Carrizozo News

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A NEW MEXICO BATTERY IN ACTION

A POUND OF BUTTER FOR $567

In Akra, North Dakota, all the women and girls last summer enlisted in the American Red Cross work and the first thing they knew they had knitted up all the yarn to be had. They sent to Grand Forks, to Fargo and other large towns but could get no yarn. Then they sent this message thruout Pembina county, "Sheer a Sheep for Red Cross". Hundreds of farmers did that and brot the wool in to the women of Akra who corded and spun the black and white wool into the right shade of "army grey" yarn and now they have enough to last them all winter.

Miss Margaret Wilson, daughter of President Wilson, shortly before Christmas gave a concert in Montreal, Canada and turned over $500 of the proceeds to the Canadian Red Cross.

During the past summer Miss Wilson frequently sang in public and from the proceeds of this and her royalties on the sales of her song records has given several thousand dollars to the American Red Cross. She also has given $1,000 for organized work for the blind in Washington, D. C.

In Marble Rock, Iowa, a sale was held for benefit of the Red Cross. A pound of butter made by Mrs. C. E. Easterday was sold for $567 and later the purchaser sent this butter to President Wilson so the president's family had the pleasure of eating butter which cost $567 a pound.

Ex-President William H. Taft, Chairman of the Central Committee of the American Red Cross, made the Christmas tide the occasion for thanking the people of the United States for the aid they have given the American Red Cross. The following is from his "Thank You":

"You have pledged or given over $100,000,000 for the relief of war suffering. You have rolled up the membership from a few hundred thousand to over ten millions. In one period of six weeks you furnished 3,681,895 surgical dressings, 1,517,076 pieces of hospital linen, 424,550 articles of patients' clothing, 301,563 articles of miscellaneous supplies and 240,621 knitted articles.

"You have provided $11,000,000 for relief and reconstruction work in France. You have created and equipped more than twelve base hospitals that are now serving with our forces in France. You have thirty more base hospitals full equipped and awaiting the War Department's call. You have an efficient transport service in France which is carrying your surgical dressings and hospital supplies to between 4000 and 5000 French hospitals. You have made possible forty-five ambulance companies for service in this country and abroad.

"At French railroad stations where thousands of weary, trench-stained soldiers pass to their homes, American women through your generosity serve meals at Red Cross canteens, and the men have the opportunity to bathe, to disinfect their clothing and to sleep while awaiting their trains.

"You have enabled the Red Cross to supplement the care of the United States Army and Navy for its men by adding to their equipment comforts which are almost necessities, by safeguarding their health thru sanitary precautions outside the military zones of the cantonments, and by furnishing rest and recreation rooms for the troops in France.

"You have extended substantial aid to destitute Belgium. You have given Russia more than two million pounds of condensed milk and $400,000 for drugs.

"You have furnished medical supplies worth $200,000 to Roumania, Serbia and Italy.

"You have made it possible for the American Committee for the Relief of Armenians and Syrians to have $1,000,000 to relieve the suffering among those helpless people.

"Your Red Cross, because you have helped, is thus able to share in the alleviation of the world's suffering, and for this we thank you."

AN ANCIENT JOURNAL

Frank F. Mudge, who returned this week from his mother's funeral, brought back a copy of one of the oldest papers that it has been our pleasure to see. Its title is the Ulster County Gazette, (N. Y.) and bears the date of January 4, 1800. It was No. 88, Vol. 2.

This paper was handed down through the generations, from the great grandfather, who was a subscriber, to the grandfather, to the father and now to the son. It had been wrapped in oil paper and is quite well preserved.

A notice of the funeral of George Washington appears in this particular number, a message by President John Adams and many other interesting items of that early period in our history. The most notable feature, however, was the contrast between its advertising columns and those of the ordinary paper of to-day.

Snow Storm

Following a light fall of snow in the mountains and eastern part of the county Sunday, a real snow storm struck this region Wednesday night. The storm continued unabated throughout yesterday and was accompanied with a strong, cold wind.

In the mountains, more than a foot is reported, and all the eastern part of the county, and the northern part, also, lies covered to 8 or 10 inches.

In many portions the fall was great enough to make a fair season, but the accompanying cold, it is feared, will cause a heavy loss of poor stock. This was our first moisture of the season.

Use More Potatoes In Bread

At the suggestion of Food Administrator Prescott of Michigan, Governor Sleeper has sent a letter to the stewards of all Michigan institutions urging the combined use of potatoes and white flour in bread making in lieu of an all-wheat product. It is anticipated this request, which practically amounts to an order, will result in the use of thousands of bushels of the undersized Michigan potatoes that are now without a market on account of the grading regulations required by the Federal Government. With the governor's letter was enclosed a tested potato breed recipe which will be of interest to all New Mexico housewives, as follows:

3 cakes compressed yeast,
¼ lb. sale,
12 oz. sugar,
½ lb. hardened vegetable fat,
15 lbs. flour,
8 qts. liquid,
5 lbs potatoes after having been put through a ricer

Mix ingredients in a stiff hard dough. Allow to raise until double its size; tin and when light, bake. This will make about 31 loaves.

Questionaries All Mailed

The Local Board wishes to announce that all the questionaires have been mailed. As the questionaires are returnable in seven days it behooves all registrants to get their returns in immediately

INCOME TAX MAN COMING

In a communication received by this paper, Collector of Internal Revenue, Louis T. Carpenter, announces that a federal income tax officer will be sent into this county on February 18 and will be here until February 23, 1918. He will have his office in Carrizozo and will be there every day ready and willing to help persons subject to the income tax make out their returns without any cost to them for his services.

Returns of income for the year 1917 must be made on forms provided for the purpose before March 1, 1918. Because a good many people don't understand the law and won't know how to make out their returns, the government is sending in this expert to do it for them. But the duty is on the taxpayer to make himself known to the government. If he doesn't make return as required before March 1, he may have to pay a penalty ranging from $20 to $1,000, pay a fine or go to jail. So if you don't want to take chances on going to jail, you better call on the income tax man. If you are not sure about being subject to the tax, better ask him and make sure. Whether you see the income tax man or not, you must make return if subject to tax.

Of course, persons residing in other counties may, if they want to, come and see the income tax man who will be at Carrizozo.

The collector suggests that everybody start figuring up now his income and expenses so as to be ready with the figures when the expert arrives. Expenses, however, don't mean family expenses, money used to pay off the principal of a debt, new machinery, buildings, or anything like that. They mean what you spend in making your money interest, taxes paid, hired help, amount paid for goods sold, seed, stock bought for feeding, rent (except for your dwelling), etc. Income includes about every dollar you got.

NEPHEW OF ED R. KELLEY DIES

Edward R. Kelley received the intelligence recently of the death of a nephew and the following excellent tribute in the Fort Worth Record is one of the most human articles we have seen in a long time. The deceased and the NEWS editor both first saw the light of day in the same good old county in Texas, and in addition a further fellow feeling exists as he was a member of the craft. The tribute from the Record reads:

Karl Bettis is dead: His heart of gold that won him friends, stanch and true, wherever he went, forever is stilled. Yet in a hundred different cities, among thousands of those who knew and loved him, there is genuine grief at his passing.

Far from his native heath, at Minneapolis, Minn., among strangers, Bettis breathed his last Friday night. Pneumonia was the cause of his death. He had been ill only a few days when he crossed into the great beyond. A telegram, giving few details, announced his death to friends in Fort Worth and they forwarded the information to his father at Clifton.

The body will be sent Saturday from Minneapolis to Clifton. The funeral is expected to be conducted within twenty-four hours after the remains reach their destination. From every section of Texas and adjoining states and from points even farther away, newspaper men, printers and other friends are expected to journey to be present when the last sad rites are said.

Karl Bettis was a scholar, a poet and a nomad. He was born in Alvarado thirty-three years ago. While obtaining his common school education, he also served his apprenticeship as a printer. He obtained his "card" as a full-fleged journeyman, but instead of following his trade, he entered the University of Texas in the department of law, from which he graduated with highest honors, being given the degree of LL. D.

For a time Bettis was quizz master in the university law department, but, being a nomad, he resigned, gave up his trade as a printer, and entered upon a career which was to earn for him the title "the best reporter on the staff," wherever he happened to be.

Karl Bettis was known in newspaper offices and outside from coast to coast. Numbered among friends, stanch and true, were persons in every walk of life, and who will mourn his passing sincerely.

A finished newspaper man, an executive as well as a subordinate, Bettis entered the service of The Record in 1914. He filled consecutively the positions of "star reporter," sporting editor, telegraph editor and city editor, in each of which capacities he more than made good. And the same is true of every other position he ever held, for Bettis not only discharged his official duties in a manner most competent, he won the sincere friendship and admiration of those with whom he worked

White Oaks Red Cross

White Oaks Auxiliary Red Cross has completed its organization and work for the month has been distributed among the active members and also given to those outside the auxiliary who wish to help

The officers of the auxiliary are: Mrs. C. D. Mayer, Chairman; Mrs. Lee H. Rudisille, Vice-Chairman; Miss Bertha Mayer, Secretary; and Mrs. Atwood Littell.

The auxiliary is fortunate in securing Miss Bertha Mayer as secretary, as her college training and work in Y. M. C. A. make her a most efficient officer, and, as every one of experience knows, a good secretary will carry an organization to success.

Fort Stanton Red Cross

The Fort Stanton Red Cross is one of the most active branches of the Lincoln County Chapter. In the Christmas drive one hundred and fifty-four memberships were secured and a total of $238.00 collected. This showing is all the more remarkable when it is remembered that out of a total population of little more than 300, a large percentage is composed of sick patients, few of whom earn anything.

The treasury of the branch is in good condition, and as an evidence of its thrift the chapter was the recipient recently of a substantial remittance that had been donated by the Seaman's Social Club and the receipts of the branch from an entertainment. The branch has offered to aid the chapter at any and all times.

Methodist Church

Rev. E. H. Lewelling, Pastor

A short sermon at 11 a. m., and at 7:30 p. m.

Sunday School at 9:45 a. m.

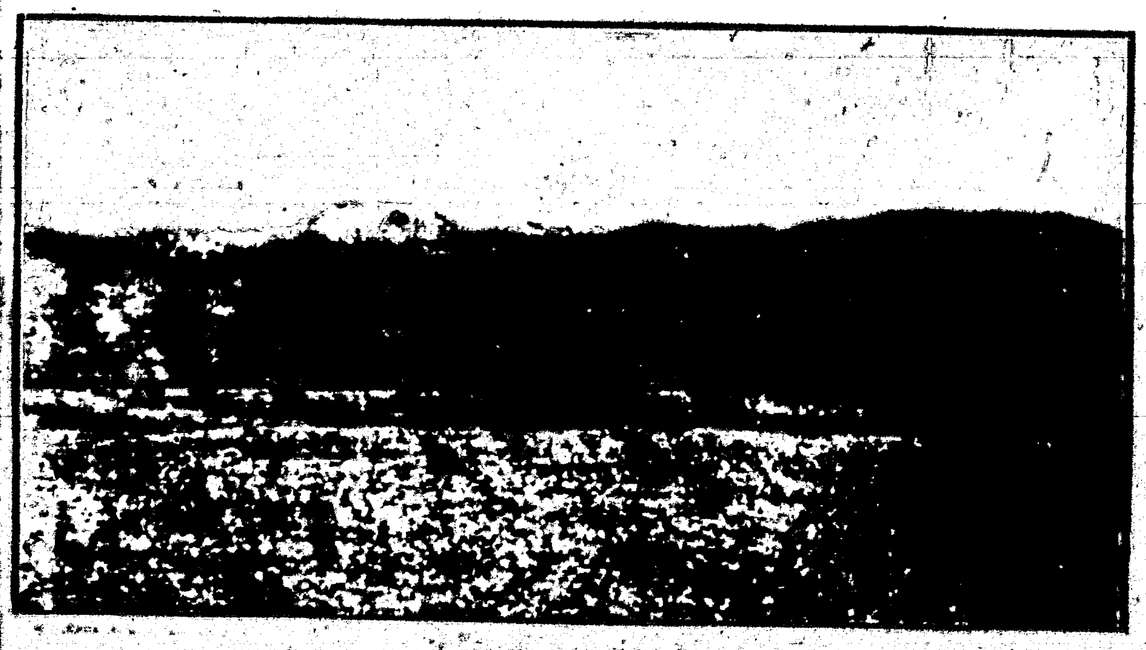
Epworth League at 6:45 p. m.

A special feature for each service.

Robt. A. Hurt was here Tuesday from Capitan.

Fatty Arbuckle has left nothing undone to make "Reckless Romeo", the most screamingly hilarious production he has ever appeared in.

Edward Fox returned this week from Minnesota, where he and his family have been the past two years. Mr. Fox expects to begin operations on a mining property soon, one he worked a number of years ago.



WHITE MOUNTAINS

The Real Adventure

A NOVEL

By
Henry Kitchell Webster

(Copyright 1914, The Bobbs-Merrill Company)

CONDITIONS FOR ROSE'S HAPPINESS ARE JUST TOO PERFECT IN HER NEW HOME AND SOCIAL SET—SO NATURALLY SHE BECOMES DISSATISFIED WITH THE EASY LIFE

SYNOPSIS.

Rose Stanton, student at the University of Chicago, is put off a street car in the rain after an argument with the conductor. She is accosted by a young man who offers help and escorts her home. An hour later this man, Rodney Aldrich, well-to-do lawyer, appears at the home of his sister Frederica (the wealthy Mrs. Whitney), and she, telling him he ought to marry, tries to interest him in a young widow. He laughs at "Freddy," but two months later he marries Rose Stanton. Rose moves from modest circumstances into a magnificent home and begins to associate with the exclusive social circle. She meets a French actress who tells her that nothing worth while is given us—for success, or happiness, or ease, or love, we must pay in some manner. These two are talking when the installment opens.

CHAPTER VI—Continued.

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For the next half-hour, until the car stopped in front of her house, Rose acted on this request—told about her life before and since her marriage to Rodney, about her friends, her amusements—anything that came into her mind. But she lingered before getting out of the car, to say:

"I hope I haven't forgotten a single word of your —preaching. You said so many things I want to think about."

"Don't trouble your soul with that, child," said the actress. "All the sermon you need can be boiled down into a sentence, and until you have found it out yourself, you won't believe it."

"Try me," said Rose.

"Then attend. How shall I say it? Nothing worth having comes as a gift, nor even can be bought—cheap. Everything of value in your life will cost you dear, and sometime or other you'll have to pay the price of it."

It was with a very thoughtful, perplexed face that Rose watched the car drive away, and then walked slowly into the house—the ideal house—and allowed herself to be relieved of her wraps by the perfect maid.

There was still an hour before she need begin dressing for the Randolph dinner; when Rodney came home this vague, scary, nightmarish sort of feeling which for no reasonable reason seemed to be clutching at her, would be forgotten. She wished he would come hoped he wouldn't be late, and finally sat down before the telephone with a half formed idea of calling him up.

Just as she laid her hand upon the receiver, the telephone bell rang. It was Rodney calling her.

"Oh, that you, Rose?" he said. "I shn't be out till late tonight. I've got to work."

"But Roddy, dearest," she protested, "you have to come home. You've got the Randolphs' dinner."

"Oh!" he said "I forgot all about it. But it doesn't make a bit of difference, anyway I wouldn't leave the office before I have finished this job for anybody short of the Angel Gabriel."

"But"—it was absurd that her eyes should be filling up and her throat getting lumpy over a thing like this—"But what shall I do? Shall I tell Eleanor we can't come, or shall I offer to come without you?"

