

Carrizozo News

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NUMBER 7



Red Cross Notes

Especially Prepared

England is building six immense hospital trains for Red Cross use in our American army "over there".

The first of these trains was completed in less than eleven weeks from time work was begun on them at the car building shops of the Midland Railway, England, and was recently sent to American headquarters in France.

These trains are models of comfort and equipment having refrigerators, commodious kitchens, baths, steam heat, electric fans and torpedo ventilators, which insure a complete change of air through the train every six minutes. Every new device to insure efficient and speedy service has been installed.

The trains consist of sixteen cars which have accommodations for 400 patients. They are painted khaki color outside with the Red Cross insignia and the "U. S." in large letters. Inside the cars are finished in mahogany and white enamel. All corners where dust might lodge have been eliminated. In fact they are the acme of sanitary completeness. The trains are 900 feet long, and are truly portable hospitals.

An American Red Cross commission has recently been sent to Italy to determine the scope of active relief work which the Red Cross in conjunction with the Italian army will undertake.

George F. Baker, Jr., vice-president of the First National Bank of New York, is chairman of the committee and other prominent members are Maj. John R. Morron, president of the Atlas Portland Cement Co., New York; Maj. Victor C. Heiser, expert sanitarian, for ten years chief quarantine officer and director of health for the Philippines and an authority on public health questions; Maj. Thomas W. Huntington of San Francisco, president of American Surgical Association; and Nicholas F. Brady, a New York business man. The Italian government has signified its hearty approval of the commission and its desire to aid in every possible manner. It has all arrangements made for the committee's journey thru Italy.

The Red Cross knitted garments are equipment supplementary to that furnished by the war and navy departments. They undoubtedly constitute equipment which adds much to the health and comfort of our men in arms.

How great the need is, is best evidenced by the fact that in addition to the hundreds of thousands of knitted articles furnished by Red Cross chapters the national organization was compelled to buy 550,000 sweaters to supply the insistent demand for them.

Our soldiers and sailors prefer the articles knitted by our loyal women at home. In addition to the supplying our army and navy there are urgent demands from the various American Red Cross commissions doing work in the devastated countries of our allies.

It is gratifying to note that the social activities still continued have been diverted into channels of helpfulness to the government. In some of the Pacific coast towns the men's clubs have formed themselves into classes and are learning to "knit two, pur! two" instead of giving so much precious time to games.

The National Jewish Hospital for Consumptives at Denver, Colorado has been offered to the Government to care for men of the U. S. army afflicted with tuberculosis. Samuel Grabfelder, president of the hospital, has called a conference of experts from all over the country to meet in Denver February 15, to discuss tuberculosis with reference to the war.

In an Ohio town, not far from Toledo, the local Red Cross chapter had on exhibition \$1800 worth of finished product of their work before shipment to headquarters. They were given the large glass front of a big hardware building for the display which was said to be a real inspiration to the people of the town and community.

Official society at our national capital is "not at home" these days except on the most formal occasions. A few ambitious mothers have given "coming out" parties for their debutante daughters. Men of foreign missions have been eagerly invited to attend these gay functions but they sternly and emphatically decline to dance. A French colonel said to one hostess, "We do not dance when our brothers are fighting for freedom and our mothers are weeping for fallen sons."

There will be a musical from 8 to 9 o'clock preceding the dance, given by the Red Cross next Wednesday night, also card tables for those who want to play, at a cost of 25c. Of course those holding \$1.00 tickets will not pay the 25c. Also there will be other features of amusement. This feature will begin promptly at 9 o'clock and close promptly at 11 o'clock so as to make way for the dancers.

The death list reported last week in the Tuscania disaster has grown with later reports. One hundred and sixty-four bodies had been recovered and buried up to noon yesterday. Many others are missing, but survivors are still being picked up, and hopes are entertained by the war department that additional survivors will be found. The loss may exceed 200.

Just Before the Dance

Casualty List Increased

Awarded Medal

We have a letter this week from Mrs. Ellen Potts, Spokane, Washington, in which she writes about her son, William, who lived here a time with his mother and who is now with the United States forces in France. She sent a clipping from a paper which gave a picture of her son and also the medal presented him by the French government for bravery. The son won the medal in a hand to hand conflict with a German raiding party. Three Americans were killed and four wounded. The German force was routed, driven back, and for conspicuous bravery against a superior force medals were awarded the twelve surviving Americans.

Have you noticed who is chairman of the entertainment committee for the Red Cross Dance February 20th? Mrs. McDonald will see that you have the time of your life.

RED CROSS MAKES ANOTHER SHIPMENT

KNITTING THE SWEATER

She couldn't fight, she could only sit,
And just pitch in and knit and knit,
But what went in along with the wool
Would fill the soul of a soldier full
Of courage and hope and brave desire
To do his best tho' tried by fire.

And she thought of the soldier across the sea
Who would wear the socks and laugh with glee
As he thought a young girl had done the work
But 'twas only an old woman who did not shrink.
What she thought of the Kaiser would not be fit
For a lady so perfect to dare to knit.

She knit in her heart and she knit in a prayer
And once in a while she put in a hair,
She knit in her faith in her God and her men,
And her love for her flag again and again.

The Red Cross workers have surgically been busy as you can see by the following garments that were turned in this week, and packed for shipment:

Port Stanton — 3 sweaters, 3 pairs of socks, 1 pair of wristlets.
Encinosa — 1 sweater, 1 pair of wristlets.

Oscura — 1 helmet, 1 sweater, Hospital garments, 2 pajama coats, 1 pair of pants.

Capitan — 12 pairs of socks, 11 sweaters, 1 helmet, 4 mullers, Hospital garments, 12 bath robes, and 1 dozen handkerchiefs.

White Oaks — 12 sweaters, 11

pairs of socks, 1 pair of wristlets, 1 muller. Hospital garments, 12 suits of pajamas.

Carrizozo — 15 sweaters, 10 pairs of socks, 8 wristlets, 1 scarf, 22 wipes, 2 washrags, 4 helmets. Hospital garments, 70 pajama coats and 83 pairs of pants.

Corona — 4 sweaters, 1 muller, 7 pairs of socks, 5 pairs of wristlets. Hospital garments, 14 suits of pajamas, making a total of 257 hospital garments and 116 knitted garments to be forwarded this week.

The verses herewith were with the Corona consignment.

THE KNITTERS

My aunt is knitting woolen socks, her labors never cease;
My sister May, she knits all day, and so does Jane, my niece,
The women keep on knitting things, they never seem to tire;
My grandmas sits and knits just like a house afire,
My mother's knitting soldiers socks, just watch her needles fly!
My cousin Sue is knitting too, her hair is all away.

I say to them, "Oh, females, do take a rest I pray,
My auto awaits outside the gate so let us scorch away,
All work and little foolishness makes Jack a dance they tell
So let us ride the country side, and burn up gas and yell."

We have a million socks to knit, "the women say to me;
And we would blush to idly rush where pleasure seekers be,
Get home and don't disturb us so, get home at our behest!
You made us drop a stitch kerlisp, with your absurd request.

I am an orphan all alone, no girls will play with me;
No frisky dames will join my games, and share my harmless glee.
I've no companions when I skate, no comrades when I hunt,
The girls all knit and do their bit, their everlasting stunt.
I'll last till war is over with, the women folk agree;
How shall I pass the time, alas! There's none to play with me.

—Written by a slacker with apology to Walt Mason.

Red Cross Dance in New Lutz Building

On February 20, in the new Lutz building, will occur the long-planned dance, for the benefit of the Red Cross Chapter, and you can tell by the following committees that it will be "The Dance" of the season:

Music Committee: Mrs. H. S. Fairbanks, Mrs. J. B. French, Mrs. R. T. Lucas, Mrs. O. T. Nye and Mr. M. B. Paden, Jr.

Refreshment Committee: Messrs. James S. C. Gray, E. W. Harris and J. A. Hightower.

The Raffle: Mrs. Stanley Squier and Miss Grace Kreitzer.

Ticket Committee: Mrs. L. B. Crawford.

The Fortune Telling Booths: Messdames J. F. Kimbell and Julia E. Gurney.

"The Pix It" Committee: Mayor Lutz, H. S. Fairbanks and O. T. Nye.

Floor Committee: Jim Copper, Oscar Hamberger, Wayne Hamilton, Ari Rolland and Brent Paden.

Wayne Van Schoyck; Door Keeper: Frank Gauchet; Decorating Committee: Wallace L. Gumm, G. T. McQuillen, Oscar Hamberger, Messdames Allen, Wetmore and Bell; Membership Booth: Mrs. H. S. Campbell.

Entertainment Committee: Messdames W. C. McDonald, Lucas, Squires, Reily and Miss Ivy Lindsey; Publicity Committee: Mrs. Shulda, Messrs. Hurke and McQuillen. Tickets will be on sale Monday.

Pioneer Lady Dies

Mrs. A. H. Tully died at the home of her son, J. V. Tully, Glencoe, last Friday morning. Mrs. Tully was the widow of John Tully, architect and civil engineer of Chicago, and lived at Ateco, San Juan county, New Mexico, for many years, the family having been pioneer settlers in the Anturas Valley. Mrs. Tully has lived the past few years in Lincoln county, making her home with her daughter, Mrs. Frank B. Coo, and her son, Senator Tully, her two surviving children. She had passed her ninety-tenth birthday.

Mrs. Tully was a pioneer in the state of New Mexico and was known far and wide for her open-handed generosity. She was an interesting and entertaining conversationalist and possessed a fund of information gathered during her long life, much of which had been spent in New Mexico, that made an hour spent with her one long to be remembered. Her example may well be emulated.

Come out and help the good work along. Your presence is expected, your money is needed and your gloom will be banished, so come out and help uphold the Red Cross on to Victory.

T. J. Straley, postmaster at Ancho, was here yesterday attending to business matters.

A First Lesson on The War

By W. E. LINDSEY, Governor of New Mexico

War, Government, and religion are the indices to the self definition of nations and peoples.

For contrast of the self definition of the Imperial German government with the Government of the United States of America, index and define, in parallel, the wars, governments and religions of the two nations.

Under the guidance of Otto von Blamarck, "the man of blood and iron," Prussia and part of the German states have fought three wars:

That with Deumarck in 1864, a war of conquest, ravishing that nation of Schleswig-Holstein.

That with Austria in 1866, a war of subjugation, effectively removing a rival.

That with France in 1870, a war of conquest, despoiling that nation of Alsace-Lorraine, and a billion dollars.

Under the guidance of the people of the United States, our nation has fought five wars:

That with England in 1776, establishing a new government, deriving its just powers from the consent of the governed.

That with England in 1812, for the freedom of the seas.

That with Mexico in 1846, extending the blessings of a free government to a bleeding people.

That with Secession in 1861, preserving the Union and abolishing involuntary servitude.

That with Spain in 1898, gratuitously extending the blessings of liberty to enslaved peoples.

The present, fourth war for Germany, and the sixth for the United States, is in line with their previous wars. For Germany — Conquest and the enthroning of the Power of Might. For the United States — Freedom and the glorification of the Power of Right.

Writers and speakers are fond of saying that the present war is a contest between Autocracy and Democracy, neglecting to define either in terms of simple comprehension.

Autocracy is that form of government in which the strong, the rich and the wise ride upon the backs of the weak, the poor and the simple.

Democracy is that form of government in which the strong, the rich and the wise raise up and support the weak; the poor and the simple.

In an Autocracy, government proceeds from above downward, in the form of a "thou shalt" or a "thou shalt not."

In a Democracy, government proceeds on a level, and is "of the people, by the people and for the people."

William Hohenzollern, the

man whose ally is God—not God's ally—King of Prussia and Emperor of Germany, wills for all the people of his kingdom, and empire; can will no wrong, even tho' that will be "frightfulness."

