 100 sheep, 20 pigs, 15 chicken pens (comprising 1 rooster and 6 hens each), 6 incubators (210 eggs each), etc.

"Under war conditions," Miss Harper resumed, "some mutiles are promptly in a position to earn good wages in munition works at wages which they will find it hard to equal once normal conditions are restored by the return to peace. We must, therefore, walk rather carefully, if we are interested in the return to peace conditions, and in what happens to the mutiles in the readjustment. What interests us is that 63 per cent of farm laborers included in the list of mutiles—and we must reach them, or at least some of them, promptly. We must get these men started on the road that leads to the land while they are still under psycotherapeutic or surgical care. For that reason, if for no other, the Red Cross must combine its agricultural re-education with its surgical enterprises. This training for the future must begin during convalescence—that is, before discharge from the army is granted.

"Do not think that the American Red Cross, in its plan for specializing upon agricultural re-education, disparages or undervalues the fine work of the re-educational institutions which have preceded it in the field. But it cannot overlook the fact that France is an agricultural nation and that, after the war, almost all the world will, for a time, be somewhere near the edge of hunger. Did you see this last evening's Evenement?" concluded Miss Harper, handing me a clipping.

I had not, but I read it.

"The commission charged to study for the radical party congress the economic reorganization of France has adopted the following conclusions," the article begins.

"It is by agriculture that France can, and must renew itself, for this is the base and source of life. . .

"Too much encouragement cannot be given to agricultural production. . . . Henceforth the utmost possible quantity of labor should be provided to agriculture by the mobilization on the land of the older military classes and of agricultural specialists. . .

"The state should encourage the construction and use of agricultural machinery—especially tractors. . . Scientific agricultural stations should be created in the principal regions of France, linking the one to the other by means of a central station at Paris."

"That is a politician's document, and you have not read all of it," concluded Miss Harper, as she took back the newspaper clipping; "but the principle is there, and it is justly enough expressed. Here is another newspaper article. Edmond Thery, writing in Le Matin of Paris, concludes an article on 'Our Agricultural Production' with the words:

"'The indispensable agricultural policy for us to pursue from now on has been perfectly defined by the order of the day unanimously voted by the chamber of deputies at its sitting of October 11, and it can be summed up in two clauses: mobilization of agricultural labor, mobilization of chemical fertilizers.'"

"So you see," concludes the chief of the bureau for the re-education of mutiles, "that the American Red Cross, in seeking to give France more skilled agriculturists, through its scientific and mechanical instruction of mutile farmers and farm laborers, is only undertaking to express practically what French deputies and French economists declare to be a vital necessity for France, and therefore for France's warmest friend in all the world."

GOOD ROADS

FAME FROM ITS GOOD ROADS

Improved Streets, Smooth and Dustless Highways Around Philadelphia Advertises City.

Good streets and smooth, dustless country roads, have been a means of advertising and giving added importance to Philadelphia, not only throughout the United States and Canada, but abroad, according to William H. Connell, chief of the bureau of highways, Philadelphia Inquirer states.

Highway experts from scores of American and European cities, as well as engineers representing practically every state in this country, have studied the progress made by Philadelphia in dealing with one of the greatest of municipal problems, that of road construction and maintenance, and have requested information regarding the specifications used, the processes followed and other data pertaining to the work as carried on in this city, Chief Connell said.

Improved Road Near Philadelphia.

Within the limits of the city, motorists, most critical of road users, can travel for more than 150 miles by diverse routes, without experiencing the slightest difficulty because of poor roads or dusty ones, the head of the highway bureau asserted. Visiting tourists, impressed by this fact, have heralded the reputation of Philadelphia as the city of good roads throughout the country, he said. The improvement, in many instances, has been made at comparatively little expense by means of surface treatments, varied to meet the demands of the occasion, he pointed out.

GROWTH OF IMPROVED ROADS

Inventions, Discoveries and Public Improvements Come When There Is Strong Demand.

The history of good roads affords a striking example of the fact that inventions, discoveries and public improvements take place only when there is an insistent demand for them. In early times, when each family lived largely to itself, there was little commerce in the articles produced on the farm and consequently little need for transportation. As large cities developed the demand for roads on which products might be easily transported grew.

Two of the most recent causes for the improvement of roads have been pleasure vehicles. Twenty-five years ago the bicycle began to come into common use and the cyclists made a vigorous demand for roads on which they might ride. Unfortunately, however, paths for bicycles were constructed in many places in lieu of improved roads. The invention of the automobile, however, has meant a real step toward better roads.

GET GOOD HIGHWAY SYSTEM

Not Difficult Problem if County or Township Is Willing to Use Common Sense.

How to get a good road system is not a difficult problem, if a county or township is willing to be guided by common sense. The first step is to employ a competent highway engineer. He will make a study of traffic conditions, ascertain where the main market lines with a type of surfacing material that will be less expensive than that required on the main market lines, and yet will at the same time meet all traffic requirements on the feeder lines. The main lines, if built of concrete, will be permanent and cost less to maintain.

How to Place Culvert.

Where a culvert is placed in a road on a hillside to take care of the drainage collected in an uphill ditch, it should be placed across the road pointing in the direction of the flow of the steepest grade.

Changing Milk for Calf.

The time to change the calf from whole milk to skim milk depends upon the development of the calf. If it is healthy it may be changed to skim milk at the end of the second week, but the third week would be better.

Save 9½c. By Buying Ever Reliable

HILL'S CASCARA QUININE BROMIDE

No advance in price for this 20-year-old remedy—25c for 24 tablets—Some cold tablets now 30c for 21 tablets—Figured on proportionate cost per tablet, you save 9½c when you buy Hill's—Cures Cold in 24 hours—grip in 3 days—Money back if it fails. 24 Tablets for 25c. At any Drug Store

Lee's Lice Killer

The best insecticide for chickens and hogs. GERMOZONE for roup, colds, canker, chicken pox, etc. A remedy and a tonic. EGG-O-LATUM keeps fresh eggs fresh from Spring to following Winter at 1 cent a dozen. EGG-O-HATCH makes eggs hatch better, chicks stronger. The Lee Poultry Line is sold at one store in most every town. 6 free books at dealers or postpaid for 6c. GEO. H. LEE CO., Dept. 5, OMAHA

W. N. U., DENVER, NO. 10--1918.

SUPERIOR TO FATE'S FROWNS

Frenchman Who Lost Both Hands in Warfare Has Supplied Deficiencies by His Own Ingenuity.

An extraordinary case is that of Jean Ledrans, a French mechanic, now a country farmer. He has lost both hands in the war, mobilized in the artillery. He took part in numerous engagements, was once wounded, and received the military cross of the Legion of Honor for the capture of a German stronghold after he was promoted to second lieutenant. Being an expert grenadier, he was chosen to train recruits in bombing. While giving instruction a grenade he held burst, killed six men and wounded Ledrans in five places. He lost his right eye and both his hands were blown off. Immediately after his recovery the peasant girl to whom he had been engaged married him and he settled on his father-in-law's farm. This brave son of France is now able to write, drive a horse and cart, drive a plow, hoe and dig the fields and harness and unharness a horse. All the appliances which he uses on both stumps of his forearms have been devised by himself.

FRECKLES

Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as the prescription othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of othine—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.—Adv.

He Must Have Run Them.

Dr. J. P. Naylor, head of the physics department of De Paul university, was walking down a slippery sidewalk and, hitting a particularly icy place, fell down.

H. M. Gorrell, Doctor Naylor's assistant, was following him. "You are somewhat of an architect, aren't you, doctor?" asked Gorrell.

"How's that?" asked the professor.

"You are making blue prints."—Indianapolis News.

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

Prosperity of Tokyo City.

The prosperity of Greater Tokyo city is shown by the increased taxes over last year; the average is 37 per cent. In the eight tax-collection districts the total exceeds 99,000,000 yen ($49,500,000); the rates of increase vary from 9½ per cent in the Yotsuya district to 50 per cent in the Ryogoku and 72 per cent in the Yeitai districts, where the officers and residences of the narikin are located.—Argonaut.

RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.

To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and ¼ oz. of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Full directions for making and use come in each box of Barbo Compound. It will gradually darken streaked, faded gray hair, and make it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off. Adv.

Not Too Mild.

"Don't you enjoy listening to the honk of the wild goose?"

"Not when he's driving an automobile."

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

by LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a local disease, greatly influenced by constitutional conditions. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE will cure catarrh. It is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is composed of some of the best tonics known, combined with some of the best blood purifiers. The perfect combination of the ingredients in HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is what produces such wonderful results in catarrhal conditions. Druggists 75c. Testimonials free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

Birds Needed on Farms.

The encouragement of birds on farms is not a mere matter of sentiment. They return a cash equivalent and have much to do with the success or failure of crops.

Precedent is a convenient peg to hang incompetency on.

When Your Eyes Need Care Try Murine Eye Remedy

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

"Blue" and Worried?

"Blue," worried, half-sick people should find out the cause of their troubles. Often it is merely faulty kidney action, which allows the blood to get loaded up with poisons that irritate the nerves. Backache, headaches, dizziness and annoying bladder troubles are added proofs that the kidneys need help. Use Doan's Kidney Pills. Thousands thank them for relief from just such troubles.

A Colorado Case

Mrs. Dasie Brumley, 114 Twelfth St., Greeley, Colo., says: "I had a steady ache in my back and frequent attacks of dizziness made me feel weak and miserable. My kidneys acted irregularly. My feet swelled and ached so that I could hardly stand on them. For three months I hardly slept at all and I was so nervous I couldn't lie still. I used three boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills and the trouble is now entirely gone and I am in good health."

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

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

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

Comfort Baby With Cuticura

Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c.

Virgin of Fate.

"When I began business," said the plutocrat wearily, "I made a solemn vow that when I had made an even million I would quit."

"But you've made that many times over," said the other man, "and still you are accumulating."

"That's the curse of it. Whenever I think I've made an even million I find on figuring it up it's either a little more or a little less, and I've got to renew the heartrending struggle." And the unfortunate man sighed heavily.

BOSCHEE'S GERMAN SYRUP

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

It Was Mother.

During a Bible lesson a teacher was trying to explain the parable of the tares.

"Can anyone tell me who is like the evil one who sowed the tares?"

A hand instantly shot up from a small boy at the foot of the class.

"Well, John, what person do you say?"

"Please, ma'am, my mother."

"Why?" asked the teacher in astonishment.

"Well," he answered, eying his patched trousers, "she sews all my tears."

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

Evidently Contemplated Visit.

Mrs. Joynson had begun to keep hens, while Mr. Joynson cultivated the back garden. One day there were ominous sounds from the cabbage patch, and Mrs. Joynson exclaimed to her little boy:

"Quick, sonny! See if the fowls have got out. I don't know what your father'll say if they're among his vegetables!"

Sonny ran off and came back beaming.

"Yes, mother, they're out!" he cried. But they're just going in again; they are all wiping their feet on the onion bed!"

Strategy.

Officer — Conscientious objections? Rubbish. If you were to come home and find your wife fighting a burglar, wouldn't you interfere?

"No, sir! I'd leave the burglar to his fate."—Life.

A rocking chair which revolves on a circular base has been invented for railroad cars.

It's a great pity that some animals can't talk and some men can.

Denver Directory

The Platte River Cattle Co.

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

Kodaks DEVELOPING and PRINTING
Send for Catalogue and Finishing Price List. The Denver Photo Materials Co., Exclusive Kodak Co., 888 16th Street, Denver, Colorado

The Oxford Hotel

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

WASHINGTON SIDELIGHTS

Washington Sentries Have Many Amusing Encounters

WASHINGTON.—Contrary to general belief, the sentries guarding Washington's military establishments, bridges and public buildings are not automatons. They can and do saunter, talk, laugh and otherwise act like human beings. But not on duty. But if you can chum up with the chap in khaki at an opportune time, you may be told some funny things—all about strange prowlers seen on the midnight trick, sinister-seeming contrivances discovered under culverts, officers whose identity is mistaken and other things.

A few nights since a half-frozen sentry before the side gate of a big military establishment here beheld a solitary and stooping figure creeping along and eying the portal dubiously. This kept up several minutes, and finally the guard thought it time to interfere. He approached the suspect.