"I don't care! Do whichever you like. I've got enough to think about without deciding that Now do hang up and run along"

"But Rodney, what's happened? Has something gone wrong?"

"Heavens, no!" he said "What is there to go wrong? I've got a big day in court tomorrow and I've struck a snag, and I've got to wriggle out of it somehow, before I quit. It's nothing for you to worry about. Go to your dinner and have a good time. Good-by." The click in the receiver told her he had hung up

The difficulty about the Randolphs was managed easily enough Eleanor was perfectly gracious about it and insisted that Rose should come by herself.

She was completely dressed a good three-quarters of an hour before it was time to start, and if she drove straight downtown she would have a ten-minute visit with Rodney and still not be late for the dinner.

She found a single elevator in commission in the great, gloomy rotunda of the office building, and the watchman who ran her up made a terrible noise shutting the gate after he had let her out on the fifteenth floor. The dim marble corridor echoed her footfalls ominously, and when she reached the door of his outer office and tried it, she found it locked. The next door down the corridor was the one that led directly into his private office, and here the light shone through the ground glass.

She stole up to it as softly as she could, tried it and found it locked, too, so she knocked. Through the open transom above it, she heard him softly swear in a heartfelt sort of way, and heard his chair thrust back. The next moment he opened the door with a jerk.

His glare of annoyance changed to bewilderment at the sight of her, and he said: "Rose! Has anything happened? What's the matter?" And, catching her by the arm, he led her into the office. "Here, sit down and get your breath and tell me about it!"

She smiled and took his face in both her hands. "But it's the other way," she said. "There's nothing the matter with me. I came down, you poor old boy, to see what was the matter with you."

He frowned and took her hands away and stepped back out of her reach. Had it not been for the sheer incredibility of it, she'd have thought that her touch was actually distasteful to him.

"Oh," he said. "I thought I told you over the phone there was nothing the matter! — Won't you be awfully late to the Randolphs'?"

"I had ten minutes," she said, "and I thought . . ." She broke off the sentence when she saw him snap out his watch and look at it. "I know there's something," she said. "I can tell just by the way your eyes look and the way you're so tight and—strained. If you'd just tell me about it, and then sit down and let me—try to take the strain away. . . ."

Beyond a doubt the strain was there. The laugh he meant for a good-humored dismissal of her fears didn't sound at all as it was intended to. "Good heavens!" he said. "There's nothing to tell! I've got an argument before the court of appeals tomorrow and there's a ruling decision against me. It is against me, and it's bad law. But that isn't what I want to tell them. I want some way of making a distinction so that I can hold that the decision doesn't rule."

"And it wouldn't help," she ventured, "if you told me all about it? I don't care about the dinner."

"I couldn't explain in a month," he said.

"Oh, I wish I were some good!" she said forlornly.

He pulled out his watch again and began pacing up and down the room.

"I just can't stand it to see you like that," she broke out again. "If you'll only sit down for five minutes and let me try to get that strained look out of your eyes. . . ."

"Can't you take my word for it and let it alone?" he shouted. "I don't need to be comforted nor encouraged. I'm in an intellectual quandary. For the next three hours, or six, or however long it takes, I want my mind to run cold and smooth. I've got to be tight and strained. That's the way the job's done. You can't solve an intellectual problem by having your hand held, or your eyes kissed, or anything like that. Now, for the love of heaven, child, run along and let me forget you ever existed, for a while!"

CHAPTER VII.

A Freudian Physician.

Rose's arrival at the dinner—a little late, to be sure, but not scandalously—created a mild sensation. None of the other guests were strangers, either, on whom she could have the effect of novelty. But when she came into the drawing room—in such a wonderful gown—put on tonight because she felt somehow like especially pleasing Rodney—when she came in, she reoxygenated the social atmosphere.

She was, in fact, a stranger. Her voice had a bead on it which roused a perfectly unreasoning physical excitement—the kind of bead which, in singing, makes all the difference between a church choir and grand opera. The glow they were accustomed to in her eyes concentrated itself into flashes, and the flush that so often, and so adorably, suffused her face, burned brighter now in her cheeks and left the rest pale.

"I Came Down . . . to See What Was the Matter With You."

And these were true indices of the changes that had taken place within her. From sheer numb incredulity, she had reacted to a fine glow of indignation. She had found herself suddenly feeling lighter, older, indescribably more confident. They shouldn't suspect her humiliation or her hurt.

Her husband, James Randolph reflected, had evidently either been making love to her, or indulging in the civilized equivalent of beating her; he was curious to find out which. And, having learned from his wife that Rose was to sit beside him at the table, he made up his mind that he would. A physician of the Freudian school, trained to analyze people's souls, he was well equipped to find out, without Rose's knowledge.

He didn't attempt it, though, during his first talk with her—confined himself rigorously to the carefully sifted chaff which does duty for polite conversation over the same hors d'oeuvres and entrees, from one dinner to the next, the season round. It wasn't until Eleanor had turned the table the second time, that he made his first gambit in the game.

"No need asking you if you like this sort of thing," he said. "I would like to know how you keep it up. It can't any of it get anywhere. What's the attraction?"

"You can't get a rise out of me tonight," said Rose. "Not after what I've been through today. Madame Greville's been talking to me. She thinks American women are dreadful dubs—or she would if she knew the word—thinks we don't know our own game. Do you agree with her?"

"I'll tell you that," he said, "after you answer my question. What's the attraction?"

"Don't you think it would be a mistake," said Rose, "for me to try to analyze it? Suppose I did and found there wasn't any."

"Is that what's the matter with Rodney?" he asked. "Is this sort of"—a gesture with his head took in the table—"caramel diet beginning to go against his teeth?"

"He had to work tonight," Rose said. "He was awfully sorry he couldn't come." She smiled just a little ironically as she said it, and exaggerated by a hair's breath, perhaps, the purely conventional nature of the reply.

"Yes," he observed, "that's what we say. Sometimes it gets us off and sometimes it doesn't."

"Well, it got him off tonight," she said. "He was pretty impressive. He said there was a ruling decision against him and he had to make some sort of distinction so that the decision wouldn't rule. Do you know what that means? I don't."

"Why didn't you ask him?" Randolph wanted to know.

"I did, and he said he couldn't explain it, but that it would take a month. So of course there wasn't time."

"I thought," said Randolph, "that he used to talk law to you by the hour."

The button wasn't on the foil that time, because the thrust brought blood—a bright flush into her cheeks and a sudden brightness into her eyes that would have induced him to relent if she hadn't followed the thing up of her own accord.

"I wish you'd tell me something," she said. "I expect you know better than anyone else I could ask. Why it is that husbands and wives can't talk to each other? Imagine what this table would be if the husbands and wives sat side by side!"

The cigarettes came around just then, and he lighted one rather deliberately, at one of the candles, before he answered.

"I am under the impression," he said, "that husbands and wives can talk exactly as well as any other two people. Exactly as well, and no better. The necessary conditions for real conversation are a real interest in and knowledge of a common subject; ability on the part of both to contribute something toward that subject. Well, if a husband and wife can meet those terms, they can talk. But the joker is, as our legislative friend over there would say"—he nodded down the table toward a young millionaire of altruistic principles, who had got elected to the state assembly—"the joker is that a man and a woman who aren't married, and who are moderately attracted to each other, can talk, or seem to talk, without meeting those conditions."

"Seem to talk?" she questioned.

"Seem to exchange ideas mutually. They think they do, but they don't. It's pure illusion, that's the answer."

"I'm not clever, really," said Rose, "and I don't know much, and I simply don't understand. Will you explain it, in short words"—she smiled—"since we're not married, you know?"

He grinned back at her. "All right," he said, "since we're not married, I will. We'll take a hypothetical case. We'll take Darby and Joan. They encounter each other somewhere, and something about them that men have written volumes about and never explained yet, sets up. They arrest each other's attention—get to thinking about each other, are strongly drawn together.

"It's not quite the oldest and most primitive thing in the world, but nearly. Only, Darby and Joan aren't primitive people. Each of them is carrying a perfectly enormous superstructure of ideas and inhibitions, emotional refinements, and capacities, and the attraction is so disguised that they don't recognize it.

"Absence of common knowledge and common interests only makes Darby and Joan fall victims to the very dangerous illusion that they're intellectual companions. They think they're having wonderful talks, when all they are doing is making love."

"And poor Joan," said Rose, after a palpable silence, but evenly enough, "who has thought all along that she was attracting a man by her intelligence and her understanding, and all that, wakes up to find that she's been married for her long eyelashes, and her nice voice—and her pretty ankles. That's a little hard on her, don't you think, if she's been taking herself seriously?"

"Nine times in ten," he said, "she's fooling herself. She's taken her own ankles much more seriously than she has her mind. She's capable of real sacrifices for them. Intelligence she regards as a gift. She thinks witty conversation, or bright letters to a friend, are real exercises of her mind

She Listened With Mingled Feelings to His Argument.

—real work. But work isn't done like that. Work's overcoming something that resists; and there's strain in it, and pain and discouragement."

In her cheeks the red flared up brighter. She smiled again—not her own smile—one, at any rate, that was new to her. "You don't 'solve an intellectual problem,' then," she quoted, "'by having your hand held, or your eyes kissed?'"

Whereupon he shot a look at her and observed that evidently he wasn't as much of a pioneer as he thought.

She did not rise to this cast, however. "All right," she said; "admitting that her ankles are serious and her mind isn't, what is Joan going to do about it?"

"It's easier to say what she's not to do," he decided, after hesitating a moment. "Her fatal mistake will be to despise her ankles without disciplining her mind. If she will take either one of them seriously, or both for that matter—it's possible—she'll do very well."

He could, no doubt, have continued upon the theme indefinitely, but the table turned the other way just then and Rose took up an alleged conversation with the man at her right which lasted until they left the table, and included such topics as indoor golf, woman's suffrage, the new dances, Bernard Shaw, Campanini, and the political parties; with a perfectly appropriate and final comment upon each.

Rose didn't care. She was having a wonderful time—a new kind of wonderful time. No longer gazing, big-eyed like little Cinderella, at a pageant some fairy godmother's whim had admitted her to, but consciously gazed upon; she was the show, tonight, and she knew it. Her low, finely modulated voice, so rich in humor, so varied in color, had tonight an edge upon it that carried it beyond those she was immediately speaking to, and drew looks that found it hard to get away again. For the first time in her life, with full self-consciousness, she was producing effects, thrilling with the exercise of a power as obedient to her will as electricity to the manipulator of a switchboard.

She was like a person driving an airplane, able to move in all three dimensions. Pretty soon, of course, she'd have to come back to earth, where certain monstrously terrifying questions were waiting for her.

CHAPTER VIII.

Rodney Smiled.

The next day, Rose took two steps toward making herself her husband's intellectual companion.

From a university catalog she picked out the names of half a dozen elementary textbooks on law, and then went to a bookstore and bought them. She had taken her determination during the endless waking hours of the night: she was going to study law—study it with all her might!

The other step was to go and hear Rodney's argument in court that day. She was successful in slipping into the rear of the courtroom—up on the eighth floor of the Federal building—without attracting her husband's attention; and for two hours and a half she listened, with mingled feelings, to his argument. There was no use pretending that she could follow her husband's reasoning. Listening to it had something the same effect upon her as watching some enormous, complicated, smooth-running mass of machinery. She was conscious of the power of it, though ignorant of what made it go, and of what it was accomplishing.

The three stolid figures behind the high mahogany bench seemed to be following it attentively, though they irritated her bitterly, sometimes, by indulging in whispered conversations.

And, presently, he just stopped talking and began stacking up his notes. The oldest judge mumbled something everybody stood up, and the three stiff, formidable figures filed out by a side door. It was all over.

But nothing had happened!

Rose had expected to leave the courtroom in the blissful knowledge of Rodney's victory or the acceptance of his defeat. In her surprise over the failure of this climax to materialize she almost neglected to make her escape before he discovered her there.

One practical advantage she had gained out of what was, on the whole, a rather unsatisfactory afternoon. When she had gone home and changed into the sort of frock she thought he'd like and come down-stairs in answer to his shouted greeting from the lower hall, she didn't say, as otherwise she would have done, "How did it come out Roddy? Did you win?"

In the light of her newly acquired knowledge she could see how a question of that sort would irritate him. Instead of that, she said: "You dear old boy, how dog-tired you must be! How do you think it went? Do you think you impressed them? I bet you did!"

And, not having been rubbed the wrong way by a foolish question, he held her off with both hands for a moment, then hugged her up and told her she was a trump. "I had a sort of uneasy feeling," he confessed, "then after last night—the way I threw you out of my office, fairly, I'd find you—tragic. I might have known I could count on you. Is there anywhere we have got to go? Or can we just stay home?"

He didn't want to flounder through an emotional morass. And the assumption that she couldn't walk beside him on the main path of his life was just and sensible. But it wasn't good enough for Rose.

So the very next morning she stripped the cover off the first of the law books she had bought, and really went to work. She bit down, angrily, the yawns that blinded her eyes with tears she made desperate efforts to fog her mind into grappling with the endless succession of meaningless page spread out before her, to find a germ of meaning somewhere in it that would bring the dead verbiage to life. She was very secretive about it; developed an almost morbid fear that Rodney would discover what she was doing and laugh his big laugh at her. She resisted innumerable questions she wanted to propound to him, from a fear that they'd betray her secret.

She even forbore to ask him about the case; it was The Case in her mind—the one she knew about.

She discovered in the newspapers one day, a column summary of court decisions that had been handed down and though The Case wasn't in it, she kept, from that day forward, a careful watch, discovered where the legal news was printed, and never overlooked a paragraph. And at last she found it—just the bare statement: "Judgment affirmed." Rodney, she knew had represented the appellant. He was beaten.

For a moment the thing had bruised her like a blow. And then, all at once in the indrawing of a single breath she saw it differently. She saw she couldn't help him out of his intellectual quandaries—yet. But under the discouragement and lassitude of defeat, couldn't she help him? She remembered how many times she had gone to him for help like that, and most notably, during the three or four days of an acute illness of her mother's, when she had been brought face to face with the monstrous, incredible possibility of losing her, how she had clung to him, how his tenderness had soothed and quieted her.

He had never come to her like that She knew now it was a thing she had unconsciously longed for. And tonight she'd have a chance! There was a mounting excitement in her, as the hours passed—a thrilling suspense.

For two hours that afternoon, she listened for his latchkey, and when at last she heard it, she stole down the stairs. He didn't shout her name from the hall, as he often did. He didn't hear her coming, and she got a look at his face as he stood at the table absently turning over some mail that lay there. He looked tired, she thought.

Rose tries hard to keep track of her husband's professional labors and to be mentally interesting to him, but she doesn't make much headway. Unusual developments in their relations are pictured in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Four-fifths of the world's coffee is raised in Brazil.

GREATER EFFICIENCY. REDUCED COST

Grow Grain in Western Canada, Make Profits, and Show Greater Patriotism.

The nation-wide cry of "More Emciency" has now reached even the most remote agricultural sections and there is a general interest amongst the farmers to increase their products and to reduce their expenses. The need of foodstuffs is greater than the world has ever before known, and every effort is being used to meet the world's food requirements, becoming more apparent every day. While it is true that this desire is attested by a general patriotism, there is an underlying factor in this extension work to secure some of the benefits that are being offered by a ready market at maximum prices. Wide-spread attention has been given to the opportunity in this respect in Western Canada, where fortunes are being made in a few crops out of grain at present prices.