Abraham Lincoln, whose great concern was that he should be on God's side, once President of the United States, lowly, yet exalted unto heaven, foiled, suffered and died for the endurance of a Democracy, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Kultur is the new religion of the German people. The people of the United States are Christians.

Kultur proclaims: "We, (the German people,) are of the race of the Thunder; we will possess the earth."

Christianity proclaims: "Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth."

Kultur commands and asserts: "Be as terrible as Attila's Huns."

"Providence has willed that we shall be his instruments."

Christianity proclaims: "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

Kultur hisses: "O Germany, hate! Slaughter thy foes by the millions and of their reeking corpses build a monument that shall reach the clouds."

"O Germany, hate now! Arm thyself in steel and pierce with thy bayonet the heart of every foe; no prisoners! Beat in their skulls with rifle-butts and with axes. Strike and thrust, true and hard; turn our neighbors' lands into deserts. Afterwards thou wilt stand erect on the ruins of the world."

Christianity proclaims: "Blessed are the peacemakers; for they shall be called the Children of God."

"Ye have heard that it was said of them of old time: 'Thou shalt not kill; and whosoever shall kill shall be in danger of the judgment; But I say unto you, That whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause shall be in danger of the judgment.'"

Thus it may be seen, in this world-war that Conquest, Tyranny and Savagery battle against Justice, Liberty and Civilization.

Thus may it be seen that Kultur binds back to that faithless age when mankind was savage and soulless and void of the knowledge of truth.

Thus too, may it be seen that this is the same war waged first in heaven and again in the garden of Gethsemane.

As Michael overcame Satan; as Christ overcame Sin, so too now, in this world-war, must Civilization overcome the Beast, or afterwards, Germany will stand erect on the ruins of the world.

Horace French Ill

Horace French, brother of J. B. French, is dangerously ill at John Hopkins hospital, Baltimore. He was taken from his home in Tennessee, where he has lived since leaving here, and placed in the hospital for an operation. He was suffering from an abscess on the liver and the latest report was that his condition was critical, though nothing has been heard from the operation. Horace is well known here, having spent a number of years here in the sheep business, returning last year to his old home in Tennessee.

Unique Wedding

A most unique wedding was that of Phillip H. Kersey and Anna E. Clements. They telephoned to Rev. Llewelling to be sure to meet the 2:30 train Sunday, February 10, so when it stopped at Carrizozo, he went into the coach and there standing in the aisle the handsome young couple were united in marriage, their two witnesses coming from Corona with them. Mr. Kersey is depot agent at Corona, and his wife is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Clements of Corona. The newly weds head themselves to California for their honeymoon.

The Real Adventure

A NOVEL

By Henry Kitchell Webster

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CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

"You won't even give me the poor satisfaction of knowing what you're doing," he said.

"I'd love to," she said, "to be able to write to you, hear from you every day. But I don't believe you want to know. I think it would be too hard for you. Because you'd have to promise not to try to get me back, not to come and beg me if I got into trouble and things went badly and I didn't know where to turn. Could you promise that, Roddy?"

He gave a groan and buried his face in his hands. Then:

"No," he said furiously. "Of course I can't. See you suffering and struggling with my hands in my pockets and my arms in a grip that actually hurts me, and fairly shook her in the arms of her entreaty. 'Tell me it's a promise, Roddy,' he said. 'Tell me it's a promise. Wake me up out of it!'"

But under the indomitable resolution of her blue eyes he turned away. "This was the last appeal of that sort that he made."

"I'll promise," she said presently. "To be possible not to take any risks I don't have to take. I'll regard my life, and my health and all, as something I'm keeping in trust for you. I'll take care of my warm, sensible clothes when I get lots of shoes and stockings—things like that, and if you'll let me—I'll borrow a hundred dollars to start myself off with. It isn't a tragedy, Roddy, not that part of it. You wouldn't be afraid for anyone else as long as you're strong and healthy as I am."

Gradually, out of a welter of scenes like that, the thing got itself recognized as something that was to happen. But the parting came at last in a little different way from any they had foreseen.

Rodney came home from his office early one afternoon, with a telegram that summoned him to New York to a conference of counsel in a big public utility case he had been working on for months. He must leave, if he were going at all, at five o'clock. He ran along the house, sat at first, for Rose and found her at last in the trunk room, dusty disheveled, sobbing quietly over something she hugged in her arms. But she dried her eyes and came over to him and asked him what it was that had brought him home so early.

He showed her the telegram. "I'll have to leave in an hour," he said. "If I'm to go."

She paled at that, and sat down rather giddily on the trunk. "You must go," she said, "of course. And Roddy, I guess that'll be the easiest way. I'll get my telegram tonight, pretend to get it from Portia. And you can give me the hundred dollars and then when you come back, I'll be gone."

The thing she had been holding in her hands slipped to the floor. He stooped and picked it up—stared at it with a sort of half-wakened recognition.

"I found it," she explained, "among some old things Portia sent over when she moved. Do you know what it is? It's one of the notebooks that got wet—that first night when we were put off the street car. And—Roddy, look!"

She opened it to an almost blank page, and with a weak little laugh pointed to the thing that was written there. "March 15, 1912!"

"Your birthday, you see, and the day we met each other."

And then, down below, the only note she had made during the whole of that lecture, he read: "Never marry a man with a passion for principles."

"That's the trouble with you, you see," she said. "If you were just an ordinary man without any big passions or anything, it wouldn't matter much if your life got spoiled. But with us, you see, we've got to try for the biggest thing there is. Oh, Roddy, Roddy darling! Hold me tight for just a minute, and then I'll come and help you pack."

CHAPTER XV.

The World Alone.

"Here's the first week's rent then," said Rose, handing the landlady three dollars, "and I think you'd better give me a receipt showing till when it's paid for."

The landlady had tight gray hair and a hard-bitten hatched face. She had no charms, one would have said, of person, mind or manner. But it was nevertheless true that Rose was renting this room largely in the strength of the landlady. She was so much more humanly possible than any of the others at whose placarded doors Rose had knocked or rung. . . .

The landlady went away to write out a receipt. Rose closed the door after her and locked it.

She didn't particularly want to keep anybody out. But, in a sense in which it had never been quite true before,

ROSE ALDRICH LEAVES HER HUSBAND AND THE TWINS AND GOES FORTH INTO THE UNKNOWN WORLD TO MAKE A LIVING AND LEARN LIFE'S VALUES

SYNOPSIS.—Rose Stanton, a young woman living in modest circumstances, marries wealthy Rodney Aldrich and for more than a year lives in luxury and lassitude. This life disgusts her. She plans to do something useful, but feels that the profession of motherhood is big enough for any woman, and looks forward eagerly to the birth of her baby. She has twins, however, and their care is taken entirely out of her hands by a professional nurse. Intense dissatisfaction with the useless life of luxury returns to Rose. She determines to go out and earn her living; to make good on her own hook. She and her doing husband have some bitter scenes over the wife's "whim." What she goes and does is described in this installment.

this was her room, a room where anyone lacking her specific invitation to enter would be an intruder—a condition which had not obtained either in her mother's house or in Rodney's.

She smiled widely over the absurdity of indulging in a pleasurable feeling of possession in a squalid little cubbyhole like this. The wall paper was stained and faded; there was an iron bed—the mattress on the bed was lumpy. There was a dingy-looking oak bureau with a small mirror; a marble-topped black walnut washstand and a pitcher standing in a bowl on top of it.

As for the hurrying life she looked out upon from her grimy window, the difference between it and that which she had been wont to contemplate through Florence McCrea's exquisitely tended casements was simply planetary.

And yet, queerly enough, in terms of literal lineal measurement, the distance between the window themselves was less than a thousand yards. And, such is the enormous social and spiritual distance between North Clark street and The Drive, she was as safely hidden here, as completely out of the orbit of any of her friends, or even of her friends' servants, as she could have been in New York or San Francisco.

Of course, wherever she went, what ever she did, there'd always be the risk that someone who could carry back news to Rodney's friends would recognize her. It was a risk that had to be taken. At the same time she'd protect the secret as well as she could.

There were two people, though, it couldn't be kept from—Portia and her mother. The story given out to Rodney's friends being that Rose was in California with her mother and Portia, left the chance always open for some contrivance which would lead to her mother's discovering the truth in a surprising and shocking way.

But the truth itself, confidently stated, not as a tragic ending, but as the splendid, hopeful beginning of a life of true happiness for Rose and her husband, needn't be a shock. So this was what Rose had borne down upon her in her letter to Portia.

"I have found the big thing couldn't be had without a fight," she wrote. "You wouldn't be surprised, because you've already found out for yourself that counting with having come very easily. But you're not to worry about me, nor be afraid for me, because I'm going to win. I'm making the fight, somehow, for you as well as for myself. I want you to know that I think that reading I was giving you is as well as mine. It has given me the courage to start. . . . I've got some plans, but I'm not going to tell you what they are. But I'll write to you every week and tell you what I've done and I want you to write to Rodney. I want to be sure that you understand this. Rodney isn't to blame for what's happened. We haven't quarreled, and I believe we're farther in love with each other than we've ever been before. I know I am with him. . . . Break this thing to mother as gently as you like, but tell her everything before you stop. . . ."

This letter written and dispatched, she had worked out the details of her departure with a good deal of care. In her own house, before the servants, she had tried to act just as she would have done had her pretended telegram really come from Portia. Her bag was packed, her trunk was gone, her motor waiting at the door to take her to the station, when the invalid Doris brought the twins home from their airing. This wasn't chance, but prearrangement.

"Give them to me," Rose said, "and then you may go up and tell Mrs. Ruston she may have them in a few minutes."

She took them into her bedroom and laid them aside by side on her bed. They had thriven finely—justified, so far as that went, Harriet's decision in favor of bottle feeding. Had she died back there in that bed of pain, never come out of the ether at all, they'd still be just like this—plump, placid, methodical. Rose had thought of that a hundred times, but it wasn't what she was thinking of now.

The thing that caught her as she was looking down on them, was a wave of sudden pity. She saw them suddenly as persons with the long road all ahead of them, as a boy and a girl, a youth and a maid, a man and a woman.

"She'd never thought of them like that before. The baby she had looked forward to—the baby she hadn't had—had never been thought of that way, either. It was to be something to provide her, Rose, with an occupation; to make an alchemic change in the very substance of her life. The transmutation hadn't taken place. She'd nursed now, dimly, that she hadn't described it should.

"You've never had a mother at all, you poor little mites," she said. "But you're going to have one some day. You're going to be able to come to her with your troubles, because she'll have had troubles herself. She'll help you bear your hurts, because she's had hurts of her own. And she'll be able to teach you to stand the pain, because she's stood it herself."

For the first time since they were born, she was thinking of their need of her rather than of her need of them, and with that thought came, for the first time, the surge of passionate maternal love that she had waited for so long in vain. There was, suddenly, an intolerable ache in her breast that could only have been satisfied by crushing them up against her breast; kissing their hands—their feet.

Rose stood there quivering, giddy with the force of it. "Oh, you darlings!" she said. "But wait—wait until I deserve it!" And, without touching them at all, she went to the door and opened it. Mrs. Ruston and Doris were both waiting in the hall.

"I must go now," she said. "Good-by. Keep them carefully for me." Her voice was steady, and, though her eyes were bright, there was no trace of tears upon her cheeks. But there was a kind of glory shining in her face that was too much for Doris, who turned away and sobbed loudly. Even Mrs. Ruston's eyes were wet.

"Good-by," said Rose again, and went down composedly enough to her car.

She rode down to the station, shook hands with Otto, the chauffeur, allowed a porter to carry her bag into the waiting room. There she tipped the porter, picked up the bag herself, and walked out the other door; crossed over to Clark street and took a street car. At Chicago avenue she got off, and walked north, keeping her eyes open for placards advertising rooms to let. It was at the end of about half a mile that she found the hatched-faced landlady, paid her three dollars, and locked her door, as a symbol, perhaps, of the bigger, heavier door that she had locked upon her past life.

