

Carrizozo News

Probate Clerk

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How It Feels To Fly

[This is the conclusion of Mr. Brickley's letter, begun in the last issue of "The News"]

BY E. M. BRICKLEY

Immediately the plane mounted and then he nosed down again with the engine running full speed. Not until we reached the ground did I know what we did for certain. I will just give you my impression of it for it was a loop. All at once the wind begins to stream through the rigging and past your face, and the sound is indescribable to a green hand like myself. It starts woo, woo, we-e-e, and you are diving at the rate of 100 miles an hour almost straight down. If you want to get the exact sound, or as nearly the sound as a landsman can get it, go to the highest and steepest mountain you can find, select the largest white pine tree on the mountain, one of the good old-fashioned kind that goes up eighty feet before a limb is reached, and from that to the sky, stand half way back from where the tree will strike when chopped down and have it fall within a few feet of an inch of your right ear. Then have 999 other trees fall all in the space of 3 seconds on the same spot. This will give you the sound. (Take an exam with you to tell the tree don't try it yourself, as the little sapling will be a mighty oak by the time you get it down.) As for the falling sensation as you dive and as you drop down on the other side of the loop, would suggest that in this case you go up 500 feet in a balloon, tie a sand bag to each foot and jump out. Have the sand bags weigh about 100 pound apiece.

When you have finished your loop you have lost about 500 feet of altitude, sometimes only 300, and you level off and mount again. Guynemer, the great French flier, was the first man to prove the value of the loop. He was attacked by five German planes, and as they were, as fliers say, "on his tail," his chances were very slim. But he dove-looped over the planes, got in their rear, shot down two and drove the other three back to their own lines. The American schools will not graduate a man until he can loop the loop.

Again the lieutenant mounted, and this time I felt sure I knew what he was doing. It is remarkable how little you can tell what a fellow is doing up in the air. He can make you around like an egg beater shakes an egg, and as you have nothing to fix your latitude and longitude by you can't tell what he is up to. Once I actually could not tell whether I was right side up or wrong side up. When you are diving the plane seems to be slipping away from you and you wonder when you will settle into your seat, and once I am positive that I was trying to settle into my seat when I was hanging head down. I have heard that this sensation will come to green men on their first flight, and I now feel sure that it will; but I was only off my noodle for just a very few seconds, for later I had the sense to glance out over the engine and catch the horizon on a line with its top and that showed me that we were right side up and traveling into the wind again, and I mentally braced myself for the next. And as stated before, I am sure that I recognized the famous Immelmann turn.

This differs from the loop in that you mount the first 90 degrees of your circle, and just before reaching the top of the circle you begin to turn over, and when the top is reached, or nearly the top, you are right side up and going back in exactly the opposite direction from which you were going when you dived for the turn. This is a get-away move and was developed by the great German flier Immelmann. All cadets should be able to do this turn be-

Lieut. Johnson Here

Lieut. P. H. Johnson came in yesterday evening from Camp Kearny on a short furlough to look after some business matters and to greet his friends. Lieut. Johnson has been promoted to assistant attending surgeon in the hospital, and his duties will quite likely hold him in the service the greater part of the coming year.

Lieut. Berry Dies

Lieut. Berry, a brother of R. B. Berry, of Carrizozo, died recently of wounds in a hospital in France. Earl, the brother, received a letter from his wounded brother while he was in the hospital, notifying him of his wounds, but stating that he was getting along very well. Then came this announcement of his death, as stated.

They can become reserve military aviators. This is not so thrilling as the loop.

The next he gave me took me entirely by surprise, as it is rarely done except in a little gray scout ship they have here, and then only by instructors. I do not believe that cadets have to do it. It is a new thing and is called the barrel roll. I can't describe it; but just multiply the sensation of looping the loop by two and you will be close to how it feels. You both loop and make a roll at the same time, and considering that your plane is about 42 feet long laterally, you can imagine the altitude you lose in turning the ship over with no impelling force at all, or very little. Your propeller is pulling you forward longitudinally, but along with that you must turn clear over like a barrel. About the time my head was headed towards another earth the engine stopped, or the pilot throttled it down until I could not hear it, and the sensation of rolling and side slipping out into space, with the wires flapping loosely and the controls flapping around, made me feel as if I were being "rocked" in the cradle with the sheep. When we came out of that thing, and I felt the thrust of the air start that propeller and engine, and the controls take hold, I was glad to rest awhile. I tried to shout to the pilot and ask him what he had done, but he could not hear me and it was not until we reached another earth that I really knew. When you are troubled with ennui and the world is dull, let some one take you up 3,000 feet and do that barrel roll. I have intentionally put three 's in that roll.

After doing a few more spins we descended in a steep dive of about 1,000 feet into the flying field, and again I was unable to keep up with my seat. But we landed in good shape. I never got a bit sick and was able to meet the clerk and the stage commander with a cheerful smile. However, I kept my helmet on a long time to give my hair a chance to settle; but I surely bluffed that lieutenant. I met his cheerful smile with the best I had, saluted, thanked him, and told him I enjoyed the ride—just as if he hadn't done any stunts. I so impressed the stage commander that he invited me to come to the hangar and take a ride with him in his plane some day. This is a very rare privilege, and I snapped it up before he could forget. The commander is a mighty good scout. Before the war he was a country school teacher in a little town in Texas, called Huntsville. He is now the head of the supreme court of flying on this field. He is cool as ice, one of the best fliers in the United States, and one of the most modest men I ever saw. In doing that barrel roll we lost about 500 feet of altitude, more or less. How much of this we sideslipped I do not know.

I am sure that you are now asking yourself, Does it scare a man to do these things in the air—I mean a green man. So far as I am concerned it is difficult for me to tell where thrills and excitement leave off and fear begins. I will tell you one little incident and leave it to you. I have met

WHEN THE TIDE TURNED

The American Attack At Chateau Thierry And Belleau Wood In The First Week Of June, Nineteen Eighteen

An Address Delivered at Boston November 12th BY OTTO H. KAHN

Why the Tide Was Fated to Turn

THESE are soul-stirring days. To live through them is a glory and a solemn joy. The words of the poet resound in our hearts: "God's in His heaven, all's well with the world."

Events have shaped themselves in accordance with the eternal law. Once again the fundamental lesson of all history is borne upon the world, that evil—though it may seem to triumph for a while—carries within it the seed of its own dissolution. Once again it is revealed to us that the God-inspired soul of man is uncon-

querable and that the power, however formidable, which challenges it is doomed to go down in defeat. A righteous cause will not only stand unshaken through trials and discomfiture, but it will draw strength from the very setbacks which it may suffer. A wrongful cause can only stand as long as it is buoyed up by success. The German people were sustained by a sheer obsession akin to the old-time belief in the potent spell of "the black arts" that their military masters were invulnerable and invincible, that by some power—good or evil, they did not care which—they had been made so, and that the world was bound to fall before them. The nation was immensely strong only as long as that obsession remained unshaken. With its destruction by a series of defeats which were incapable of being explained as "strategic retreats" their morale crumbled and finally collapsed, because it was not sustained, as that of the Allies was sustained in the darkest days of the war by the faith that they were fighting for all that men hold most sacred.

To those who were acquainted with German mentality and psychology, it had been manifest all along that when the end foreordained did come, it would come with catastrophic suddenness. It is the general impression that the tide of victory set in with Marshal Foch's splendid movement against the German flank on July 18th. That movement, it is true, started the irresistible sweep of the wave which was destined to engulf and destroy the hideous power of Prussianism. But the tide which gathered and drove forward the waters out of which that wave arose, had turned before. It turned with and through the supreme valor of our Marines and other American troops in the first battle at Chateau Thierry and at Belleau Wood, in the first week of June.

The American force engaged was small, measured by the standard of numbers to which we have become accustomed in this war, but the story of their fighting will remain immortal and in its psychological and strategic consequences the action will take rank, I believe, among the decisive battles of the war.