"What do you want around here?" he asked after the sad-eyed person had halted, as directed, swaying slightly.

"Wanna go on in house, but the ol' woman ish waitin'," forlornly replied the "suspect."

"That's Uncle Sam's house, my friend," replied the sentry, seeing he had a "stew" and not a spy.

"'Sh my house," insisted the one with the "merry mucilage." "C'n tell it by front gate."

It took ten minutes to persuade him that he was wrong.

There is a famous bridge near Washington where several months ago a man leaped down to his death. It is closely guarded, for it carries a big water main. Not long after the tragic occurrence, a night wanderer on the bridge came near losing his liberty when a guard saw him stop and commence searching carefully on the sidewalk.

"Whaddye want, a good place to jump from or to put a bum?" queried the man in uniform.

"I want my fountain pen I dropped; got a match?" was the answer.

The pen was found soon, but remembering tales of explosive pens discovered in abandoned German trenches, the guard nearly wrecked the inkspiller before satisfied it was not full of T. N. T.

New Rules for Stenographers in One War Office

ONE office of the war department doesn't believe in instructions savoring of red tape. So regulations have been evolved for stenographers. Greatly increased efficiency is expected to result. Here are the rules to be followed:

1—Conserve air by eliminating some of the unnecessary conversation.

2—Conserve shoe leather by remaining at your desk; remember you are supposed to be a stenographer, not a floorwalker.

3—If you're hungry, go out and get something to eat; don't hang around chewing the rag.

4—We have wheatless and meatless days; let's have feetless days. Keep your feet on the floor, not on your desk.

5—Don't acquire the saving habit to such an extent that you go home with your pockets full of paper clips every night. Just because you write shorthand, don't think you have got to be light-fingered.

6—If you feel that you must whistle during office hours, please whistle something German, so that the rest of the office will have an excuse for dropping a typewriter on your head.

7—Any person or persons having as a part of their lunch limburger cheese will kindly adjourn to the roof until the ordeal is over. There is a strong reason for this.

8—If you feel that you must take home a typewriter now and then, please leave the desk. We can get new typewriters, but desks are hard to get.

9—Just because they are using a lot of ammunition in Europe, don't think that you have to powder your nose every ten minutes.

10—Make the world safe for democracy; stop throwing milk bottles out of the windows.

11—As Abraham Lincoln said in his famous Gettysburg speech:

"Eight Hours a day for the man who works,
Seven hours a day for the government clerks."

12—Save a loaf a week. Just because you have a crust, don't say you can loaf around this office, even if you are well bred. Don't come in here with a bun on, either.

Her Darling Boy Was Only a "Mexican Fish Hound"

"OH, THERE'S my darling boy!" Fairly yelping these words, a woman standing on Tenth street, just north of F street, made for the latter thoroughfare as fast as her feet would carry her. She had a companion with her, and this woman, too, set a hot pace in the direction of the afternoon promenade.

When a woman suddenly yells out on a crowded thoroughfare, "Oh, there's my darling boy," you sort o' get interested in the darling one.

When the two women got to F street they stepped across the sidewalk to the curb. There was an automobile standing there, with a young man and a dog on the front seat.

The woman in search of her darling boy threw her arms around the neck of the dog and said: "Oh, you darling thing! You're the prettiest dog in town." The woman had a good eye for dogs.

"What kind of a dog is he?" asked the woman.

The chauffeur winked at the dog and replied calmly:

"Mexican fish hound."

Mrs. Hoover's Cook Becomes an Ardent Hooverizer

IN ALL the land no housewife follows more closely the rulings of the United States food administration than does Mrs. Herbert C. Hoover, wife of the food administrator. The Hoover cook, who has a wide reputation in most exclusive circles of Washington, was one of the first converts to the conservation of food, and one of the most ardent. A prominent Washington woman remarked soon after the Hoover household was established in the national capital:

"You needn't tell me the Hoovers save food. I know the cook, and she couldn't be induced to economize."

Nevertheless, after a time of sorrow and of stress of wounded professional pride the cook became under the direction and persuasion of Mrs. Hoover, as enthusiastic over producing delicious meals with the least possible outlay of wheat, meat sugar and fats as the strictest "Hooverite" could wish.

Almost every day is meatless day with the Hoovers, poultry, sea food or occasionally game replacing the beef or other meats that may be shipped across the sea. The servants, of course, have to have meat oftener, but for the family perhaps once a week, generally less frequently, there is a roast for dinner and what is left over is carefully utilized in some form for luncheon the next day. Sometimes a chop is provided at that meal for the ten-year-old son, who is recovering from a recent illness. Meat is never bought for soups, which are made from vegetables or the parts of poultry not served—the wing tips, feet, neck and gizzard.

Not only are Tuesdays and Saturdays porkless days, but the other five days of the week as well, despite the confessed fondness of the food administrator for his breakfast bacon. Pork, either as ham, bacon, sausage, lard or in other forms, never enters the big red brick house on Massachusetts avenue, where the Hoovers are domiciled. For cooking various vegetable oils or other substitutes are used for lard and butter.

His Limit.

"I understand, Mr. Rasp," began the suave stranger, "that you once voted for the Hon.—"

"Yes," admitted old Rufus Rasp. "I voted for him a good many years ago. Also I once applied my youthful tongue to an ice-cold sledge hammer. Likewise, I once paid tuition to a correspondence school of growing tall by mail and thereby becoming irresistible to the ladies. But it won't do you any good to produce that flat package which I observe outlined through your coat and which I suspect is a simple volume of Great Flights of Oratory by American Blatherskites, for while I own up to having been a fool in my time it infuriates me to be called, even by implication, a hopeless durn fool."—Kansas City Star.

Ah, Me!

He—Each hour I spend with you is like a pearl to me.

She—Aw, quit stringing me.—Jester.

Skin Troubles That Itch

Burn and disfigure quickly soothed and healed by hot baths with Cuticura Soap and gentle anointings of Cuticura Ointment. For free samples, address, "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston." Sold by druggists and by mail. Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50.—Adv.

Talk and Talkers.

"After all," said Attorney General Gregory at a dinner in Washington, "was there ever a great talker who wasn't a great bore? Look at Coleridge.

"I said to a man the other day:

"'The judge is a splendid talker, isn't he?'

"'The finest,' said the man, 'I ever escaped from.'"—Case and Comment.

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

If there is anything in the pot when a gambling place is raided it may be applied on the costs and fines of the owners of the money, Attorney General McGhee of Ohio rules in effect.

It is estimated that 1,000,000 horse power will be obtained from Scotland's waterfalls.

Peruna Relieved My Cough

I Feel as I Did Twenty Years Ago.

Mrs. Gertie Ebhardt, 219 East First St., Kewanee, Illinois, writes:

"I have taken six bottles of your Peruna for a cough, and I am all well. I went over to see a neighbor one day and I had a terrible cough and my eyes were sore. She gave me half a bottle of Peruna last November, and it did me so much good that I bought a bottle, and then when I had finished that I got another, and so on until I have taken almost six bottles and I feel like a new woman. I am fifty-nine years old, and since I have taken the Peruna, I feel as I did twenty years ago. I will always keep Peruna in my house."

Those who object to liquid medicines can secure Peruna tablets.

Win the War by Preparing the Land

Sowing the Seed and Producing Bigger Crops

Work in Joint Effort the Soil of the United States and Canada

CO-OPERATIVE FARMING IN MAN POWER NECESSARY TO WIN THE BATTLE FOR LIBERTY

The Food Controllers of the United States and Canada are asking for greater food production. Scarcely 100,000,000 bushels of wheat are available to be sent to the allies overseas before the crop harvest. Upon the efforts of the United States and Canada rests the burden of supply.

Every Available Tillable Acre Must Contribute; Every Available Farmer and Farm Hand Must Assist

Western Canada has an enormous acreage to be seeded, but man power is short, and an appeal to the United States allies is for more men for seeding operation.

Canada's Wheat Production Last Year was 225,000,000 Bushels; the Demand From Canada Alone for 1918 is 400,000,000 Bushels

To secure this she must have assistance. She has the land but needs the men. The Government of the United States wants every man who can effectively help, to do farm work this year. It wants the land in the United States developed first of course; but it also wants to help Canada. Whenever we find a man we can spare to Canada's fields after ours are supplied, we want to direct him there.

Apply to our Employment Service, and we will tell you where you can best serve the combined interests.

Western Canada's help will be required not later than April 5th. Wages to competent help, $50.00 a month and up, board and lodging.

Those who respond to this appeal will get a warm welcome, good wages, good board and find comfortable homes. They will get a rate of one cent a mile from Canadian boundary points to destination and return.

For particulars as to routes and places where employment may be had apply to: **U. S. EMPLOYMENT SERVICE, DEPARTMENT OF LABOR**

Proof that Some Women do Avoid Operations

Mrs. Etta Dorion, of Ogdensburg, Wis., says:

"I suffered from female troubles which caused piercing pains like a knife through my back and side. I finally lost all my strength so I had to go to bed. The doctor advised an operation but I would not listen to it. I thought of what I had read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and tried it. The first bottle brought great relief and six bottles have entirely cured me. All women who have female trouble of any kind should try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

How Mrs. Boyd Avoided an Operation.

Canton, Ohio.—"I suffered from a female trouble which caused me much suffering, and two doctors decided that I would have to go through an operation before I could get well.

"My mother, who had been helped by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, advised me to try it before submitting to an operation. It relieved me from my troubles so I can do my house work without any difficulty. I advise any woman who is afflicted with female troubles to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial and it will do as much for them."—Mrs. MARIE BOYD, 1421 5th St., N. E., Canton, Ohio.

Every Sick Woman Should Try

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Before Submitting To An Operation

LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. LYNN, MASS.

Getting Even With Grump.

"This certainly is a hard winter."

"Huh. Any fool knows that."

"Then I needn't have told you."

Lucky Meeting.

She—Tee, hee; it seems strange that we never met before.

He—Yes, accidents will happen.

With Corks in Them.

Passengers on water wagons this year are advised to keep a sharp look out for hostile periscopes.

22 Million Families in the United States

IF EACH FAMILY saved one cup of wheat flour it would amount to 5,500,000 pounds, or more than 28,000 barrels. If this saving was made three times a week, it would amount to 858,000,000 pounds, or 4,377,000 barrels in a year.

You can do your share in effecting this saving and really help to win the war by omitting white bread from one meal today and baking in its place muffins or corn bread made according to this recipe:

Corn Meal Muffins

¾ cup corn meal	2 tablespoons sugar
1¼ cups flour	No eggs
½ teaspoon salt	1 cup milk
4 teaspoons Dr. Price's Baking Powder	2 tablespoons shortening

Sift dry ingredients together into bowl; add milk and melted shortening and beat well. Bake in greased muffin tins in hot oven about 20 minutes. Same batter may be baked as corn bread in greased shallow pan.

New Red, White and Blue booklet, "Best War Time Recipes," containing many other recipes for making delicious and wholesome wheat saving foods mailed free.

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER, 1013 Independence Boulevard, Chicago

FOOD WILL WIN THE WAR

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

Hit Hun Hard

"Therefore, I will save, I will sacrifice, I will endure, I will fight — cheerfully, and to my utmost—as if the whole issue of the struggle depended on me alone!"

The most gigantic drive in history is being made against the allied lines by the ruthless Hun. English, French and Americans are fighting shoulder to shoulder to repel the thrust of the monster and it is confidently felt that they will succeed. But the battle cannot be won in a week, most likely not in a month, possibly not in a year. We are the only nation opposing the barbarous Hun whose resources are untouched and whose wealth in men and means is almost limitless.

Therefore, let every young man, who is without dependents, when called upon, respond cheerfully; and let him remember that the best and truest men of all ages have been willing to die for a principle; and do not let him forget that a man who dodges this issue—the only issue before the American people—that his conscience will haunt him as long as he lives and that future generations will reproach him for not coming to the relief of his country in its time of stress.

But the responsibility is not alone on the boys whom the government has decreed shall bear arms; it is equally as great on those over age, and upon the women, as well, rests a heavy responsibility — but, God bless them, they require no adjuration! for they have met every responsibility. The responsibility on those at home is to save foodstuffs; to buy war savings stamps, and Liberty Bonds—neither a gift — a bonafide and premier investment — to help the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A. and all kindred associations of mercy and to do everything that will speedily bring the war to a successful conclusion.