Strongest among all the welter of emotions holding up within her, was a perfectly enormous relief. The thing which, when she had first faced it as the only thoroughfare to the real life she so passionately wanted, had seemed such a veritable nightmare, was an accomplished fact. The week of acute agony she had lived through while she was forcing her sudden resolution upon Rodney had been all but



He Was Counting Aloud the Bars of the Music.

unendurable with the enforced contemplation of the moment of parting, which they brought so relentlessly nearer. There had been a terror, too, lest when the moment actually came, she couldn't do it. Well, and now it had come and gone! The surgery of the thing was over.

Rose dusted the mirror with a towel—a reckless act, as she saw for herself, when she discovered she was going to have to use that towel for a week—and took an appraising look at herself. Then she nodded confidently—there was nothing the matter with her looks—and resumed her ulster, her rubbers, and her umbrella, for it was the kind of December day which called for all three. Then, glowingly conscious that she was saving a nickel by so doing, she set off downtown afoot to get a job. She meant to get it that very afternoon. And, partly because she meant to so very definitely, she did.

On the last Sunday before Rose went away she had studied the dramatic section of the morning paper with a good deal of care, and was rewarded by finding among the news notes an item referring to a new musical comedy which was to be produced at the Globe theater immediately after the Christmas holidays. "The Girl Up-Stage" was the title of it. It

was spoken of as one of the regular Globe productions, so it was probably Jimmy Wallace's experience with the production of an earlier number in the series would at least give her something to go by.

Granted that she was going to be a chorus girl for a while, she could hardly find a better place than one of the Globe productions to be a chorus girl in. According to Jimmy, it was a decent enough little place, and yet it possessed the advantage of being, spiritually, as well as actually, west of Clark street. Rodney's friends were less likely to go there, and so have a chance of recognizing her, than to any other theater in the city.

The news item in the paper told her that the production was in rehearsal, and it mentioned the name of the director, John Galbraith, referring to him as one of the three most prominent musical-comedy directors in the country.

When she asked at the box office at the Globe theater where they were rehearsing "The Girl Up-Stage" today, the nicely mannequined young man inside answered automatically, "North End hall."

"I'm afraid," said Rose, smiling a little, "I'll have to ask where North End hall is."

"Not at all," said the young man idiotically, and he told her the address—only a block or two from Rose's room.

CHAPTER XVI.

The First Day.

With her umbrella over her shoulder, Rose set sail northward again through the rain, absurdly cheered. The entrance to the North End hall was a pair of white painted doors opening from the street level up on the foot of a broadish stair which took you up rather suddenly. At the head of the stairway, tilted back in a kitchen chair beneath a single gas jet whose light he was trying to make suffice for the perusal of a green newspaper, sat a man, under orders, no doubt, to keep intruders away. The thing to do was to go by as if, for such as she, watchmen didn't exist. The rhythmic pounding of feet and the frayed chords from a worn-out piano, convinced her she was in the right place.

Her stratagem succeeded. The man glanced up and, though she felt he didn't return to his paper again, he made no attempt to stop her. She walked steadily ahead to another open door at the far end of the room, through which sounds and light came in.

Rose paused for a standing breath before she went through that farther door, her eyes starry with resolution, her cheeks, just for the moment, a little pale.

"The room was hot and not well lighted. In the farther wall of it was a proscenium arch and a raised stage. On the stage, right and left, were two irregular groups of girls, with a few men, awkwardly, Rose thought, disposed among them. All were swaying a little to mark the rhythm of the music industriously pounded out by a twenty young man at the piano—a swarthy, thick young man in his underhirt. There were a few more people sprawled in different parts of the hall.

It was all a little vague to her at first, because her attention was focused upon a single figure—a compact, rather slender, figure, and tall, Rose thought—of a man in a blue serge suit, who stood at the exact center of the stage and the extreme edge of the footlights. He was counting aloud the bars of the music—not beating time at all, nor yielding to the rhythm in any way; standing, on the contrary, rather tensely still. That was the quality about him, indeed, that riveted Rose's attention and held her, as still as he was, in the doorway—an exhilarating sort of intensity that had communicated itself to the swaying groups on the stage.

You could tell from the way he counted that something was gathering itself up, getting ready to happen. "Three . . . Four . . . Five . . . Six . . . Seven—Now!" he shouted on the eighth bar, and with the word one of the groups transformed itself. One of the men bowed to one of the girls and began waltzing with her; another couple formed, then another.

Rose watched breathlessly, hoping the maneuver wouldn't go wrong—for no reason in the world but that the man there at the footlights was so tacitly determined that it shouldn't.

Determination triumphed. The number was concluded to John Galbraith's evident satisfaction. "Very good," he said. "If you'll all do exactly what you did that time from now on, I'll not complain." Without pause he went on: "Everybody on the stage—big girls—all the big girls! And to the young man at the piano, 'We'll do 'Afternoon Tea.'"

There was a momentary pause then, filled with subdued chatter, while the girls and men realigned themselves for the new number.

Rose looked them over. The girls weren't, on an average, extravagantly beautiful, though, with the added charm of make-up allowed for, there were, no doubt, many the audiences would consider so. They were dressed in pretty much anything that would allow perfect freedom to their bodies, especially their arms and legs; bathing suits mostly, or middy blouses and bloomers. Rose noted this with satisfaction. Her old university gymnasium costume would do perfectly. Anything, apparently, would do, because, as her eyes adjusted itself to details, she discovered rump suits, plain-

foyes, chemises, overalls—all equally taken for granted.

Galbraith struck his hands together for silence, and scrutinized the now motionless group on the stage.

"We're one shy," he said. "Who's missing?" And then answered his own question: "Grant!" He wheeled around and his eyes searched the hall.

Rose became aware, for the first time, that a mutter of conversation had been going on incessantly since she had come in, in one of the recessed window seats behind her. Now when Galbraith's gaze, plunged in that direction, she turned and looked too. A big blonde chorus girl was in there with a man, a girl who, with twenty pounds trained off her, and that sulky look out of her face, would have been a beauty. She had roused herself with a sort of defiant deliberation at the sound of the director's voice, but she still had her back to him and went on talking to the man.

"Grant!" said John Galbraith again, and this time his voice had a cutting edge. "Will you take your place on the stage, or shall I suspend rehearsal until you're ready?"

For answer she turned and began walking slowly across the room. She started walking slowly, but under Galbraith's eye she quickened her pace, involuntarily, it seemed, until it was a ludicrous sort of run. Presently she emerged upon the stage, looking rather artificially unconcerned, and the rehearsal went on again.

But just before he gave the signal to the pianist to go ahead, Galbraith with a nod summoned a young man from the wings and said something to him, whereupon, clearly carrying out his orders, he vaulted down from the stage and came walking toward the doorway where Rose was still standing.

But he didn't come straight to her; he brought up before a woman sitting in a folding chair a little farther along the wall, who drew herself defensively erect when she saw him turn toward her, assumed a look of calculated disdain, tapped a foot—gave, on the whole, an imitation of a duchess being kept waiting.

But the limp young man didn't seem disconcerted, and inquired in so many words what her business was. The duchess said in a harsh, high voice that she wanted to see the director; a very particular friend of his had begged her to do so.

"You'll have to wait till he's through rehearsing," said the young man, and then he came over to Rose.

The vestiges of the smile the duchess had provoked were still visible about her mouth when he came up. "May I wait and see Mr. Galbraith after the rehearsal?" she asked. "If I won't be in the way?"

"Sure," said the young man. "He won't be long now. He's been rehearsing since two." Then, rather explosively, "Have a chair."

He struck Rose as being a little flustered and uncertain somehow. It was a long hour that Rose sat there in a little folding chair—an hour that, in spite of all her will could do, took some of the crispness out of her courage.

When at last, a little after six o'clock, Galbraith said: "Quarter to eight, everybody," and dismissed them with a nod for a curtsy to what were evidently dressing rooms at the other side of the hall, the ship of Rose's hopes had utterly gone to pieces. She had a plank to keep herself afloat on. It was the determination to stay there until he should tell her in so many words that he hadn't any use for her.

The deprecatory young man was talking to him now, about her and the duchess evidently, for he peered out into the hall, then vaulted down from the stage and came toward them. The duchess got up, and, with a good deal of manner, went over to meet him. Rose didn't hear what the duchess said. But when John Galbraith answered her, his voice really filled the room: "You tell Mr. Fike, if that's his name, we haven't any vacancies in the chorus at present. If we find we need you, we can let you know."

He said it not unkindly, but he exercised some power of making it evident that as he finished speaking, the duchess, for him, simply ceased to exist. Then, with disconcerting suddenness, he looked straight at Rose and said: "What do you want?"

She'd thought him tall, but he wasn't. He was looking on a perfect level into her eyes.

"I want a job in the chorus," said Rose.

"You heard what I said to that other woman, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Rose, "but . . ."

"But you thought you'd let me say it to you again."

"Yes," she said. And, queerly enough, she felt her courage coming back.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Resistance of the Wind.
Tests on a model of the naval collier Neptune, made in the wind tunnel of the Washington navy yard by Naval Constructor William McEntee show that if this vessel were steaming against a 30-mile wind at 14 knots an hour it would require about 770 horsepower to overcome the resistance of the wind. This is about 20 per cent of the power necessary to propel her through the water.

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Over-Camouflaged.
Dorothy not only liked her tea and coffee to have the appearance of being "real and true," but she also liked to taste the flavor of each. One afternoon her mother took her to a friend's home, where tea was served at five o'clock. The hostess gave Dorothy what she usually gave her own children—hot water, sugar and milk. Dorothy tasted hers politely and ate her little cake.

"Why, Dorothy, you aren't drinking your tea! Don't it sweet enough?" asked the hostess.
"Yes, it's sweet enough," replied the child.
"Then why aren't you taking it?" "It's too dull," she replied.

Proper Place.
"Pop, where are they going to put the bulls they are driving on the ship?" "In the steerage, my son."

There is no purer or more healthful food for children than Grape-Nuts
Its natural sweetness appeases the child's appetite for added sugar, and the quantity of milk or cream needed is about half that required for the ordinary cereal.

GRAPE-NUTS IS AN ECONOMICAL FOOD

Why United States Is Fighting

Evidence of German Duplicity and Aggression That Has Grown Ever Stronger as the Great World Conflict Has Progressed

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

EVERY ordinary man can remember that during his boyhood there was one vital point upon which he always insisted whenever he was threatened with discipline for getting into a fight: "He began it!"

Boys realize that justice rests upon the question, Who was the assailant? And almost every boy has more than once suffered under the sting of an adult injustice which declining to investigate, punished him for "fighting" when he had been merely defending himself. Of course, self-defense does not consist entirely of warding gestures, for if it did it could not defend. A person attacked must either be beaten or take his choice of running away or of striking back; and if the assailant is the speedier, running away is a mere postponement of being beaten. But spectators of a conflict (especially if they have not noted or comprehended its beginning) almost always take a superior position of disgusted impartiality. "Brutes!" they say. "Fighting! They ought to be ashamed of themselves!"

I remember such a case. A boy friend of mine, an awkward but spirited ten-year-old, was returning alone from an afternoon's skating when a sturdier, shorter boy the same age, opposed his progress, and addressed to him the provocative formula, "Who you lookin' at, you dera fool you?" My friend replied placidly that he wasn't looking at anything, whereupon the stranger demanded hotly: "You call me nothin', do you?" and, striking him suddenly upon the mouth, snatched his skates and turned to make away with them.

Enter the Peacemaker.

My friend managed to trip the little thief, however, and the latter, rising, struck out fiercely, whereupon a fight of some duration took place. It was interrupted by an elderly pedestrian, shocked and indignant. "You scoundrels!" he said. "Fighting! Stop it! Then for emphasis he struck my friend a sharp blow across the face with an umbrella, and forced his way between the combatants. "But he's got my skates!" my friend cried. "Shame!" was the response. "If I knew your fathers and mothers I'd see that you were both whipped for fighting, Shame!"