It has been found that the open, level prairie can be cultivated for wheat and other small grains at a minimum price, and during the past few years the yields have been more than satisfactory. Wheat crops of forty bushel to the acre have been common in Western Canada in the last three or four years, and with a present available price of over $2.00 per bushel this means a return on investment and labor that cannot be duplicated elsewhere. This is made possible by the low priced lands that can be secured for grain growing. The range in price runs from $15 to $25 per acre, according to location and other local conditions. In this period of "more agricultural efficiency" it is apparent at a glance that the farmer on low priced but high grade lands, growing his grain at a minimum cost, is reaping a golden harvest with the highest percentage of profit.

The cultivator of high priced farm lands has a big handicap to overcome, in computing his profits on a $200 an acre farm as compared with the agriculturist reaping as great, if not greater return from $25 an acre land.

It therefore becomes a question for the farmer himself to answer, whether he is doing himself and his country the best service, by devoting all his efforts to working high-priced land that yields no better return than land that can be secured at one-eighth the price. It is a case of getting either minimum or maximum quantity. Many have already decided on the alternative, and with their spare money invested in and now working Western Canada lands, they are allowed to speak for themselves. Apparently they are satisfied, for we learn of cases where on a $4,000 investment, in one year they have had their money back, with a profit of from 50% to 100%. Such is one of the steps in progressiveness now being demonstrated in the effort to create greater efficiency. The Canadian Government is using every effort to bring these conditions to the attention of the agricultural world, in order to secure the necessary increased grain production so greatly needed. The farmer in Western Canada is exempt from all personal taxes. His buildings, stock and implements are not assessed; and every encouragement is given to farmers to improve and increase their farm output. Reduced railway rates are being offered to new settlers to look over the country and to size up an unprecedented opportunity in farming.—Advertisement.

Gold dissolved in a woman's tears is said to make an excellent cement for mending a broken heart.

GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER

Has been used for all ailments that are caused by a disordered stomach and inactive liver, such as sick headache, constipation, sour stomach, nervous indigestion, fermentation of food, palpitation of the heart caused by gases in the stomach. August Flower is a gentle laxative, regulates digestion both in stomach and intestines, cleans and sweetens the stomach and alimentary canal, stimulates the liver to secrete the bile and impurities from the blood. Sold in all civilized countries. 60 and 90 cent bottles.—Adv.

It's a mighty poor man who can't do something to help his country.

DON'T WORRY ABOUT PIMPLES

Because Cuticura Quickly Removes Them—Trial Free.

On rising and retiring gently smear the face with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off the Ointment in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water, using plenty of Soap. Keep your skin clear by making Cuticura your every-day toilet preparations.

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

The Common Debt.

What a fellow owes you is often too small to mention, but too large to pay.

MURINE Granulated Eyelids, Sore Eyes, Eyes Inflamed by Sun, Dust and Wind quickly relieved by Murine. Try it in your Eyes and in Baby's Eyes. YOUR EYES No Smarting, Just Eye Comfort. Murine Eye Remedy At Your Druggist's, or by mail, for 25c per bottle. Regular Eye Salve, in Tubes 25c. For Book of the Eye—Free. Ask Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

Without Premeditation

By Susan Claggett

(Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"Are the islands forts?"

John English answered the question absently, without turning his head.

"They are masked batteries, I believe."

"All of them?"

Something in the tone of voice caught his attention. He looked at the woman standing beside the rail, past her to the bay and the many islands dotting its surface.

"Boston is well protected," he remarked casually.

"Of course." Rachel Baruch moved so as to face him. "I am a good American," she said dryly.

"Yes?"

"Your tone implies reservation and an implication."

For an instant annoyance dominated John English. Then he laughed. "The times call for reserve. As for implication, I never imply a thing."

"Then why?" she waved her hand outwardly.

"Ignorance. I have never before been in Boston harbor."

She looked at him doubtfully.

"My explanation is not satisfactory?"

"Your pardon. There is something familiar, yet I am sure I have never seen you before. A chance likeness, a similarity in tone."

"I am fortunate if I resemble one who is a friend; it argues favorably for me," he answered idly.

"A friend! No. I disliked the man. In fact, I am running away from him."

His eyes twinkled. "The obvious reason?"

She did not reply. The swell, that makes the trip to Yarmouth something to be dreaded, was rolling the steamer in a most unpleasant way and had cleared the deck of all but themselves. "Isn't it very rough?" she asked, glancing about helplessly.

"I have been told this trip is worse than an ocean voyage." Then he glimpsed her face and was all concern.

"It is nothing," Rachel said hastily; "a little dizziness that will pass, but I think I will go in."

"The air is best for you, and you will miss the sunset." But she shook her head and left him.

They did not meet again until a week later. Loitering upon the piazza of the Queen's hotel, Halifax, he saw her pass. His first thought was to join her. His second, to wonder why he should desire to do so. Such an inclination belonged to youth, not to a man who had long left sentiment behind and found his most congenial companionship among his own kind.

His means permitted him to live as he pleased in the house built by some forgotten ancestor. This he had changed little. The principal alteration had been in the attic, which he had transformed into a billiard room, the pleasantest place in the house, and this room visualized itself with some amazing additions to the furniture as he watched Rachel Baruch's retreating figure. A baby grand stood beside one window. Now, he could not tell the difference between Dixie and the sextet from Lucia, and he realized the incongruity of a piano in his den, but the oddity of its appearance disappeared in a greater astonishment as he noticed upon the hearth two pairs of slippers. This in itself was not unusual, but when he glimpsed one of the pair he wondered what had happened to him. Close beside his worn-out and comfortable number nines was a woman's shoe, dainty and small.

A blast from a steamer at the pier roused him, and he looked at his watch as a porter approached with his grip and rug, and with an unconscious sigh he came back to the business of the moment.

That a man should have dreams is not surprising. The surprising thing was that this condition of mind was brought about, not by a young woman, but by one quite thirty-five or more years of age. She could not even lay claim to beauty, but in Rachel's face was force and sweetness; a note in her voice that appealed to him. Analyzing his condition of mind later on, he reached the conclusion he was in a state bordering upon the idiocy of extreme youth; for the first time in his life he could not constrain his feelings to respond to his will.

He wondered why he had been so short-sighted not to join her, to accept the chance offered by the gods, and as he lashed himself mentally over his failure to do so, something in the attitude of a woman upon whom his eyes had rested unseemingly for some time brought a sudden realization that, after all, fate was kind.

He made no move to join her. He was content to wait, hoping she would recognize him when she turned. He was disappointed. Once her eyes swept over him casually, as casually as they passed over others standing near.

Still he hoped for recognition, "like a fatuous youngster," he told himself. Instead, she moved to the other side of the steamer.

That evening when he went on deck he found her in the chair next to his.

"I knew you at once," she told him, "but I have traveled so little it is difficult to accept the freemasonry of shipboard life. I am very glad you remembered me," she ended simply.

That trip to St. Johns always stood out in John English's memory as the one perfect time in a hitherto pleasant life. A man of literary tastes, he found in Rachel one who had read largely and had the courage of her rather positive ideas. But it was the personal in which he was interested. Especially was he concerned in the identity of the man from whom she was running away, and he asked one evening if she still noticed a resemblance.

"Occasionally," she replied, and would have changed the subject, but he persisted. It seemed to him he must know what part the man had played in her life.

"I am interested in my double, Miss Baruch, and I have been wondering if you would tell me more about him."

She replied readily. "There is little to tell, and to that you are welcome. My father was under obligations to him. Mr. Hardwick helped him when he was in financial straits, and then—then he said he did not want the money; he only wanted—he wanted to marry me. I could not bring myself to do as they wished, but I thought if I went away possibly my perspective might change sufficiently to include him when I returned."

"Not if I can help it," said John English. Then he stopped, amazed at what he had said.

"You have nothing to do with it."

"I have everything to do with it," he returned shortly. He left his chair and walked to the rail, appalled by his unpremeditated words. Marriage at no time had occurred to him. He had enjoyed Rachel's society, but a nearer intimacy he had not considered. Then, as she stood looking out across the moonlit sea, he again visualized his den and the extraordinary changes in its arrangements; the dainty shoes beside his shabby slippers, and across from his comfortable armchair the smaller chair occupied by the woman now seated in the corner of the deck

She Looked at Him Doubtfully.

behind him. Suddenly that room as he now saw it became desirable above everything on earth, and he turned again to her.

"I have everything to do with it," he repeated. "I want to marry you myself."

"Have you taken leave of your senses?"

"It would seem that I have come to a sense of what is necessary to my happiness."

"But to have it happen like this. It is absurd."

"I would have said the same thing a week ago. Today there is but one explanation."

"And that?"

"It had to be. Just charge the whole thing to fate, and marry me when we reach St. John's. I know the consul and his wife. They will be delighted to act as host and hostess. What say you?"

She left him and walked to the end of the deck. He waited long for her to return to him, and then followed.

"What I have said may seem premature," he told her, "but I am thoroughly in earnest. If you cannot answer me now, I will ask again, when you know me better."

She faced him as she spoke. "That will be unnecessary. I was merely thinking fate had been most kind."

Harvesting Shellac.

Shellac is a resinous substance, deposited on the twigs of various trees in India and southern Asia by the lac insects. At the proper time the twigs are broken off by the native collectors and exposed to the sun to kill the insects and to dry the lac. These twigs with the attached resin, inclosed insects and ova constitute the stick lac. Seed lac is obtained from stick lac by removing the resinous concretions from the twigs and triturating with water. The greater part of the coloring matter is dissolved and the granular portion, which remains after drying, is the seed lac. Shell lac, or shellac, is obtained by melting the seed lac in cotton cloth bags, straining and allowing it to drop on to sticks or leaves. In this way the resin spreads into thin plates, in which state it is found in commerce.

Too Probable.

"Who is going to score the new opera you are going to produce?"

"I am afraid it is going to be the critics."

OUTSIDE PALE OF HUMANITY

Frightfulness Taught by German Leaders Belongs to Age of Barbarism.

SOLEMN PLEDGE MERE WORDS

Kaiser's Statesmen Had No Intention of Keeping Faith With Their Agreement on International Law —Horrors Told by Diaries.

In giving to the American people the knowledge of German inhumanity in Belgium, says a pamphlet issued by the committee on public information, the evidence is drawn mainly from German and American sources. The German sources include official proclamations and other official utterances, letters and diaries of German soldiers, and quotations from German newspapers. The "Rules for Field Service" of the German army advises each soldier to keep such a diary while on active service.

In the wars waged in ancient times it was taken for granted that conquered peoples might be either killed, tortured, or held as slaves; that their property would be taken and that their lands would be devastated. "Vae victis!—woe to the conquered!" For two centuries or more there has been a steady advance in introducing ideas of humanity and especially in confining the evils of warfare to the combatants. The ideal seemed to have become so thoroughly established as a part of international law that the powers at The Hague thought it sufficient merely to state the general principles in Article XLVI of the regulations: "Family honors and rights, the lives of persons and private property, as well as religious convictions and practice, must be respected. Private property cannot be confiscated." Germany, in common with the other powers, solemnly pledged her faith to keep this article, but her military leaders had no intention of doing so. They had been trained in the ideas voiced by Gen. von Hartmann 40 years ago: "Terrorism is seen to be a relatively gentle procedure, useful to keep the masses of the people in a state of obedience." This had been Bismarck's policy, too. According to Moritz Busch, Bismark's biographer, Bismarck, exasperated by the French resistance, which was still continuing in January, 1871, said:

"If in the territory which we occupy, we cannot supply everything for our troops, from time to time we shall send a flying column into the localities which are recalcitrant. We shall shoot, hang and burn. After that has happened a few times, the inhabitants will finally come to their senses."

Horrors Told in Soldiers' Diaries.

The frightfulness taught by the German leaders held full sway in Belgium. This is best seen in the entries in the diaries of the individual German soldiers.

"During the night of August 15-16 Engineer Gr—— gave the alarm in the town of Vise. Every one was shot or taken prisoner, and the houses were burnt. The prisoners were made to march and keep up with the troops." (From the diary of noncommissioned officer Reinhold Koehn of the Second battalion of engineers, Third army corps.)

"A horrible bath of blood. The whole village burnt, the French thrown into the blazing houses, civilians with the rest." (From the diary of Private Hassemer of the Eighth army corps.)

"In the night of August 18-19 the village of Saint-Maurice was punished for having fired on German soldiers by being burnt to the ground by the German troops (two regiments, the Twelfth landwehr and the Seventeenth.) The village was surrounded, men posted about a yard from one another, so that no one could get out. Then the Uhlans set fire to it, house by house. Neither man, woman, nor child could escape; only the greater part of the live stock we carried off, as that could be used. Anyone who ventured to come out was shot down. All the inhabitants left in the village were burnt with the houses." (From the diary of Private Karl Scheufele of the Third Bavarian regiment and landwehr infantry.)

"At ten o'clock in the evening the first battalion of the One hundred and Seventy-eighth marched down the steep incline into the burning village to the burning village to the north of Dinant. A terrific spectacle of ghastly beauty. At the entrance to the village lay about fifty dead civilians, shot for having fired upon our troops from ambush. In the course of the night many others were also shot, so that we counted over 200. Women and children, lamp in hand, were forced to look on at the horrible scene. We ate our rice later in the midst of the corpses, for we had had nothing since morning. When we searched the houses we found plenty of wine and spirit, but no eatables. Captain Hamann was drunk." (This last phrase in shorthand.) (From the diary of Private Philipp of the One Hundred and Seventy-eighth regiment of infantry, Twelfth army corps.)

Writing from Belgium in 1916 Irvin S. Cobb said:

"Briefly what I saw was this: I saw wide areas of Belgium and France in which not a penny's worth of wanton destruction had been permitted to occur, in which the ripe pears hung untouched upon the garden walls; and I saw other wide areas where scarcely one stone had been left to stand upon another; where the fields were ravaged; where the male villagers had been shot in squads; where the miserable survivors had been left to den in holes, like wild beasts."

Even Soldiers Horrified.

Some German soldiers, we are glad to see, showed their horror at the foul deeds committed in Belgium.

"The inhabitants have fled in the village. It was horrible. There was clotted blood on all the beards, and what faces one saw, terrible to behold! The dead, 60 in all, were at once buried. Among them were many old women, some old men, and a half-delivered woman, awful to see; three children had clasped each other, and died thus. The altar and the vaults of the church are shattered. They had a telephone there to communicate with the enemy. This morning, September 2, all the survivors were expelled, and I saw four little boys carrying a cradle, with a baby five or six months old in it, on two sticks. All this was terrible to see. Shot after shot! Thunderbolt after thunderbolt! Everything is given over to pillage; fowls and the rest all killed. I saw a mother, too, with her two children; one had a great wound on the head and had lost an eye" (From the diary of Lance Corporal Paul Spielman of the Ersatz, first brigade of Infantry of the Guard.)

". . . In the night the inhabitants of Liege became mutinous. Forty persons were shot and 15 houses demolished, 10 soldiers shot. The sights here make you cry.

"On the 23rd of August everything quiet. The inhabitants have so far given in. Seventy students were shot. 200 kept prisoners. Inhabitants returning to Liege.

"August 24. At noon with 36 men on sentry duty. Sentry duty is A 1, no post allocated to me. Our occupation, apart from bathing, is eating and drinking. We live like God in Belgium." (From the diary of Joh. van der Schoot, reservist of the Tenth company, Thirty-ninth reserve infantry regiment, Seventh reserve army corps.)

"Behaved Like Vandals."