I am not speaking from hearsay. I was in France during the week preceding that battle, the most anxious and gloomy period, probably, of the entire war. What I am about to relate is based either on authoritative information gathered on the spot, or on my own observations. In telling it, nothing is farther from my thoughts than to wish to take away one tittle from the immortal glory which belongs to the Allied armies, nor from the abiding gratitude which we owe to the

I trust that I have not bored you with this long letter. I am coming back to Carrizozo as soon as they will let me out. With regards and best wishes I am, Yours very truly, E. M. BRICKLEY.

Resources of America's Banks June 30, \$40,210,000,000

The aggregate resources of the 28,880 state and national banks in the United States last June 30 amounted to \$40,210,000,000, of which \$22,371,000,000 was credited to the state, savings and private banks and trust companies, and \$17,839,000,000 to national banks. This is shown by the recent report of the controller of the Currency. Deposits of the state banks amounted to \$18,567,000,000, and loans to \$12,426,000,000, showing an increase of 5 per cent in deposits over the record of the year previous and of 6 1/2 per cent in loans. National banks showed \$14,091,000,000 deposits, an increase of 9 1/2 per cent. All banks, state and national, had \$32,589,000,000 deposits and \$22,046,000,000 loans.

Young Lady Dies

Miss Ethel Hoffman died Saturday afternoon following an operation performed by Doctors Baker and Baker. The funeral was held Monday afternoon at the Baptist church, Rev. H. G. Gwin conducting the services.

Miss Ethel was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Hoffman, who live just east of town. She had grown to womanhood in our community and had a host of warm friends, who were saddened by her untimely death. Two brothers in the government service were unable to be present at the funeral.

The aged parents have the deepest sympathy of the community.

Christmas passed pleasantly in these diggings and it was a merry occasion for almost everyone.

nations who for four heart-breaking years, with superb heroism, fought the battle of civilization—our battle from the very beginning, no less than theirs—and bore untold sacrifices with never faltering spirit.

Just Before the Tide Turned

On the 27th of last May the Germans broke through the French position at the Chemin des Dames, a position which had been considered by the Allies as almost impregnable. They overthrew the French as they had overthrown the British two months earlier. Day by day they came nearer to Paris, until only thirty-nine miles separated them from their goal. A few days more at the same rate of advance, and Paris was within range of the German guns of terrific destructive power. Paris, the nerve center of the French railroad system and the seat of many French war industries, not only, but the very heart of France, far more to the French people in its meaning and traditions than merely the capital of the country; Paris in imminent danger of ruthless bombardment like Rheims, in possible danger even of conquest by the brutal invader, drunk with lust and with victory! As one Frenchman expressed it to me: "We felt in our faces the very breath of the approaching beast."

And whilst the Hunnish hordes came nearer and nearer, and the very roar of the battle could be dimly and ominously heard from time to time in Paris, there were air raids over the city practically every night, and the shells from the long-range monster guns installed some sixty or seventy miles distant, fell on its houses, places and streets almost every day.

They were not afraid, these superb men and women of France. They do not know the meaning of fear in defense of their beloved soil and their sacred ideals. There was no outward manifestation, even of excitement or apprehension. Calmly and resolutely they faced what destiny might bring. But there was deep gloom in their hearts and dire forebodings.

They had fought and dared and suffered and sacrificed for well-nigh four years. They had buried a million of their sons, brothers and fathers. They were bleeding from a million wounds and more. They said: "We will fight on to our last drop of blood, but alas! our physical strength is ebbing. The enemy is more numerous by far than we. Where can we look for aid? The British have just suffered grave defeat. The Italians have their own soil to defend after the disaster of last autumn. Our troops are in retreat. The Americans are not ready and they are untried as yet

Tucumcari Road Meeting

We had a notice last week concerning the Funston Highway meeting at Tucumcari, and the selection of Ira O. Wetmore, president of the Chamber of Commerce, and J. B. French, town trustee, as representatives. Mr. French was not able to attend in his stead. From the Tucumcari Sun we take the following concerning the action of the meeting:

Delegates were present from Hutchinson, Bucklin, Meade and Liberal, Kansas; Guymon and Tuxhoma, Oklahoma; Stratford and Dalhart, Texas; Nara Visa, Cuervo, Vaughn and Carrizozo, New Mexico.

Letters have been received by Secretary J. E. Clayton, of the

in the fierce ordeal of modern warfare. The Germans know well that in three months or six months the Americans will be ready and strong in numbers. That is why they are throwing every ounce of their formidable power against us now. The Hun is at the gate now. Immeasurable consequences are at stake now. It is a question of days, not of weeks or months. Where can we look for aid now?

And out of their nooks and corners and hiding places crawled forth the slimy brood of the Bolshevik-Socialists, of the Bolsists, Cailloxists and pacifists, and they hissed into the ears of the people, "Make peace! Victory has become impossible. Why go on shedding rivers of blood uselessly? The Germans will give you an honorable, even a generous peace. Sayo Paris! Make peace!"

The holy wrath of France crushed those serpents whenever their heads became visible. Clemenceau, the embodiment of the dauntless spirit of France, stood forth the very soul of patriotic ardor and indomitable courage. But the serpents were there, crawling hidden in the grass, ever hissing, "Make peace!"

And then, suddenly out of the gloom flashed the lightning of a new sword, sharp and mighty, a sword which had never been drawn except for freedom, a sword which had never known defeat—the sword of America!

The Turning of the Tide

A division of Marines and other American troops were rushed to the front as a desperate measure to try and stop a gap where flesh and blood, even when animated by French heroism, seemed incapable of further resistance. They came in trucks, in cattle cars, by any conceivable kind of conveyance, crowded together like sardines. They had had little food, and less sleep, for days.

When they arrived, the situation had become such that the French command advised, indeed ordered, them to retire. But they and their brave general would not hear of it. They disembarked almost upon the field of battle and rushed forward, with little care for orthodox battle order, without awaiting the arrival of their artillery, which had been unable to keep up with their rapid passage to that front.

They stormed ahead, right through the midst of a retreating French division, yelling like wild Indians, urgent, young, irresistible in their fury of battle. Some of the Frenchmen called out a well-meant warning: "Don't go in this direction. There are the boches with machine guns." They shouted back: "That's where we

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Five Friday

Frank R. Adams

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CHAPTER IX—Continued.

"Ask him," I suggested.

"Meaning that you don't think I can. I'll bet my seal ring against yours that I can make him propose before dark. Mine is a very curious one too. A Russian duke gave it to me. I never met him, but he sent it to my dressing room with some flowers."

It seemed to me to be a possible way to gain a little solitude for reflection, and I assented to the wager.

"You don't intend to tell him, then, that you are engaged already?"

"Oh, no, not until he proposes. Of course I might like him better than I do Ned. Then I'd never tell him."

I could see that Ned Blaney was going to have the time of his life immediately after he found himself hitched more or less for life to this volatile young person. Vida was not one of those who would pass by an inviting pasture lot simply because she was in harness.

The rest of us went into the house. As we came in the telephone was ringing. Asking Lucile's permission, I answered it.

"Hello!" said a male voice, speaking with staccato sharpness. "May I speak to Mr. Lipton B. Clair?"

I put my hand over the mouthpiece and turned around. Lucile had gone upstairs, but Bopp was gazing idly out of the window.

"Is Mr. Clair still there in the yard?" I asked.

"No; he went off down the beach with Miss Dunmore."

"Hello!" I spoke again into the telephone. "Mr. Clair was here a moment ago, but he has just gone for a walk with a young lady."

"Impossible! The voice at the other end shot that emphatically at me.

"It's so."

"Clair is a woman hater."

"What if he is? This one is going to convert him."

"Humph. She can't do it. Who is she?"

"Her name is Miss Vida Dunmore."

"Vida Dunmore there?"

"Certainly."

"Thank heaven!" he ejaculated fervently. "I've been waiting for hours for her to get here. How does she come to be there?"