My friend tried desperately to dodge round the peacemaker, hoping to recover his skates from the other boy, but he failed, for the elderly man seized him by the collar. "You would, would you? Trying to get at him again, you little beast! No, you don't! I'll teach you to stop fighting when I tell you to!" Thereupon my friend got the shaking of his life, and, though he tried throughout this martyrdom to convince his shaker that he "didn't begin it" and that the other boy had his skates, and was now running away with them, he was unsuccessful in removing the impression that all belligerents are wicked. "There!" said the elderly man, releasing him at last; "let me catch you fighting again and I'll give you a worse one! Go on home! Get out of this neighborhood! I don't want to listen to you!"

So, bloody and dirty, my friend went on his way, and the elderly man proceeded, convinced that he had conducted himself in a manner beneficial to public morals.

What Every Boy Understands.

Now, as any boy understands that the most important question about any fight is "Who started it?" so any boy also understands that the question next in order and next in importance is "Why did he start it?" Any boy understands that a just peace cannot be made unless it takes these two questions into vital account, and that disciplinary measures not founded upon them are arbitrary and unjust and vicious. Any boy understands that a peacemaker or disciplinarian who places both belligerents upon the same plane is not only unjust but, in effect, stupidly partial to the cause of the guilty belligerent—for one belligerent is guilty.

When the war began in August, 1914, all those neutrals who wished to understand the right and wrong of the matter, that their opinions might not be unjust, began to seek every source of information which might help them to learn who started it and why. At first—as the sources of information were not immediately at hand—there seemed room for argument, though on the face of things it was apparent that Austria first declared a war upon Serbia and Germany then declared war upon Russia and France. We saw plainly that Serbia had been begging and squirming to avoid war and that Russia had been working for peace. Austria and Germany were the countries that declared war, and, of course, until somebody did actually declare war or actually make war there was a chance of peace.

What Documents Disclosed.

As soon as the diplomatic documents were published we all saw—any person who could read was able to see—that Austria had been bent upon war with Serbia and that Germany had wanted Austria to make such a war, and, under a rather careless pretext of wishing to preserve the peace, had actually prevented peacemaking on the

part of other governments. It was clear, too, that Russia had been bound to protect Serbia from Austria, and that Germany understood this and knew that Austria's attack on Serbia meant war between Austria and Russia, which also meant, of course, war between Germany and Russia and between Germany and France, since the latter was Russia's ally.

Nothing could have been more significant than this, that Germany, being herself already prepared—down to the last buckle—for immediate war, declared war on Russia for the alleged reason that Russia was getting prepared for war. We know this sort of talk of old in a thousand trials for cold-blooded murder in our own country. "Self-defense!" shouts the murderer's attorney. "The deceased made a motion toward his hip pocket." Germany stood with a bright new automatic revolver in hand, and Russia made a motion toward the hip pocket—where there was later found a pen-knife with two blades broken. "Self-defense," Germany claimed loudly through her attorneys. "He made a motion toward his hip pocket; so I had to shoot him."

The German chancellor declared in the reichstag that Russia made this fatal motion toward the hip pocket in spite of England's effort to keep peace. Russia "began it," said the chancellor—and then a few days later all Germany began shouting that England "began it!" This was when England fulfilled her oath to Belgium, and Germany broke her own.

Evidence Grows Stronger.

The evidence went more and more against Germany, and there were some vicious allegations which made the case



Booth Tarkington.

stronger against her. The German army was sent into the peaceful little country of Belgium, which it turned into a slaughterhouse, with the owners for victims, and the German government said that the German army did this because it would help Germany to conquer France. At the same time the Germans in authority told a great number of lies to excuse themselves. They said that they knew they were doing a wrong thing, and that they were breaking the law and violating their oath; and nevertheless they claimed that they were justified because the Belgians were a wicked people and France intended soon to behave (in respect to Belgium) as Germany was behaving. Altogether, the trickiness and cruelty of Germany in the Belgian matter caused our opinions of the German government (concerning who began it) to become much darker. So far as Belgium went, the Germans were finally and absolutely convicted in the plain sight of all men; convicted of lies as odious as they were stupid; convicted of the most abominable, cold-blooded plotting; convicted of a selfishness not seen on earth since the seventeenth century and of a cruelty not known since the sixteenth.

Evidence Leaves No Doubt.

Since then evidence has piled up—evidence not circumstantial but so direct that it leaves no doubt. This evidence is colossal and conclusive, and is almost all German. It is no longer possible to debate the question, and the court has decided—the court consisting of the nations of the world. That court found that Germans plotted to dominate the world and decided and attempted to kill the men and women and children of certain other nations, and to continue the killing until these nations submitted to German domination, after which all remaining nations would be compelled to submit.

It seemed incredible that there were such ideas left over in the twentieth century world, but there is no longer

any doubt of it. It is the preposterous but undeniable truth that there exists a large and powerful group of Germans—prosperous people and of high attainment in certain specialties—who decided to have great numbers of simple-minded men under their orders go out and kill their fellow men, and continue to kill them in order to increase the power of the plotters. The great majority of the men who did the actual killing would obtain no benefit whatever for themselves, and many of these German soldiers might have brought little enthusiasm to their task if they had understood it, so they were told that they were fighting for the "existence" of the "Fatherland" and that "Russia began it" and "England began it."

Of course, a government which believes in violating oaths—that is, violating the honor of the nation which it represents or controls—such a government would lie to its own people. (It made Germany a perjurer, for the German government stands before the world as Germany and acts as and for Germany—until the German people remove it, and only by removing it can Germans regain for Germany something of lost honor.) This government deceived its own people first about the immediate causes of the war, then about the historical causes of the war, and then most vehemently about the character and intentions of the allies opposed to Germany.

Germany's Lies.

Is there a doubt anywhere that the German rulers will lie, in any manner whatsoever, if they believe the lie will result to their own advantage? Then take one lie with which they have filled Germany: That the president of the United States and the American congress, with the American people behind them, declared the United States to be in a state of war with the German empire because the American munition makers wanted to make more money, and Mr. J. P. Morgan was afraid of the depreciation of his loans to England!

There are two significant things about this lie. One is the state of mind of the German politician who puts it forth, and the other is the state of mind of the unfortunate German subject who believes it. The politician must necessarily count on an abysmal ignorance as well as a loyal credulity in the subject; and the politician who uses such lies is of a type we know in our own country, in certain lower forms of slum-predict manipulation. But in Germany this type—better educated, incomparably more powerful, but nevertheless the moral twin of one of our corrupt precinct committeemen of the slums—is in actual high control of the German destiny and has as its obedient machine, not ward heeler from the barrel house, but the most terrible army known in history. And if the German spirit truly manifests itself through such an agency, it is a spirit so sinister and of such mighty ill omen to us that we must either exercise it by high explosives or be its slaves.

Voice From Germany.

For this is the voice that we hear from Germany: "We Germans," it trumpets, "we are God's chosen people. His special favorites, and God is German himself. God rules over us in the person of our kaiser, whom he appointed for that purpose. We are better than all other people of the earth; we are wiser and purer and nobler and more industrious and more learned and stronger and cleverer and kinder and braver and more spiritual and more warlike than all others."

"We are so much greater than they that whatever we do to advance our own interests, at the cost of theirs, is right and praiseworthy. If we kill a great many of them, those who survive will in the end be improved, because they will work for us and learn something by observing us. Any deceit in proper and morally correct if it benefits us; and when we practice a policy of terror upon those who oppose us it is really philanthropy and shows how gentle we are, because the survivors learn through our cruelty that it is useless to oppose us, therefore they sooner submit their wills to ours. We cannot do wrong, no matter what we do, so long as all that we do is for our own benefit. And, since our nature is warlike, war is beautiful and necessary. We study in peace times how to use every man of us in time of war, and that is our great glory. By our bright swords we will take possession of the earth, which ought to belong to us, because we are Germans. We believe in the heaviest possible breeding of babies, that they may grow up and be trained to carry liquid fire and poison against any opposition to us. And, all the same, we are the only real peace lovers in this malign and prejudiced world, which, except for us and the Austrians and the Bulgarians and the Turks, is composed exclusively of stupid ruffians who were so jealous and envious of us that they forced this war upon us, hoping to make some money out of us by annihilating us. We love peace, and are fighting for our mere existence—that is, the right to adjust our frontiers so that they will include the countries which we have conquered by the sword. For instance, we must never again be threatened by an invasion through Belgium. We prepared for this war as no country ever before prepared—not even in 1870, when we made war on France—and we were forced to begin it because we had to begin it before somebody else did."

Protests Are Weak.

That is the German voice as we hear it clamoring with the hundred and hundred thousand tongues of books, of pamphlets, of editorials, of sermons,

of "diplomatic documents," of kaiserly and crown princely and governmental and legislative speeches and writings—a voice whose import is a thousand times confirmed, day after day and year after year, throughout this age of slaughter by the actions of the Germans and their government. Here and there a German cry of protest is heard; there is a sound as if of something human walling for humanity on the vast wind of Germanism. Sometimes for a moment a name is heard out of the fatuous hurricane—a name like Haase or Liebknecht or Harden—and there seems to come the murmur as of a troubled multitude who do not ride the wind; but the sounds are uncertain and come to us but weakly. We can only hope "that there is some one there." Woodrow Wilson has called to them in a loud voice, but they have not known how to answer if they would—or could.

Would Divide United States.

The German kaiser has really thought persistently of all non-Teutonic countries in terms of destruction, and when he has spoken his private thoughts, his speech has always been: "Let us find the best way to weaken and injure them." Those real thoughts of his came out characteristically when, on his yacht at Kiel, he said that Europe had made a great mistake in not strongly favoring the South during our Civil War, for thus two weak countries might have been created to take the place of the powerful Union. Something might be hoped for even yet, he went on, if the East and West could be sufficiently stirred up against each other. There is the kaiser's foreign policy and the order of his mind and of his heart. What he meant was that it would be a good and beneficial thing if the people of our Eastern and Western states could be brought to kill one another in great numbers and thus the Union yet be divided.

The kaiser twice played wantonly and without the slightest provocation on the verge of war with the United States—once on the coast of Venezuela and once in Manila bay. While Germany was in a state of friendship with England, he proposed to Russia that Russia and Germany attack England; and while Germany was in a state of friendship with the United States he proposed to England that England and Germany seize Mexico and destroy the Monroe doctrine. His agent Zimmerman, asked Mexico to propose treachery to Japan, that the two together might dismember and plunder the United States. His diplomatic agent, resident in Buenos Aires by courtesy of the Argentine government, makes atrocious use of the Swedish legation to send word to Germans how to destroy Argentine ships and "leave no trace." This phrase, with which we are familiar mainly through the impossible "villains" of the "movies" and of old-time dime novels and melodramas—"leave no trace," meaning "sink the ships and murder every soul on board"—this message is not that of a "stage or movie villain." Not at all! It is a German governmental message regarding ships belonging to citizens of a friendly power, and is sent by a German minister in the German diplomatic service to other officials of the German government. More, it is a characteristic word of the German governmental kind. And it is an actual snapshot of the personality of the German government.

Why We Entered War.

The people of the United States would have borne almost anything from Germany if they could have believed that the German's cause was originally a good one or that the war was "forced upon Germany." But knowing what we did, when the Germans, after murdering great numbers of our fellow citizens and quibbling for many months about these murders—when they told us to keep our ships in port or they would sink them; we found that Germany's conduct toward us was not to be distinguished from making war upon us and we decided that our citizens should not be killed continuously by a country which was "at peace" with us and we would not take orders from Germany to remain in port and away from the high seas. Germany does not make and enforce the laws of and for the United States—not without countering some resistance from Americans. So we disobeyed Germany, and would not paint the commanded yellow stripes upon the hulls of the one ship a week which was to be permitted upon the Atlantic ocean.