"August 17. In the afternoon I had a look at the little chateau belonging to one of the king's secretaries (not at home). Our men had behaved like regular vandals. They had looted the cellar first, and then they had turned their attention to the bedrooms and thrown things about all over the place. They had even made fruitless efforts to unlock the safe open. Everything was topsy-turvy—magnificent furniture, silk, and even china. That's what happens when the men are allowed to requisition for themselves. I am sure they must have taken away a heap of useless stuff simply for the pleasure of looting."

"August 6th crossed frontier. Inhabitants on border very good to us and give us many things. There is no difference noticeable.

"August 23rd, Sunday (between Birnal and Dinant, village of Disonge). At 11 o'clock the order comes to advance after the artillery has thoroughly prepared the ground ahead. The Pioneers and Infantry regiment 178 were marching in front of us. Near a small village the latter were fired on by the inhabitants. About 220 inhabitants were shot and the village was burnt—artillery is continuously shooting—the village lies in a large ravine. Just now, six o'clock in the afternoon, the crossing of the Mass begins near Dinant . . . All villages, chateaux, and houses are burnt down during this night. It was a beautiful sight to see the fires all round us in the distance.

"August 24. In every village one finds only heaps of ruins and many dead." From the diary of Matbern, Fourth company, Eleventh Jager battalion, Marburg.)

All Male Inhabitants Shot.

"A shell burst near the Eleventh company, and wounded seven men, three very severely. At five o'clock we were ordered by the officer in command of the regiment to shoot all the male inhabitants of Nomeny, because the population was foolishly attempting to stay the advance of the German troops by force of arms. We broke into the houses, and seized all who resisted, in order to execute them according to martial law. The houses which had not been already destroyed by the French artillery and our own were set on fire by us, so that nearly the whole town was reduced to ashes. It is a terrible sight when helpless women and children, utterly destitute, are herded together and driven into France." (From the diary of Private Fischer, Eighth Bavarian regiment of infantry, Thirty-third reserve division.)

Too Many Servants in Britain.

Duncan Miller asked the minister of national service, says the London Times, whether his attention has been called to the number of advertisements for servants in households of one, two or three persons, where seven to ten indoor servants are already kept, and whether he proposes to limit the number of indoor servants employed in each household. The minister of national service replied that he had already pointed out how essential it is, in the national interest, that no person should employ more servants than are absolutely necessary. The minister trusts that the awakened consciences of those who have in this respect failed to appreciate their duty will provide an immediate and sufficient remedy. If not, he will tell his plan in the general statement on man power.

CARRIE'S BIG WEDDING FEAST

Father Remembers His Days of Despair When He Invites Guests for the Sumptuous Repast.

Twenty years ago Max Gootschneider landed in New York with a slim young wife, a baby girl that could just toddle, $30 in money and a hopeful disposition. The first few weeks in the strange America was a period of such forlorn and homesick misery that Max never forgot them.

And so, when Max and Mrs. Max, no longer slim, sat in their fine house discussing the details of a celebration which might be suitable to signalize the engagement of the only daughter of a prosperous furrier to marry a rich young diamond merchant, Max had an idea, says the Cincinnati Times-Star.

"Mamma," he said, "you remember when we landed in New York—you and Carrie, our baby, and me? You remember how it was for us then! Well, we shall give a feast for our daughter, Carrie, and her young man, but we will give it to the people who are now like we were then. Our friends are happy. They are not hungry. They are not sorrowful because there is no one to cheer them up. They do not need a feast like the poor people that have come from the old country. Those are the people who shall enjoy our Carrie's wedding feast."

And so the feast was given, away down in East Broadway, in the building which is occupied by the Hebrew Immigrants' Sheltering Aid society, and which overflows nowadays with hundreds of misery-stricken people from the countries at war in Europe.

There was a room where 150 persons could eat at once. As soon as one crowd of 150 had finished, another came in. There were no invitations and no red tape. Max and Mrs. Max and the pretty Carrie and her proud husband-to-be stood at the door and smilingly welcomed all who came. There was chicken and duck and goose and gefilite fish. And everyone was welcome to all of everything.

Even the kids, who stealthily pilfered goodies were urged to pilfer more. And the feast brought joy and good cheer to a thousand people who are homeless in a strange land. And the spirit of kindliness so permeated it all that Mamma Gootschneider, now and then, was compelled to wipe away a sympathetic tear. And after it was all over, Papa Gootschneider declared that his undying regret would be that he had only one daughter to give a wedding feast for.

Precious Gold.

Since the beginning of the war, the nations of Europe have sent quantities of gold to our shores. So, as far as gold is concerned, we are richer than ever before, comments a financial exchange. But gold, except that portion of it which is made into gold foil, or used for gilding, or made into jewelry, or otherwise employed in the arts, has no value in itself. Gold, in general, is only a symbol of value, of use for buying; and if the goods are not at hand to be bought, the gold is valueless. You cannot eat it, or drink it, you cannot warm yourself with it. As a financial writer said the other day, "If gold were to be discovered in the same quantities in which copper is found, it would be as beautiful and as useful in the arts and sciences as before, but we should have to stop using it for money. You would need 30 pounds of it to buy a pair of shoes, and the price of the shoes would be about $7,500."

Washington Ate Hoe Cakes.

There was no wheat shortage in America when George Washington was a wealthy Virginia planter, before the Revolution, yet that eminent patriot set an example in the conservation of flour which citizens of today would do well to follow, says an exchange.

Wheat is not essential to a satisfying meal, the food administrator points out. Corn is an excellent substitute. The following excerpt from Irving's "Life of Washington" is interesting now in view of the agitation for a wheatless diet:

"He was an early riser, often before daybreak in the winter when the nights were long. He breakfasted at seven in summer, at eight in winter. Two small cups of tea and three or four cakes of Indian meal (called hoe cakes) formed his frugal repast."

It is said that, even in the days of plenty, big spreads were an infrequent occurrence in the Washington home.

Lesson in Thorough Bass.

The use of the word "stuff" in the president's Thanksgiving proclamation, comments the Brooklyn Eagle, furnishes the discord needed to emphasize the harmony of the flowing rhetoric. In effect the president says "We are the stuff." If our enemies twist it we shall not care. James G. Blaine was called the "plumed knight" by Ingersoll, and it passed for a fine compliment, but Blaine thought it suggested the "white feather." If the president thinks his boys are the stuff, we shall all agree with him. Here's where the kaiser gets a lesson in thorough bass.

Wise Bertie.

Mamma—Oh, Bertie, here you are again all covered with mud from head to foot.

Bertram (in tears)—It isn't my fault. I was sailing on a plank, when Willie Meigs gave me a push, and over I went.

Mamma—Well, what are you crying so about? Is it painful to be covered with mud?

Bertram—No, it ain't; but I thought that if I came in laughing you would whip me.

Horticultural News

DESTROY ALL WORMY FRUIT

Mummied Specimens on Trees or on Ground Should Be Burned to Guard Against Pests.

Peach trees that have borne fruit this year are likely to have deformed, mummied fruits either on the branches or on the ground under the trees. It is highly desirable that these fruits be destroyed, so that the spores of fungous disease or insects in these fruits be destroyed.

Such diseases as brown rot may be carried over winter on specimens of fruit left in the orchard. For this reason, such specimens should not be left, but should be gathered up and destroyed to get rid of any disease germs or insect pests that such specimens may harbor.

Where pigs have access to the orchard generally they will eat faulty specimens of fruits that may be left. But even when pigs run in the orchard it is advisable to go over and examine the trees, taking out all specimens that still cling to the branches. This work may be done when other work is not pressing and when one can spare the time. This would hardly be practical where one has a large orchard, but for the small peach orchard for home use it will be work well employed.

TO CONTROL SCAB ON PEARS

Trees Should Be Thoroughly Sprayed With Bordeaux Mixture—Also Spray for Insects.

Some pear trees are affected by a very common fungous disease called scab. Some varieties of pears are very susceptible to this disease, and if not given good treatment in the way of spraying, they will invariably be covered by scab, and will crack as the result of this disease.

To control the disease, the trees should be thoroughly sprayed with Bordeaux mixture, which is made of four pounds of copper sulphate and six pounds of lime to 50 gallons of water. The copper sulphate should be dissolved in the water, and the lime slaked to a smooth paste. Then the copper sulphate and lime should both be diluted to about 25 gallons each, and then mixed together.

The first application of this spray should be made just before the blossoms open. When about half the blossom petals have dropped, and again two weeks thereafter, other applications should be made. If the season is a very wet one, a fourth spraying should be made two weeks after the third one.

Louise Pear.

In order to control insects which attack the pear, arsenate of lead at the rate of two pounds to 50 gallons should be added to each spraying after the blossoms have dropped.

DANGER OF WINTER KILLING

Mulching Small Fruits Delays Blooming of Berries—Also Conserves Moisture in Soil.

Mulching not only lessens the danger from winter killing but it also lessens the danger of damage by late frosts by delaying the blooming of the berries of small fruits. If the mulch is left on, the buds do not open quite so early and there is consequently less danger of their being caught by a late freeze.

The mulch may be either partially or wholly removed in the spring and any plants which have been laid down can be raised. It is usually a good plan to leave some of the mulch on the ground to act as a summer mulch in keeping down weeds, conserving moisture, and protecting the berries from contact with sand and grit.

ARSENATE OF LIME RESULTS

Equally as Effective in Spraying for Codling Moth as Arsenate of Lead, Says Grower.

A Michigan orchardist used about a ton of homemade arsenate of lime this year in comparison with arsenate of lead and received equally good results in spraying to control the codling moth, according to reports to the bureau of entomology of the United States department of agriculture. He effected a saving by the use of the arsenate of lime and plans to use it again next year. Reports as a whole indicate better results than usual this season in the control of the codling moth by orchardists in Michigan.

Carrizozo News

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JNO. A. HALEY, - - Editor and Publisher

DUGOUT IN THE TRENCHES

Baptist Church

Rev. J. M. Gardner, Pastor

Cottage prayer meetings are being held in spite of bad weather. They have been held with Mr. Montgomery, Sunday and Kelly this week. They will continue on through the month. The revival of preaching will start the first Sunday in February. Every Christian in Carrizozo is requested to pray for a revival even though you are unable to get to the cottage prayer meetings.

Preaching Sunday Jan. 13th 11 a. m., Nobody Told me of Jesus. 7:30 p. m., "Redeeming the Time." The evening sermon is one that every one in Carrizozo should attend. Sunday school at 10 a. m. B. Y. P. U. 6:30 p. m. Lower floor of the Nash building. Prayer meeting Wednesday night.

Rev. J. M. Gardner will preach at Nogal Tuesday January 15th at 2:30 p. m.

There was a good turnout for the Friendly Bible Class for such a cold day last Sunday. A committee was appointed to see just what was needed in the way of repairs for Mrs. Green who has been so sick. The class wishes to be of help in any way they can in cases of need.

Miss [illegible] and Nobody Told Me of Jesus next Sunday afternoon.

Jack Pickford in "The Varmint" Saturday at Crystal Theatre

Imagine if you can one with the daring of the Roman, great Lord [illegible] who had escaped an [illegible] escape and, to [illegible] with a pilfered auto awaiting at the [illegible] door, such a plight is Jack Pickford in "The Varmint," a Paramount Picture, a screen adaptation of Owen Johnson's celebrated story which originally appeared in the Saturday Evening Post. Member of a crowd of fellows including "The White Mountain Canary", "The Coffee Colored Angel", "Tennessee Shad", and others are "The Varmint's" friends. "The Varmint" earned his name by the most thoroughly pestiferous conduct imaginable, such as demanding two helpings of prunes, which article of diet were strictly taboo, and other misdemeanors. "The Varmint" is a Paramount production which will carry every man back to his own school days and bring tears of laughter to the eyes. "The Varmint" will be shown at the Crystal Theatre on Saturday, January 12.

Until further notice by paying up back payments new members will be accepted in the Christmas Banking Club.—The First National Bank, Carrizozo, N. M.

N. B. Taylor & Son

HERE is the place to get that brace with bits and drills to match it.

ASSORTED locks and shotgun stocks, a jack-knife or hatchet.

RAZORS, tacks, the saw, the ax, powder, paint and fuse.

DRINKINKING JARS and iron bars, rope, squares, spades and screws.

WRENCHES right; we treat you white and sell the best that's sold.

AND we have stoves to bake your loaves, they're hottest when they're coaled!

REVOLVERS, rasps, files, hinges, hasps, bolts, hammers, nails and wire.

EXTRA blades for different trades, and all that you desire.

N. B. Taylor & Son

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

EXCHANGE BANK, CARRIZOZO, N. M.

GROW WITH US

Our Facility for Handling Your Business Equals any

It is convenient for you aud a pleasure for us

Interest Paid on Time Deposits

THE LINCOLN STATE BANK

Building Material

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

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

Foxworth-Galbraith Co.

D. R. STEWART, Manager

WE WANT YOU TO **Become Acquainted**

with the fact that we have one of the best equipped banks in the country. We want your business and are in a position to give you prompt and courteous service.

Let Our Bank be Your Bank

Stockmens State Bank

CORONA, NEW MEXICO

STOMACH TROUBLE

Mr. Marion Holcomb, of Nancy, Ky., says: "For quite a long while I suffered with stomach trouble. I would have pains and a heavy feeling after my meals, a most disagreeable taste in my mouth. If I ate anything with butter, other grease, I would spit it up. I began to have regular sick headache. I had used pills and tablets, but after a course of these, I would be constipated. It just seemed to tear my stomach all up. I found they were no good at all for my trouble. I heard

THEDFORD'S

BLACK-DRAUGHT

recommended very highly, so began to use it. It cured me. I keep it in the house all the time. It is the best liver medicine made. I do not have sick headache or stomach trouble any more." Black-Draught acts on the jaded liver and helps it to do its important work of throwing out waste materials and poisons from the system. This medicine should be in every household for use in time of need. Get a package today. If you feel sluggish, take a dose tonight. You will feel fresh tomorrow. Price 25c a package. All druggists.

ONE CENT A DOSE

The Titsworth Company

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

APPLES

WRITE FOR PRICES

MAIL ORDERS GIVEN PROMPT ATTENTION

The Titsworth Company

CAPITAN, NEW MEXICO

Human Stories of the Deepest Interest

Here are a few of them:

"Doing without meat, give up my only boy for the cause."

"I am raising quite a nice garden, and trying to save, while my husband is away in the army."

"I am seventy-seven and one-half years of age, half of my face was shot away in the Civil war. Have nothing but the rent of a very small farm. Took $100.00 Liberty Bond—one-fifth of all I had."

"Helpless with a broken limb, but paying $4.00 monthly for a Liberty Bond."

"Preserved lots of food for winter use, teaching thrift and helped to sell Liberty Bonds in school. Purchased one Liberty Bond, and intend to buy more. Managing my mother's business while two brothers in the army."

"Father is a soldier, two brothers soldiers, two sons soldiers. No money because have to try to keep my own and relatives' families."

"Family of five. Try to live entirely on goods we produce. Bought Liberty Bond, and will buy one of each issue. Supporting Red Cross and Young Men's Christian Association. Am a teacher and pastor, preaching the needs of the Government."

"Am an old man of seventy-seven. Will do my best every day, and invest every dollar I can spare in Bonds."

"Buy half what I used to. Make more stuff on the farm. Bought a $80.00 sow and pigs. Made more than twice as much farm products this year than ever, and expect to make more next year. Bought two Liberty Bonds and expect to buy more."

"Am doing work that I used to employ others to do. Will set aside money regularly for purchase of Bonds."