Let it not be said that we sent our boys across to face the blood-crazed Hun—the boy who is giving his all—and then neglected to save food and furnish money to the government for his sustenance and means for repelling the onward rush of the Berlin autocracy.

The boys in the trenches are Hitting the Hun Hard; the men and women at home can do the same. Let it be the motto of every American, whether at home or in the trenches: "Hit the Hun Hard!"

A Bill we Can Pay

A ten year old boy overheard a conversation about certain bills to be paid, and conceived the idea of making out a bill for his own services. So the next morning he laid this statement on his mother's breakfast plate. "Mother owes Willie for carrying coal six times twenty cents; for bringing water lots of times thirty cents; for going on errands twenty-five cents.

His mother read the bill, but said nothing about it. That evening Willie found on his plate the seventy-five cents and also another bill which read as follows: "Willie owes his mother for his happy home for 10 years, nothing; for his food and clothing, nothing; total nothing."

When Willie saw the seventy-five cents he was pleased. But when he read his mother's bill his eyes grew dim and his lips quivered. Then he took the money to his mother, threw his arms around her neck and begged that she would let him do lots of things for her.

Mother's bill is rarely presented but it will pay each person to think it out and over for himself and then pay it in love and service. —The Dunklin Democrat, Democrat, Kennett, Mo.

Want Ads give results.

COMMERCIAL HOTEL

Have made this hotel new by cleanliness

RATES REASONABLE

Mrs. J. R. McIlhaney, Proprietor

Notice for Publication

027654.

029721.

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Roswell, N. M., March 8, 1918.

Notice is hereby given that August Lantz, of Carrizozo, N. M., who, on August 7, 1913 and December 12, 1911, made Orig. and Add'l. H. Es., No. 027654 and 029721, for E½NE¼, Sec. 30; N½N½ Sec. 29; and S½SW¼, Section 20, Township 7-S, Range 11-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 April 17, 1918.

Claimant names as witnesses: Dennis B. Humphrey, John J. Hoffman, Isaac S. Noonkester, and Samuel H. Nickels, all of Carrizozo, N. M.

EMMETT PATTON, Register.

Mar. 15—Apr. 12.

Try a Calassified in the NEWS

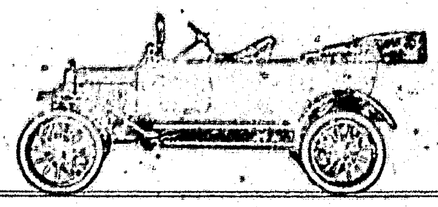
Ford

THE UNIVERSAL CAR

When you compare the low prices of Ford cars with the prices of farm produce, farm stock and everything else on the market, the great value of the Ford car can be fairly estimated. The price for the Ford Touring Car is only $360 f. o. b. Detroit—the same as last year. It is the greatest value, not only among motor cars, but in the whole run of articles grown and manufactured. Think of a five-passenger motor car with the reputation for service, durability and economy that's behind the Ford car, selling for $360! We urge prospective purchasers to give their orders without delay.

WESTERN GARAGE

F. B. SHIELDS, Prop.



FORD TRUCKS

Now Here

Price $669.74

Come in and See Them

WESTERN GARAGE

This week's bill at the Crystal Theatre is your money's worth of entertainment. Pictures supreme are the only kind we show.

NEXT WEEK'S PROGRAMME AT THE

CRYSTAL THEATRE

Sunday, (ARTCRAFT)
"CLEVER MRS. CARFAX", Featuring Julian Eltinge
Monday, (METRO)
"BROADWAY BILL", Featuring Harrold Lockwood.
Tuesday, (GOLDWYN)
"THE SPREADING DAWN", Featuring Jane Cowl.
Wednesday, (PARAMOUNT).
"BAB'S BURGLAR", Featuring Marguerite Clark.
Thursday, (WORLD)
"THE WASP", Featuring Kitty Gordon.
Friday
CHILDREN'S PATRIOTIC PICTURES, for the Benefit of Junior Red Cross.
Saturday, (METRO SPECIAL)
"BLUE JEANS", Featuring Viola Danna.
(No advance in admission for this wonder play.)
(Cut this out for Reference)

Paramount Pictures

The Titsworth Company

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Studebaker Wagons
Goodyear Casings
Kansas Blackleg Serum
Dynamite
Steel Roofing
Barbed Wire
Hog Fence
John Deere Plows
Cotton Waste
Blackleaf 40, Etc.

The Titsworth Company

CAPITAN, NEW MEXICO

Helps Sick Women

Cardui, the woman's tonic, helped Mrs. William Eversole, of Hazel Patch, Ky. Read what she writes: "I had a general breaking-down of my health. I was in bed for weeks, unable to get up. I had such a weakness and dizziness, . . . and the pains were very severe. A friend told me I had tried everything else, why not Cardui? . . . I did, and soon saw it was helping me . . . After 12 bottles, I am strong and well."

TAKE

CARDUI

The Woman's Tonic

Do you feel weak, dizzy, worn-out? Is your lack of good health caused from any of the complaints so common to women? Then why not give Cardui a trial? It should surely do for you what it has done for so many thousands of other women, who suffered—it should help you back to health.

Ask some lady friend who has taken Cardui. She will tell you how it helped her. Try Cardui.

All Druggists

L-61

R. L. Ransom

Plasterer & Contractor

Estimates Furnished on all kinds of plastering and cement work

CARRIZOZO - - - NEW MEXICO

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

Building Material

With a large stock of Lumber, Shingles, Prepared and Iron Roofings, Screen Doorx, 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

FEED YARD

HAY AND GRAIN IN CAR LOTS

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Roomy Yard - Stalls - Water

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Wm. Barnett EL PASO AVENUE

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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

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PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED

Kodaks, Kodak Supplies and Stationery

Ice Cream and all Kinds of Iced Drinks

Rolland Bros.

Now for Victory

THE War Savings Stamps and certificates offered by the United States Government makes patriotic service possible to all. Every 25-cent Thrift Stamp you buy is more than a silver quarter safely loaned at 4% interest, compounded four times yearly. It is a measure of your self denial, made at a critical time in the cause of Freedom and Democracy.

These stamps and certificates place a wonderful opportunity before every man, woman and child, to become an investor in Government securities. This Bank will gladly explain them to you as well as supply you with them.

Remember a $5.00 saving certificate for $4.12 this month —the cost is more in February.

Exchange Bank of Carrizozo
Carrizozo, New Mexico

Plant your money in Our Bank, and watch your balance grow.

IF YOU DON'T PLANT ANYTHING, WHY NATURALLY, NOTHING WILL GROW. YOU CAN START A FORTUNE TO GROWING WITH ONE DOLLAR. YOU'LL NEED THAT MONEY SOME DAY.

THE FARMER IS WILLING TO WAIT FOR HIS CROP TO GROW. ARE YOU NOT WILLING TO PLANT A FEW DOLLARS AND LET IT GROW?

IT IS A MIGHTY COMFORTABLE FEELING TO HAVE A FAT BANK BOOK IN YOUR POCKET.

COME TO OUR BANK

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK
OF CARRIZOZO

SAVE WHILE YOU ARE YOUNG

and you'll never want when you get old. The habit of saving is easy to begin and good to continue. Dollars put by today mean comfort and independence in days to come. But save in the right way. Make your savings earn their keeps by depositing them here where they will earn four per cent annually

BANK WITH US, GROW WITH US

The Lincoln State Bank

It is our desire to bring home to you the fact that our bank can help you to a large extent in financial affairs. The price of prosperity is industry and economy and those who will not pay the price reap only penury. We all make enough money to become comfortably established but it is only the wise few who save it. Let us prove this argument to you in person.

Stockmens State Bank
CORONA, NEW MEXICO

— 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.

Old Fogy Stand From Under

At this time when every thing is being keyed up to the highest pitch of efficiency it would seem that the wise thing for the merchants of Carrizozo and White Oaks to do would be to change their present obsolete way of delivering goods to a systematic cooperative plan which could be operated at a price, at least forty per cent cheaper than their present delivery service costs them.

It has been authoritatively stated that under this old, helter-skelter-everyone-for-himself and the devil-take-the-hindmost-plan the "purchaser pays from 3 to 40 cents for delivery charges, on every dollar he spends for goods."

There has been so much said and written about the pernicious effects, of patronizing mail-order houses, on rural town communities, that one would think all the small towns within the first and second zone radius of large cities would be obliterated. 'Tis true they staggered for awhile under the blow dealt their primitive business ways by the mail-order houses and parcel post, but they called their mental capabilities into action and they found that by adopting efficient and intelligent business methods they could compete with the new combined adversary.

There are beautiful towns, prosperous and growing, within the first and second zone radius of Chicago, Cleveland and all the large cities. but efficiency and intelligent service is the keynote throughout the business and the municipal government of these towns. In them you find no such bungling in delivery as we have here but it is all done with the exactness and definiteness as is the delivering of U. S. mail.

It has come to a point where we of the southwest must draw more closely together in a common bond of self-sacrifice and team work. Selfishness must be kept in the background if indeed it can not be buried.

This war is teaching marvelous lessons and if we take advantage of them and perpetuate them the great cost of the conflict, in blood and treasure, will not have been entirely lost.

If only we could awake to the real facts, the serious impart of the situation!

Every housewife in the county should read what the returned German Embassador, James W. Gerard, has written about "What the German Women Have Done that the American Women Can Now Do".

It certainly would fill every one with enthusiasm and cause them to demand the adoption of less bungling and expensive business systems.

Our women are not the inadequate, thoughtless creatures that our business men seem to believe. They are capable of planning into the future for at least a length of twenty-four hours.

Carrizozo Live Stock Commission Company

A new enterprize now ready for business. Buying, selling ranches and live stock of all kinds. Sheep, goats, cattle, horses, and mules. We have quite a lot of business listed and several customers desiring to purchase stock of various kinds. We respectfully ask a portion of your business. Guaranteeing satisfaction and prompt attention. Room 4, Lutz Bldg.

2-22-tf

Notice for Publication
081417

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Roswell, N. M., March 16, 1918.

Notice is hereby given that Thomas E. Howser, of Oscuro, N. M., who, on March 23, 1915, made H. E., No. 081417, for N½, Section 18, Township 9-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 Guido Rasmiger, U. S. Commissioner, at his office, at Oscuro, N. M., on April 27, 1918.

Claimant names as witnesses: Sarah F. Gilbert, Paul Gilbert, Eugene F. Jones, and William T. Sterling, all of Oscuro, N. M.

EMMETT PATTON, Register.

March 22—April 19.

Serves Without Compensation

Fifty-seven years old, yet as spry as almost any soldier in camp, of the Jewish faith, yet giving all his time to Young Men's Christian Association work, Morris Isaacs of Cincinnati, Ohio, has been the subject of more than one question at Camp Sheridan, Montgomery, Alabama, where the Ohio National Guardmen are encamped.

"Why does he do it?" ask his fellow-citizens of Cincinnati, knowing that Mr. Isaacs gave up a profitable business, and that he is engaging in Red Triangle work without salary, paying his own expenses in the camp where his only son is captain.

There are two reasons, and Morris Isaacs is willing to give them both.

"Love for my boy, and love for the army Y. M. C. A. which serves our boys wherever they go with the colors," he says.

Mr. Isaacs is one of the leading figures in the recreative life at Camp Sheridan. He arranges the boxing shows, figures out the entertainments, and raises money whenever the special Army Y. M. C. A. fund at Camp Sheridan gets slim.

Something like $3,500 was needed to finish equipping the new Red Triangle Coliseum, the largest building in any training ramp in the country. Mr. Isaacs entrained for Cincinnati, and in less than one day raised $4,000.

His son, Captain Stanley Isaacs, of Company K of the old First Ohio Regiment, was recently notified of impending transfer at Camp Wadsworth, Spartanburg, South Carolina.

"I want to continue in the Y. M. C. A service wherever I go, serving without compensation, except the good will of the boys.