We found ourselves in a state of war because the German government, having forced a war upon Europe with the object of dominating that continent and subsequently the world, including the United States, and having carried on the war with unnecessary cruelty and the employment of treachery whenever it considered treachery useful, we found ourselves in a state of war because the German government was killing our citizens as a means of enforcing its will upon us. That would seem to be war—killing us to make us obey—no? American citizens have their own government and prefer to live under their own laws. That is why we began to fight.

We continue our beginning because the German government is the same government that it was a few months ago when we found that it was making war upon us—and we have no choice but to fight it until either it is thoroughly whipped or some better kind of Germans—Germans of good sense, good feeling, and of an honorable reliability—get control of Germany. Peace will come as soon as they do.

PUBLIC ROADS

DRAG PREPARES GOOD ROADS

Length and Position of Hitch, and Position of Driver Are of Much Importance.

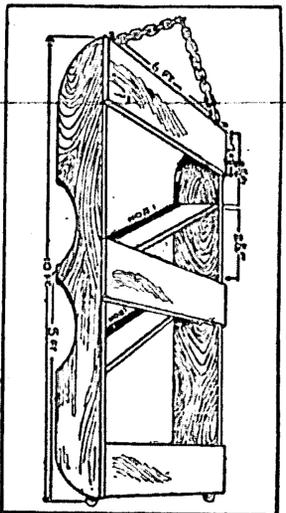
(By H. L. THOMPSON, Oklahoma Experiment Station, Stillwater.)
The successful handling of the drag on the road depends on two principles. These are the length and position of the hitch, and the position of the driver on the drag.

For ordinary work the clevis should be fastened far enough on the chain toward the ditch end of the blade to force the unloaded drag to follow the team at about an angle of 45 degrees. This will cause the earth to move smoothly along the face of the drag and will make the draft light on the team, provided the driver rides in the line of draft. If small weeds are to be cut, or if the furrow of earth in the ditch is to be moved, the hitch should be attached rather close on the chain to the ditch end of the drag. This will cause the drag to move nearly ditch-end foremost. The driver should put his weight on the extreme forward end of the front blade, which will make the drag swing back to the proper angle and make the blade plow.

For such work the team should be driven slowly and carefully to keep the drag from dipping forward. If a wet spot is met, the driver should shift his weight backward so as not to dig too deeply. If the blade becomes clogged with straw or weeds it can be made clean itself usually if the driver shifts his weight as far as possible from the ditch end of the blade. If there is a low place or a mudhole to be filled the drag can be made to drop its load of earth if the driver shifts his weight quickly from the ditch end.

The distance from the drag at which the team is hitched affects the depth of cutting. A long hitch causes the blade to cut deeper and is used often when a rough road is to be smoothed up. Shortening the chain seems to lift the furrow blade from the ground and makes lighter cutting when doing light smoothing work.

For a new road with bumps and holes the three-blade steel drag is excellent, as it carries considerable earth and will not drop into the ruts or holes as badly as a two-blade drag. However, it usually requires four horses. The team should ride the whole distance, going up one wheel track and



Road Drag Is Not Costly.

back the other. It is a mistake to try to improve too wide a strip at one time. The best work can be done by the drag when the soil is moist, but not sticky, so the earth will move freely along the face of the blades. If the roadway is very badly rutted it may be well to drag it when the earth is wet. This is particularly true just before a spell of cold weather in winter when it is possible to have a roadway to freeze smooth.

Clay hills after considerable dragging frequently become too high in the center. This can be corrected by dragging the earth away from the center once and toward the center twice. The road drag is only good in clay or similar soils, as its effectiveness depends on the smearing action which it has and by means of which it can make a water-tight coat. The sand road will be injured by crowning it toward the center and dragging because the sand road needs all the moisture it can hold and a crown will drain this moisture away.

Follow Test Directions.

One reason why people do not get better results from testing is that they do not follow directions. They try to make a short cut to save time, but sacrifice thereby accuracy in the test.

Call for Dairy Cattle.

The call for dairy cattle is more noisy making than the demand for beef cattle.

Hog Weather.

A hog doesn't mind cold weather, if his pen is dry and sunny.

HUSBAND SAVES WIFE

From Suffering by Getting Her Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Pittsburgh, Pa.—"For many months I was not able to do my work owing to a weakness which caused backache and headaches. A friend called my attention to one of your newspaper advertisements and immediately my husband, bought three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for me. After taking two bottles I felt fine and my troubles caused by that weakness are a thing of the past. All women who suffer as I did should try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. JAS. ROHRBERG, 620 Knapp St., N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.



Women who suffer from any form of weakness, as indicated by displacements, inflammation, ulceration, irregularities, backache, headaches, nervousness or "the blues," should accept Mrs. Rohrbeg's suggestion and give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a thorough trial.

For over forty years it has been correcting such ailments. If you have mysterious complications write for advice to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

Take Care of Your Horses! Nothing else will do so much to keep them in good condition as Dr. David Roberts' PHYSIC BALL and HORSE TONIC. It cures all ailments of the horse, such as colic, indigestion, etc. It is a sure cure for all ailments of the horse. If you do not believe it, write to Dr. David Roberts' 1st Co., 112 Grand Ave., Westfield, Va.

Who Would Not? Bacon—Which do you enjoy the most, the day or the night time? Egbert—Well, you see, on one side of my house is a shop where the test bottom all day, and on the other side lives a man who is testing his violin nearly all night. Come to think of it I think I enjoy the day time more.

Cuticura Stops Itching. The Soap to cleanse and Ointment to soothe and heal most forms of itching, burning skin and scalp affections. Ideal for toilet use. For free samples address, "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston." Sold by druggists and by mail. Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50.—Adv.

Natural Suppositories. Arctic Explorer and at last we were reduced to eating boots and leggings. (Girl)—Oh, and then the food speculation rained the price of them, I suppose?

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

But She Knew. Irate Father—Jack is a close young man, isn't he? Sweet Thing—"Why father how do you know?"

It's a poor resolution that will not hold water.

Some people spend a lot of time regretting things that never happen.

Body Terribly Swollen

Mr. Madara's Condition Was Critical Until Doan's Were Used. Health Was Restored.

"For six months I couldn't walk, I was so swollen as the result of kidney trouble," says Geo T. Madara, 15 M. Vernon Ave., Pittman Grove, Camden, N. J.: "Backache drove me nearly wild and big lumps formed over my kidney. I weighed 407 pounds, and I was a sight to behold. The water in my system pressed around my heart and I sometimes felt as if I was being strangled. The kidney secretion was scanty and contained a thick sediment."



"No one can imagine how I suffered. I finally went to the hospital, but when an operation was suggested I would not consent and came home. "I heard how Doan's Kidney Pills had helped others, so I discarded all the other medicines and started taking them. The second day I began to improve and as I continued, my back stopped aching and the swelling went down. The other kidney troubles left, too, and I was soon as well as ever!"

Sworn to before me, Philip Schmitz, Notary Public.

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

STOP YOUR COUGHING

No need to let that cough persist. Stop the irritation, and remove itching and hoarseness, by relieving the inflamed throat with

PISO'S

Carrizozo News

Published Friday at Carrizozo,
Lincoln County, New Mexico.

Entered as Second Class Matter at the Postoffice
at Carrizozo, New Mexico, June 2, 1918.

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

JNO. A. HALEY, Editor and Publisher

War Income Taxes Must Return by March 1st

Phoenix, Arizona,
January 31, 1918.

Editors:-

Sombody is going to tell on you if you don't pay your income tax. Congress has fixed it so that somebody must tell, whether he wants to or not.

One section of the War Income Tax Law, exhaustively comprehensive in scope, requires every person, without exception, and every corporation, partnership, association, and insurance company, in whatever capacity acting, who paid \$800 or more to another person, corporation, partnership, association, or insurance company, as salaries, wages, interest, rent, premiums, annuities, compensation, remuneration, emoluments, or other fixed or determinable gains, profits, and income, to report the name and address of the person, corporation, etc., to whom the payment was made, together with the amount of payment, to the Commissioner of Internal Revenue at Washington, using a form prescribed for the purpose—Form 1099, now to be had from all collectors' offices. The forms must be filled out and returned on or before March 1, 1918, accompanied by Form 1096, which is a letter of transmittal and affidavit certifying the accuracy of Form 1099.

Respectfully,
LEWIS T. CARPENTER,
Collector.

Ancho

The ladies of the Red Cross had a basket supper Friday, February 1st in the school house. It was a decided success, and \$50 was realized from the sale of the baskets. A nice little musical program was rendered. Mrs. J. R. Glenn had the honor of having the most beautiful basket, which brought \$5.

The entertainment last Saturday night was fine a crowded house as usual and the "Trip from Paris, France to the Garden of Allah" will be remembered by all present as one of the most interesting and sensational ever seen.

Mr. and Mrs. Cleghorn and Miss Ida Collier were at the dance here Saturday night. Many other White Oaks people were there and report one of the best dances of the season.

A couple of children in the Sam Woods home are down sick. Many people around Ancho are suffering from bad colds and a few have the roseola.

Mr. and Mrs. Yancy and children have gone to find work. They have left their home and effects in the care of Mr. Joe Wauson.

Two young men by the name of Roberts from Oklahoma have filed on some land near here and expect to make this their future home.

Prof. Funk and his assistant teachers, the Misses Stokes and Gaddis with the help of their pupils will give an entertainment in the school house February 21 in honor of George Washington's birthday. All are cordially invited and enjoy the speeches, songs, etc., which will be entertaining.

Notice to Creditors

We have gone on a 30-day basis and all old accounts must be settled at once.

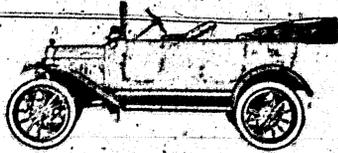
Western Garage

Ford

THE UNIVERSAL CAR

More and more the enclosed motor car grows strong in popular favor. It's natural, especially with Ford cars, which are busy running every day of the year—winter and summer the Ford serves faithfully and profitably. So for a real genuine family car there is nothing equal to the Ford Sedan at \$495 f. o. b. Detroit. Seats five. Large doors, plate glass sliding windows, silk curtains, deeply upholstered seats, latest type ventilating windshield—a car of refined luxury with the everlastingly reliable Ford chassis. Come in and know more about this superior car.

WESTERN GARAGE
F. B. SHIELDS, Prop.



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, oil or 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

THE FORD'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

STATE OF NEW MEXICO
(State Corporation Commission of New Mexico)

CERTIFICATE OF FILING

(United States of America)
State of New Mexico

It is Hereby Certified, that there was filed for record in the office of the State Corporation Commission of the State of New Mexico, on the Twelfth day of January, A. D. 1918, at 1:00 o'clock P. M.

Certificate of Incorporation of THE NATIONAL HOLIDAY'S COPPER MINING COMPANY. Wherefore: The incorporators named in said Certificate of Incorporation, and who have signed the same, and their successors and assigns, are hereby declared to be, from this date until the Twelfth day of January, Nineteen Hundred and Sixty-eight, a Corporation by the name and for the purposes set forth in said Certificate.

(No. 8008)
In Testimony Whereof, the State

Corporation Commission of the State of New Mexico has caused this certificate to be (Seal) signed by its Chairman and the seal of said Commission, to be affixed at the City of Santa Fe on this 12th day of January, A. D. 1918.

HUON H. WILLIAMS, Chairman.

Attest: EDWIN F. COARD, Clerk.

Automobile Owners

Are required to register the automobile license number with the Village Clerk. This requirement applies to licenses issued by the state for the year 1918.

N. P. PADRN, Village Clerk.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE:—1 Thorough-bred Durham Bull, 6 years old. P. O. Box 173, White Oaks, N. M. 12-21-18.