I explained to the young man, who proved to be Ned Blaney, as I had already suspected, all about the wreck of the Mary Bell and the casting ashore of her passengers.

"Thanks very much," said Blaney, with considerable relief in his voice. "I'll come right over after her. Don't tell her that I called up and I will surprise her. Goodby."

He hung up before I could tell him that he probably couldn't get any kind of boat to come over to the island, but I judged that he would find that out soon enough for himself.

"Where's Miss Green?" I asked Bopp.

"I advised her to lie down for a little while and rest. This search is wearing her out. She is leaving everything in my charge."

"I presume that congratulations are in order," I said, extending my hand with as good a show of cordiality as I could muster. "I do congratulate you, Mr. Bopp."

"We're not regularly engaged," Bopp said sourly. "She has promised to be mine if I can find her mother. That makes me just about as near engaged to her as if we had never met."

So Lucile's promise had a string tied to it. My heart leaped exultantly. There was a chance yet.

"Let's have a drink on the strength of your engagement anyway," I said, starting toward the kitchen.

"Water?" queried Bopp, hoping against hope.

"Why, yes."

"No, thanks. My tummy is looking for Mount Ararat now." He sank disconsolately into a seat. In a moment he rose wearily. "I've got to start out again. I promised Lucile I would search while she rested."

Hardly had he left the house when the telephone rang again. I answered it.

"Hello."

"Is that you, Mr. Blaney? Will you call Lucile to the telephone? I want to."

The voice ceased abruptly.

"Hello," I called, "hello, hello!"

There was no answer.

The voice I had just been listening to was that of Mrs. Green.

After awhile I got central's attention and demanded to be told why I had been cut off.

"That party called up from a private telephone," said central sweetly. "She had no right to use it. It is a summer telephone only, and the instrument is to be taken out next week."

"But it was Mrs. Green who was talking."

"It couldn't be," central was positive. "You are speaking from Mrs. Green's residence yourself."

"It was Mrs. Green. I recognized her voice."

"Just a minute." There was a pause, then: "Hello! That party called up from Huntington's. What could Mrs. Green be doing there on a stormy day like this?"

I could not explain to a gossip telephone operator what had really happened to Mrs. Green. I did not know much about it myself, and the few facts of her disappearance that I was cognizant of would hardly sound well if repeated.

"Mrs. Green," I hazarded, "went out walking, and I suppose she stopped in at Mr. Huntington's."

"Do you know," asked central, "that Huntington's is on a small island three miles south of where you are and three miles from the mainland? The walking is not very good."

I felt as if I had stepped off into space from a high platform. "Probably—that is, the chances are"—I pondered—"the chances are that she decided to row, and the wind may have carried her out of her way."

I finally persuaded central to call up Huntington's. I think it was curiosity that made her relent. I could be sure that she would be listening to whatever might be said by Mrs. Green and myself.

"Hello, Mrs. Green! This is Mr. Blaney."

"Hello, Mr. Blaney! There was a ring of ladylike indignation in her voice. "Can you explain to me, Mr. Blaney, how I happened to find myself in a rowboat out in the middle of the lake, wearing my red silk dress and a nightcap tied under one ear?"

"Wait a minute, Mrs. Green, central is listening."

"I don't care. She always does. She probably wants to know just as much as I do. What happened? Was there an earthquake? I remember the island was sort of wobbly and hard to walk on."

"No, there wasn't any earthquake," I answered. "We were fasting, you remember?"

"Yes, I remember that, but I'm not any more. The first thing I did when I landed was to break into this house and cook myself a can of baked beans. It's funny if there wasn't any earthquake. I remember the floor of the house all running in funny little waves."

"I'm afraid our time must be nearly up," I suggested in the hope of turning the conversation. "Central will cut us off."

"No, I won't," interposed a third voice, the sweetly professional one of the operator. "Talk all you want to. There ain't anybody waiting for the line."

"I suppose I must have got into the boat when the earthquake commenced," persisted Mrs. Green. "But how did I get on the decolletee red dress? And where did I get the nightcap? I have not told that dress for ten years."

I told her that we would have to wait until she got home to explain a number of things. "Lucile will be very glad to know that you are safe," I added casually as if she had just gone over to a neighbor's, hoping to deceive central. "She was afraid you might get wet."

"Did Lucile know I was going?" inquired the startled Mrs. Green, who apparently did not catch on to my acting.

"No, not until after you had started," I said, skirting the edge of the truth peevishly. "She will be very glad to hear that you are all right. I'll tell her as soon as she wakes up. She is resting now."

"Sleeping? Now? What for?"

"Why," I explained, "she was up all night."

"What? And all alone on that island with you two young fellows and no chaperon?"

"Oh, no," I hastened to reassure her and central, "not alone with us! There are a lot of people here—six or seven, I should say."

"Holding a convention of earthquake sufferers, I suppose," Mrs. Green sneezed caustically. "What sort of people are they?"

"Oh, very nice people," I answered promptly. "One of them is a lady."

"How do you know she is a lady?" inquired Mrs. Green—just because she happened to be wearing skirts when she arrived?"

"Oh, no!" I said hastily. How could I tell this elderly, dignified lady that our female guest had not worn skirts on her arrival?

"Humph!" Mrs. Green was not particularly impressed. "The person I got stuck the letter, you'll have to send some one over after me because there weren't any men in the boat I came in. I wouldn't go out in a rowboat again anyway. Send a big boat or I won't leave here."

"I'll send for you just as soon as I

"I was glad to have the conversation draw to a close. It had been bad enough already, but who could tell what else might come out if we kept on talking? "The storm ought to quiet down soon now. Goodby for the present!"

"Wait a minute. I want to ask—"

I am afraid I was guilty of rank discourtesy in hanging up the receiver before I heard her question, but I knew I should be unable to answer it anyway, and I had to have an opportunity to think what it was all about.

First of all, Lucile must be told and an end put to her anxiety. I went upstairs and called "Lucile!"

CHAPTER X.

The Claim Hunter.

THERE was no answer, and I stepped to the door of her room, which stood open. She was lying on her bed, dressed, with her head on her arm, sleeping the good sleep of utter exhaustion. She seemed very small and childish, and her fingers curled adorably like a baby's. I didn't have the heart to wake her, so I tiptoed out. The news would be just as welcome when she awakened of her own accord, and sleep would do her much good.

When I came downstairs I saw Bopp in the yard, looking under every bush and into every gully. I went out to tell him that Mrs. Green was located.

He stopped when he saw me.

"I see Clair has cut you out with your actress friends," he said. "I saw them arm in arm on the beach a minute ago. There's no use talking, Monday, you can't seem to hold a girl's attention long enough to slip a ring on her. Why don't you try advertising in one of those matrimonial papers?"

I made no answer, but turned around abruptly and went back to the house. I was angry enough myself to let him hunt until the crack of doom before I would tell him that Mrs. Green was found.

When I entered the house the telephone was ringing again. I took off the receiver.

"Hello!" I said.

"Hello!" said a masculine voice. "I am a newspaper man, representing the Humanitarians. I understand that you had an earthquake over there this morning and that Mrs. Green, the wife of the president of the First National bank, made her escape in an aeroplane dressed in a spangled red ball gown. I want to know if I have these facts absolutely correct before I—"

I carefully lowered the receiver until it hung suspended from the wires and tiptoed away from the telephone, letting him talk to the empty air.

The story was out.

When I went out, after leaving the reporter holding the wire, so to speak, I took Tootles for a walk, and I then



"Are you still looking for Mrs. Green?" Clair called out.

turned my attention to the underdeveloped food supply which I had discovered earlier when walking with Vida. There were hundreds of fresh water clams on the beach, and it was possible to dig them in the cove when the water was not particularly rough. I spent the afternoon wading, compensated for the cold discomfort of the performance by the thought that by providing food I would win back a large share of the favor I had lost with Lucile. Not that she would admit that she needed food. Not she.