"Mr. Isaacs told the Army Y. M. C. A. secretary at Camp Sheridan, A. G. Bookwalter, former general secretary of the Cincinnati Y. M. C. A. "I will remain with you till we get the 'Buckeye' Coliseum in shape, but then I would like permission to follow my boy."

The military authorities, appreciating the value of Mr. Isaacs' work at Camp Sheridan, and also his wish to be near his only son, have permitted Captain Isaacs to remain with the Ohio regiment.

Mr. Isaacs wants to go to France as an Army Y. M. C. A. worker when his son is ordered over-seas.

Corona

Mrs. Frank Standhardt and children are spending a few days with Mrs. Brack Sloan at Ancho.

Carroll Johnson of Carrizozo was a recent visitor to Corona.

E. M. Brickley of Carrizozo, and H. B. Jones of Tucumcari, were in Corona Thursday, looking after banking interests here.

E. L. Moulton made a business trip to Estancia Thursday returning Friday.

Ed Harris and daughter, Miss Vera, of Carrizozo were recent Corona visitors. Mr. Harris purchased a Buick 6 from the agency here.

The Red Cross ladies shipped a third consignment of finished hospital garments this week. Quite a number of knitted garments were also in the shipment.

Buster Brown and Tige were in town Monday. A good sized crowd gathered at the Trading Co.'s store to see and to hear Buster Brown tell about the Brown Shoe Company. The children of Corona were quite interested as it was the first visit of Buster and Tige to this place.

Final plans have been made for Red Cross benefit dance to be given Friday night and it is hoped that there will be good attendance.

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

Public Lands

Several thousand printed copies of the annual report of the Commissioner of Public lands for the last fiscal year were delivered this week to the office of land commissioner Robert P. Ervien, for general distribution among citizens of New Mexico who are interested in knowing the status of the vast land tracts owned by the state.

The current report of the Land Commissioner is in more careful detail than has ever been attempted before. It shows the exact status of each of the land grants as to sale, lease and selection, the revenue it is producing for the institution it is supporting, and the growth of this revenue from year to year from establishment of the office.

The importance of this report is indicated in the following extracts from a letter by Governor Lindsey, written to Land Commissioner Ervien in acknowledging receipt of the report:

"It is apparrent," Governor Lindsey's letter says, "that the revenues from the state lands have become one of the most important of the State's sources of income and that the volume of these revenues probably will be increased from year to year, with the continued exercise of good business policy and judgment in the administration of the lands.

"The report, I believe, should be printed and given as wide distribution as possible, and I would urge personally that every citizen and particularly every taxpayer in New Mexico give the report a thorough and thoughtful reading."

A copy will be sent free to any citizen who will apply to the State Land Office, Santa Fe, N. M.

Daily Bulletins

The Exchange Bank is receiving daily bulletins from the Department of Agriculture and are posting them up for the information. They deal with food shipments, prices, temperature, moisture, etc, and should be of interest, especially to farmers.

Instruments Recorded

(During Week Ending March 29, 1918)

DEEDS

Pablo Luna to Gaspar Lozano, lot 9, block 35, town of Carrizozo.

George Kimbrell, Sr. to W. E. Kimbrell, 23 acres near Picacho.

W. E. Kimbrell and wife to George Kimbrell, tract near Picacho.

Vicente Flores and wife to Lazaro Romero, tract in Picacho.

Lazaro Romero to Manuel Williams, tract in Picacho.

Lazaro Romero to Teresita G. Williams, tract in Picacho.

Samuel S Starkey to Tinnie Starkey, 70 acres of land on Eaglecreek.

John H. Phillips and wife to M. U. Finley, 440 acres being part Phillips ranch south of Carrizozo.

John H. Phillips to Finley & Sons, 400 acres being part Phillips ranch south of Carrizozo.

Peter R. Phillips to M. U. Finley, 240 acres south of Carrizozo.

Fred Pfingsten Trustee to E. P. & R. I. Co., 25 tracts of land and water rights on Hondo near Lincoln.

Carrizozo Townsite Co. to W. S. Brady, lot south of track.

W. S Brady to Sebero Perez to Pablo Luna, same as above.

James V. Bergen, Trustee to E. P. & R. I. Ry. Co., 12 tracts of land and water rights on Eagle Creek.

Fred Pfingsten, Trustee, to E. P. & R. I. Ry. Co., 6 tracts of land and water rights on Hondo near Lincoln.

Heirs of Brigida Pacheco to Amada Pacheco de Montoya, tract near Lincoln, part of Bartlett place.

Chicago Copper Mine Co. to T. J. Warman, 3 lots Oscuro.

PATENTS

U. S. to Charles Kruger, 160 acres below Angus.

U. S. to Apolonio Romero, 160 acres south of Rabenton.

U. S. to Miles R. Dunn, 160 acres southwest of Oscuro.

MARRIAGE LICENSE

Juan Sais and Manuelita Uderos, of Carrizozo.

William E. Elliott & Mary Morris, of Carrizozo.

Furnished by the American Title and Trust Company, Abstractors, Carrizozo, New Mexico, Incorporated 1908. W. H. Osborn, Secretary.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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

C. A. PERKINS
Attorney-at-Law
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

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

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 1918:
January 26, February 23, March 23, April 20, May 25, June 22, July 20, August 17, September 14, October 12, November 16, December 14 and 27.
R. E. BLANEY, W. M.
S. F. MILLER, Secretary.

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

THROUGH DAILY SERVICE
ROSWELL-CARRIZOZO MAIL LINE

Leave Roswell.....7:00 a. m.
Leave Carrizozo.....1:00 p. m.
Arrive Roswell.....8:30 p. m.
Arrive Carrizozo.....2:15 p. m.

INTERMEDIATE POINTS
Picacho - Tinnie
Hondo - Lincoln
Capitan - Nogal

Through fare one way $8.00.
Intermediate points 8 cents per mile.

ROSWELL AUTO COMPANY
OWNERS AND OPERATORS

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

The Real Adventure

A NOVEL

By Henry Kitchell Webster

(Copyright 1910, The Bobbs-Merrill Company)

CHAPTER XXIII.—Continued.

—16—

There was something peculiarly horrifying to him in the exhibition Randolph was making of himself. He'd never in his life taken a drink except convivially, and then he took as little as would pass muster. Going off alone and deliberately fuddling oneself, as a means of escaping unpleasant realities, struck him as an act of the basest cowardice. But for that picture of Rose he'd have gone long ago and left Randolph to his bemused reflections. Only . . . Rose had asked him to drop in on the doctor for a visit. Did she mean she wanted him to try to help?

He tried, though not very successfully, to conceal his violent disrelish of the task, when he said: "Look here, Jim! What is the matter with you? Are you sober enough to tell me?"

Randolph put down his glass. "I have told you," he said. "I'm Eleanor's kept man. Well kept, oh, yes! Beautifully kept. I'm nothing but a possession of hers! A trophy of sorts, an ornament. I'm something she's made. I have a big practice. I'm the most fashionable doctor in Chicago. They come here, the women, in shoals. That's Eleanor's doing. I'm a faker, a fraud. I pose for them. I play up. I give them what they want. And that's her doing. They go silly about me—fancy they're in love with me.

"I haven't done a lick of honest work in the last year. I can't work. She won't let me work. She smothers me. Wherever I turn, there she is—smoothing things out, trying to make it easy, trying to anticipate my wants. I've only one want. That's to be let alone. She can't do that. She's insatiable. There's always something more she's trying to get, and I'm always trying to keep something away from her—and failing.

"And why? Do you want to know why, Aldrich? That's the crux of the thing. Because we're in love with each other—she wants me to live on her love. To have nothing else to live on.

"Do you want to know what my notion of heaven is? It would be to get off alone with one spirit of a man in a hollow—oh, and fifty or a hundred dollars in my pocket. I wouldn't need that. I don't want to be a tramp, to sell—nothing down or else—where I could get a grip. I'm pretty sure the things I'd get would be worth the cases—the moment gives real things, urgent things that might be worth while to do. I'd like to start a school, be poor, get this stink of success out of my nostrils. I'd like to see if I could make good on my own.

"I came back from New York after that look at Rose meaning to—I'm going to talk it out with Eleanor and tell her why and then . . . I turned. Talk's cheap. But I tell you I'll never go. I'll go on growing softer and more of a fake, more detestable. And Eleanor will go on eating me up until the last thing in me that is myself is gone. And then she'll look at me and see that I am nothing.

Then with suddenly thickened speech (an affectation, perhaps) he looked up at Rodney and demanded:

"What are you looking so sober about? Can't you take a joke? Come along and have another drink."

"No," Rodney said. "I'm going. And you'd better get to bed."

Rodney walked home that night like a man dazed. The vividness of one blazing idea blinded him. The thing that Randolph had seen and lacked the courage to do; the thing Rodney despised him for a coward for having failed to do—that thing Rose had done.

Without knowing it, yielding to a blind, unscrutinized instinct, he'd wanted Rose to live on his love. He'd tried to smooth things out for her, anticipate her wants. He'd wanted her soft, helpless, dependent. She'd seen, even then, something he'd been blind to—something he'd blinded himself to: that love, by itself, was not enough. That it could poison, as well as feed.

But she had won, among the rest of her spoils of victory, the thing she had originally set out to get. His friendship and respect. Friendship, he remembered her saying, was a thing you had to earn. When you'd earned it, it couldn't be withheld from you. Well, it was right she should be told that; made to understand it to the full. He couldn't ask her to come back to him. But she must know that her respect was as necessary now to him as she'd once said his was to her. He must see her and tell her that.

He stopped abruptly in his walk. His bones, as the Psalmist said, turned to water. How should he confront that gaze of hers, which knew so much and understood so deeply—he with the memory of his two last ignominious encounters with her behind him?

CHAPTER XXIV.

Friends.

Except for the vacuum where the core and heart of it all ought to have been, Rose's life in New York during the year that put her on the highroad to success as a designer of costumes for the theater was a good life, broadening, stimulating, seasoning. It rested, to begin with, on a foundation of adequate material comfort which the unwonted physical privations of the six months that preceded it made seem like positive luxury.

For several months after she came to New York to work for Galbraith she found him a martinet. She never once caught that twinkling gleam of understanding in his eye which had meant so much to her during the rehearsals of "The Girl Up-Stairs." His manner toward her carried out the tone of the letter she'd got from him in Chicago. It was stiff, formal, severe. He seldom praised her work, and never ungrudgingly. His censure was rare, too, to be sure, but this obviously was because Rose almost never gave him an excuse for it. Working for him in this mood gave her the uneasy sensation one experiences when walking abroad under a sultry, overcast sky, with mutterings and flashes in it. And then one night the storm broke.

They had lingered in the theater after the dismissal of a rehearsal, to talk over a change in one of the numbers Rose had been working on. It refused to come out satisfactorily. Rose thought she saw a way of doing it that would work better, and she had been telling him about it. Eagerly, at first, and with a limpid directness which, however, became clouded and troubled when she felt he wasn't paying attention. It was a difficulty with him she had encountered before.

But tonight, after an angry turn down the aisle and back, he suddenly cried out: "I don't know. I don't know what you've been talking about. I don't know, and I don't care." And then, confronting her, their faces not a foot apart, for by now she had got to her feet, his hands gripped together and shaking, his teeth clenched, his eyes glowing there in the half-light of the auditorium almost like an animal's, he demanded: "Can you see what's the matter with me? Haven't you seen it yet?"

Of course she saw it now, plainly enough. She sat down again, managing an air of deliberation about it, and gripped the back of the orchestra chair in front of her. He remained standing over her there in the aisle.

When the heightening tension of the silence that followed this outburst had grown absolutely unendurable, she spoke. But the only thing she could find to say was almost ludicrously inadequate.

"No, I didn't see it until now. I'm sorry."

"You didn't see it," he echoed. "I know you didn't. You've never seen me at all from the beginning, as anything but a machine. But why haven't you? You're a woman. If I ever saw a woman in my life, you're one all the way through. Why couldn't you see that I am a man? It isn't because I've got gray hair, nor because I'm fifty years old. I don't believe you're like that. But even back there in Chicago, the night we walked down the avenue from that store, or the night we had supper together after the show—"

"I suppose I ought to have seen," she said softly. "Ought to have known that that was all there was to it. But I didn't."