"Reduced living expenses to minimum. Putting aside 10 per cent of income for Bonds. Will invest everything I possess if necessary to win the war."

"Using practically no meat. Will buy $500.00 worth of each issue of Bonds. Am working to produce more."

"Am an alderman. Economizing and working for greater efficiency in Departments under my care."

"Am a teacher. Living on half my salary, and investing the other half in Bonds."

"Am a boy. I bought Bonds, and am raising pigs to help feed our soldiers."

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

At the present time Uncle Sam requires men and money, but the family requires **Something to Eat** If you want it fresh, at a reasonable price, and from a

Sanitary Store try Bell's Grocery

We are now located in the New Wetmore building and invite the public to inspect our new quarters.

FEED YARD

HAY AND GRAIN IN CAR LOTS

All Competition Met in Prices on These Commodities

Roomy Yard - Stalls - Water

Coal and Wood

Wm. Barnett EL PASO AVENUE

Phone 86

Special Facilities For Banquet and Dinner Parties

Carrizozo Eating House

F. W. GURNEY, Manager.

Table Supplied with the Best the market affords

WE ARE THE EXCLUSIVE DISPENSERS OF

Nayal's Compounds

PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED

Kodaks, Kodak Supplies and Stationery

Ice Cream and all Kinds of Iced Drinks

Rolland Bros.

"Extra Value For YOU"

AT

ZIEGLER BROS.

January Sale

OF SEASONABLE MERCHANDISE

Come and be Convinced

HOW TO EASE YOUR TAXES

This is a subject that interests every man. This war is costing a sum of money so great that no man can realize what such an amount means. We have to find eighteen and one-half billion dollars during the first year of the work. Eighteen Thousand Five Hundred Million Dollars. Think of it! But perhaps you had better not; it will only make your head go round, and you will not be any nearer to grasping the meaning of such an amount of money, when you have done thinking.

To get down to something you can understand, it means that every man in this country has to give up nearly half of what he earns this year.

The government is going to get this money, because it has to have it. Of course, it can tax your income, tax everything you eat and drink, your land and your cattle, and raise the money this way. However, this would be too hard on you, so the government has decided to ask you to loan some of the money, with Uncle Sam's own promise that he will pay you back, and pay you interest in the meantime. Uncle Sam's promise to pay is so good that his written promise in the form of a bond can be handed around from man to man, almost like a dollar bill. You don't mind giving a silver dollar in exchange for a bill, and you can feel just the same way about giving a cheque in exchange for a Government Bond.

NOW HERE IS THE POINT: JUST SO MUCH AS THE GOVERNMENT WILL ALLOW YOU TO LOAN TO THEM, SO MUCH LESS WILL THEY HAVE TO TAX YOU.

Looked at fairly and squarely, is it not better to loan money, rather than have it taken from you?

We are a level-headed people, and when things are put up to us in a straight-forward way by straight forward people, we are ready to fall in line.

You know the facts now, straight from the U. S. Government

You have money that you do not need until next spring. Lend it to Uncle Sam. If you must have it back next year, borrow on your bond, or sell it.

Your banker is a good man to talk to. You believe in him. Go and ask his opinion. He will tell you that he has bought Liberty Bonds, and he will advise you to do the same.

Lobster Sardines
Pickles Sausage
Oysters Spaghetti
Swiss Cheese
Goulash Raviola
Chile-Con-Carne

These make up the usual Dutch lunch—but what will you serve to drink?

For years the host and hostess have been asking themselves that same question—especially whenever the occasion happens to be one of those cozy little after-theatre or "in-between-times" parties. Now, there is a ready answer—

Bevo

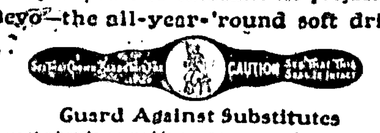
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

A BEVERAGE

This distinctively new creation in soft drinks is sparkling—snappy—delicious. It is healthful with the wholesomeness of the choicest cereals—appetizing with the bouquet and agreeable bitter tang which only choice hops can impart. It is sure to "hit the spot"—sure to encounter no prejudices.

Bevo—the all-year-'round soft drink

You will find Bevo in pasteurized bottles hermetically patent crowned at the restaurants, drug stores, soda fountains, grocery groceries, baseball parks, dining cars, steamships and other places where refreshing beverages are sold



Guard Against Substitutes

have the bottle opened in your presence, first seeing that the seal has not been broken, and that the crown top bears the Fox. Bevo is sold in bottles only and is bottled exclusively by

ANHEUSER BUSCH ST. LOUIS

Carrizozo Trading Co.

Wholesale Dealers CARRIZOZO, N. M.

15L

HOW MONEY GOES ROUND IN A CIRCLE

"There won't be any money left in the country if they keep on asking for these loans."

How many times do you hear such a remark made about the Liberty Loan? Perhaps you may have even thought something of the sort yourself.

To a man not used to finance the thought is a very natural one.

Let us think this thing out.

In the first place, practically all of the money subscribed to the Liberty Loans stays right here in the country, and a good deal of it stays right in the locality from which it is originally subscribed. So this talk about "draining the country," and about there "being no money left in the country," is sheer nonsense.

Let us see how this works out.

We will suppose that you are a farmer, or cotton grower, that you have purchased a Liberty Bond and you are paying by installments spread over several months. Now, until the government actually needs your money it leaves it on deposit at some local bank which is acting as a government depository—maybe your own bank.

Now, by the time you have paid the LAST installment on your Bond, it is quite likely that the money paid on as your FIRST installment has been used by the government to pay for your own cotton or grain, and you will be returning this very same money to the bank to be placed once again to your account, or to apply on your purchase of another Liberty Bond.

"But," you say, "how about these millions and millions of dollars loaned to our allies? Does not this money go out of the country?" It does not. Practically all of the money which goes to our allies is sent with the clear understanding that it is to be used for the purchase of goods in this country. Thus you will see that seldom do we actually loan our allies any money at all, but we loan them goods which you produce and for which you are paid. IN SUBSCRIBING TO THE LIBERTY LOAN YOU ARE PRACTICALLY PUTTING CAPITAL INTO YOUR OWN BUSINESS.

Fears have been expressed by some that the government of this country will place such enormous taxation on the public that it will be almost equivalent to taking their capital and their savings from them. The government of this country desires above all things that you keep your capital and keep it working. It wants your cotton and it wants your foodstuffs and is not foolish enough to take away the capital which you need to run your business. This would be "killing the goose that lays the golden egg." The government wants you to get richer so that you may be in a position to lend some of your increased wealth to carry on the war.

For its own good, the government is trying to make you richer, wealthier than ever you were before.

Have you any "kick coming?"

When the power and resources of this Country can be applied effectively, the war will be won. Are you doing your share?

It has been reserved to the producer of today to feel the satisfaction derived from patriotism and personal profit at one and the same time.

It is not money, but goods and service that will win the war.

But as goods and service must be bought, the Government sells Liberty Bonds.

Be doubly a patriot by producing, making money, and buying Bonds.

State Bank Report

No. 2

Report of Condition of EXCHANGE BANK at Carrizozo, in the State of New Mexico at the close of business on December 31, 1917.

RESOURCES

Total Loans & Discounts		$582 0.3 09
Stocks, other than Federal Reserve Bank stock		1,907 00
Value of banking house (if unencumbered)		12,663.16
Furniture and fixtures		3,594 10
Real estate owned other than banking house		6,858.12
Net amount due from National Banks		162,802 49
Exchanges for clearing house		1,153 7.
Outside checks and other cash items	$940.41	
Fractional currency, nickels and cents	139.01	1,07. 4
Coin and currency		17,555.[illegible]
Total		$795,190 9.

LIABILITIES

Capital stock paid in	$ 50 000 00
Surplus fund	40 000.00
Undivided profits	19 038 63
Net amount due to National Banks	[illegible]
Net amount due to banks and bankers (other than included in 23 or 24)	14,65..16
Individual deposits subject to check	558,114 92
Certificates of deposit due in less than 30 days	13,.03 72
Certified checks	1 000 00
Cashier's checks outstanding	4 127 19
Savings Deposits	54,158 48
Letters of Credit	1 500 00
Total	$795,190 [illegible]

State of New Mexico } SS
County of Lincoln }

We, Geo. L. Ulrick, Vice President and Frank J. Sager, Cashier, of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of our knowledge and belief.

GEO. L. ULRICK, Vice President
FRANK J. SAGER, Cashier.

Correct Attest:

GEO. L. ULRICK
FRANK J. SAGER
JEFFERSON RAYNOLDS, } Directors

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 9th day of January, 1918. GRACE M. JONES, Notary Public

My commission expires May 15, 1921

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
United States Land Office
Roswell, New Mexico, Nov. 16, 1917

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. 5433, Serial No. 013583. SW¼SW¼ SE¼SE¼. Sec 21; NE¼NE¼, S½NE¼, W½ NW¼, SE¼NW¼, N½SW¼. Sec. 28. T. 17 S. R. 18 E., N. Mex. Mer. 450 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.

Dec 21 34.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
United States Land Office
Roswell, N. M., December 5, 1917

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 5182, Serial No 012283. SE1-4NW1-4, SW1-4NE1-4. Sec. 2 T. 10-S. R. 9-E., N Mex Mer., 80 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

Dec. 14—Jan. 11.

Application for Grazing Permits

Notice is hereby given that all applications for permits to graze cattle, horses, hogs, sheep and goats within the LINCOLN NATIONAL FOREST during the season of 1918 must be filed in my office at Alamogordo, New Mexico, on or before January 21, 1918. Full information in regard to the grazing fees to be charged and blank forms to be used in making applications will be furnished upon request.

CHAS. H. JENNINGS, Supervisor.

NOTICE FOR POSTING AND PUBLISHING
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

United States Land Office
Roswell, New Mexico, December 26, 1917

Serial No 040961

Notice is hereby given that the Santa Fe Pacific Railroad Company, by Howell Jones its Land Commissioner, has filed in this office application, Serial No 040961 to select under the provisions of the Act of Congress approved April 21, 1904 (33 Stat. 211) the following described lands

NEW MEXICO PRINCIPAL MERIDIAN
NEW MEXICO

T. 3 S. of R. 12 E.

SE¼NE¼ Sec. 2; and the NE¼SE¼ Sec. 10.

T. 3 S. of R. 13 E.

S½ Sec. 20, SW¼, S½SE¼, SW¼NE¼, Sec. 21, SE¼, E½SW¼, SW¼SW¼, Sec. 22; SE¼ NE¼, S½ NE¼, NW¼, N½ Sec. 27; All Sec. 28, E½NE¼, SW¼NE¼, E½NW¼, NW¼NW¼, SW¼, N½SE¼, Sec. 29; SE¼NE¼, SE¼NW¼, E½ SW¼, SE¼, Lots 3, 4, Sec. 30; All Sec. 31; NE¼, E½W½, Sec. 33; W½NE¼, SE¼NE¼, SE¼, NW¼, Sec. 34

T. 4 S. of R. 15 E.

Lot 4, NE¼SW¼, N½SE¼, SE¼SE¼ Sec. 18, E½E½ Sec. 19, E½NE¼, NE¼SE¼ Sec. 30, SW¼ SE¼, Sec. 31.

T. 5 S. of R. 15 E.

Lots 2, 3, 4 Sec. 6.

T. 11 S. of R. 16 E.

NE¼SE¼ Sec. 19, SW¼NW¼, N½SW¼ Sec. 20.

T. 10 S. of R. 19 E.

Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, SE¼NE¼, SW¼NW¼, W½SW¼, Sec. 1; E½, Sec. 11, NW¼ Sec. 12; E½, Sec. 13, Lot 3, NE1-4SW1-4, SE1-4NW1-4, SW1-4NE1-4 Sec. 19, E1-4 Sec. 25, SW1-4NE1-4, Sec. 27, SE1-4NW1-4, SW1-4NE1-4, SE1-4NE1-4, Sec. 28, SE1-4NW1-4, Sec. 29, SE1-4NE1-4, Sec. 31, SW1-4NE1-4, SE1-4NW1-4, Sec. 33, SW1-4NW1-4, Sec. 34.

T. 10 S. of R. 20 E.

Lots 3, 4, S½NW1-4, Sec. 1; S½N½, SW1-4 SW1-4, W½SW1-4 Sec. 10; SW1-4SW1-4 Sec. 13, S½NE1-4, SE1-4NW1-4, NW1-4SW1-4, Sec. 14, E½SE1-4, SW1-4SE1-4, SE1-4SW1-4, W½W½ Sec. 15; NE1-4, E½SE1-4, SW1-4SE1-4, SE1-4SW1-4, W½SW1-4, Sec. 21; NW1-4NE1-4, SW1-4, W½W½, Sec. 22; NW1-4NW1-4 Sec. 28, E½NE1-4, N½SE¼, SW1-4NW1-4, N½SW1-4, Sec. 29, N½ NE1-4, SW1-4NE1-4, E½NW1-4, Lot 3, Sec. 30, SW1-4NE1-4, W½SE1-4, SE1-4SE1-4 Sec. 31.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the lands described, or desiring to object because of the mineral character of the land, or for any other reason, to the disposal to applicant, should file their affidavits of protest in this office, on or before February 18, 1918.

EMMETT PATTON, Register.

1-11-34

Notice for Posting and Publishing
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
United States Land Office
Roswell, New Mexico, December 26, 1917

Notice is hereby given that the Santa Fe Pacific Railroad Company, by Howell Jones its Land Commissioner, has filed in this office its application Serial No 041963 to select under the provisions of the Act of Congress approved April 21, 1904 (33 Stat. 211) the following described lands

NEW MEXICO PRINCIPAL MERIDIAN
NEW MEXICO

T. 9 S. R. 19 E.

S1-2S1-2, Sec 13;

T. 9 S. R. 20 E.

Lot 4, SE1-4SW1-4 S1-2SE1-4, Sec. 7; S1-2S1-2 Sec. 8;

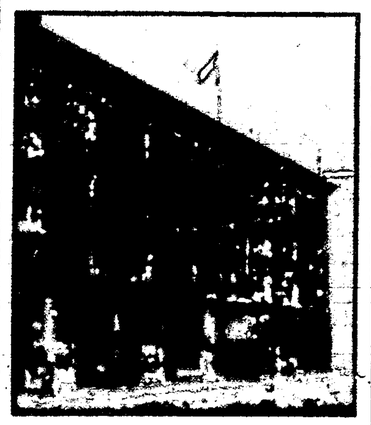
T. 11 S. R. 20 E.

SW1-4NW1-4, W1-2SW1-4, Sec 20; NW1-4NW1-4, Sec 25

Any and all persons claiming adversely the lands described, or desiring to object because of the mineral character of the land, or for any other reason, to the disposal to applicant, should file their affidavits of protest in this office on or before the 18th day of February, 1918.

EMMETT PATTON, Register.

1-11-34



Hotel Zieger

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 Zieger caters particularly to mining and cattle men and their families.

CAFE OPEN ALL NIGHT

"LET THE OTHER FELLOW DO IT."

This is the thing that has caused so many failures, so much misery, so many deaths—"letting the other fellow do it." From the fall of great nations down to the smallest personal accident it is this policy that has been responsible for so many of the troubles of the world. Time after time "the other fellow" does not do it. The Liberty Loan is a case in point. It is absolutely useless to rely upon the other fellow because the amount to be raised is so enormous that it will take the combined self-denial and effort of every man, woman, and child in this country, to provide the money.