Vida and Lipton B. Clair strolled by while I was wading. It seemed to me that she was making rapid progress toward winning her bet.

"Are you still looking for Mrs. Green?" Clair called out as I fished under water curiously.

"No," I replied shortly, "I am teaching a pet fish to swim."

"You look as though you were taking one of those barefoot cures."

"I didn't know you could cure bare feet," supplied Vida. "By the way, Mr. Blaney, does your ring come off easily?"

"It would from your hand. Do you wish to wear it?"

"Oh, no, not yet—not until I am entitled to it. You can begin to work it off though."

"Did any one tell her up on the telephone?" asked Mr. Clair.

"Yes," I said.

"Why didn't you call me?" he demanded angrily. "I haven't been far away."

The self assurance of this man enraged me. Here he was, an uneducated, ignorant, complacent, fat man who was not even as well as he was in a hotel. I wondered where he got his ideas of the social relations of modern persons. Who could have spoiled him but something the education of women will put an end on the line that way, but Clair was a professed woman hater. I only hope that some day he will write a play which it will be my pleasure to review.

TO BE CONTINUED.

LATE STYLES ON LIST EACH WEEK

New York.—To the layman, it may appear that the excitement in new clothes dies down about Thanksgiving day. To those in the trade, writes a fashion authority, and to those who follow the movements of the trade, this is far from a dull season.

The American designers have acted quite cleverly during the last two years. They use the tactics of Marshal Foch. They do not let any sector of the long line of apparel rest serene from attack, and while they do not make a grand offensive, except twice a year, they disturb parts of the line at frequent and close intervals.

When the sector of skirts seems settled into comfortable quarters, they drive in a wedge and change the silhouette or the treatment of detail sufficiently to make the public perk up with interest.

When the condition in jackets appears to be well settled in trenches, they destroy the serenity by throwing over grenades which break up the line, change the arrangement of the neck, and shorten its length.

They do not cease from troubling. By this constant maneuvering for surprise, they keep the public from losing interest in the industrial battle. Their patrols are constantly going over to France to get new information to bring back in order that a small flank or frontal attack can be carried out with success. They do not permit women to feel confident of their clothes because they were well chosen in October.

Details of Changes.

It might make interesting reading to run over the fashions of last month and those of this month at the points where they differ. In other days, we would have called it the stabilization of fashions, for November was the month to expect that kind of shaping down into settled serenity after the turmoil of October. But one does not feel that anything is stabilized today, not even in the apparel business, especially under the stimulus of new conditions. As the war changes, we change.

It might better be explained by saying that this month, much has been discarded that was considered first class in October. Those who showed their gowns late in the season practically eliminated many of the over-popular French models that arrived in September. The public, guided by these dressmakers, therefore, had the opportunity to avoid what was commonplace and overdue. Say what you will, there is a keen irritation caused by paying upwards of \$200 for a copy of a French model that is to half the shop windows of the country, selling for \$50. It was only natural, therefore, that changes should come about in not only the details of the gowns from one month to another, but in the ornamentation, and even in the silhouette.

Unsettled Figures.

These later exhibitions of clothes, by the way, accentuated the "corsetless" figure. This does not mean that the mannequins who showed the gowns



This is a charming Callot evening gown of green velvet, draped with blue tulle. It is embellished with a big pink rose for the trimming.

Callot's Mummy Frocks.

The house of Callot also accentuates a change in the silhouette from what we have had from other French houses. It is nothing new under the name of Callot, for it was advanced last February and we called it the mummy silhouette, for want of a better name. The gown is really a bag, with square sleeves and tight ankles. It is in striking contrast to the straight, chemise tunics of nearly all the other French houses.

This season it is not so pronounced. In its baglike proportions, it takes on more of the atmosphere of a gown intended for a live, and not a lay, figure. It pulls upward in drapery around the knees and ankles, has a clever line to the figure under the arms, and depends for its beauty upon Indian embroidery that spreads itself in sharp points down the front from shoulders nearly to knees. This is usually done in copper tones of silk floss.

Outside of this peculiar silhouette which the dressmaker exploits more than the public adopts, are the draped Roman and Grecian gowns which are also in direct contrast to the chemise tunic.

And here is another decolletee which is a change from October and which is seen in black velvet gowns; the fabric is cut to the bone of the neck in back and then downward in a deep U in front. It is edged with a three-inch collar of antique ivory lace which is slightly full, but caught to the fabric, so that it may rest flat and steady. This extends nearly to the waistline, and where the lower part rounds itself out over the figure, there is a straight tucker of flat tulle covered with lace.

This is an eighteenth century decolletee and is far more becoming to any woman than the severity of the half low, medieval line.

(Copyright, 1914, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

FASHION TIPS

The rich wrap coats are especially adapted to the use of small women. Buttons of jet have no trouble in finding occupation at the present time.

Some of the Parisian designs show dresses with low waists and draped skirts.

For children Paris needs no velvet capes, but for grown-up capes of similar character are of Scotch plaid.

Youthfulness is the keynote of all Paris designs, and results in slim, straight lines, dropped collars, a sort of Moyen Age waistline and round necks.

Frocks of velvet, devoid of trimming and cut on slim, youthful lines, are a pleasing mode of the moment, draped girdles and draped collars of the frock material being the strikingly new features.

Black-colored and white crepe effectively combined were developed into a charming girlish frock by Lanvin, the unique feature of which is the low V neck at the back and slightly raised line at the front.

LOOK AT YOUR TONGUE IF SICK, CROSS, FEVERISH

HURRY, MOTHER! REMOVE POISONS FROM LITTLE STOMACH, LIVER, BOWELS.

GIVE CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS AT ONCE IF BILIOUS OR CONSTIPATED.



Look at the tongue, mother! If coated, it is a sure sign that your little one's stomach, liver and bowels need a gentle, thorough cleansing at once.

When peevish, cross, listless, pale, doesn't sleep, doesn't eat or act naturally, or is feverish, stomach sour, breath bad; has stomach-ache, sore throat, diarrhea, full of colic, give a teaspoonful of California Syrup of Figs, and in a few hours all the foul, constipated waste, undigested food and sour bile gently merge out of the little bowels without griping, and you have a well, playful child again.

You needn't coax sick children to take this harmless "fruit laxative"; they love its delicious taste, and it always makes them feel splendid.

Ask your druggist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on the bottle. Beware of counterfeits sold here. To be sure you get the genuine, ask to see that it is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company." Refuse any other kind with contempt.—Adv.

Unchecked.

"How did Toller get his cold?"

"All the drafts in the bank go through his cage."—Boston Evening Transcript.

An ordinary human being uses up 267 cubic feet of air each 24 hours.

HOW MRS. BOYD AVOIDED AN OPERATION

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

"My mother, who had been helped by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, advised me to try it before submitting to an operation. It relieved me from my troubles so I can do my house work without any difficulty. I advise any woman who is afflicted with female troubles to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial and it will do as much for them."—Mrs. MARY BOYD, 1423 5th St., N. E., Canton, Ohio.

Sometimes there are serious conditions where a hospital operation is the only alternative, but on the other hand so many women have been cured by this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, after doctors have said that an operation was necessary—every woman who wants to avoid an operation should give it a fair trial before submitting to such a trying ordeal.

If complications exist, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for advice. The result of many years' experience is at your service.

Every Woman Wants

Partine

ANTISEPTIC POWDER

FOR PERSONAL HYGIENE

Disinfects the water for domestic use, keeps the toilet clean, disinfects the bath tub, and is used for all purposes. Recommended by Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., for ten years. A healing powder for nasal catarrh, sore throat and sore eyes. Economical. The standard of purity and quality. Sold by all druggists and health stores. Price, 10c. The Cutter Laboratory, Boston, Mass.

Calf Enemles

WHITE SCOURS BLACKLEG

Your Veterinarian can help you out with Cutter's Anti-Calf Scour Enemles and Cutter's Worm Expelling Enemles and Anthelmintic, or Cutter's Moulting Pills.