"Well, you see it now," he said savagely, turning and strode away up the aisle and then back to her. He sat down in the seat in front of her and turned around. "I want to see your face," he said. "There's something I want to know. Something you've got to tell me. You said once, back there in Chicago, that there was only one person who really mattered to you. I want to know who that person is. What he is. Whether he's still the one person who really matters. If he isn't, I'll take my chance."

Remembering the scene afterward, Rose was a little surprised that she'd been able to answer him as she did, without a hesitation or a stammer, and with a straight gaze that held his until she had finished.

"The only person in the world," she said, "who ever has mattered to me, or ever will matter, is my husband. I fell in love with him the day I met him. I was in love with him when I left him. I'm in love with him now. Everything I do that's any good is just something he might be proud of if he knew it. And every failure is just something I hope I would make him understand and not despise me for. It's months since I've seen him, but there isn't a day, there isn't an hour in a day, when I don't think about him and—want him. I don't know whether I'll ever see him again, but if I don't, it won't make any difference with that. That's why I didn't see what I might have seen about you. It wasn't possible for me to see. I'd never have seen it if you hadn't told me in so many words, like this. Do you see now?"

He turned away from her with a nod, and put his hands up to his face. She waited a moment to see whether he had anything else to say, for the habit of waiting for his dismissal was too strong to be broken even for a situation like this. But finding that he hadn't, she got up and walked out of the theater.

There was an hour after she had gained the haven of her apartment when she pretty well went to pieces. So this was all, was it, that she owed her illusory appearance of success to? The amorous selfishness of a man old enough to be her father! Once more, she blissfully and ignorantly unsuspecting all the while, it was love that had made her world go round. The same attraction that James Randolph long ago had told her about. All she'd accomplished in that bitter year since she left Rodney had been to make another man fall in love with her!

It was natural, of course, that the relation between them, after that, should not prove quite so simple and manageable. There were breathless days when the storm visibly hung in the sky; there were strained, stiff, self-conscious moments of rigidly enforced politeness. Things got said despite his resolute repression that had, as resolutely, to be ignored. But in the intervals of these failures there emerged a new thing—genuine friendliness, partnership.

It was just after Christmas that Abe Shuman took her away from Galbraith and put her to work exclusively on costumes. And the swift sequence of events within a month thereafter launched her in an independent business: the new partnership, with the details of which, through Jimmy Wallace, you are already sufficiently acquainted.

Her partner was Alice Perosini. She was the daughter of a rich Italian Jew, a beautiful—really a wonderful—person to look at, but a little unaccountable, especially with the gorgeous clothes she wore, in the circle of women who "did things," of which Rose had become a part. Rose took her time about deciding that she liked her, but ended by preferring her to all the rest. But the fact that they had become partners served, somehow, to divert a relation between them which might otherwise have developed into a first-class friendship. Not that they quarreled, or even disappointed each other in the close contacts of the day's work. But at the end of the day's work they tended to fly apart rather than to stick together. More and more Rose turned to Galbraith for a friendship that really understood; gripped deep.

There were long stretches of days, of course, when they saw nothing of each other, and Rose, as long as she had plenty to do, was never conscious of missing him. But the prospect of an empty Sunday morning, for instance, was always enormously brightened if he called up to say that it was empty for him, too, and shouldn't they go for a walk or a ferry-ride somewhere.

All told, she learned more about men, as such, from him than ever she had learned, consciously at least, from Rodney. She'd never been able to regard her husband as a specimen. He was Rodney, sui generis, and it had never occurred to her either to generalize from him to other men or to explain anything about him on the mere ground of his masculinity. She began doing that now a little, and the exercise opened her eyes.

In a good many ways Galbraith and her husband were a good deal alike. Both were rough, direct, a little remorseless, and there was in both of them, right alongside the best and finest and clearest things they had, an unaccountable vein of childishness. She'd never been willing to call it by that name in Rodney. But when she saw it in Galbraith too, she wondered. Was that just the man of it? Did a man, as long as he lived, need somebody in the role of—mother? The thought all but suffocated her.

One Saturday morning, toward the end of May, Galbraith called up and wanted to know if she wouldn't come over to his Long Island farm the following morning and spend the day. She had visited the place two or three times, and had always enjoyed it immensely there. It wasn't much of a farm, but there was a delightful old Revolutionary farmhouse on it, with ceilings seven feet high, and casement windows, and the floors of all the rooms on different levels; and Galbraith, there, was always quite at his best. His sister and her husband, whom he had brought over from England when he bought the place, ran it for him. Rose accepted eagerly.

Galbraith met her with a dogcart and a fat pony, and when they had jogged their way to their destination, they spent what was left of the morning looking over the farm. Then there was a midday farm dinner, which Rose astonished herself by dealing with as it deserved, and by feeling sleepy at the conclusion of.

Coming into the veranda about four o'clock, and finding her, Galbraith suggested that they go for a walk. Two hours later, having swung her legs over a stone wall which had a comfortably inviting flat top, she remained sitting there and let her gaze rest, unfocused, on the pleasant farm land below them.

After a glance at her he leaned back against the wall at her side and began filling his pipe. She dropped her hand on his nearer shoulder. After all these months of friendship it was the first approach to a caress that had passed between them. "You're a good friend," she said; and then the hand that had rested on him so lightly suddenly gripped hard. "And I guess I need one."

He went on filling his pipe. "Anything special you need one for?" he asked.

She gave a ragged little laugh. "I guess not. Just somebody strong and steady to hold on to like this."

"Well," he said, very deliberately, "you want to realize this: You say I'm a friend, and I am, but if there is anything in this friendship which can be of use to you, you're entitled to everything there is in it. Because you made it."

"One person can't make a friendship," she said. "But you are content with it, aren't you? Like this?"

He smoked in silence for a minute; then: "Why, 'content' is hardly the word for it. When I think what it was I wanted and what you've given me instead—something I wouldn't trade for all the love in the world."

"I'd like to believe it was a better thing," she said, "but I'm afraid I can't."

"Neither could I, when I was how old are you?—twenty-four. Perhaps when you're fifty-one you can."

"I suppose so," she said absently. "Perhaps if it were a question of choosing between a love that hadn't any friendship in it and a friendship . . . But it can't be like that! Can it? Can't one have both? Can't a man—love a woman and be her friend and partner all at the same time?"

"I can't answer for every man," he said reflectively. "But I've a notion that nine out of a dozen, if you could get down to the actual bedrock facts about them, would own up that if they were in love with a woman—really, you know—they wouldn't want her for a partner, and wouldn't be able to see her as a friend. That's just a guess, of course. But there's one thing I know, and that is that I couldn't."

She gave a little shiver. "Oh, what a mess it is!" she said. "What a perfectly hopeless blunder it is!" She slid down from the wall. "Come, let's walk."

He fell in beside her, and they tramped sturdily along for a while in silence. At last he said: "I don't know that I can explain it, but I don't think I'd call it a blunder that a strip of spring steel can't bend in your fingers like copper, and still go on being a spring. You see, a man wants his work, and then he wants something that's altogether apart from his work. Love's about as far away as anything he can get. So that the notion of our working ourselves half to death over the same job, and then going home together—"

"Yes," she admitted. "I can see that. But that doesn't cover friendship."

He owned that it didn't. "But when I'm in love with a woman—this isn't a fact I'm proud of, but it's true—I'm jealous of her. I want to be everything to her. I want her to think nobody else could be right and I be wrong. And I want to be able to think the same of her." He thought it over a bit longer, and then went on: "No, I've been in love with women I thought were lying to me, cheating me; women I've hated; women I've known hated me. But I've never been in love with a woman who was my friend." He had been tramping along, communing with his pipe, thinking aloud. If he'd been watching Rose's face he wouldn't have gone so far.

"Well, if it's like that—" she said, and the quality of her voice drew his full attention instantly—"if love has to be like that, then the game doesn't seem worth going on with. You can't live with it, and you can't live—without it." Her voice dropped a little, but gained in intensity. "At least I can't. I don't believe I can." She stopped and faced him. "What can one do?" she demanded. She turned away with a despairing gesture and stood gazing out, tear-blinded, over the little valley the hilltop they had reached commanded.

"You want to remember this," he said at last. "I've been talking about myself. I might have been different if my first love affair had been an altogether different thing. And I'm not, thank God, a fair sample."

"My love affair brought me a home and—kids," she said. "There are two of them—twins—a year and a half old now; and I went off and left them; left him. I thought that by earning my own way, building a life that he didn't—surround, as you say, I could win his friendship. And have his love besides. I don't suppose you would have believed there could be such a fool in the world as I was to do that."

He took a while digesting this truly amazing statement of hers. But at last he said: "No, I wouldn't call you a fool. I call a fool a person who thinks he can get something for nothing. You didn't think that. You were willing to pay—a heavy price it must have been, too—for what you wanted. And I've an idea, you know, that you never really pay without getting something."

"I don't know," she said raggedly. "Perhaps . . ."

There was a seven-thirty train to town, and they finished their walk at the station. She got back to her apartment about nine. Two corners of white projected from under her door, a visiting card and a folded bit of paper. It was Rodney's card, and on it he'd written: "Sorry to have missed you. I'll come back at eight."

Her shaking fingers fumbled pitifully over the folds of the note, but she got it open at last. It was from him, too. It read:

Dear Rose: This is hard luck. I suppose you're off for a week-end somewhere. I want very much to see you. When you come back, and have leisure for me will you call me up? I know how busy you are, so I'll wait until I hear from you. RODNEY.

When the telephone girl switched her to the information desk, and the information clerk said, "Mr. Rodney Aldrich? Just a moment," and then: "Mr. Aldrich is in fifteen naught five," the dry contraction in her throat made it impossible for her to speak. She couldn't answer his first "Hello," and he said it again, sharply, "Hello, what is it?"

And then suddenly her voice came back. A voice that startled her with its distinctness. "Hello, Rodney," she said, "this is Rose."

There was a perfectly blank silence after that, and then the crisp voice of an operator somewhere—"Waiting?"

"Yes," she heard Rodney say, "get off the line." And then to her: "I came to see you this afternoon, and again tonight."

"Yes, I know," she said. "I just this minute got in. Can't you come back again now?" How in the world, she wondered, could she manage her voice like that! From the way it sounded she might have been speaking to Alice Perosini; and yet her shaking hand could hardly hold the receiver. She heard him say:

"It's pretty late, isn't it? I don't want to . . . You'll be tired and . . ."

"It's not too late for me," she said, "only you might come before it gets any later."

She managed to wait until she heard him say "All right" before she hung up the receiver. Then a big, racking sob, not to be denied any longer, pounced upon her and shook her.

CHAPTER XXV.

Ceuleur-de-Rose.

It was altogether fortunate for Rose that she had attempted no preparation, because the situation she found herself in when she'd opened the door for her husband, shaken hands with him, led him into her sitting room and asked him to sit down, was one which the wildest cast of her imagination would never have suggested as a possible one for her and Rodney.

It was his manner, she felt sure, that had created it; his rather formal attitude; the way he held his hat. It was the slightly anxious, very determined attitude of an estimable and rather shy young man making his first call on a young lady upon whom he is desperately desirous of making a favorable impression.

And he was Rodney, and she was Rose. It was like an absurd dream.

"Won't you smoke?" she asked suddenly, and hurried on when he hesitated. "I don't do it myself, but most of my friends do, and I keep the things." From a drawer in her writing desk she produced a tin box of cigarettes. "They're your kind—unless you've changed," she commented, and went over to the mantel-shelf for an ash tray and a match safe. The match safe was empty and she left the room to get a fresh supply from her kitchen.

On the inner face of her front door was a big mirror, and in it, as she came back through the unlighted passage, she saw her husband. He was sitting just as she'd left him, and as his face was partly turned away from her, it could not have been from the expression of it that she got her revelation. But she stopped there in the dark and caught her breath and leaned back against the wall and squeezed the tears out of her eyes.

He stayed that first evening a little less than an hour, and when he got up to go she made no effort to detain him. The thing had been, as its unbroken surface could satisfy, a highly successful first call. Before she let him go, though, she asked him how long he was going to be in New York, and on getting a very indeterminate answer which offered a minimum of "two or three days" and a maximum that could not even be guessed at, she said:

"I hope you're not going to be too dreadfully busy for us to see a lot of each other. I wish we might manage it once every day."