This leads naturally to another thought. It is not enough that we merely subscribe. We must see that our neighbor subscribes, because if he falls down, we ourselves shall suffer, even although we may have done our share.

There are just a few people left in this country who say "let the rich man find the money." When the government has had its needs supplied, the rich man will not be so rich; his taxes will be enormous, and many a wealthy company struggling with the high cost of everything they use in their business, in addition to their taxation will have a difficulty in securing profits for their shareholders. The profits of those making war supplies will be cut in half, at least, by government action. Again we must remember that our wealthy men invested millions and millions of dollars in the loan last time and will do it again. The average citizen must realize that the wealthy man is doing his share, and that it is to the farmer, the merchant and the working man that the country look for a large share of the subscriptions to the present loan.

If you say "let the other fellow do it," the loan will fail, we shall be disgraced in the eyes of the world, the resistance to Germany of our allies may break down, and the most terrible thing in the world will happen to us—conquest by Germany. This would mean taxation beyond human endurance, national disgrace and having to work for German masters for years to come.

The Germans are not willing "to let the other fellow do it." Their boys of 14 and their old men of 60 are serving in the army, their women and their children are going short of food; they are giving up almost every cent they possess in order to beat this country. Surely we have more patriotism than the Germans, more sense—if not, then we deserve to be beaten.

Call in and see your banker and ask him whether this article contains the truth. He will tell you that it does, and will agree that it is a fatal thing in this great national crisis to "let the other fellow do it."

Want Ads give results.

NOTICE OF SUIT

State of New Mexico } No. 2670
County of Lincoln }

John H. Phillips
Plaintiff

Vs

Dorcas Chaves, William Henry Heall, Lucy Heall, widow of [illegible] Heall, deceased, J. A. Higbee, George T. Crook, W. C. McDonald, The Carrizozo Cattle Ranch Company, Incorporated, a corporation and the unknown claimants of interests adverse to plaintiff

Defendants

In the District Court of the Third Judicial District of New Mexico, for the County of Lincoln.

The said defendants are hereby notified that a suit has been filed against them in the District Court for the County of Lincoln, New Mexico, and that being the court in and for said county, pending in said court, a bill of complaint [illegible] to quiet the title in said plaintiff to the following described lands and premises to wit: W½ of section 3, SE¼ of the N½SE¼, the S½NE¼ and the NW¼ [illegible] section 4, SW¼ of section 5, the N½ [illegible] SW¼ of section 27, the SE¼SE¼ of section [illegible] all in township 9 south of range [illegible] east N. M. P. M. Also SW¼ SW¼, Section 34 in township 8 south of range [illegible] east N. M. P. M. Also the SW¼ of section 1 in township 10 south of range 10 east of the N. M. P. Meridian, containing 840 acres of land known as the John H. Phillips Ranch, in Lincoln County, New Mexico, as will more fully appear by reference to the complaint filed in said cause. And that unless you enter your appearance in said cause on or before the 29th day of February, A. D. 1918 judgment will be rendered against you and each of you in said cause by default.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal of said Court at Carrizozo, New Mexico, this 1st day of January, A. D. 1918.

O. T. NYE, Clerk.

By A. H. HARVEY, Deputy Clerk

Name and address of plaintiff's attorney: G. B. Barber, Carrizozo, New Mexico.

Corn $4.15 cwt., Mill Run Bran, $2.75, Cotton Seed Cake or Meal, $3.50 per cwt. In straight or mixed lots of one thousand pounds ten cents less per cwt.

Humphrey Bros.

FOR SALE Good ranch, good Cattle, plenty of grass and water. P. Box 173, White Oaks, N. M.

R. L. Ransom
Plasterer & Contractor
Estimates furnished on all kinds of plastering and cement work
CARRIZOZO NEW MEXICO

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

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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

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

SETH E. 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 Carrizozo Lodge No. 41, A. F. & A. M. for 1918:

January 26, February 23, March 23, April 20, May 18, June 22, July 20, August 17, September 14, October 12, November 16, December 14 and 27

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

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

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

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

THROUGH DAILY SERVICE
ROSWELL-CARRIZOZO MAIL LINE

Leave Roswell.....7:00 a. m.
Leave Carrizozo.....1:00 p. m.
Arrive Roswell.....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

An Ancient English Village

ABOUT six miles southeast of the ancient town of Cirencester, with its Roman memories and, perhaps, the finest church porch that England can show, and some three miles north of the quaint townlet of Cricklade, redolent of Anglo-Saxon history, and boasting a central lantern tower to its church unmatched in all Wiltshire, lies the charming village of Down Ampney—one of four Ampney villages that cluster to the east of Cirencester. The village is right away from the church and the manor house. The trusting stranger visiting it from either of the abovementioned towns should be warned that he is coming to an inn-less Eden, where the "good entertainment for man and beast" that used to be the boast of our village hostelries is not to be had; nor will he find it in the neighboring village of Latton, just across the Wiltshire border. It is fair to say that both villages seem to get along very comfortably without inns; only the stranger within their gates suffers for the austere virtue of the natives, writes Henry Martin Gibbs in Country Life.

The beauty of the surrounding country, the limestone soil—we are here on the border of the Cotswolds—and the keenly bracing air must be taken as compensating natural advantages. It is a country of rich pasturelands, trout streams and water meadows, where "the willows by the brooks" are a familiar feature; and far away stretch out blue distances, ranges of hills, copses and church spires—a strangely peaceful country, in which hardly a sound seems to break the stillness, and in this war-time, bereft of its male population, it seems doubly deserted. Yet the broad high roads are there, the roads that were made near two thousand years ago by the Roman conquerors. They stretch out across the flat foreground into the dim perspective of the horizon—the Ermine Way and the Fosse Way crossing each other at Cirencester like the arms of a St. Andrew's cross.

Where the Romans Camped.

Naturally, such a country is rich in legends of titanic conflicts between Roman and Briton, Briton and Saxon, Saxon and Dane. Cirencester, as its name tells us, was a Roman castrum of some importance, and the town abounds in relics of the Roman occupation, which took place about the year 50 A. D. At Chedworth, close to the Fosse Way, some 12 miles north of Down Ampney, the remains of a Roman villa—one of the four first-rate ones found in this country—were discovered in 1864. The fact that four crosses were found here—one of the few positive evidences of Romano-British Christianity in Gloucestershire—lends additional interest to this discovery.

Cirencester, with the other Romano-British cities of Bath and Gloucester, fell to the Saxon conquerors in 577, but it was the best part of a century later before Christianity, crushed out by this Hun invasion of old time, was reintroduced under the auspices of Wulphere, king of Mercia. A later wave of invasion—this time by the Danes—took place in 903, when Cricklade was pillaged, and the same town was taken and plundered by the followers of Canut a century later. The Norman invasion seems to have been a more gradual affair—more like the "peaceful penetration" of our own times. No doubt the Saxon thane and serf gave place to intruding Normans, but the bulk of the population, serfs and freemen, were probably but little disturbed by the new order.

One other event of more than local importance occurred in those far-off times, which must not be left unrecorded. At the northern end of the bridge or ford of the River Thames, which takes its rise not far from here at a place called Aust, in 603 St. Augustine of Canterbury held his celebrated conference with the bishops and doctors of the British church.

The House and Church.

Down Ampney is near enough to this famous spot to be permitted to share its fame. Enough has been said to indicate the historical interest as well as the natural charms of the setting. Let us turn to the house and church.

Doubtless both occupy the sites of far older buildings. We may take it that there was a settlement here under the Saxon sway, and probably during the Roman occupation; how far earlier it is useless to speculate. And though the church has nothing to show of earlier date than the charming late-twelfth century arcades of its nave, we may assume that these were pierced through older Norman or Saxon walls.

Similarly, the house stands upon the site of a manor house which was old when the manor was granted by Edmund, Earl of Lancaster, a son of Henry III, to Sir Nicholas de Villiers, in 1270. But it would be difficult to point to stonework even of that date, though probably it exists in the foundations and the core of some of the walls.

The Hungerford family came into possession in about 1361, and remained lords of the manor till 1658. The architectural features of the present house date from a rebuilding in 1537, when the house belonged to the Hungerfords. Sir Anthony Hungerford, who succeeded his father, Sir John, in 1525, was the builder of the charming gate-house, of the great hall, and certain other works, many of which have vanished in later rebuildings, or have been metamorphosed into more modern forms. The estates were purchased by an ancestor of the earl of St. Germans, the present owner, early in the eighteenth century.

Down Ampney church, as might be expected, has many links with the lords of the hall, which it so closely adjoins. It is, in fact, abreast of the gate-house. Its chief feature is the beautiful thirteenth century tower and stone spire. The upper stage of the tower has its windows designed in a sort of arcade, with moulded arches and shafts, and over this a parapet with block corbels. The stonework, though weather-stained and lichen-coated, is extraordinarily sharp, and has preserved the peculiar orange-pink color natural to it. A clerestoried nave and aisles, south porch, transepts and chancel, with modern vestry and organ-chamber, complete the plan.

SALIF TAKEN FROM TURKS

Small Port on Arabian Red Sea Coast Has Important Salt Works.

Salif, which has lately been taken from the Turks by ships of the British East Indies squadron, is a small port on the Arabian Red Sea coast situated about 200 miles north of Perim. Its export trade was salt obtained from mines in the interior. It was taken with the loss of one man on the British side. Ninety-four prisoners, two mountain battery guns and three machine guns, with stores, harbor plant and baggage camels, fell into the hands of the British. Salif was protected formerly by the Turkish fort and garrison of the island of Kameran, which lies opposite and within a couple of miles of the promontory on which Salif stands. This island was annexed by the British resident and general officer commanding at Aden in June, 1915, under the following circumstances:

From the outbreak of war, two naval patrols watched the Red Sea coast of Arabia, maintaining a blockade, one, the northern patrol based on Suez, working from that port to Jidda, the other, the southern patrol based on Aden and working from that port to Jidda. It was found that Arab dhows flying a neutral flag were carrying supplies of food for the use of the Turkish garrisons to Lobeia and Hodeida as well as to Salif; the German Lobeia and Hodeida are situated respectively about 50 miles north and south of Salif. In order to put a stop to this traffic and maintain a more effective blockade the British resident at Aden, under whose orders the southern patrol acted, strongly advocated the seizing of the Kameran island as a much more central and effective base to work from than Aden, which is on the south coast of Arabia about 130 miles due east of Perim, or 330 miles by sea from Kameran. The British government sanctioned the undertaking, and on June 7, 1917, a small force of artillery and infantry, under the command of the general officer commanding, sailed from Aden for Kameran, occupying en route and garrisoning the Turkish island of Great Hanish and Zukur.

The expedition reached Kameran in the early morning of June 9, taking the Turkish garrison completely by surprise, so much so that the island was occupied without any bloodshed.

The salt works at Salif, owned by Sir John Jackson, were seized by the Turks on the outbreak of war and the European employees were made prisoners. Several efforts were made to obtain the release of these prisoners. A summons to surrender them having been refused the port of Salif was bombarded by the naval squadron and the fort destroyed, but the Turkish garrison bolted with their prisoners into the interior whither pursuit was prohibited.

HEARD and SEEN at the CAPITAL

Thanksgiving Day Especial Event in Washington

WASHINGTON.—Thanksgiving time brought a brightening of Washington hearth fires and turkey-scented invitations in honor of the lads about us in national livery who are far from home and mother. Rare the Thanksgiving board this year that did not boast a khaki-covered guest or so. Father and mother piled high the strangers' plates jocosely. Never mind the mist in their eyes.

"Yes, I'm proud of my Jimmy; but I'm not a heroine. I'm just his mother!" Exalted eloquence!

They had a grand memorial service for Jimmy at Evansville, Ind., his home town, when the dread word came that Private James B. Gresham, enlisted at nineteen—such a kid!—was one of the first three Americans killed in the trenches of northern France. And Jimmy's mother in her anguish, thanking God for the proud gift of such a boy, sobbed out to those who would fain console her. "I'm not a heroine—I'm just his mother!"

And I'm rather inclined to think that she was both.

"Please invite me where there's a kid that I can mind while its mother is getting dinner," an enlisted man urged when Washington's Thanksgiving invitations began to circulate among the camps. And almost every mother of a baby, touched in her tenderest spot, bid to have that especial man to turkey. A kiddie always seems to touch the soft spot underneath a khaki coat.

The other night there was an interesting vaudeville entertainment given by patriotic local talent before the men at Washington barracks. The wee daughter of Representative Kincheloe of Kentucky accompanied her mother to the performance. Mrs. Kincheloe, a versatile artist, was one of the headliners of the excellent bill. The orchestra was filling up the space between two numbers with a strenuous rendition of "Over There" when tiny Miss Kincheloe, just three years old, escaping from her protector, inspired by the stirring strains, scrambled up on the low stage and began to dance in a spontaneous baby way that overwhelmed the soldiers with delight. The regular program had to wait. The laddies wanted more of the baby. Grown folk were everyday affairs. A kiddie was a treat.

Government Departments Hard Pressed for Room

THE treasury department is in the market for 185,000 square feet of floor space for office purposes, and is having great difficulty in getting even a small portion. Other government departments are hard pressed for office accommodations for employees, and it will not be until various new buildings authorized by congress are completed that real relief will come.

The government's executive and administrative activities are now so badly scattered throughout the city that persons having business with Uncle Sam often find trouble in locating the particular bureau or division they are looking for. Many times they are sent from one place to another. The war and navy departments, which partly solved the demands for floor space at the beginning of the war by taking over a large number of apartment houses, and are still badly in need of office accommodation, are expecting relief by March 1, when it is contemplated that the big wooden buildings at Sixth and B streets, the site of the old Union station, where Garfield was shot by Guiteau, will be ready for occupancy.

Three sections of one large building will be ready before March 1, it was said today by an officer of the government.

The treasury department has not such good prospects for early relief, although the supervising architect of the treasury is rushing plans for the new treasury annex to be built at Pennsylvania avenue and Madison place, adjoining the Belasco theater. It is planned to have this $1,250,000 building, which will be a permanent one, ready for the treasury by September 15, 1918.

Would Fight to Prove Nationality of Bambino

IT IS a street of second-hand smells. Also, there are noises—the Babel shrill of foreign parent voices outclashed by the raw Americanism of their juniors; the insistent call of the push cart, and always, always the comings and goings of job-lot humanity that must buy other people's cast-offs, because—everybody knows why.

But at one corner the other morning the sun lay like a yellow blanket on the pavement and the leaves swirled down from the trees as if dying were a gay sort of dance. Also, there was a box, and on the box sat a small girl in blue holding a baby with rings in its ears. The girl was a skinny little tacker, with a dark face, mostly eyes, and as she cuddled the baby her crooning voice somehow suggested olives, Vesuvius, wayside shrines and banana carts. But there was nothing Latin about the fat, bald-headed baby, except the rings in its ears. As the two made a picture worth looking at, the woman paused and offered the baby an apple from a bag.

"She Amerry-can baby"—the girl explained it with a pride that was something fine to see. "She is not no dago. She have earrings because my mar-mer she say so, and her saint name is Magdalena—but my par-per he say it is Maggee for Amerry-can and if she be a boy she be president, maybee."

"Why, that is splendid. And what is your name?"

"I am Marree-ah, after the Moth-er of God. My mar-mer give me to her at the cathedral in Milan. I wear blue all the time I am a child. When I am beeg I have a pink ribbon bow in my hair and a green dress and feliuh to go with. But the bambino—no, the babee she come when we get here. No boy shall call her dago. I will fight heem. I will keel heem if he call her dago."