Ask him about them. If he can't see them, write to us for information on these products.

The Cutter Laboratory
Rushley, Cal., or Chicago, Ill.
"The Laboratory That Knows How"

NOT DRAMA, BUT THE REAL THING

Mons.—The open warfare which was conducted by the allied forces in Flanders over long stretches of inhabited territory along the northern battlefront produced strange situations which were a far reach from the trench fighting, which marked the greater part of the war.

The correspondent was motoring along the highway leading to the recently freed city of Denain, when a French officer beside the road asked for a ride. As soon as the car started he leaned out and began to inspect the surroundings eagerly. Occasionally he would wave to civilians and shout greetings.

Asked if he lived in the vicinity, the officer said that his home was in Denain, where four years ago he left his wife to join the colors. Just after his departure his first child, a daughter, was born. Then came the German occupation, cutting off his loved ones. Now he was going back after these long years to his wife and the baby he had never seen.

He was visibly wrought up to the highest pitch, as well he might be. It was quite possible he might find his family dead or gone and his home in ruins.

Entering the city the officer directed the correspondent toward his home, through streets showing the cruel marks of the invaders' huts. Turning into his street, the first house was in ruins. He gave a nervous start, but said nothing. A few doors farther on was his home, and the car stopped across the street from it. The officer climbed out slowly and with an effort, his eyes fixed on the place.

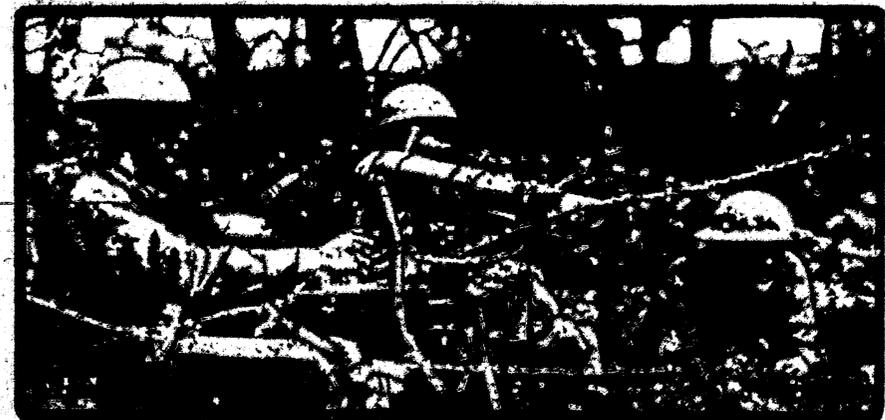
Afraid of Her Father. There were no signs of life. The windows were shattered and on the door was a sign showing that German officers had been living there. Crossing the street, the officer pulled the bell with shaking hand. No one answered. He backed away like a man in a trance and leaped against the car, trembling.

Suddenly the door opened and an aged woman servant appeared in answer to the bell. She was leading by the hand a beautiful baby girl with a wealth of golden curls. The officer took one step toward the child and then halted. He was a stranger to his own flesh and blood.

The child hid behind the skirts of the nurse, peering out in fright. Un-
LIKE A THUNDERCLAP OUT OF A CLEAR SKY

Dixon, Ill.—Things happened pretty quickly for Harry J. Miller, an Amboy farmer, after he was alleged to have said: "I will shoot anyone who comes on my farm to sell me a bond in this Liberty loan drive." He was called before the local exemption board, given a lecture, compelled to subscribe his quota of bonds, \$300, examined by the exemption board physician, passed and ordered to report for service in the next call.

ONE OF THE YANKEE TROUBLE-MAKERS IN ALSACE



Americans in Alsace picking off Boches with a 37-millimeter gun on the parapet of a second-line trench. These men are known among the Yankee infantrymen as the "trouble-makers."

YANK IS A "HIGH-BROW"

Paris.—To get a good idea of the high intelligence of the average American soldier, one should have a job of censoring letters," said an American officer, who had just been released from a front hospital where both privates and officers were cared for.

"While recovering from my wound," he continued, "I used to pass away the time acting as temporary censor for the wounded, and also for part of the hospital personnel.

"And the letters that those chaps wrote were wonderful. Especially the letters to their mothers. They were diplomatic, that's all. Most of the letters the wounded wrote would start off with some commonplace comment on the weather or the war and then the writer would casually mention that he had been wounded. But the next sentence invariably would be something like this: "Don't worry a bit, mother, about me. I'm getting along fine; it's only a slight wound and I'm getting fat on

hospital food. Everyone treats me great, the nurses and the doctors are fine, and I'll be out in a jiffy."

"Another thing that struck me about those letters was that almost all of them were correct grammatically. Several times the writers would speak of books they were reading. I confess I have never read such deep matters as they were talking up.

"And patriotism had its part in every letter, always a line about the war ending with the Americans on top. They were all going to Berlin, and going as conquerors, too—those chaps."

CHAPLAIN DIES OF WOUNDS
Fatally Injured While Going to Rescue of Two Men Who Had Been Gassed.
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Rev. M. Wilson Keith, chaplain of the One Hundred and Eleventh Infantry, died in France

CARING FOR WOUNDED



Mrs. Hammond, an American Red Cross worker, is shown serving water to badly wounded British Tommies, who are waiting to be taken to hospitals.

"Made in Germany." He collected many of the books as he could and instructed pupils to throw the others away.

"I have sent these books to New York for analysis," said Mr. Whittaker. "The children to get the pictures of President Wilson and Mr. Roosevelt had to rub their fingers over the page of the book. Naturally, the children afterwards put their fingers in their mouths, and as there is much illness among pupils here I decided to send the booklets for examination."

French Afraid of Ice Cream

Paris.—Ice cream is a new dish to the inhabitants of France.

Some of the big city dwellers may have had a passing acquaintance with it, but the rural folk and those in the villages saw their first ice cream made in the American army camps.

Many of the permanent American camps in the service of supplies have made ice cream a regular feature, the regimental canteens turning out the frozen delicacy for several hundred men.

The introduction of ice cream to the French peasant children has been productive of much amusement to the American troops. The youngsters think it is hot.

One of the men of an engineer regiment took a mess kit full of ice cream to a French farmhouse. One of the small boys took a big teaspoonful. A look of pained amazement came over his face, and, emptying his mouth of the frozen cream, he ran screaming to the protection of his mother's skirts crying: "Chaud! Chaud!" (Hot! Hot!)

The other children who had watched rather horror-stricken the fate of the first became convinced that the ice

cream was some sort of a white fire and they would have nothing to do with it. The mother had to eat virtually all of the cream in order to induce them that it was cold rather than hot and that when not taken too fast was good to eat. Eventually, the children ate the last of the dish. But they partook of it gingerly, evidently greatly mystified that anything which first seemed hot then cold could be good to eat.

But in time the kids got to liking ice cream and they became as great a nuisance around the camps asking for ice cream as they had been before in seeking chewing gum.

OFFERS TURKEY FOR COAL

Mining Manager Plans Christmas Dinner for Working Force Making Largest Output.

Greensburg, Pa.—A big Christmas dinner is the prize offered by James A. Anand, district coal manager here for the working force that produces the largest amount of coal for the month of November. There are 200 mining camps in this district.

Fame.
Little Ick came home with quite an air of importance the first evening of his existence in the new town to which his parents had moved.

"The boys in this town must have heard all about me before we came here," he boasted.

"But, Dick," said his mother, "there's no one in this town that knew you."
"That don't make any difference," the boy persisted. "Cause when I came down the street this morning a whole bunch of boys yelled: 'Hello, Sorrel-top! Just the way they used to do at home.'"—Harper's.

Lives 200 Years!

For more than 200 years, HOLLAND'S famous national remedy of Holland has been recognized as an infallible relief from all forms of kidney and bladder disorders. Its very age is proof that it must have unusual merit.