That shook him; for a moment, she thought the lightning was going to strike, and stood very still holding her breath, waiting for it.

But he steadied himself, said he could certainly manage that if she could, and, as the elevator came up in response to her ring, said that he would call her up in the morning at her office. As she cuddled her cheek into the pillow that night, Rose smiled her old, wide smile. She was the happiest person in the world.

That manner of Rodney's lasted—recurred, at least, whenever Rose and he were together—almost unaltered, for two whole days. There was a visit of his to her workshop, where he listened intently to her explanations of her tools and her working methods. There was a luncheon, at which, unwincing, he made her tell him the whole story of her success; and a dinner and theater, after which he brought her home in a taxi, and, having told the chauffeur to wait, formally escorted her to the elevator. But with the last of the next day's light, the ice broke up and the floods came.

She had taken him to a studio tea in the upper sixties just off West End avenue, the proprietors of the studio being a tousled, bearded, blond anarchist of a painter and his exceedingly pretty, smart, frivolous-looking wife.

The two men had instinctively drawn controversial swords almost at sight of each other, and for the hour and a half that they were together the combat raged mightily, to the unmixed satisfaction of both participants. The feelings of the bystanders were perhaps more diverse, but Rose, at least, enjoyed herself thoroughly, over seeing her husband's big, formidable, finely poised mind in action again. The talk, of course, ranged everywhere: socialism, feminism, law and its crimes, art, and the social mind.

It was half-past six or thereabouts when they left the studio, and the late May afternoon was at its loveliest. "I want to walk," said Rose, "after that tea, if I'm ever to want any dinner." He nodded, a little absently, she thought, and fell in step beside her. There was no mention at any time of their destination.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Art of Hanging Pictures.

Pictures should have a strong base below, a large centerpiece above, and a higher point above this, thereby meeting architectural demands. A sofa against the wall, or a bookcase, or a large table may form the base, with an important picture as the centerpiece, either square or oblong. At all events the base should be wider than the structure above, and there should be a higher point of apex. The best of one's pictures should be placed over the fireplace.

To drive a tank, handle the guns, and sweep over the enemy trenches, takes strong nerves, good rich blood, a good stomach, liver and kidneys. When the time comes, the man with red blood in his veins "is up and at it." He has iron nerves for hardships—an interest in his work grips him. That's the way you feel when you have taken a blood and nerve tonic, made up of Blood root, Golden Seal root, Stone root, Cherry bark, and rolled into a sugar-coated tablet and sold in sixty-cent vials by almost all druggists for past fifty years as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This tonic, in liquid or tablet form, is just what you need this spring to give you vim, vigor and vitality. At the fag end of a hard winter, no wonder you feel "run-down," blue, out of sorts. Try this "Medical Discovery" of Dr. Pierce's. Don't wait! To-day is the day to begin! A little "pep," and you laugh and live.

The best means to oil the machinery of the body, put tone into the liver, kidneys and circulatory system, is to first practice a good house-cleaning. I know of nothing better as a laxative than a vegetable pill made up of May-apple, leaves of aloe and jalap. This is commonly sold by all druggists as Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, and should be taken at least once a week to clear the twenty-five feet of intestines. You will thus clean the system—expel the poisons and keep *well*. *Now* is the time to clean house. Give yourself a spring house cleaning.—Adv.

Ready.

Bobby—I would kiss you if I thought no one would see me.

Flossy—Shall I close my eyes?

KIDNEY TROUBLE NOT EASILY RECOGNIZED

Applicants for Insurance Often Rejected

An examining physician for one of the prominent life insurance companies, in an interview of the subject, made the astonishing statement that one reason why so many applicants for insurance are rejected is because kidney trouble is so common to the American people, and the large majority of those whose applications are declined do not even suspect that they have the disease.

Judging from reports from druggists who are constantly in direct touch with the public, there is one preparation that has been very successful in overcoming these conditions. The mild and healing influence of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its remarkable record of success.

We find that Swamp-Root is strictly an herbal compound and we would advise our readers who feel in need of such a remedy to give it a trial. It is on sale at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large.

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.

False teeth are one thing, but a false tongue behind them is another.

Marriage is like any other condition; where there is life there is hope.

DON'T LET WORMS EAT YOUR PROFITS

An animal with worms cannot thrive. Keep your livestock free from worms by giving them Dr. DAVID ROBERTS' Worm Powder Price 50c

Hogs will fatten quicker, horses will look sleeker, poultry will be healthier. Read the Practical Home Veterinarian. Send for free booklet on Diseases in Cows. If no dealer in your town, write Dr. David Roberts' Vet. Co., 150 Grand Avenue, Waukesha, Wis.

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.

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Same price as before the war. Then write to us for catalogue.

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PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

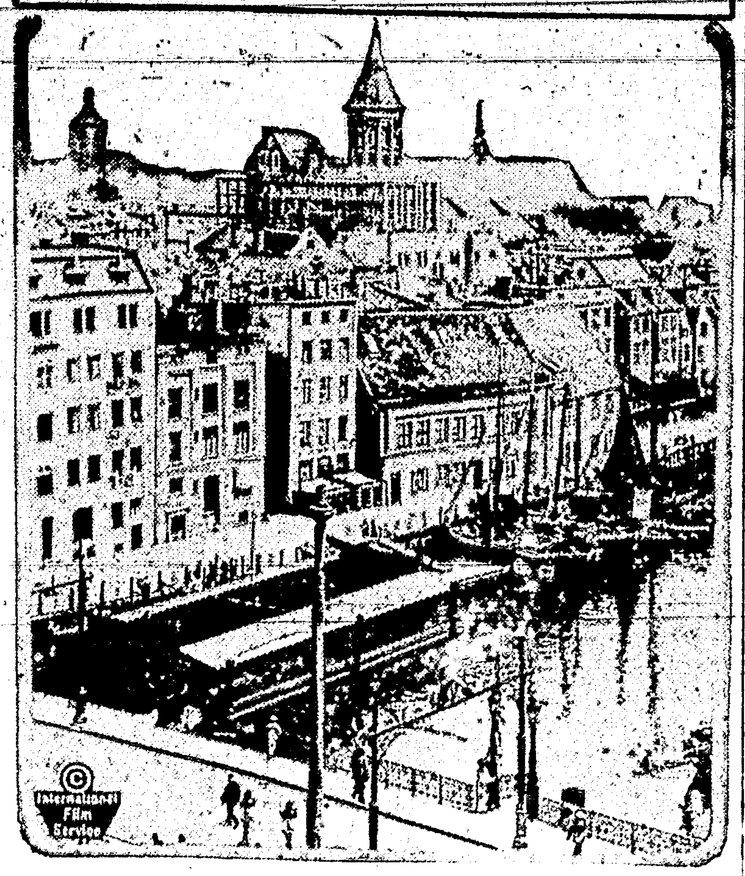
A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

A BAD COUGH

is risky to neglect. Take it in hand, and safeguard your health by promptly taking

PISO'S

LITHUANIA



Koenigsberg, Prussia, Claimed by the New Lithuania.

LITHUANIA, which has declared its independence of Russia, has a history that for hundreds of years was intertwined with that of Poland, with which it long maintained a loose sort of union. At the time of the dismemberment of Poland it went for the most part to Russia. Lithuania now comprises the Russian "governments" of Kovno, Vilna, Grodno, Vitebsk, Minsk, Mogilev, and Suwalki (the last a part of Russian Poland.) This territory is almost entirely occupied just now by the Germans, who swept over it in their campaign of 1915 against the Russians. In the heyday of the Lithuanians the dominions of their princes extended, however, far beyond the limits of today, reaching even the shores of the Black sea, and embracing districts now included in Ukraine, Poland, and other parts of Russia.

A most interesting point about the claims of those who have brought about the Lithuanian declaration of independence is that, in their extreme form, they contemplate not only the separation of Lithuania from Russia but also the incorporation into the new state of German territory which centuries ago formed part of Lithuania. This district includes the important city of Koenigsberg, in what is now East Prussia, as well as Tilsit and other towns. If this district should form part of the new Lithuania, and if an independent Poland should have free access to the sea after the war through the seaport of Danzig, formerly Polish and now German, there would be a small wedge of German territory, isolated from the rest of the empire, between Polish Danzig and Lithuanian Koenigsberg. The Lithuanians re-enforce their claims to Koenigsberg and other cities now under German or Russian rule by pointing to the fact that they have names for them in the Lithuanian language which the cities bore in the old days before they were seized by Teutons or Slavs.

Once a Great Principality.

The Lithuanian nation in the fourth century of our era was living along the coast of the Baltic sea between Riga and Koenigsberg.

From the tenth to the sixteenth century the Lithuanian principality extended from the Baltic to the Black sea. In that territory were White Russians and Ukrainians or Little Russians. White Russians are mostly of Lithuanian stock. Whoever goes from Lithuania to White Russia soon notices that the same types, customs and festivities exist there. The language of White Russia is 25 per cent Lithuanian, and the attitude of the people toward the Lithuanians is very friendly.

The Lithuanians are Indo-Aryans, fair, light-haired, blue-eyed, tall, and strong. They are in no way related to the Slav or Teuton. They are said to have crossed from Asia to Europe about 2,000 B. C. They settled along the Black sea, near the mouth of the Danube. Gradually they were driven by other races until they came to the shores of the Baltic, where they finally settled. Here Lithuanians grew and prospered. They were peaceful folk, never fighting unless attacked, busy with agricultural pursuits, and a few with hunting and fishing. As a nation they were prevented from going into manufacturing or into commerce by physical surroundings, but some of the more venturesome made trips to Roman territory with cargoes of amber and various products of their country.

The language of the Lithuanians has been preserved to this day. Some even say that it is the oldest language in use. It closely resembles the Sanskrit and, in many cases of research work, is the key to it.

Beat Germans and Mongols.

The Lithuanians lived in clans until the thirteenth century, when, because of national danger, they banded together. They chose Ringaudas as the first grand duke of Lithuania, and he soon collected a large army. He defeated the Germans and stopped the western advance of the Mongolians. He likewise defeated the Russians and increased the territory of Lithuania considerably.

Mindaugis, the next grand duke, a capable organizer and administrator, continued the work successfully. Gedeminas, a shrewd diplomat, as is shown in his correspondence with the popes of Rome and the Teutonic order, was the next grand duke of note. He established the grand duchy of Lithuania on a firm basis, vanquished the Russians, Teutons, and especially the Tartars, and so helped save Europe from the greatest disaster that could have befallen it—invasion and occupation by Mongolians. At this time Lithuania extended from the Baltic sea to the Black sea. After the death of Gedeminas, his two sons, Algirdas and Keistutis, reigned, and waged battles with Teutons and Slavs.

In 1569 a sort of dual Polish-Lithuanian government was adopted. Even then, Lithuania kept its independence. In the three partitions of Poland the major part of Lithuania was annexed by Russia and the smaller by Germany. Thus Lithuania was removed from the map of the world.

The people were forbidden to use the Lithuanian language, and the possession of any Lithuanian books, even prayer books, was considered a political crime, and schools teaching Lithuanian were closed. The Russian government prohibited the use of any type in print but the Russian. The people as a result, smuggled in books and newspapers printed in Latin type, from Germany. Eventually the imperial order was revoked and the use of Latin type re-established. From that time on Lithuanian literature has flourished, many newspapers having been published and many books printed.

There are probably about 7,500,000 persons of genuine Lithuanian stock. In addition to these, the Lithuanian state would include 1,500,000 Poles, Jews, Russians, and Germans, making a total of 9,000,000 for Lithuania proper. If Lettland should be united with Lithuania it would add 2,500,000 Letts, making a grand total population of 11,500,000 for the new nation.

Russian Peasant's Hard Life.