That's about all, only———

One would like to know in advance what America will do for Maggee, whose saint's name is Magdalena, when she is no longer a fat, bald-headed baby with rings in her ears.

Opinions as to the Training of Officers Differ

A COMPREHENSIVE plan to train reserve officers and their more systematic employment in the war has been submitted to the secretary of war by the Training Camps association. In addition to establishment of a school or schools for training of officers, to continue without interruption instead of for a few months only, as in the training camps, the association recommends that a certain number of reserve officers should be sent to France for actual experience with the troops in the field and later brought home to act as instructors of troops being prepared for war service.

The association also notes an objection to the understood purpose of the war department to abandon all training camps for officers and to obtain a supply of officers in future solely from the ranks, with the training for commissioned grades given at the headquarters of the several military divisions.

Apparently the proposal that reserve officers be sent to France for training under actual war conditions and then returned to train the National army does not appeal to the war department. It was said there that reserve officers are being sent to France as General Pershing may require them, and that already about 2,000 have been assigned to the American expeditionary force in Europe at General Pershing's request. The explanation was made, however, that these officers would remain in France.

FUR EVERYWHERE ON WOMEN'S WEAR

New York.—Two important facts stand out in the fashions for winter. The extraordinary display of peltry is one, and the juxtaposition of different materials is the other.

The first fashion spells extravagance; the second stands for economy. It is the latter in which the great majority of women should be more interested, but with that delightful inconsistency which makes the race charming, they pay more attention to the extravagant fashion and allow it to absorb the better part of their thoughts on dress.

This house costume, built in two pieces, has a peasant blouse of old rose silk jersey trimmed with black satin and embroidered in gold and old rose. The black velvet skirt has a touch of the same embroidery at the hem.

The last savage instinct to exist in a woman is her desire for pieces of fur to adorn her person. There was once a time when peltry belonged to winter and was needed for protection, and this excuse was used by every woman who could filch money from the housekeeping allowance to buy a bit of fur to go about her neck; but this flimsy excuse has faded into the background since it has been the fashion to be as prolific with fur in hot weather as in cold weather.

Pelting Women With Peltry.

The appearance of a group of women on the street on a cool morning suggests that some dynamic force has been pelting them with pieces of fur in a hit or miss fashion.

There is no plan of action running through the scheme of dressing. Wherever a piece of fur has hit a frock, there it remains. It may be on the head, the waist, the ankles or the back.

There are swinging panels at the sides of skirts which are edged with fur; there are immense collars with wide, separate wristlets of fur used on blouses and coats; there are jackets which have fur peplums or a fur panel down the back; there are other coats that display waistcoats of peltry and, possibly, patch pockets which correspond with the hem on the skirt.

The milliners have made hats of fur in patchwork fashion. A turban of yellow will have brown spots on it; a flaring brim of sealskin will be attached to a crown of ermine which has a medallion of seal on top; a bee-hive hat of black velvet will have bands made from three kinds of fur running around the base of the crown to end in a lover's knot at the side.

Few women want to buy a top coat or a short, rippling jacket of fur which is not built up in successive tiers of opposing peltries. For instance, a short cape coat of sealskin has collar and cuffs of ermine edged with black broadtails and there are huge buttons of seal surrounded by broadtail and set in gunmetal rims.

Where there is so much fur floating about, it is quite natural that the odds and ends of it should be utilized as long as fashion permits women to put it on their clothes without apparent design.

Lover's knots, which have come into fashion again, are made of fur, for instance, and are attached to the cuffs, to the front of the collar and sometimes used as a substitute for buttons down the front of a velvet bodice or a loose Russian blouse that is belted in with peltry.

Wristlets of Fur.

The sweeping demand for wristlets which has been made by the fighters has introduced a n fashion in fur among women. Possibly, you have not seen these medieval bits of arm covrings? Some of them are shaped like the lace mitts worn in the Civil war, with a slash at one side for the thumb; others are made very much on the pattern of the knitted wristlet desired by the Red Cross.

This fashion has not spread over the continent quickly, and it is, therefore, offered to all women who want to do the unusual in dress. Bits of fur may easily be used for these wristlets, the lining may be quite gorgeous, and if one affects color, this wristlet of fur may be rolled back at its top edge and made to show the color beneath as it flares away from the sleeve of the bodice or jacket over which it is worn.

As a fashion, these peltry wristlets are good looking, and as a means of protection against cold weather they are entirely admirable. They are by no means confined to the smart classes, but have been taken up by all the mass of women who go out early in the morning to their various activities either as professionals or as volunteers. They are not substitutes for muffs, but in connection with a large neckpiece or a fur cape they provide enough warmth to a coat suit against a low temperature.

The Blouse of the Hour.

The second fact of importance in fashion which was stated in the beginning of this story is the furtherance of economical ideas in dress by joining together whatever materials one likes to accomplish a suit or a frock.

In this one respect, fashion has turned a somersault over the intervening decades between a fashion that was and a fashion that is. Those who were shrewd enough to foretell a scarcity of worsted materials in the world warned us that a season would soon break in which the uniform line of color and fabric from chin to ankle must be abandoned. That hour has approached more rapidly than even the prophets foretold. At the moment, we are not aware that there is any exasperating need of such economy, but preparedness is the best way to face an approaching truth.

Therefore, the world of dressmakers has given women to understand that it is no longer necessary to have a coat that matches a skirt or a blouse that matches either, no matter for what occasion the costume is intended. Even for the most ceremonial hours, such as the opera, a dinner or a dance, there are black and colored velvet skirts with bodices that are as remote from the skirt as though they had been bodily lifted from another costume.

The Peasant Blouse.

For the house, and for all manner of usage under a coat, there is another kind of separate blouse which is, at last, a serious rival to the white shirtwaist.

There is nothing new in it. It has been worn for centuries by the peasants of every country. It was adopted in America by a minority of women over a year ago, but it is now offered as the most pleasing contrast to a skirt that has nothing in common with it as far as texture and color go.

The host of women who have worked in the arts and crafts department of dress, and those who have catered to the artistic element, offered these separate blouses with persuasive words, but it was only when the shops took them up that the public accepted them as a leading fashion.

Exaggerated cape and muff of ermine with black tails. The cape is held to the figure by a waistcoat effect in front and its shapeless folds fall away from the neck and sleeves. The barrel muff has an Indian fringe of black and white tails to correspond with the hat of the desert made of black velvet, the brim covered with ostrich fluss.

It is quite easy to see how they simplify dressing. They are made of soft, colorful fabrics, the lining may be added or dispensed with, they manage to blend with any kind of separate skirt that the wardrobe affords, and they permit a woman to remove her coat at luncheon in the afternoon, which was a permission not given by the separate white shirtwaist.

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Satin Is Lustrous.

Soft, lustrous black satin is decidedly in vogue. It is combined with black georgette, with chiffon, mousseline, velvet or cloth. Sometimes white satin is introduced as a relief and white net is used for gulmpe or collar.

WAR WILL BE ONE WITHOUT CRIPPLES

Maimed Soldiers to Be Restored to Their Normal Earning Capacity.

RE-EDUCATION WILL DO WORK

Uncle Sam, Profiting From Experience of the Allies, Has Provided Money and Machinery for Undertaking.

By CRITTENDEN MARRIOTT.

A war without cripples. That is what this war is to be, so far as America's armies are concerned. No man can justly be called a cripple who in fair and open competition with his fellows is able to earn a living as good as or better than he did before he was wounded; and Uncle Sam promises exactly this ability to a very high percentage of the men who in former wars would have been considered hopeless wrecks. That he does not promise ignorantly or vainly is proved by the results already attained in France and England in the work of "re-educating" the permanently injured. The war insurance bill passed by congress provides the money and the machinery for this wonderful work.

By the terms of this bill the United States not merely insures that crippled and blinded soldiers shall not starve; it also insures, literally, that nine out of ten of them shall be restored to their normal ability and earning capacity. The war may have its killed, but Uncle Sam says it shall have no cripples in the usual meaning of the word.

It has long been known that soldiering is really beneficial to the great majority of those who engage in it. The outdoor life, regular exercise, wholesome and abundant food, and training in the care of the body confer lifelong benefits. Statistics show that even this great war will benefit at least 13 out of every 15 soldiers who reach the front not only physically but also economically, for their physical superiority will undoubtedly win for them an economic superiority over those who see no service in the field.

Price Not Same Now.

The other two out of fifteen seem to remain to pay the price. But they do not pay it as they have done in former wars. The government, by its system of insurance—not pensions nor charity, but insurance, the premiums for which are paid by service—agrees to provide for the families of nearly half of them (the half that pay the last great debt); and it further promises the other half that they shall be so re-educated that they will be able to take an equal part and many of them a better part in the life of the world than they would have done if they had not gone to war at all.

Instances drawn from the experience of the European powers are many. An aforetime laborer in a steel mill, who has lost both legs, becomes a repairer of motor engines; a carpenter with one arm becomes a turner at double pay; a blinded blacksmith becomes, by the aid of an assistant, an expert on ventilating and heating; a blinded manager of a great grocery store becomes so much more adept that he returns to his old job and swiftly wins an increased salary. And there are thousands more.

And this is in France and England, where money for re-education is none too plentiful and where the great majority of men are content to remain all their lives in the state to which they were born. In America, where money is plentiful and where every man is striving to better his condition, the results will certainly be greater by far.

Paid While They Learn.

While the injured men are learning they will get their pay as soldiers—the pay they were getting when they were injured—and their families will get the allowance that they had been receiving. Both before and after this period they will, of course, get the insurance to which they are entitled by the terms of the insurance act.

In re-educating the soldiers, as in everything else connected with the war, the United States will profit by the earlier mistakes of its associates in the war.

Some of these mistakes were serious but unavoidable. One of them arose from lack of preparation, and another from lack of explanation. Jean Polin never heard of re-education until he had recovered about as well as he ever would from the loss of his eyes. Jean had been an acrobat in a circus and to him the future seemed very dark. He could not go back to his old trade, and he knew no other and did not dream that he could learn another. When the doctor asked him what trade he wanted to learn he did not understand. Later he was suspicious. He did not believe that he could learn any of the trades that were suggested to him and he was convinced that somewhere and somehow a string was tied to the offer. It took a long time and much persuasion to induce him even to indicate which trade he preferred. Then, when at last the doctor began to believe that he was won over, Jean suddenly turned crusty and refused absolutely to go any further with the matter. Moreover, 90 per cent of his mates in the hospital did the same thing on almost the same day.

Feared Loss of Pensions.

The hospital staff could not understand it. Later—much later—after a good many of Jean's friends had perforce been discharged from the hospital, the staff discovered the explanation; Jean and his mates thought that they had found the string tied to the offer. "As soon as you learn a new trade they'll take away your pension," was the whisper that had run like wildfire through the wards. Even the most positive denials failed to counteract its effects altogether, and a good many European soldiers still refuse to learn, solely because they fear to lose their pension. They have no desire to lose one bone by snapping at its reflection in the water.

Jean, however, was convinced in time. He learned to be a masseur—as a gymnast he had perforce been something of a "rubber"—and is now earning quite as much as he ever did and has far steadier employment than he ever had.

The United States will of course meet no such difficulty. Our soldiers will know all about re-education long before they are wounded; and they will know that the insurance bill specifically provides that a soldier shall suffer no reduction in his compensation because he learns to work in spite of a permanent injury. They will know that no person who had lost his hand, for instance, was ever reduced by Uncle Sam because he learned to write with the stump.

"Tommy" in Despair.

Thomas Hopkins suffered in another way. Thomas was an anemic down-and-outer from the London slums when he squeezed, or was squeezed, into the army. A year in the trenches built him up, and then a shrapnel mutilated his right arm so badly that it had to be taken off. Hopkins was in despair; gifted with some ambition he had seen a way out of the slums, and now he seemed about to be forced back into them with an added handicap. He would have snapped at any chance to learn.

But the system was not well organized in those days, and for weeks Hopkins had to sit around in a convalescent hospital nursing his despair until he had slipped back into his old indolent ways; his muscles had grown feeble and his joints and tendons stiff. It took a long time to rouse his ambition again and still longer to educate the sensitiveness of his stump and to teach him how to use it and how to use some of the 40 and more attachments that have been devised for use on stumps. He did learn, however, and now runs a typesetting machine in a London newspaper office.

Hopkins was wounded, nearly two years ago. Nowadays he—and of course any American—would start re-education at the very earliest possible moment. Nowadays, by the way, it has been found necessary to restrict the hours that a convalescent may work; or the great majority would overtax their strength.

Disabled Men Best Teachers.

Another lesson that Europe has passed on is the necessity of teaching by instructors who are disabled in the same way as those they teach. An instructor with two perfect legs, for instance, cannot possibly understand the despair that crushes a legless man; whereas a legless teacher by his own ability inspires his pupils with hope—and hope is the basis of the whole work. This fact, so obvious when it is once suggested, was discovered by accident. Rose LeBlanc, who had lost both hands at the wrist by an explosion in a munitions plant, applied to the orthopedic hospital for food when starving in the streets of Paris. At table she showed such skill in using the stumps of her arms that the patients marveled and tried to imitate her. The rest followed naturally. This one girl, who thought her life finished, is now the best teacher for armless men in all France. She has recreated the lives of hundreds.

Many former soldiers are now teachers. The fact that they have been through the mill is an enormous encouragement to the injured.

The choice of work is wide; already men who have lost one or both arms or legs are doing excellent work at photography, movie projecting, electric wiring, linotype operating, elevator running, baking, tailoring, drafting, and many other trades. They play golf, use sledges, scrub, write and hoe.

Blind Taught Typewriting.

Blind men have also a great range of work thrown open to them. In England all of them are taught to typewrite; and each, on leaving the school, is given a typewriter, so that he can also attend to his correspondence. To typewrite really seems to come by nature nowadays. For a trade they may choose either massage, machinery adjusting, net making, piano tuning, brush making, pottery, or any one of many more.

It is, of course, of little avail to teach a disabled man a trade and then to turn him out to seek an employer. Employers are all "from Missouri" and hesitate to employ disabled men. Hence Uncle Sam, like his allies, will have to find jobs for his pupils and be able to guarantee that they can do their work. Some of these pupils, by the way, will be willing to work anywhere, some will work only near their homes, and some will be outrageously persnickety both as to location and employers. Uncle Sam will try to satisfy them all. Moreover, he is planning to establish, as none of the allies has yet done, a follow-up system, by which, if a man gets discouraged and quits, Uncle Sam will know of it and will do his best to start him upward and onward again.

ROAD BUILDING

HIGHWAYS ON PACIFIC COAST

Interesting Figures Secured by California Experts on Pull Required to Move Wagon.

An energetic and influential organization on the Pacific coast, the California State Automobile association, has carried on some investigations affording definite figures of the value of good roads. It secured the help of Prof. J. B. Davidson of the University of California and Austin B. Fletcher, state highway engineer, in carrying on a large number of tests of the pull required to move a standard farm wagon loaded to make the gross weight 6,000 pounds. This wagon was hauled in some cases by a two-ton truck and in other cases by a team of good draft horses, weighing about 1,600 pounds each.

Tests have shown that a pull of 27 to 30 pounds per ton of gross load was needed to haul the wagon on unsurfaced concrete roads. When the concrete was surfaced with oil and screenings the pull was increased to about 50 pounds. About 65 pounds were needed for hauling on water-bound macadam and on bituminous concrete laid on top of cement concrete. On good gravel roads a pull of 65 to 82 pounds was needed, while on loose gravel the pull was 263 pounds, the highest record in any of the tests. About 80 pounds were required for hauling on bituminous macadam. On earth roads 92 pounds were required for hauling over a good surface covered with 1½ inches of loose dust, 99 pounds over an ordinary dirt road with dust 3 inches deep in places, and 218 pounds over a muddy earth road.