The Titsworth Company

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

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

The Titsworth Company

CAPITAN, NEW MEXICO

Sheriff's Sale
State of New Mexico }
County of Lincoln } SS

Under and by virtue of an execution issued out of the District Court for Lincoln County, State of New Mexico, and to me directed and delivered, for judgment rendered in said court, on the 13th day of June, 1914, in favor of Paul Mayer and against W. W. Slack and J. P. Perry for the sum of \$1351.45 together with costs of suit and interest, I have levied on all the right, title, claim and interest, of said defendant J. P. Perry, of, in and to the following property, to-wit:

The NW1/4 of NW1/4 of Section 22, in Township 11-South of Range 10-East, N. M. P. M., all situate in Lincoln County, State of New Mexico.

Also, three hundred head of range stock cattle wearing the following brand, to-wit: O # 1.

Public notice is hereby given that I will, on the 23rd day of February, A. D. 1918, between the hours of 9 a. m. and 5 p. m. of said day, in front of the ranch house of the said J. P. Perry, situate about 8 miles southwest of Hondo in Lincoln county, New Mexico, sell at public auction for cash in hand to the highest bidder, all the right, title, claim and interest of said defendant J. P. Perry, of, in and to the above described property or so much thereof may be necessary to raise sufficient money to satisfy said judgment, with interest and costs, to the highest and best bidder.

There will be due on said judgment and levy on the day of sale, the sum of \$1725.00, together with the costs of sale.

C. WALKER HYDE,
Sheriff Lincoln County,
New Mexico.

2-1-18

National Forest Timber for Sale

Sealed bids will be received by the District Forester, Albuquerque, New Mexico, up to and including March 11, 1918, for all or any part of the 25,000 cords of dead and green pinon and juniper wood upon a designated area in Twps. 1 and 2 South, Range 12 East and Twp. 1 North, Ranges 12 and 13 East, N. M. P. M., within the Lincoln National Forest. No bid of less than 50 cents per cord for green and dead juniper and green pinon and 25c per cord for dead pinon, will be considered. Deposit with bid \$500. The right to reject any and all bids reserved. Before bids are submitted, full information concerning the timber, the conditions of sale and the submission of bids should be obtained from the Forest Supervisor, Alamogordo, New Mexico, or the District Forester, Albuquerque, New Mexico. 2-1-18

Try a Classified in the News

R. L. Ransom
Plasterer & Contractor

Estimates furnished on all kinds of plastering and cement work
CARRIZOZO NEW MEXICO

GROW WITH US

Our Facility for Handling
Your Business Equals any

It is convenient for you
and a pleasure for us

Interest Paid on Time Deposits
THE LINCOLN STATE BANK

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

Naya's Compounds

PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY
COMPOUNDED

Kodaks, Kodak Supplies and Stationery
Ice Cream and all Kinds of Iced Drinks

Rolland Bros.

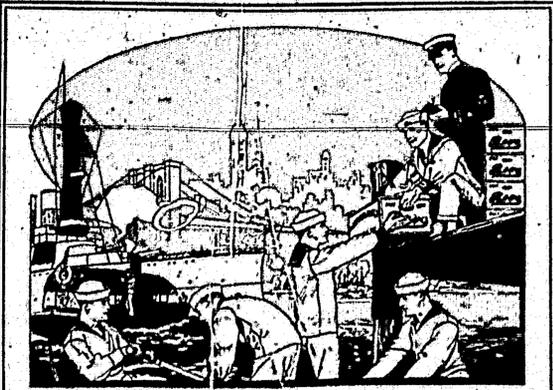
High Value for Your Money

In fact you get two-fold value in Clothcraft Clothes a high standard quality a low standard price. Don't be the last to dress up for Spring '18. We are showing an excellent quality

Grey Serge Clothcraft Suit for \$22.50

Men's O. D. All Wool Flannel Shirts
Sizes 14 1/2 to 16 1/2 \$3.00 \$4.00

ZIEGLER BROS.



For the Blue-Jackets



Our boys in the Navy enjoy their Bevo. The Navy Department has put its official seal of endorsement on this triumph in soft drinks, by allowing it to be sold and served on all naval vessels.



Ashore or afloat, you will find in Bevo a palate-pleasing, refreshing and nutritious beverage.

Just the thing to take along for sail or cruise—auto trip or camp, and for the ice-box at home.



Bevo—the all-year-round soft drink

Bevo is sold in bottles only and is bottled exclusively by ANHEUSER-BUSCH—ST. LOUIS

Carrizozo Trading Co. Who lease Dealers CARRIZOZO, N. M.

Income Tax Returns

Mr. K. C. Stamey of the Internal Revenue Department will be in Carrizozo from the 18th to the 23rd of February 1918, for the purpose of assisting parties in Lincoln County to make out their Income Tax Report. While here his headquarters will be at the First National Bank, Carrizozo, N. M. During the time Mr. Stamey is in town the bank will throw open to the public all its office rooms and will provide pens, ink and stationery and any assistance that may be needed free of any charge.

E. M. BRICKLEY, Cashier.

To My Customers:

I am now prepared to offer the "War Workers" Spirella Corset, of the same materials, boning, etc. as the regular styles, but which comes in standard sizes, suitable for normal figures, at a much lower price. Can be delivered within one week after ordering.

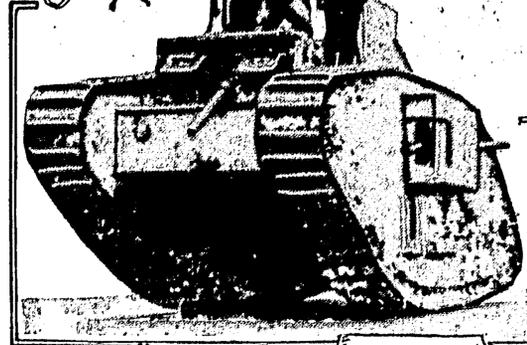
MRS. G. T. McQUILLEN, Corsetiere.

FOR SALE:—One Ford run-about, with truck body. Apply at Western Garage. 11-30-17.

Notice for Posting and Publishing DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR United States Land Office Roswell, New Mexico, January 12th, 1918. 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. 011230 to select under the provisions of the Act of Congress approved April 21, 1904 (32 Stat., 211) the following described lands: T. 8 S. R. 12 E. SW1-4, Sec. 21. T. 8 S. R. 13 E. Lots 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12. T. 13 S. R. 17 E. SW1-4, Sec. 4; Lots 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12. SW1-4, Sec. 10; Lots 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12. SW1-4, Sec. 10; Lots 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12. 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 of applicant, should file their affidavits of protest in this office, on or before the 30th day of March, 1918. EMMETT PATTON, Register.

Notice for Posting and Publishing DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR United States Land Office Roswell, N. M., January 12, 1918. 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. 012298 to select under the provisions of the Act of Congress approved April 21, 1904 (32 Stat., 211) the following described lands: T. 9 S. R. 11 E. SW1-4, Sec. 21. T. 9 S. R. 13 E. SW1-4, Sec. 21. T. 9 S. R. 15 E. SW1-4, Sec. 21. T. 9 S. R. 17 E. SW1-4, Sec. 21. T. 9 S. R. 19 E. SW1-4, Sec. 21. T. 9 S. R. 21 E. SW1-4, Sec. 21. T. 9 S. R. 23 E. SW1-4, Sec. 21. T. 9 S. R. 25 E. SW1-4, Sec. 21. T. 9 S. R. 27 E. SW1-4, Sec. 21. T. 9 S. R. 29 E. SW1-4, Sec. 21. T. 9 S. R. 31 E. SW1-4, Sec. 21. T. 9 S. R. 33 E. SW1-4, Sec. 21. T. 9 S. R. 35 E. SW1-4, Sec. 21. T. 9 S. R. 37 E. SW1-4, Sec. 21. T. 9 S. R. 39 E. SW1-4, Sec. 21. T. 9 S. R. 41 E. SW1-4, Sec. 21. T. 9 S. R. 43 E. SW1-4, Sec. 21. T. 9 S. R. 45 E. 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Britishers in United States Called to Colors



VARIOUS TYPES OF PACKS USED IN BRITISH SERVICE

The United States and British governments however are working in harmony in this somewhat complicated international matter because, after all, so long as a man fights it does not make a great deal of difference whether he goes "over the top" under the British flag or the Stars and Stripes. The main proposition is to see that he gets into the firing line in one army or the other and does "his bit" against the Prussian military autocracy.

It is an army axiom that three men are needed behind the lines to keep one soldier in a front line trench ready to go over the top. Men who fight must be backed by men who work, and experts in all sorts of trades are needed. The British and Canadian recruiting mission, for example, is now in urgent need of blacksmiths, boat builders, carpenters, caulkers, drillers, frame benders, heavy timbermen, platers, platers helpers, pile drivers, quarrymen, riggers, riveters and their mates, seamen, shipwrights, shipyard machinists and stevedores.

The average man of fifty-six thinks that no one wants him for war purposes, but he is mistaken. Let "old Doctor Osler" take notice that the British government thinks that a man of fifty-six, provided he knows his business, is well worth acquiring for its service in the Royal Imperial Engineers. This corps offers a special opening to men between fifty-one and fifty-six, and to younger men who are highly skilled or medically unfit for general service, but who are fit to carry on their trade occupation. They are being enlisted for the duration of the war, and rank from private to sergeant, a private receiving 70 cents per day, a lance corporal 84 cents, a second corporal \$1, a corporal \$1.08 and a sergeant \$1.23. Separation allowances being paid to dependents. The Canadian patriotic fund also gives an allowance to dependents who reside in Canada.

Forty clerks are at work in the New York offices of the British and Canadian recruiting mission on a card index system covering the names of every Britisher and Canadian of draft age in the United States, and Brigadier General White has already sent a strong letter to 100,000 of them explaining why they should volunteer asking them to volunteer or tell him their reasons why they do not do so, and ending with the pertinent query: "Will you not do your part, a man's part, in this great cause?"

The most interesting war relic ever seen in America will be used in General White's great recruiting campaign. This relic is none other than the tank Britannia, which has already been seen in New York and Canada, but is still a decided novelty to people all over the United States. The Britannia is a genuine British tank, and has seen service on the Flanders front. When it first appeared upon the streets of New York, it caused a great sensation as it lumbered along Fifth avenue, and later on was the biggest hit at the Har Land bazaar. An extensive itinerary has been laid out for the tank and its crew of veterans several of whom bear wounds received in the service. This novel land battleship carries 25 machine guns, and is an awe-inspiring sight as it moves over rough country and deep ditches with the same ease and speed it shows when it attacks the German trenches on the French front.



RECRUITS AT FOOT DRILL

terially aided the French in holding back the German hordes under General Von Kluck and made possible the great victory at the Marne planned by General Joffre. After fighting in France and Belgium for almost two years, General White was taken severely ill with appendicitis, and after two operations was invalided to America on his present recruiting mission.

Anyone who is familiar with the rear guard actions fought by the British between Mons and the Marne—heart-breaking actions in which the brave men involved, although vastly outnumbered by the army of Germany had been getting ready for years, were practically called upon to sacrifice themselves so that Joffre could have time to fully prepare for his wonderful and successful blow against Von Kluck's tank—knows that every Britisher, from general to private, did the full measure of his duty to his country and to civilization, and that thousands of them paid for that duty with their blood or with their lives.

Inspired by such experiences, it is no wonder that General White is a bit impatient with the Britisher or Canadian who has been under the protection of the British flag for years, who has enjoyed the liberty and the various advantages claimed by those living or claiming the rights of those living under that flag, and yet who declines to come forward of his own volition and help Great Britain, France and the United States win a war, the object of which is "to make the world safe for democracy."

Several months, no doubt, will pass before the conventions providing reciprocal draft privileges are approved by the United States senate and arrangements are perfected for making the draft effective. The reason the United States senate must first pass on the conventions is because existing treaties between the United States and Great Britain are to be changed somewhat by them.