The whole existence of the Russian peasant is out of joint. He is born in a world of earth and wood, where his life is circumscribed by a log cabin that is thatched in fall, when it assumes an appearance of tidiness, but becomes a huge harp for the March winds to play their woeful dirges on. The thatch is fed to the few starving animals, and the dispensable wooden props and decorations used to cook dinner with long before the approach of spring. Here between the unplastered, undecorated walls he lives with his horse, his pig, his hens—always provided he has any—under the same roof, glad of their sociability and animal warmth, being much in need of both. His home is one of the mere of zigzag, lopsided, weather-beaten, broken-down izbas that stand huddled together, freezing in God's solemn peacefulness and uncanny dreaminess. Enchantingly idyllic on a canvas, but a dreadful place to live in.

Java's Sugar Production.

Java is such a fruitful land that one hesitates to specify the principal crop, but it is one of the great sugar-producing countries of the world. The annual export of sugar amounts to something like 1,700,000 tons. People are so accustomed to thinking of sugar in terms of pounds that nearly 2,000,000 tons of sugar seems to have a stupefying effect on the mind. There are more than 400,000 acres of land under cultivation in sugar on the island of Java and the average yield per acre is four and one-half tons, which is a yield that is high above the average of sugar land.

GOWNS SHOW AN ALGERIAN SKIRT

New York.—The persistence shown by France in the dressmaking houses in continuing a certain trick for several years, deserves more attention than is usually accredited it, writes Aime Rittenhouse.

A study of the obstinate way in which Paris designers have held on to a thing they liked might go far toward convincing a vast number of the critics of women's apparel that fashions are not as flighty as they seem. The weather vane turns, it is true, but it swirls back into the same quarter so frequently that at times there is a feeling that it changes little.

The American shops, it is claimed, constantly convince their patrons that an old gown must be replaced by a new one by showing a revolution in silhouette.

We have millions of women to dress, where France has thousands, and we have a population that is quite capable of indulging in its desire for new clothes from the rim of the arctic circle to a line above the tropics.

It is a well-known fact that the American buyers who go to Paris to get new clothes often refuse lovely gowns if they bear a close kinship to those that were sold the year before. They wave such frocks away with the remark that American women must have novelty.

This act has always depressed the designers in Paris, who care for beauty and detail rather than for startling changes, and it is the French designers who say that they rack their brains for eccentricities to give to America far more than they would if their clientele were only Rome, Paris and London.

It is this underlying trait in the French dressmakers that gives them the desire to persist in a certain line—which is coming back to the original discussion.

Now the Zouave Skirt.

This line happens to be, at the present moment, that tucked-in effect at the hem of the skirt, which is suggestive of the trousers, of the Algerian troops.

Nobody would remember, probably, the exact date of the beginning of this idea, but it was evolved long before the war. It has been brought out in various kinds of skirts.

The house of Callot was probably the first to bring out the idea in a narrow skirt, but it did not take.

The sketch shows a combination of two of the most fashionable fabrics of the spring. The skirt is short and narrow with a white matelasse hem and panel at the side. The bodice is slim in outline, with long sleeves, and shows a slightly low, slender vest of the matelasse held in by two girdles of black satin.

Poiret, who has a devotional attitude toward anything that comes out of the East, used the skirt throughout his years of success.

Cheruit adopted it in a modified manner half a dozen years ago. Jenny took it up about two winters ago and accentuated it in her popular costumes in such a manner that America grew more weary of it through this channel than any other. Somehow, as Jenny made it, it did not savor of the East. It was merely awkward and extremely girlish.

Last autumn the immense bulk of the American public looked with a shrug of the shoulders at the pink and blue taffeta skirts that were tucked up at the hem and caught here and there with a formal little bouquet of roses. How stale and stupid Paris is! was the comment. Can't she ever get it into her head that America does not want that loose, overfull skirt with its ungraceful line about the ankles? Debutantes and young girls continued to dance in this kind of skirt wherever the fiddles sounded, but women of more mature years dismissed it as a fashion from the start.

Now, here it is again, not only here, but very much accentuated and accepted as the leading silhouette among certain houses that establish fashions.

This dinner frock is of black taffeta and the sturdy black silk tulle which is embroidered in a rose design in colored silks. The skirt is made of two flounces of this tulle, and it shows again at the girdle. There is a knotted sash of taffeta that hangs at one side.

The first French gowns that come over show it; the American dressmakers who are preparing for a brisk spring trade speak of it as a powerful factor in the shaping of the new fashions. And the interesting part of it is that it entirely changes the silhouette.

This seems to be in contrast with the stated fact that France is persistent in certain things and maintains a certain line for a longer period of time than America. The truth is that France persists with a trick, but changes the silhouette and still uses the trick, and that is what she has done in the new Algerian skirt.

It is difficult to say whether the trousers of the French troops in Algiers give the clew to this new skirt or whether it was the entire array of men in baggy trousers which curve in below the knees to fit the legs.

Here is the Silhouette.

The waist is normally large, the line down the hips is either straight or slightly bulging through the fullness of the material, and the hem is exceedingly narrow and tucked under. A woman wearing the most fashionable of these skirts, with high boots added thereunto, will look at a slight distance as though she wore baggy trousers and army boots.

To the majority of women this news, may not be welcome. They will fancy a far more sensational garment than what actually exists. That mild revolution against the sheath and the hobble skirt may also crop up against this Algerian skirt, but both the other features of fashion were incorporated in our ordinary apparel after a while, without creating disturbance.

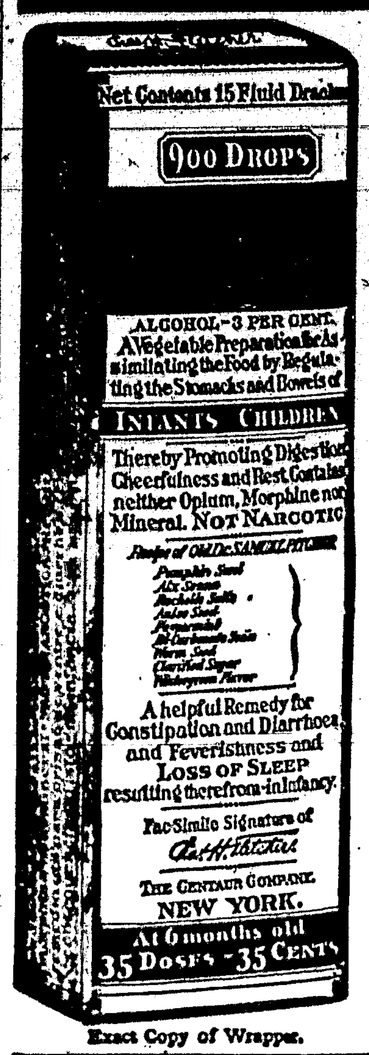
There is so little fullness in this new skirt that it does not seem to be even a first cousin to the skirt of Jenny with its tucked-up hem. That skirt, which pervaded the continent for two years, had a tendency to flare out, to fling itself away from the ankles; this skirt goes in so rapidly from knees to hem that it does not need to undergo the same treatment that was accorded the other skirt.

For instance, to be technical—the fullness at its hem is not caught up and gathered to a short, narrow lining. This is not considered necessary. It is merely turned under and run into the conventional hem, allowing its fullness, slight as it is, to fall against the shoetops and accentuate the trousered effect.

This extreme skirt has brought about the narrowest silhouette we have had in years. When the hem is not tucked under, it is only wide enough to provide free movement in walking. The skirts are necessarily short, for their narrowness would greatly impede progress if they were long.

Linked Buttons Fasten Front.

Not only do cuffs but entire front fasten with linked buttons as instanced in a beige tricotine suit. They are found starting in center, under the semi-circular pin tuck which simulates a yoke on this model which contrarily has no open front.



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Always Before Him.

"He is a great stickler for procedure, isn't he?"

"I should say so! Why, even the furniture covers in his house are all bound with red tape."

Nobody ever got anything by nursing a grouch, but the grouch always gets bigger. Be cheerful!

Sloth wears out the body and consumes the mind.

MEAT TASTES BETTER COOKED

And tobacco now tastes much better toasted.

You'll know this when you smoke the famous Lucky Strike cigarette, the real Burley cigarette.

It's toasted

It's toasted to develop and seal in the Burley tobacco flavor.

Guaranteed by The American Tobacco Co. INCORPORATED

Truck Attachments

for any and all makes of autos.

To convert your old car into a guaranteed truck. We ship to any point.

The Universal Truck Co.

508 Broadway WRITE FOR CATALOGS. Denver, Colorado

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

Mrs. Slacker is a timely production, see it next Friday at the Crystal Theatre.

Richard Cecil Morgan and Mrs. Zella Bird were united in marriage at the Baptist parsonage Thursday, March 28, by Rev. J. M. Gardner.

The young son of Mr. and Mrs. Lute Jennings was brought down from their home on the Bonito, suffering with pneumonia. He is much better now.

Dr. Edwards, of Albuquerque, N. M., Specialist in diseases of the eye and fitting glasses, will be in Carrizozo, at Lucas Hospital on April 4, 5, 6, to treat eyes and fit glasses.

Junior Red Cross Benefit next Friday at the Crystal Theatre.

Mrs. Slacker, a first run production, for the benefit of the Junior Red Cross, shown next Friday at the Crystal Theatre.

Rev. W. H. Vanderpool, Methodist pastor at Tularosa, was here Sunday, and remained until Tuesday. He was accompanied on his return by Rev. R. H. Lewelling who assisted in services in our neighboring town until yesterday.

A nine-pound boy arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Kelley Saturday morning. The newest member of the firm is a lusty fellow and makes demands that must be heeded.

Ed C. Monroe returned Saturday night from Santa Fe, where he had spent a week in the interest of the New Mexico-Electra Oil Co.

Wm. J. Humphrey returned last Friday noon from his old home in Jackson, Michigan. He went home last August and was detained by the serious illness of a brother. The brother has improved and Bill is again breathing the pure air of the mountains.

A. J. Lahann is quite ill at his home with pneumonia. The attack appeared in a very violent form and the case has not yet been arrested. A wide circle of friends sincerely hope he will be able to throw off the ravages of this serious malady.

Hal Young was down from Tortolita canyon Tuesday and purchased some state land that day.

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Sowder were here Monday and Tuesday from their ranch home near Picacho. Mr. Sowder was a purchaser of two sections of state land while here.

William Kahler, Sr., returned yesterday morning from Oklahoma, where he had gone the previous week with his daughter, Mrs. Schumacher.

Mrs. Ernest Mathews and little son came up Tuesday from El Paso. They returned yesterday afternoon, accompanied by Mr. Mathews.

The infant of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. McMillan, which has been ill with pneumonia, is greatly improved.

Bishop Howden, of Albuquerque, was in Carrizozo Monday, and together with Rev. H. Hoering, confirmed the following members: Arthur Rolland, Dr. Blaney, Mesdames I. E. Schaefer and W. J. La Fleur, and Miss Bessie Hyde.

For Sale—my entire furnishings for my boarding house, just as they stand complete. Every thing in place and clean, good trancient trade, good cistern of water. Poor health reason for selling. Write Mrs. Anna Eve, Ancho.

Drs. Starkey & Palen's COMPOUND OXYGEN. Home treatment by inhalation for Lung Trouble, Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchitis and Hay Fever. Write for Brochure. Starkey & Palen, Southwestern Agency, P. O. Box 224, Phoenix, Arizona. 3-22-3t

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

Get into the War Next Vacation

What are you going to do next vacation? Already students are making their plans. Some of the older boys have been trying to find out just how they can get into war work, for every one wants to do something to help. Not that they are going to quit school to join the military. They have read the statements of President Wilson and many other war leaders that the most important thing for them to do is to finish school—that the United States already has more men, obtained through the draft, than it can equip and arm, and that the fellow who sticks to his school until his course is completed is going to be more valuable to his country in the war and after it, than the boy who, quitting before his mind is trained, can be only a follower, not a leader.

Now the Government has found a way for the older boys—those 16 and older—to do war service, to do just the thing that most needs to be done this year. It is to enlist in the United States Boys' Working Reserve, to obtain a commission and to wear the distinctive badge of that division of our fighting forces. The boy who does that will serve, we are sure, as faithfully as he would serve if he were in the trenches, struggling through mud, among rats and the bodies of his fallen comrades—as faithfully as though he were afloat on a sea strewn with mines and hidden submarines, not knowing what moment he would go down. And by performing well his enlistment in the Reserve, the boy will be doing his part as much as any other fighting man in the war.