If you are troubled with pains or aches in the back, feel tired in the morning, headaches, indigestion, insomnia, painful or too frequent passage of urine, irritation or stings in the bladder, you will almost certainly find relief in GOLD MEDAL HOLLAND'S CATARRH. This is the good old remedy that has stood the test for hundreds of years, prepared in the proper quantity and convenient form to take. It is imported direct from Holland laboratories, and you can get it at any drug store. It is a standard, old-time home remedy and needs no introduction. Each capsule contains one dose of five drops and is pleasant and easy to take. They will quickly relieve those stiffened joints, rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, gall stones, gravel, "brick dust," etc. Your money promptly refunded if they do not relieve you. But be sure to get the genuine GOLD MEDAL brand. In boxes, three sizes.—Adv.

An Easy Matter.
An American and an Irishman were telling each other wonderful things which had been done in their respective countries.

"I guess we have the best jumpers in the world," said the American.

"Why, one of our men ran thirty miles and then jumped over a barbed gate!"

"Sure, no wonder he did," said the Irishman. "Look at the fun he took!"

What a smooth look the convict ponder has.
"Naturally. He has just been ironed."

Important to Mothers.
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson* in Use for Over 80 Years.

Children Cry for *Fischer's Castoria*. The Universal shipyard at Houston, Tex., has a woman calum spinner who works nine hours every day.

St. Paul, Minn., has a union of fur workers composed of women.

Don't trifle with a cold—it's dangerous.
You can't afford to risk Influenza. Keep always at hand a box of

HILL'S CASCARA QUININE

Standard cold remedy for 26 years—in tablet form—safe, sure, no opium—breaks up a cold in 24 hours—restores grip in 3 days. Always back of it falls. The name is on the Red top with Mr. Hill's picture. At All Drug Stores.

W. N. U. DENVER, NO. 48-1918.

WRIGLEYS

Announcement:

To help meet the needs of the government, Wrigley's has discontinued the use of tin foil as a wrapping for **W.RIGLEY'S JUICY FRUIT**

Hereafter all three WRIGLEY flavors will be sealed in air-tight, pink-end packages.

So look for

WRIGLEYS

in the pink sealed wrapper and take your choice of flavor. Three kinds to suit all tastes.



Be SURE you get WRIGLEY'S—

The Flavor Lasts!

COLT DISTEMPER

You can prevent this loathsome disease from running through your stable and cure all the colts suffering with it when you begin the treatment. No matter how young, SPORN'S is safe to use on any colt. It is wonderful how it prevents all distempers, no matter how cold or horses at any age are "expended." All good druggists and turf goods houses and manufacturers sell SPORN'S at 60 cents and \$1.15 a bottle, \$5.00 and \$11.00 a dozen.

SPORN MEDICAL CO., Cochen, Ind., U. S. A.

Pa's Predicament.
Jimmie—Ray, pa. I thought you told me a person has only five senses.

Pa.—So I did, son; what of it?
Jimmie—Why, teacher told us that some people have six.

Pa.—Of course, but one of 'em is the war tax.

Of the great quantity of silk produced by China and Japan, two-thirds is retained for home use.

The cherry, peach and plum originated in Persia.

Boys and Girls Clear the Skin with Cuticura

TRAP FURS MAKE BIG MONEY

Free illustrated book tells how to trap furs for big money. For all trap workers this book is a gold mine. It contains the latest news on the fur market. It tells you how to trap, how to care for the furs, and how to sell them. It is a complete guide to the fur business. Write for your free copy today.

TRAP AT FACTORY PRICES

TRAPERS' GUIDE AND CATALOG FREE

PARSON'S HAIR BALM
A hair restorer of merit. It restores color and beauty to the hair. It is a complete hair dressing. Write for your free copy today.

You Are Dying By Acid
When you have Heartburn, Gas, Bloat, and that Full Feeling after eating. TAKE ONE
EATONIC
FOR YOUR STOMACH'S SAKE
Rids you of the Excess Acid and Overload and you will fairly feel the GAS driven out of your body—THE BLOAT GOES WITH IT.
IT GIVES YOU REAL STOMACH COMFORT
Sold by druggists generally. If your druggist can't supply you a box of Eaton's get the one on this ad. with your name and address and we will send it to you. You can send us the five cents you get it. Address: Eaton's Specialty Co., 2018 N. Western Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Carrizozo News

Published Friday at Carrizozo, Lincoln County, New Mexico.

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Six Months, \$1.00

J. H. A. HALEY, Editor and Publisher

WHEN THE TIDE TURNED

FROM PAGE 1
want to go. That's where we have come three thousand miles to go." And they did go, into the very teeth of the deadly machine guns. In defiance of all precedent they stormed, with rifle and bayonet in frontal attack, against massed machine guns.

They threw themselves upon the victory-flushed Hun to whom this unconventional kind of fierce onset came as a complete and disconcerting surprise. They fought like demons, with utterly reckless bravery. They paid the price, alas! in heavy losses, but for what they paid they took compensation in over-full measure.

They formed of themselves a spearhead at the point nearest Paris, against which the enemy's onslaught shattered itself and broke. They stopped the Hun, they beat him back, they broke the spell of his advance. They started victory on its march.

A new and unsuspected and mighty force had come into the fray. And the Hun knew it to his cost and the French knew it to their unbounded joy. The French turned. Side by side the Americans and the French stood, and on that part of the front the Germans never advanced another inch from that day. They held for awhile, and then set in the beginning of the great defeat.

I was in Paris when the news of the American achievement reached the population. They knew full well what it meant. The danger was still present, but the crisis was over. The Boche could not break through. He could and would be stopped and ultimately thrown back, out of France, out of Belgium, across the Rhine and beyond!

The aid for which the sorely beset people of France had been praying, had arrived. The Americans had come, young, strong, daring, eager to fight, capable of standing up against and stopping and beating back German shock troops specially selected and trained, and spurred on by the belief in their own irresistibility and the exhaustion of their opponents. The full wave of the hideous instruments of warfare which the devilish ingenuity of the Germans had invented, liquid fire, monstrous shells, various kinds of gasses including the horrible mustard gas, had struck the Americans squarely and fully, and they had stood and fought on and won.

The French, so calm in their trials, so restrained in their own victories, gave full vent to their joy and enthusiasm at the splendid fighting and success of the Americans. The talk of them was everywhere in Paris. Hundreds of thousands of American soldiers already in France, thousands coming on every steamer, millions more to come if needed, and they had shown the great stuff they were made of! All gloom vanished, overnight. The full magnificence of the French fighting morale shone out again—both behind the lines and at the front. "Ils ne passeront pas!" "On les aura!"

And the Bolshevik-Socialists, Bolsheviks, weak-kneed pacifists, and that whole noisome tribe slunk back into their holes and corners and hiding places, and never emerged again.

And, as the people of Paris and the poilus at the front correctly interpreted the meaning of that battle in those early days of June, so did the supreme military genius of Marshal Foch interpret it. He knew what the new great fighting force could do which had come under his orders.

knew what he meant to do and could do with it. It is an eloquent fact that when six weeks later he struck his great master stroke which was to lead ultimately to the utter defeat and collapse of the enemy, American troops formed the larger portion of an attacking force which, being thrown against a particularly vital position, was meant to deal and did deal the most staggering blow to the enemy; and other American troops were allotted the place which from the paramount responsibility attaching to it, may be termed the place of honor, in the center of the line, in immediate defense of the approaches to Paris.

They made good there—officers and men alike. They made good everywhere, from Cantigny to Sedan. They made good on land, on the seas and in the air; worthy comrades of the war-seasoned heroes of France and Great Britain, worthy defenders of American honor, eager artisans of American glory. When, for the first time the American army went into action as a separate unit under the direct command of its great chief, General Pershing, Marshal Foch allotted them ten days for the accomplishment of the task set for them, i. e., the ejection of the German army from the strongly fortified St. Mihiel salient; which the enemy had held for four years. They did it in thirty hours, and made a complete and perfect job of it.