One odd phase of the situation and one that causes some confusion, is the different age period of the draft in the United States, Great Britain and Canada. Britishers from eighteen to forty-one may be drafted, Canadians between twenty and thirty-four, and citizens of the United States between twenty-one and thirty-one. Still another odd phase is the first papers proposition. The United States draft authorities claim every Britisher and Canadian who has taken-out first naturalization papers, but these men are all regarded as British subjects by the British government and as such not only at liberty to volunteer but subject to the British and Canadian draft provisions as soon as they become effective in the United States.

By EARLE HOOKER EATON
IF A MAN wants to fight nowadays there is no reason why he should not be accommodated. The United States is not only a vast recruiting camp for its own armies, but Great Britain is engaged in a strenuous campaign to get every Britisher and Canadian in the United States to volunteer for service under the British flag.

This work is being done pending the outcome of international negotiations at Washington which, if consummated, will permit the British and Canadian recruiting mission under the leadership of Brig Gen W. A. White C. M. G. to draft every Britisher and Canadian now residing in the United States and the United States to draft every one of its citizens who lives in Great Britain or Canada.

This is a very important matter particularly for the Britishers and Canadians because there are at least 200,000 of them over whom the glory waves and the names and addresses of at least 175,000 of them are known to General White and his staff because they have been taken from the draft records of the United States. Many of these are coming forward every day of their own accord, but the recruiting mission wants every man of them who is physically fit to volunteer for the British or Canadian armies. About 14,000 have already gone into those armies, and in one month recently over half of the recruits secured for the Canadian expeditionary force came from the United States.

When Brigadier General White asks a man to fight he doesn't ask him to do any more than he has done himself. He is an officer in the regular army of Great Britain and that he lost no time himself in getting into the fray is shown by the fact that he reached Belgium about August 8, 1914 a few days after the war was declared, and got into action almost immediately. He had general charge of the rear guard actions from Mons to the Marne, in which a small British army ma-

Pineapples Catch Crop

Although pineapples are grown rather extensively in the Straits Settlements, the canning of this fruit being one of the most flourishing of the minor industries, there appears to be little definite information available as to the acreage and actual production in the different localities, according to Consul Harry Campbell, detailed as vice consul at Singapore, Straits Settlements.

Pineapples are for the most part raised as a catch crop in connection with rubber plantations, since they can be grown very easily and with little cost between the rubber trees during the first two or three years of their growth. This procedure has been especially attractive to planters (mostly Chinese) having small holdings on the island of Singapore, as it affords the planter an income during the years that the rubber trees are coming into bearing, while proximity to the canning factories of Singapore makes the marketing simple and inexpensive.

It is estimated that about 2,000 acres of pineapples were planted on rubber estates on the island of Singapore in 1910. Any definite figures as to acreage in other parts of the peninsula are not available, but it appears that the industry in the Federated Malay states is not important, being limited almost entirely to small plots for local market purposes.

The value of the exports of pineapples from the Straits Settlements during 1910 was \$2,504,910.

NEWS and GOSSIP of WASHINGTON

Women of Nation Are Doing Their Full Duty

WASHINGTON.—The first flush of war enthusiasm has passed. The nation has settled down to war business. Not to be counted any small factor in the war business are the women. In the first place, of the 75,000 and more clerks in the government department in Washington at least 60 per cent are women. Women are filling the chinks in the departments left vacant by the departure of men to war.



In the great war machinery women are more than half. True it is that in most instances they are but cogs in the great machines, but, nevertheless, they are important cogs, and the machine would not operate without them. Then there are the thousands and thousands of women throughout the nation who are engaged in war work. The food administration, one of the most important of the great war engines of America, admits openly that it may as well close its doors if the women of America will not work with it. But the women of America are working with it, as the campaign pledges for food conservation continue to pour in.

Another great organization which depends almost entirely upon women for its life is the Red Cross. It is a fact that the Red Cross leaders are men, but the mass of Red Cross workers are women. You can readily realize this if you visit Red Cross headquarters here and watch the mail that goes out, the first address line generally begins with a "Mrs." or a "Miss."

Way back in April a Washington official attempted to look into the future. He spoke of the war and said: "The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world, and the war will not be won without the backing of American womanhood." His remark went wild then, perhaps, for America was too new in the war game to realize that it was serious business. Now the time has come when woman is an important part in the war and the importance of womanhood will increase.

Leaders of Women's Suffragists at the Capital

THE most curious women in Washington are the suffragists of the women's party. Leader of the party is Miss Alice Paul. Miss Paul is not a handsome woman. Her features are not clear cut or even her complexion is anything but attractive. But she has wide-open, deep eyes, and back of them a personality. There is something of magnetism about her, and she is a leader, undeniably.



Second in command of the suffragist is Miss Lucy Burns, a big, brawny woman, militant in her every move. Miss Burns, despite her militant bearing and air, is soft-spoken and a woman of refined training.

Totally different is Mrs. Abby Scott Baker. She is the mother of three sons, all of them in military service. Mrs. Baker has the grace of a true Southern lady. Her deep brown eyes speak only kindness. Her low, melodious voice brings back memories of a cradle son. One pictures her rather presiding at the family dinner table rather than on the picket line courting arrest.

In and out of the women's party headquarters there is a steady stream of motley women. Little, thin, emaciated girls, with bobbed hair and run-down heels. Little gray-haired women, little pudgy women of militancy, tall, dignified ladies and women of every sort.

There is an air of freedom and camaraderie about the headquarters that is homelike. They laugh at their jail experiences and then they make loud protest against the administration. The spirit of rebellion runs high.

These are the women who declare they are fighting for the cause of women. They declare they are fighting the only way. Maybe they are. Maybe they are not. At any rate, every one of them is in earnest.

How Officers Helped Augustus to "Do His Bit"

ONE more cold-weather story. This is about something that wasn't on the program when the Drama League Players gave Shaw's "Augustus Does His Bit" at a local theater. The performer who was the Augustus of the evening gave such a finished performance of the role that many in the audience were heard to remark upon the completeness of his interpretation.



Every detail of line and action was brought out.

As to costume, Augustus was English army regulation from head to foot.

Those English officers in the left-hand box were responsible for that. They demonstrated that night, unknown to the audience, the sportsman-like qualities for which the British are famous. It was shortly before the curtain went up on "Augustus Does His Bit," which, by the way, received its American premier that night. The British officers had come behind the scenes, and stood talking to Augustus.

"I want to apologize for not having your regulation coat," said Augustus. "This was the best we could do."

"Take mine," said one officer, and out of his coat he came at once. Despite protests Augustus soon stood clothed in a real English army coat.

There was just one fault remaining in his costume, and this was spotted at once by another of the Englishmen. "Your collar is white, and it ought to be khaki," said the officer. "Here, take mine."

"But I can't take your collar," protested Augustus. "You must," replied the Englishman.

So Augustus did his bit.

His Only Chance

It was an old situation. Mother went through the pantry, and found that son had been at the large cake. She sighed, assumed her severe look, and went back into the living room.

"Robert," she said, "didn't I tell you not to touch that cake without asking permission? And didn't I tell you that you couldn't have any cake just before meal time?"

"Yes'm."

"Then why did you take some cake without asking permission?"

"Because I wanted some cake just before meal time."

His argument was flawless, whatever is said about his obedience.

SOME CONVERSATIONALIST.

The young man had talked for ten or fifteen minutes without a break, when the girl at the other end of the wire interrupted: "Just a moment, Guy," she said. "What is it, Fleda?"

"I want to change the receiver to the other ear. This one's tired."

PROBABLE INFORMATION.

"Can you tell me what the day wore when it wore out?"

"Probably, judging from the recent temperatures, it was a sweater."

And All He Could Do Was Sit and Watch Friend Eat

"BOB" ROBINSON, a resident of the Pacific coast, at large and nowhere in particular, is a visitor here for the purpose of working up interest in an invention which he claims is going to revolutionize things. He hasn't told anybody what it is yet. It probably has to do with eating, for he tells this story to listeners. His venturesome spirit once led him into the Klondike country during the palmy days of its golden resources, where he proceeded to accumulate and lose a series of fortunes without batting an eye.

The time came when he got to the end of his financial rope. One day he had but ten cents left, and after mature deliberation he concluded to invest in a stew in a cheap chashery that was the rendezvous of all the down and outs in the town at the time.

"Just as I had finished my repast," he said, "I ran into an old Klondike pard who had cleaned up a million by a lucky strike. We fell into each other's arms like long-lost brothers, and then he said to me:

"Old scout, you're the very man I've been looking for! I don't know a soul in this town, and I have got to muck back to Alaska on the next train, so get busy and take me to the swiftest grub factory in these diggings and we'll have the best that money can buy!"

"Well, I steered him up against the most expensive cafe in the town and he ordered things that would place a feast for the gods in the piker class—and there I sat, chuck full of stew, and had to watch him!"

NEW YEAR'S GREETINGS

The Heads of Canada's Western Provinces, and Their Message.

The United States having been in the great world's war for about nine months, the touch of war's spirit has permeated the great commonwealth...

ince at the present time, these conditions are a source of great gratification to our people, and no doubt will be to Canada as a whole...

"I didn't much care about the way Josh's clothes looked down to camp," commented Farmer Corntosel.

"Cold in the Head" is an acute attack of Nasal Catarrh. Persons who are subject to frequent "colds in the head" will find that the use of HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE will build up the system...

"Sure Enough Poetry." "Of course, you've read Shakespeare!" "Yes," replied Farmer Corntosel.

SWAMP-ROOT FOR KIDNEY AILMENTS

There is only one medicine that really stands out pre-eminent as a medicine for curable ailments of the kidneys, liver and bladder.

A Misreading. Cleveland Merritt of the citizens' vigilance committee of New York, said at a luncheon:

Again a Woman's League. Mrs. Newlywed—I see by this medical work that a man requires eight hours' sleep and a woman ten.

RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.

To half pint of water add 10 c. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and 1/2 oz. of glycerine.

Little Circulated His Way. Bacon—This report tells us that the total circulation of money in the United States last year was \$3,410,163,068.

Her Resources. "They say Miss Flirty has a great deal of tact." "Tact? Why, that girl's tact amounts to diplomacy.

Contracting Merits. "I have a very intelligent dog who has been taught to say his prayers, and he'll always run up to a minister."

Not Worth It. "I hear that poor young Cholly Fat-head has lost his mind."

When Your Eyes Need Care. Try Murine Eye Remedy.

EFFICIENCY GOWN IS NEWEST IDEA

New York.—This season of the year witnesses the annual performance of stirring stunts to keep the women interested in the question of apparel.



Sleeveless blouse of plaid velours. It is made in two sandwich panels with plaited, plain velours at the sides.

That Sleeveless Blouse. What may be safely called a medieval garment in the sleeveless blouse that insists upon being seen at every turn of the fashions.

A Chance for the Trade. Exploitation is the life of the trade in women's clothes. When the government joined hands with the traders in helping them over a serious situation.

Furs for Muffling. For those who prefer black furs to all others, or for those in mourning who find something incongruous in the brown or gray furs associated with crepe-trimmed garments.

A number of the importers have returned from Paris with midseason gowns, and these are disappointing, in a large measure, but a few of them point to something new, and their presence is at least stimulating.

Wood Pulp and Twine. The leading feature in the new frocks is the constant repetition of artificial jersey silk, matelasse and our common friend, gaberdine.

Matelasse is being made over here, and also the new type of brochure Jersey silk, and the claim is that the American manufacturers have made the stamping of the design more secure and durable than the French have done.

Chanel sends over a black gown with a tunic and a narrow skirt made of this heavy wood fiber silk jersey which is decorated in Indian fashion with white twine and tiny wooden beads.

The importers think that this gown will be a success. Paquin is responsible for the fashion of two frocks, both worn at the same time, and it is this idea of hers that is being copied here and exploited as an efficiency gown.