What has the boy of the Reserve to do? It is easiest to explain, and to understand, this way:

We can truthfully say of our Country in this war, as in the old poem, "We've got the ships, we've got the men, we've got the money, too." The only thing we're not sure about, the only weak point in our attack (using a football term) where we can fall down, is on food. And it looks like we may fall down there.

Just because you have enough to eat at home don't think everybody has. More than a million of our men are under arms now; they are not producing food, and they must eat—and goodness knows we want them to eat heartily. It must be awful to have to drill, drill, drill—hours and hours—days and days—or, to struggle with the enemy in a trench, or out in No Man's Land, without a full stomach. Imagine yourself off there, away from "the folks", depending on food from back home—and none coming!

Then, besides our own soldiers, there are millions of others—our allies—who are fighting side by side with our boys (and not producing any food) whose farms have become battlefields, torn and bloody, and who must eat, too; and other millions of women, boys, girls, little children, in those war-racked lands who have been living on short rations for two or three years and whose rations are getting shorter every month. The United States must help to feed them. Their boys must not grow thin and weak for want of food; they must be kept strong, for perhaps they will have to go into the war before long, taking the places of their slain or wounded fathers or brothers. Then there are all the men on the seas, the brave fellows who face death hourly as their ships patrol the ocean lanes, holding back the enemy from the ships that are carrying our boys, and ammunition, and food, to the scene of the war. They, too, must eat.

One's first thought perhaps would be that of course the United States, with the greatest farms in the world, can do this food-producing job all right—and so they might, if countless thousands of men hadn't direct loss of food that would feed large numbers of men. There are few men for their places. The only hope is the boys, and unless the boys go to the farms this summer the women will have to go! Government leaders in Washington have been saying the same thing. When responsible men after careful investigation, talk that way the situation is serious indeed.

Fortunately news comes from cities and town all over our country that hundreds of boys are enrolling every week. Thousands will be needed. Our guess is that all physically fit boys of New Mexico who are over 16 and under the draft age, will enlist, for they are patriots—not slackers—and will be glad to do this which our Country calls upon them to do—glad, also, to get the money (for regular wages will be paid them) and to have the fine experience of a season in the country. And they'll be glad, too, after the war is over, to possess the badge of the Reserve, with its pendant bar inscribed "Honorable Service, 1918", avidence to all the world that they responded when their country called for volunteers and did their part—an important part—in the greatest war in history.

Our county and city superintendents of schools are the enrolling officers and State Superintendent J. H. Wagner, Santa Fe, is State Director. They will explain the plans fully to each boy who asks them. It will be made clear the National and State Governments are back of this phase of war work,—the recruit will be fully protected—he can quit his job and return home at any time if he and his parents decide that there is reason why he should do so. In short, everything is arranged in his favor.

We hope every boy over 16 will find out all about it right away. They should give the full information to their parents, obtain their consent, and go into service "shouting the Battle Cry of 'Feed-Em'". That's your best way to swat the Kaiser and to help the fellows who have gone "over there" and who, as they face the bitter fight, are depending upon you.

Classified Advertisements

Colorado Potatoes, $2.50 per cwt. Feed wholesale, Corn, $4.00; Oats, $3.80; Mill Run Bran, $2.65; Cotton Seed Feed Meal, $3 00; Peanut Cake, $3.40 per cwt.—Humphrey Bros.

Notice for Publication

027082
031146

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Roswell, N. M., March 6, 1918.

Notice is hereby given that Dennis L. Spaid, of Ancho, N. M., who, on March 17, 1913 and March 16, 1915, made Original and Additional H. E., No. 027082 and 031146, for S½SE¼; S½SW¼, Sec. 3; S½SE¼, Sec. 4; NE¼NE¼, Sec 9; and NW¼NW¼, Section 10, Township 4-S, Range 11-E, N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make five 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 April 15, 1918.

Claimant names as witnesses: Robert E. P. Wardon, Frank Maxwell, these of Carrizozo, N. M., Madison H. Price, and Ed. F. Conley, these of Ancho, N. M.

EMMETT PATTON, Register.

Mar. 15—Apr. 12.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
United States Land Office
Fort Sumner, N. M., March 11, 1918.

Notice is hereby given that the State of New Mexico, by virtue of the Acts of Congress approved June 21, 1898, and June 20, 1910, and the acts supplementary and amendatory thereof, has filed in this office selection lists for the following described lands, to-wit:

List 8195, Serial No. 017507, E½, Sec. 14, T. 5-S., R. 18-E.

List 8199, Serial No. 017508, W½, Sec. 15, T. 5-S., R. 18-E., N. M. P. M., containing 640 acres.

Protests or contests against any or all of such selections may be filed in this office at any time during the period of publication or thereafter before final approval and certification.

A. J. EVANS, Register.

March 22—31.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.
U. S. Land Office, at Roswell, N. M.,
February 4, 1918.

Notice is hereby given that the State of New Mexico, under the provisions of the Acts of Congress approved June 21, 1898 and June 20, 1910 and acts supplementary and amendatory thereto, has filed in this office selection lists for the following described lands:

List No. 661, Serial No. 012968, Railroad Bond Fund, all of Sections 21, 27, 28 and 33 T. 5-S. R. 9-E., N. Mex. Mer., 2560 acres.

Protests or contests against any or all of such selections may be filed in this office during the period of publication hereof, or at any time before final certificate.

EMMETT PATTON, Register.

Mar. 1—5t.

Notice for Publication

031863

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Roswell, N. M., March 23, 1918.

Notice is hereby given that Lula B. Hall, formerly Lula B. Melton, of Corona, N. M., who on Sept. 13 1915, made H. E., No. 031863, for S½ N½; and the S½S½, Section 13, Township 2-S, Range 14-E, N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register or Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Roswell, N. M., on April 30, 1918.

Claimant names as witnesses: Eber D. Hall, Jack Ellis, Frank Hodge, and Frank Melton, all of Corona, N. M.

EMMETT PATTON, Register.

March 29—April 26.

Notice for Publication

026569

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office Roswell, N. M., March 23, 1918

Notice is hereby given that Angel Lucas, of White Oaks, N. M., who, on October 29, 1912, made H. E., No 026569, for W½ SW¼; SE¼ SW¼; SW¼NW¼, Section 13, Township 4-S, Range 13-E, N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make five 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 April 30, 1918.

Claimant names as witnesses: Hosea Dotson, Fred P. Cleghorn, these of White Oaks, N. M., Andres Lopez, and Albino Romero, these of Babenton, N. M.

EMMETT PATTON, Register.

March 29—April 26.

Notice for Publication

In the District Court of Torrance County, State of New Mexico.

Notice is hereby given that whereas the probate court of Torrance county, N. M. has authorized the administrators of the estate of Angus McGillivray, Deceased, to sell the personal property belonging to the estate; and whereas the District Court of said county has also authorized the guardian of the minor heirs of the said decedent to sell their hereinafter described real estate, and whereas the stock and ranch should be sold together, and it appears that they will bring a better price that way than otherwise, now therefore notice is hereby given that the undersigned will, on the 15th day of April, 1918 at 1 o'clock P. M. at the home home ranch of the said Angus McGillivray about twenty miles east of Estancia, N. M., sell all of the following described property to the highest and best bidder, to wit:

About 2500 head of bred ewes;
About 800 head of ewe lambs, coming one year old;
About 40 head of bucks;
About 175 head of stock cattle;
11 head of horses, several burros, wagons, harness, machinery, tools and household goods belonging with the ranch;
Ranch of said decedent consisting of about 16 section pasture, all fenced, three wells and windmills, tanks, corrals, etc and houses.

A small part of this land is patented, three sections are school land leases, and the balance is selected state land.

The right is reserved to reject any or all bids.

For further particulars and terms address undersigned.

JOHN McGILLIVRAY, Joint Administrator, and Guardian, Lucy, N. M.
E. L. MOULTON, Joint Administrator, Corona, N. M.

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX
Clothes Economize for You

SOMEBODY once said to E. H. Harriman — the greatest railroad man the world has ever known, "What's the secret of your success?"

"Picking the best man I can find for the job and letting him do the work," was the answer.

That's the right way to handle the question, "What's the best way to economize in clothes?"

Choose the best ones you can find and let them do the economizing for you.

We choose these Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes for spring with that in mind. They're made to economize for you; the all-wool fabrics, the fine tailoring, good style, and long wear are the qualities that do it.

ZIEGLER BROTHERS

The home of Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes

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Hotel Zeiger

EL PASO, TEXAS

Rates:

Rooms, $1.00 and $1.50 per day (with detached bath)

Rooms, $2.00 and $2.50 per day (with private bath)

The Hotel Zieger Dining Room is known all over the Southwest as serving "The best of everything and everything of the best."

HOTEL ZEIGER is now serving regular meals: 35c Breakfast; 40c Lunch; 60c Dinner.

CAFE OPEN ALL NIGHT

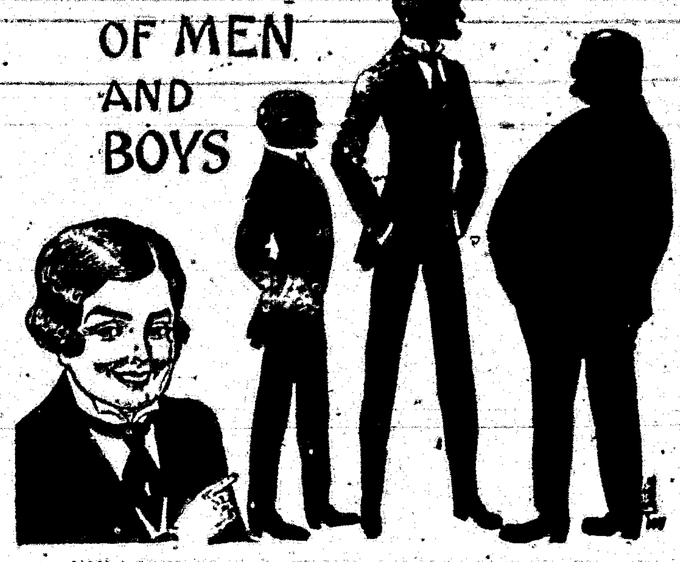
Furniture, Caskets, Etc.

We have added a complete line of Furniture, first class in every respect and offer to our patrons at reasonable prices. We also buy and sell second hand furniture and have some good bargains in that line. A line of caskets is also in stock. Our stock of hardware is complete and we are able to supply the wants of the public for all staple goods. We invite your inspection, we solicit your patronage and guarantee good goods at living prices.

3-15tf N. B. TAYLOR & SONS

The young son of Jim Robinson was brought down from Parsons to be treated for severe cold and near pneumonia.

WE ARE IN SHAPE TO FIT ALL SHAPES OF MEN AND BOYS



WHATEVER BE YOUR SHAPE WE CAN FIT YOU. WE HAVE "SLIMS" FOR SLIM MEN, "STOUTS" FOR THOSE BIG AROUND THE BELT AND "REGULARS" FOR REGULARLY SHAPED MEN.

AND WE HAVE A LONG LINE OF FANCY PATTERNS FOR THE ODD SHAPED AS WELL AS THE SOBER CLOTHES. YOU DON'T HAVE TO TAKE "THE FIRST THING YOU SEE" JUST BECAUSE YOU ARE LEAN OR FAT.

JUST COME IN MR. SLIM. COME IN MR. STOUT AND SEE HOW WELL WE CAN FIT YOU.

BOYS! ASK YOUR MOTHER TO LET YOU GET A NEW SPRING SUIT TODAY.

Carrizozo Trading Co.

DUROC HOGS

Registered, Pure Bred, Vaccinated

We own The Largest Imported Herd in the West. Breeding stock of all kinds for sale. If you raise hogs, send for our booklet.

Monkbridge Farm, Albuquerque, N. M.

THE IDEAL MACHINE

Chops the Yucca plant (Bear Grass) into excellent cattle feed.

CHAS. F. GREY
Sole agent for Lincoln County
OSCURO - - N. M.

Help the Junior Red Cross by attending the show at the Crystal Theatre next Friday.

Jack Brazel is at the Paden Hospital gradually recovering from an attack of pneumonia.