I have had the privilege of seeing these splendid boys of ours, in all situations and circumstances, from their camps in America to the front in France—the boys and their equally splendid leaders. The sacred inspiration of what I have thus seen will stay with me to my last day.

I confess I find it hard to speak of them without a catch in my throat and moisture in my eyes. I see them before me now in the fair land of France—brave, strong, ardent; keen and quick-witted; kindly and clean and modest and wholly free from boasting; good-humored and good-natured; willingly submissive to unaccustomed discipline; uncomplainingly enduring all manner of hardships and discomforts; utterly contemptuous of danger, daring to a fault, holding life cheap for the honor and glory of America. What true American can think of them or picture them without having his heart overflow with grateful and affectionate pride?

As I observed our Army "over there," I felt that, in them, in the mass of them, representing as they do all sections and callings of America, there had returned the ancient spirit of knightlyhood. I measure my words. I am not exaggerating. If I had to find one single word with which to characterize our boys, I should select the adjective "knightly."

A French officer who commanded a body of French troops, fighting fiercely and almost hopelessly in Belleau Wood near Chateau Thierry (since then officially designated by the French Government as the Wood of the Marine Brigade), told me that when they had arrived almost at the point of total exhaustion, suddenly the Americans appeared rushing to the rescue. One of the American officers hurried up to him, saluted and said in execrably pronounced French just six words: "Vous—fatigues, vous—partir, notre job." "You—tired, you—get away, our job."

And right nobly did they do their job. Need I ask whether we shall do ours?

The Tide of Our Gratitude.
The job now before us is to raise the needed funds to enable the organizations included in the United War Work Campaign to do theirs. No one who has not had occasion to see our Army over there, can fully realize how much of comfort, cheer and of home feeling these organizations are bringing to our boys. For

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

GEORGE SPENCE
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Rooms 2 and 6, Exchange Bank Bldg.
CARRIZOZO, N. M.

C. A. PERKINS
Attorney-at-Law
Carrizozo, New Mexico

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

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

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

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

T. E. KELLEY
Funeral Director and
Licensed Embalmer
Phone 96
CARRIZOZO, NEW MEXICO

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

H. B. JONES, Pres. H. R. ROBERSON, Vice-Pres. D. H. HENRY, Cashier.

Stockmens State Bank
The constant effort of **SERVICE** the officers of this bank is to aid and facilitate the business transactions of our depositors—to give them careful, efficient personal service. You are cordially invited to avail yourself of this service with the assurance that your business, whether much or little, will be appreciated and given the same careful attention.
STOCKMENS STATE BANK
CORONA, NEW MEXICO

REGULAR VISITORS

to our receiving teller's window are those who are sure to prosper. For there is no prosperity without saving and the best to save is to make a deposit every pay day. Any reason why you shouldn't begin?



BANK WITH US, GROW WITH US
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

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.

The Titsworth Company

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Kansas Blackleg Serum
Blackleaf "40"
Studebaker Wagons
Hog Fence Steel Roofing
Dynamite, Etc.

The Titsworth Company
CAPITAN, NEW MEXICO

N. B. TAYLOR & SONS
Blacksmith & Auto Shop
Heavy Forging a Specialty
Oils, Gasoline, Vulcanizing
Opposite Barnett's Feed Store

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

Building Material
We have just been informed that no permit from any Government official is now necessary to make farm improvements not to exceed \$10,000.00 as checked by the War Industries Board on Nov. 10th. This also applies to buildings in towns and cities; therefore farmers, ranchmen and others can now make such improvements as desired up to this amount, unhampered. This practically puts us back to where we were before the war. We have a large stock of building material. Let the Wheels of Commerce roll over more.
Foxworth-Galbraith Lumber Co.
CARRIZOZO, N. M.

BUY YOUR FORD NOW
Cars are hard to obtain at present, so come in and figure with us while we have them on hand. Bring your repair work to us. We are better equipped than ever to do your work. No delays, prompt service.
All Work Absolutely Guaranteed
and prices are standard authorized by the Ford Co.
We carry at all times a complete line of Ford parts and accessories.
Mail Orders Promptly Filled
Western Garage
Our Terms Cash

WARRANTY DEEDS

For the week ending December 18, 1918. Warranties include land parcels in Carrizozo, New Mexico, such as the 320-acre adjoining Echeverry ranch.

INSTRUMENTS FILED AT COURT HOUSE PASO WEEKS

Parasited by American Title and Trust Company, Inc., Abilene, Texas. Instruments filed include mortgages and deeds for various properties.

FAIR FOOD PRICES

Table titled 'Merchants' Weekly Report to U. S. Food Administration' showing commodity prices for items like wheat flour, bread, cornmeal, and various oils.

HEALTH ABOUT GONE

Advertisement for Cardui, a women's tonic. Text: 'Many thousands of women suffering from womanly trouble, have been benefited by the use of Cardui...'.

TAKE CARDUI

Advertisement for Cardui, 'The Woman's Tonic'. Text: 'She writes, further: "I am in splendid health... can do my work..."'.

Mrs. Hale Dies

Obituary notice for Mrs. Hale, wife of Fred Hale, who died Monday afternoon at the home of her parents.

WHEN THE TIDE TURNED

Article discussing the challenges of war and the resilience of the American people, mentioning the 'long distance separating them from home'.

FINANCE COMMITTEE

Report from the Finance Committee regarding the temporary expense fund of \$700 and recommendations for its use.

PATENT

Notice regarding a patent for a machine, mentioning 'The Ideal Machine' and 'Chas. F. Grey'.

MARRIAGE LICENSES

Notice of marriage licenses issued to Robert W. Brown and Mrs. Bellzee Jones.

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NEW MEXICO PASSENGER LINE

Advertisement for the 'White Line' passenger service, listing routes and schedules between Roswell and Carrizozo.

APPLICATIONS FOR GRAZING PERMITS

Notice regarding applications for grazing permits, mentioning the Department of the Interior and the Carrizozo Office.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Legal notice regarding a property dispute or claim, mentioning the Carrizozo Office and the Department of the Interior.

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THE IDEAL MACHINE

Advertisement for 'The Ideal Machine', a device for processing Yucca plants, mentioning 'Chas. F. Grey'.

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Large advertisement for Cardui, 'The Woman's Tonic', featuring a testimonial and the brand name in large letters.

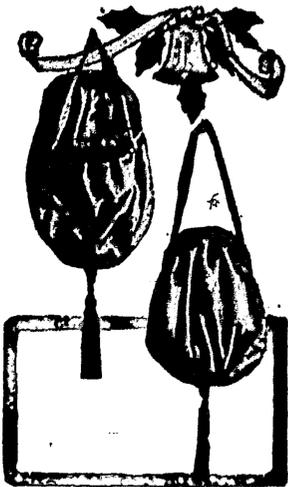
Advertisement for 'The First National Bank of Carrizozo', highlighting its resources and services.

For the Small Boy



Here is a tent made of strong, unbleached domestic, bound with red braid which will rejoice the heart of the small boy. It is about eighteen inches long and is set up on a frame of wood that supports a small rod of wood at the front and back. A third rod forms the ridge-pole. Four tape loops are attached to each side of the tent and slipped over tacks in the sides of the supporting frame. A little flag, a pair of paper soldiers and a wooden cannon, make up an outfit that will launch a delighted little chap on a military career a half-minute after he discovers it. The tent is easy to make and the soldiers are cut out of printed paper.

Silk Shopping Bag



Whoever she is, she will love this shopping bag of taffeta silk with its celluloid mountings, but if it matches her street suit in color her joy in it will be complete. This one is of navy blue taffeta lined with bright red taffeta. The celluloid mounting is of the same red and so is the long silk tassel. The bag is suspended by a strap of the navy silk.