This fashion is made easily possible by the prevailing idea of a sleeveless medieval tunic showing sleeves and collar of another fabric.

It has been exploited for two years, but never taken seriously by our public as a whole, although certain segments of women wore it constantly as a becoming and useful garment.

Exploitation is the life of the trade in women's clothes. When the government joined hands with the traders in helping them over a serious situation.

of any material, worn over any kind of blouse, and it drops limply over a separate skirt. Three of these have come over from Europe in the way of sketches to show how determined the French are to wear them.



This medieval velveteen blouse is in Burgundy red cut with the fourteenth century decolletage and has small armholes which are edged with stitching.

OUR BOYS IN FRANCE AND HOME PROTECTION. The man on the firing line represents the pick of our American youth.

As Age Advances the Liver Requires occasional slight stimulation. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS correct CONSTIPATION.

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At a Pink Tea, Maybe. It happened on a crowded street car. Feminine knitters were on every hand, working on sweaters and socks in various stages of completion.

Wherever you go keep one eye peeled for the fire escape. Wise is the prophet who does not allow his predictions to go on record.

Advertisement for 100 Drops medicine, showing the product packaging and text describing its benefits for various ailments.

Advertisement for Spohn's Compound, featuring a portrait of a man and text describing its medicinal properties.

Advertisement for Eat Skinner's Macaroni, featuring an illustration of a man and text describing the product.

Advertisement for Wilson Meter Break Traps, featuring text describing the product's use in electrical systems.

Advertisement for Little Circulated His Way, featuring text describing a health product.

Advertisement for Her Resources, featuring text describing a health product.

Advertisement for Contracting Merits, featuring text describing a health product.

Advertisement for Hills Quinine, featuring a portrait of a man and text describing its benefits for malaria and other ailments.

Large advertisement for Castoria, featuring the brand name in large letters and text describing its use for infants and children.

Advertisement for Distemper, featuring text describing its use for painting and wall treatments.

Advertisement for Eat Skinner's Macaroni, featuring an illustration of a man and text describing the product.

Advertisement for Wilson Meter Break Traps, featuring text describing the product's use in electrical systems.

Advertisement for Little Circulated His Way, featuring text describing a health product.

Advertisement for Her Resources, featuring text describing a health product.

Advertisement for Contracting Merits, featuring text describing a health product.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

M. U. Finley went to Roswell Sunday.

If you want to draw a "Royal Flush" entertainment, Dr. Lucas can lead you to it. Place, Lutz building.

L. A. McCall and family have returned from an extended visit in Claud, Texas.

Come prepared to be fixed—Mayor Lutz, Nye and Fairbank will see to it.

Roy Baird, the accommodating pharmacist at Rolland Bros, returned Saturday from a visit to his parents at Menard, Texas.

You might as well come prepared to give up your secrets, don't you see Mr. Burke is on the publicity committee? Date February 20.

Austin Patty was called home on Tuesday night by the serious illness of his wife, Dr. Johnson accompanying him. Last report was that she was much better.

New speaking of committees—Mrs. Fairbank is a committee but with Mrs. Lucas and Mrs. French, well, just come and see and hear the music they are capable of producing.

James A. Reese arrived the past week from Cleveland, Ohio. Mr. Reese is a civil engineer and architect and expects to practice his profession at Carrizozo and Lincoln county.

If you want to know when the war is going to end ask Mrs. Julia E. Garney and Mrs. Kimbell at the fortune telling booth.

Messrs. Cox and Nelson spent Monday in Carrizozo. They are interested in the Electra oil fields and while here disposed of some stock to a number of our people.

Messrs. Jno. A. Haley and O. T. Nye will sing some patriotic songs at the big Red Cross dance on Wednesday night, February 20th. However, don't let this keep you away from the dance.

The Grand Opening of the Carrizozo Trading Co. new home on February 25th will be a treat for music lovers. Nash's Orchestra of El Paso will entertain you in the afternoon, at night the Nash Band will furnish music for the grand ball.

George C. Clements was down Sunday from Corona.

The Carrizozo Trading Co. invites you to the Grand Ball given Monday night, February 25th. Music by Nash's Orchestra. Admission Free.

Senator J. V. Tully was here Tuesday from his home at Glendale.

Miss Georgia Lesnet returned Sunday from a week's stay in Roswell.

We will expect you Monday, February 25th. The Grand Opening of the Carrizozo Trading Co. occurs then. Souvenirs for all.

County Clerk Nye and W. H. Osborn returned Sunday evening from Roswell.

On Monday, February 25th with Nash's Orchestra considered one of the best in the Southwest, the Carrizozo Trading Co. opens their new home.

Phillip H. Blanchard was in town yesterday from his sheep ranch in the eastern part of the country.

Cris Yeager, an old time White Oaks mining man, is here from El Paso. He will go to Jicarilla where he will take charge of active development of a mining property.

Dr. J. Odd Hamilton, of Tularosa, will be in Carrizozo Monday, February 18 with headquarters at Garrard Rooms, and can attend to your dental work there.

The board of county commissioners convened in special session Monday; all members present. The purpose of the meeting was to fix real estate values for 1918 taxation purposes.

The new telephone building is assuming proportions under the guiding of Contractor White. The building is at the rear of the postoffice, is to be a brick structure, modernly heated with plumbing throughout.

The three Carrizozo banks were represented at the Bankers' gathering in El Paso Monday. F. J. Sager, cashier of the Exchange, H. D. Jones, president of the First National, and J. B. French, president of the Lincoln State, represented their respective institutions at the meeting.

"The Man Without a Country" will be presented at the Carrizozo Theater on Friday night, February 22, the proceeds will be given to the Red Cross, through the kindness of Mr. Ira O. Wetmore.

Garden Seeds

State Land Commissioner Robert P. Ervein announces that he has received a limited supply of garden seeds from Senator Albert B. Fall for free distribution. Those who have not received seeds from Senator Fall may obtain an assortment of garden seeds by addressing Robert P. Ervein, Commissioner of Public Lands, Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Baptist Church

Rev. J. M. GARDNER, Pastor.

The revival meetings at the Baptist church have had good crowds, considering the awful windy evenings. Last Sunday night the house was filled almost to its capacity. One of the noticeable things about it was the large number of men present. The meetings will continue on next week and every Christian is urged to continue to pray for the meetings.

The sermons for Sunday are as follows: At 11 a. m., "How to get a Revival"; 3 p. m., "Christ's dividing line", this will be illustrated with chemicals. Everybody are welcome to all services.

Makes Assignment

John E. Bell, the well known grocer on Alamogordo avenue, made an assignment Monday, February 11, in favor of his creditors, C. A. Perkins being the assignee. Date of hearing for settlement of affairs has been set for March 15. All outstanding accounts are payable to the assignee and all claims are to be filed with the assignee.

Notice

Any person or firm having a claim against John E. Bell, Merchant of Carrizozo, N. M., will please file same with the undersigned not later than March 15, 1918, in order that such claim may be allowed.

C. A. PERKINS, Assignee for John E. Bell.

2-15-18.

Classified Advertisements

For Sale.—Ranch and Horses. Write P. O. Box 283, Carrizozo, N. M. 9-14-17.

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

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

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

Corn \$4.00, Mill Run Bran \$2.75, Shorts \$3.50 per cwt. In straight or mixed lots of 1,000 lbs. ten cents less per cwt. We also have fine Colorado Potatoes at \$2.75 per cwt. by the sack.—Humphrey Bros.

LOST.—Japanese matting suit case, between Alamogordo and Roswell, possibly between Alamogordo and Carrizozo, Jan. 31. Suit case contains several pieces of crochet work, one palm beach suit, one new skirt, dark blue, wrapped in paper from Prince's store, Alamogordo, one unfinished dress of black veil, silver satin stripe, one small round hand mirror and a number of other articles; will pay \$5.00, or whatever is fair, for return of suit case. Dr. M. A. Grissom, Roswell, N. M. 2-15-18.

The Fords

are here now and we expect subsequent shipments, but we wish to repeat that our number will be limited. The severe weather in the north has cut the demand in that section and cars have come south, but the current will soon turn and flow the other way. We can supply you with a Ford now, but can make no promise for spring and summer. Better come in now and get yours, if you want one for 1918.

WESTERN GARAGE.

Methodist Church

Rev. R. H. Lawliffe, Pastor

Sunday School, February 17, at 9:45 a. m. Epworth League, at 6:45 p. m.

The preaching services are called in owing to the revival services at the Baptist church.

Sunday, February 24:

All the services will be conducted on schedule time. Sunday School, 9:45 a. m.; Epworth League, 6:45 p. m.; and Preaching, 11 a. m., and 7:30 p. m.

Presiding Elders' Visit

The Right Rev. J. B. Cochran, of Albuquerque, will visit the city Wednesday, February 27, and preach at the evening hour at the Methodist church. Keep the date in mind and come out and hear him.

Want Ads give results.



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.

CAFÉ OPEN ALL NIGHT

Satisfying Service

IT is the satisfying—personal-interest service the Bank provides which has built up our big family of depositors.

When you open a checking account with us, whether personal or commercial, you are assured of receiving that intelligent, helpful and obliging service which is so necessary in the transaction of your banking business.

The officers of this institution are easily approachable and willing at all times to give you freely the benefit of their experience and access to useful information.

It is on this basis of personal co-operation that we invite your account.

Exchange Bank of Carrizozo



See MOORE, the Painter

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

Signs, Show Cards and Bulletins

NO EXTENDED CREDIT

Effective February 1, we changed our methods of hadling credits. Our terms are

STRICTLY 30 DAYS

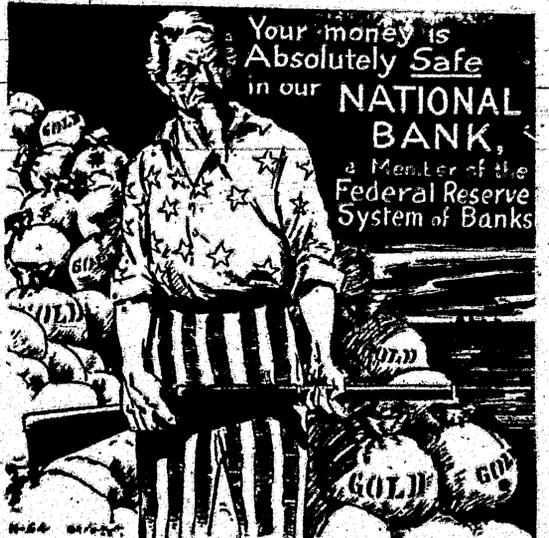
and accounts must be paid on or before the 10th of the following month. Credit will be denied to those who fail to comply with this announcement.

We will continue to extend credit to those who are entitlee to it, in the future as we have in the past, but must insist on a strictly 30-day basis.

WESTERN GARAGE

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.



Your money is Absolutely Safe in our

NATIONAL BANK

a Member of the Federal Reserve System of Banks

MILLIONS IN GOLD STACKED UP IN THE UNITED STATES FEDERAL RESERVE BANKS AND GUARDED BY UNCLE SAM INSURES THE SAFETY OF YOUR MONEY WHEN YOU HAVE IT IN OUR NATIONAL BANK.

COME IN AND LET'S GET ACQUAINTED IN A BANKING WAY AND IF WE CAN SERVE YOU BY ADVISING YOU COME IN WHETHER OR NOT YOU ARE YET DOING YOUR BANKING BUSINESS WITH US. WE WILL WELCOME YOU.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

OF CARRIZOZO

Grand Opening Monday, February 25, 1918

On the above date we will open the new home of **The Carrizozo Trading Co.**

A cordial invitation is extended to our many patrons and friends of Lincoln County

MUSIC BY

Nash's Orchestra, El Paso

In the Store from 2 to 5 p. m. and 7:30 to 8:30 p. m.

"Will We Have the Pleasure of Pleasing You?"