Road Through California Forest.

The significance of these figures lies in the fact that on a good earth road it is necessary to exert three times the pull that is required on a concrete road, and nearly twice the pull required on a macadam road. Furthermore, when the earth road becomes muddy, a condition which does not affect traffic on good pavements, the pull is more than doubled.

ROADS INDEX OF CHARACTER

Determine Importance of Country, Limiting or Aiding Its Advance —Should Be Built.

The roads are an index of the character of any country, determining its importance and limiting or aiding its advance. A country that isn't worth a good road isn't worth what its land sells for and soon won't be worth living in. No community that has ever improved its roads, has ever regretted it, for road improvement is a good investment for any community. Since the roads are for all the people, they should be built by all the people—with state and federal aid.

MOTOR TRAFFIC IS GREATER

Significant Feature of Road Development Is Construction of Better Surfaces.

A most significant feature of road development is the construction of better surfaces as a result of automobile traffic, for it is estimated that there are approximately 2,500,000 autos in use on the roads of the country, or one car for every mile of road. The motor traffic is greater than traffic of all kinds 12 years ago.

Urges Permanent Roads.

That road-building along permanent lines should be prosecuted as a part of our national war program was the determination of the chamber of commerce of the United States, at its meeting held at Atlantic City, N. J.

Roads Expand in Winter.

Concrete roads expand most in winter and contract most in summer, according to the United States bureau of standards, because of increases or decreases in the moisture they contain.

No Raise In Price Of This Great Remedy

HILL'S CASCARA QUININE BROMIDE

The standard cold cure for 20 years—in tablet form—safe, sure, no opiates—cures cold in 24 hours—grip in 3 days. Money back if it fails. Get the genuine box with Red top and Mr. Hill's picture on it. Costs less, gives more, saves money. 24 Tablets for 25c.

At Any Drug Store

Boxed Kaiser's Ears.

Mrs. Christian Tropitz of Peoria claims to have known in childhood Emperor William of Germany, and to have once slapped his ears.

Ten smiles for a nickel. Always buy Red Cross Bag Blue; have beautiful, clear white clothes. Adv.

Pawed Over.

"Are these hats felt?"

"Frequently, mum; but we don't like it, I can tell you."

KIDNEY SUFFERERS HAVE FEELING OF SECURITY

You naturally feel secure when you know that the medicine you are about to take is absolutely pure and contains no harmful or habit producing drugs.

Such a medicine is Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, kidney, liver and bladder remedy.

The same standard of purity, strength and excellence is maintained in every bottle of Swamp-Root.

Swamp-Root is scientifically compounded from vegetable herbs.

It is not a stimulant and is taken in teaspoonful doses.

It is not recommended for everything.

According to verified testimony it is nature's great helper in relieving and overcoming kidney, liver and bladder troubles.

A sworn statement of purity is with every bottle of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root.

If you need a medicine, you should have the best.

If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you will find it on sale at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large.

However, if you wish first to try 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.

Good Looking.

"Is she pretty?"

"Very. She could commit murder and be sure of an acquittal."

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County—ss.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. Gleason, Notary Public.

HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. Druggists, 75c. Testimonials free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

The Cause.

"How did Teller get his cold?"

"All the drafts in the bank go through his cage."

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. In Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Those Who Do Not Save.

The poorhouses are filled with people who believed it foolish to save their money because they couldn't take it with them.

The Wonder of Geology.

A new pupil in the cooking school sat at the instructor's desk copying receipts from cards. She wrote busily for some time and then approached a fellow student and asked wonderingly:

"Do we have to have all these things to make fruit punch?"

Her card read:

"Fruit Punch.—Two pounds powdered sugar, 12 lemons, nutmegs, paprika, tarragon, vinegar, two heads of lettuce, raisins, buttermilk."

It appeared that she had copied the teacher's grocery memorandum for the next day.—Youth's Companion.

Was Bluing the Cat.

Johnny saw his mother rinsing the clothes in bluing and asked: "What you doin' that for, mother?"

"To get the clothes white."

About an hour after she heard a loud yell from the house and running in, she saw Johnny trying to put the big black family cat into the bluing. Mother rescued the feline and upon demanding a reason for his actions, Johnny replied: "Well I don't like black cats an' I was goin' to soak her in the bluin' an' make her white."

Keeping the Quality Up

LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE, the World-Famous Cure for Colds and Grip, is now 30c per box. On account of the advance in the price of the six different Medicinal, Concentrated Extracts and Chemicals contained in LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE, it was necessary to increase the price to the Druggist. It has stood the test for a Quarter of a Century. It is used by every Civilized Nation.

Replanting the Pines.

Pine tree seeds are being sent from Scotland to the battle zone in France for the purpose of replanting the forests that have been destroyed by artillery fire during the last three years.

Sores and Wounds

If you knew the wonderful healing properties of Dr. David Roberts' ABSORBENT—Price $1.00 you would use no other preparation in the treatment of wire cuts, old sores, poll evil and fistula. It heals in the shortest possible time.

Read the Practical Home Veterinarian. Send for free booklet on Abortion in Cows. If no dealer in your town, write Dr. David Roberts' Vet. Co., 106 Broad Avenue, Washington, Wis.

Every Woman Wants Paxtine ANTISEPTIC POWDER FOR PERSONAL HYGIENE

Dissolved in water for douches stops pelvic catarrh, ulceration and inflammation. Recommended by Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co. for ten years. A healing wonder for nasal catarrh, sore throat and sore eyes. Economical. Has extensive cleansing and germicidal power. Sample Free. 50c. at druggists, or postpaid by mail. The Paxton Toilet Company, Boston, Mass.

W. N. U., DENVER, NO. 51—1917.

Only Dreaming.

Wife—I dreamed last night that I was in heaven.

Husband—Did you see me there?

Wife—I did; then I knew I was only dreaming.—Town Topics.

Be happy. Use Red Cross Bag Blue; much better than liquid blue. Delights the laundress. All grocers. Adv.

All evils that cannot be attributed to the weather may be blamed on the war.

California will destroy wild morning glories by arsenical spray.

Easy to figure the Profits

Where in Western Canada you can buy at from $15 to $30 per acre good farm land that will raise 20 to 45 bushels to the acre of $2 wheat — its easy to figure the profits. Many Western Canadian farmers (scores of them from the U. S.) have paid for their land from a single crop. Such an opportunity for 100% profit on labor and investment is worth investigation.

Canada extends to you a hearty invitation to settle on her

Free Homestead Lands of 160 Acres Each

or secure some of the low priced lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. Think what you can make with wheat at $2 a bushel and land so easy to get. Wonderful yields also of Oats, Barley and Flax. Mixed farming and cattle raising.

The climate is healthful and agreeable; railway facilities excellent; good schools and churches convenient. Write for literature and particulars as to reduced railway rates to Supt. Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to

W. V. BENNETT, Room 4, Bee Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

Canadian Government Agent

160 ACRE FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

Carter's Little Liver Pills For Constipation

A vegetable remedy that always gives prompt relief in constipation. Banishes that tired feeling altogether and puts you right over-night, stimulates the Liver gently, but quickly restoring it to full and healthy action, and the stomach and bowels to their natural functions. Making life worth living.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price. Genuine bears signature Brent Good

ROSY CHEEKS or HEALTHY COLOR indicates iron in the Blood. Pale or colorless faces usually show its absence. A condition which will be much helped by CARTER'S IRON PILLS

Stop! Women and consider these facts

Every statement made in our advertisements is true. Every testimonial we publish is genuine and honest, which proves that

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Is the greatest remedy for womens ills known

LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. LYNN, MASS.

OUR PRICES ARE ALWAYS LOWEST PRICES. THE REASON WE HAVE MARKED PRICES LOWER NOW IS THIS: WE WANT TO MOVE OUT OF OUR STORE QUICKLY. ALL OF THE WINTER GOODS WE HAVE LEFT.

THE STYLE AND QUALITY ARE THERE JUST THE SAME AS ALWAYS. THE ONLY THING WE HAVE LOWERED IS THE PRICE. WE HAVE MADE THE PRICE SO LOW THAT YOU CAN'T HELP BUYING WHEN YOU SEE THE VALUES WE NOW GIVE. COME IN NOW.

Carrizozo Trading Co.

Ford

THE UNIVERSAL CAR

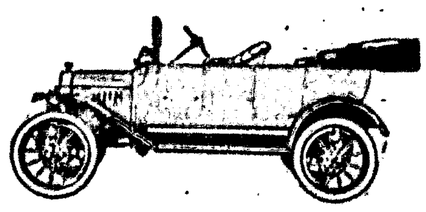
ANNOUNCEMENT

Ford Cars Have Not Advanced in Price

Runabout . . $345 f. o. b. Detroit
Touring Car . 360 " " " "

WESTERN GARAGE

F. B. SHIELDS, Proprietor



Notice

Dr. Edwards, of Albuquerque, New Mexico, specialist in diseases of the eye and fitting glasses, will be in Carrizozo, at Lucas Hospital on January 28, ending a week, to treat eyes and fit glasses.

Everyone loves a funny fat man. Fatty Arbuckle will be at the Crystal Saturday night, in "Reckless Romeo".

Rates Increased

Beginning with the New Year the News announces an increase in rates of advertising and on job work. The advertising rate will be increased 12 per cent and the job price 20 per cent. It is not necessary to specify the reasons for this increase—every body knows.

Classified Advertisements

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

Spirella Corsets—Mrs. McQuillen. Phone 1.

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

Just received a car of Colorado potatoes and onions. Humphrey Bros.

FOR SALE.—Good saddle horse, bridle and saddle very cheap. Phone 113.

Get your overcoat from Ed. V. Price's latest styles at City Cleaners.

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

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

FOR SALE: One Ford runabout, with truck body. Apply at Western Garage. 11-30-tf.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE:—1 Thorough-bred Durham Bull, 6 years old. P. O. Box 173, White Oaks, N. M. 12-21-t.

Until further notice by paying up back payments new members will be accepted in the Christmas Banking Club.—The First National Bank, Carrizozo, N. M.

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

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

Will Owen is in town to-day from White Oaks.

A. R. Tice spent Monday and Tuesday in Alamogordo renewing old acquaintances.

Probate court has been in session this week, Judge Chavez presiding.

E. C. Dow spent a few days in Carrizozo, visiting with his mother and brother and wife and children.

C. U. Babbs and Chas. W. Martin were in Carrizozo Monday and Tuesday on business matters.

Fatty Arbuckle in "Reckless Romeo", in two parts at the Crystal Saturday night. It's a Paramount Picture.

John W. Owen came in to-day from White Oaks, having reached there the day before from his home near Corona.

Mrs. J. N. Bolte, of Sapulpa, Oklahoma, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. G. O. Nickel, returned home Tuesday night.

Sam W. Hale, the efficient section foreman who has held down the Capitan branch for ten years, was a pleasant visitor at our office Wednesday.

William C. Davidson, county highway superintendent, has been here all week in consultation with the board of county commissioners on road matters.

Attorney Charles W. Gilbert was here from Roswell this week, representing some clients before the commissioners and probate court.

Mr. and Mrs. L. A. McCall and children left Tuesday for Claud, Texas, for a visit with Mr. McCall's relatives. They expect to be absent for three or four months.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Bohling and little son, of Tucumcari, stopped here Wednesday to spend a day with the Tinnon family, enroute from El Paso.

Harry G. Norman returned Sunday from Albuquerque where he had been called to the bedside of his mother. He left his mother improving but not as rapidly as could be wished.

Geo. A. Titsworth and P. G. Peters were here this week from Capitan, looking after some road propositions before the board of county commissioners.

Sam Barnett, brother of Will M. and Meyer, started yesterday on his return to New York after a few days' visit with his brothers. Mike, another brother, left here recently to join the Navy.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. French and children returned Sunday from their California trip. They report a most enjoyable vacation and had the pleasure of meeting the Watsons, who are spending the winter at Long Beach.

Tom Burleson, the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Burleson of Lincoln, has reached France with Battery A. Mrs. Frank A. English, Tom's sister, is just in receipt of this information. Battery A was the pride of New Mexico's military establishment.

M. J. McNamara received a wire last Saturday morning announcing the death of his son in France. No details were given, and it is not known whether he was killed in battle or died a natural death, but the supposition is that death was the result of natural causes.

Frank F. Mudge returned this week from St. Joe, Missouri, where he had been called by the death of his mother. The mother had reached a ripe old age, having passed her 86th birthday. Mr. Mudge and a sister are the surviving members of the family.

The board of county commissioners have been in session since Monday, all members present. Besides a mass of routine business various road matters were considered upon petitions presented. A new precinct was created out of territory in precincts 3 and 6. The new precinct takes in Spindle, Meek, Cactus Flat and the Cedar Hill communities.

See MOORE, the Painter

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

Signs, Show Cards and Bulletins

Winter Is Coming On But it has not caught us unprepared to combat the ills of the season

In our line of DRUGS you will find a remedy for every human ill, and you will not be taking chances of getting old or inferior articles. Our line of drugs are all new, standardized, tested and cared for by men who know "How" to compound medicines.

All Prescriptions are Filled by a Graduate and Registered Pharmacist

We also carry a complete line of Sundries, Candies, Cigars, etc., and at our fountain you will always find the Refreshing Drinks you like so well. When you are in Capitan come over and be convinced.

The Sunshine Pharmacy CAPITAN, NEW MEX

Your Chance

By calling early at the Western Garage you may

Secure a Ford

Two shipments in, another coming; but they won't last. We may be unable to get more for sometime

Come in at Once

WESTERN GARAGE

CRAWFORD & BILES

Cleaning, Pressing and Alterations. Work Guaranteed

Next door south Exchange Bank, Phone 92

Seat Covers—Auto Top Recovering

OUR CHRISTMAS BANKING CLUB IS FOR EVERYONE; GIRLS AND WOMEN, MEN AND BOYS, THE CHILDREN AND THE BABY.

YOU CAN START WITH 10 CENTS 5 CENTS, 2 CENTS, OR 1 CENT AND INCREASE YOUR DEPOSIT THE SAME AMOUNT EACH WEEK.

IN 50 WEEKS.

10-CENT CLUB PAYS	$127.50
5-CENT CLUB PAYS	63.75
2-CENT CLUB PAYS	25.50
1-CENT CLUB PAYS	12.75

YOU CAN MAKE THE LARGEST PAYMENT FIRST AND DECREASE YOUR PAYMENTS EACH WEEK.

OR YOU CAN PAY IN 50 CENTS, $1.00 OR $5.00 OR MORE EACH WEEK AND IN 50 WEEKS HAVE $25.00, $50.00 OR $250.00.

JOIN YOURSELF AND HAVE EVERY MEMBER OF YOUR FAMILY DO SO, TOO.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK
OF CARRIZOZO.

Special Attraction Saturday Night, January 12, at..... **Crystal Theater**

Jack Pickford

IN

"THE VARMINT"

Owen Johnson's Great Boarding-School Story

Here's a "boy and girl" love story that will make you young again.

Ever hear of "Doc" McNooder, "Egghead," or "Tennessee Shad"? They're real folk.

What's Your Nickname?

You haven't forgotten it, have you? If you have, you better watch out—you can't afford to get old.

Come Right Over

and see this vital picture of youth, and laugh, and go home with a new perspective and joy of living.

— 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.