A Gift for Him



A collar box, a bag for brush and comb and a pad of shaving paper will please one's men friends, whether they travel much or not; but the traveler will be thrice grateful for them. They are made of heavy unbleached linen and embroidered with colored floss. One might embroider a handsome monogram instead of a flower design on them and solve the difficult problem of a gift for him.

For Book-Lovers



Book-lovers will appreciate these book-ends, covered with tapestry and lined with silk, and they are easy to make. Among office furnishings the foundations of this metal are to be found. These are first padded with blotting paper—sliced in them—then the tapestry and silk covering is sewed over them and finally a silk cord is tacked about the edge. For a bedroom the covering might be of ecru-cream. The pale shown here has a covering of tapestry in dark colors.

Table Decorations

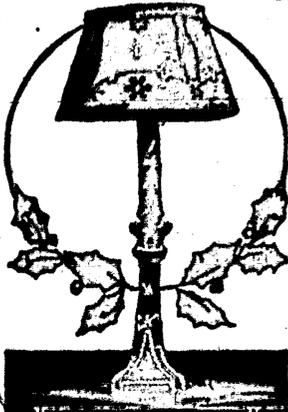


In table decorations this year Santa Claus will beam from the midst of patriotic place-cards and the national colors mingle with the regulation green and red. Here are little figures made of crepe paper, representing America, England and France. They are simply little pasteboard paper-dolls with printed or painted faces, dressed up in paper clothes and tiny paper hats. To make the table complete, Belgium, Italy and Serbia are to be represented. Each little figure might bear a tiny flag. They are supported by strips of cardboard pasted to them at the back and are to be used for place-cards or merely for ornament.



A larger figure of Santa Claus is also made of crepe paper with the help of white cotton. It is built on a stick, with wires attached for arms and legs. On this frame a body of cotton is fashioned, wound to place with thread. The head is a ball of cotton covered with pink crepe paper. The eyes are painted on and cotton makes the eyebrows and beard. Red crepe paper and cotton form the coat and hat.

Holiday Candle Shades



When Christmas comes all the candles deserve to be dressed up with new shades, and everyone is happy when these are among the gifts that the morning discloses. This year's shades are mostly made of parchment, painted with conventional flowers in bright colors. Whoever can handle oil colors and a brush is sure of pleasing friends.

Hand-Knit Sweaters



One can gauge a deep affection with one of those smart, hand-knit sweaters that are worn by women, lucky enough to own them, everywhere. This one is made of turquoise blue yarn with white bands at the wrists and across the collar. They are made in rose and white or in pale green or yellow with pink bands.

DANDRUFF MAKES HAIR FALL OUT

A small bottle of "Danderine" keeps hair thick, strong, beautiful.

Try this! Doubles beauty of your hair in a few moments.



Within ten minutes after an application of Danderine you can not find a single trace of dandruff or falling hair and your scalp will not itch, but what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use, when you see new hair, fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—growing all over the scalp. A little Danderine immediately doubles the beauty of your hair. No interference how dull, faded, brittle and scraggy, just moisten a cloth with Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. The effect is amazing—your hair will be light, fluffy and wavy, and have an appearance of abundance; an incomparable lustre, softness and luxuriance. Get a small bottle of Knowlton's Danderine for a few cents at any drug store or toilet counter, and prove that your hair is as pretty and soft as any—that it has been neglected or injured by careless treatment—that's all—you surely can have beautiful hair and lots of it if you will just try a little Danderine.—Adv.

As it Were. "The Turtle is an unsociable critter." "Lives too much within himself, so to speak."—Louisville Courier-Journal

Have a Clear Skin. Make Cuticura Soap your every-day toilet soap and assist it now and then by touches of Cuticura Ointment to soften, soothe and heal. For free samples address "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston." At druggists and by mail. Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50.—Adv.

ANY GOOD PHOTOGRAPH

Before the outbreak of the war there were 32,000 German waiters in London and 12,000 in Paris.

The "Black Death," which ravaged China in 1340, is said to be breaking out again in Asia.

SPANISH INFLUENZA

Do Not Fear When Fighting a German or a Germ!

By DR. M. COOK.

The cool fighter always wins and so there is no need to become panic-stricken. Avoid fear and crowds. Exercise in the fresh air and practice the three C's: A Clean Mouth, a Clean Skin and Clean Bowels. To carry off the poisons that accumulate within the body and to ward off an attack of the influenza bacillus, take a good liver regulator to move the bowels. Such a one is made up of May-apple, leaves of also, root of jalap, and is to be had at any drug store, and called "Pleasant Purgative Pellets."

If a bad cold develops, go to bed, wrap up well, drink freely of hot lemonade and take a hot mustard foot-bath. Have the bedroom warm but well ventilated. Obtain at the nearest drug store "Anauric Tablets" to flush the kidneys and control the pains and aches. Take an "Anauric" tablet every two hours, together with copious drinks of lemonade. If a true case of influenza, the food should be simple, such as broths, milk, buttermilk and ice-cream; but it is important that food be given regularly in order to keep up patient's strength and vitality. After the acute attack has passed, which is generally from three to seven days, the system should be built up by the use of a good iron tonic, such as "Tonic" tablets, to be obtained at some drug store, or that well known blood-maker and herbal tonic made from roots and barks of forest trees—sold everywhere as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

Looking too far ahead is likely to bring doubt—doubt of our ability and fear of the road. To do our best with what is just before us is the surest rule of success for that which is further on.

USE UP THE SMALL PORTIONS.

HERE the family is small and the recipe for ordinary things should serve five or six. It is economy to divide the recipe when preparing the food or hold over the leftover until the dish will appeal to the taste. The same kind of food, no matter how good, loses its charm if it appears too often. Here is a true demonstration of "amilliarly breeds contempt."

When beans are baked it seems a better economy to bake with the bean pot well filled, than a small dish, as both will bake in about the same time. Beans may be set away in cool weather or near ice and kept for a week in good condition, then their reappearance will be welcome.

A good-sized cabbage may be divided, shredded, and served as colcawl one day, then the third or fourth day another portion may be cooked and seasoned with salt, sweet fat and milk; then if there is any left it may be chopped and added to potato or tomato or other vegetable as a salad. In these days, when it is a crime to waste any food that may be eaten, one may substitute corn oil for olive oil, thus saving quite an amount if oil is used freely.

Instead of using the bread for toast when it is slightly stale, try steaming it and serve it well buttered and a nicely seasoned dish of stewed tomatoes poured over it. A few slices of bread buttered and placed in a baking dish and a custard, using an egg to a cupful of milk, salt and cayenne pepper to taste, poured over it, a half cupful of grated cheese, sprinkled over and baked until the custard is set, make a good hot supper dish and is wholesome as well as economical.

When a cupful of leftover meat of any kind is at hand, add it to two cupfuls of cooked macaroni, a white or brown sauce and seasoning of onion, salt and pepper. Baked until thoroughly hot, it is a dish that will be sustaining enough for a main dish.

Small bits of leftover pastry may be rolled into tart or turnover pies, thus having a variety of filling if small portions of jelly, jam or fruit are waiting to be saved.

When making spice cake or molasses cookies use the cupful of cold coffee left from breakfast, for the liquid, saving milk for other foods.

A man compares courtship to running after a street car. He will put every energy into the chase, but when his outstretched hand catches the rail all effort is over. He takes his place naturally and is content. He does not look around and say, "Oh, what a beautiful, swift, comfortable car!" and keep on beaming, his delight all the way to his destination. But a woman under the circumstances will pay her fare with radiant gratitude, exclaiming to the journey end: "Oh, I'm so glad I caught it!"

GOOD THINGS FOR THE TABLE.

APPLES in various forms furnish a great variety of dishes, from soup to dessert.

Apples Baked With Bread.—Remove the cores from good-sized apples, fill with jam and dot with bits of butter substitute. Place round slices of stale bread in a baking dish and put an apple on each slice. Pour scalded milk to which sugar has been added over the bread and bake in the oven until the apples are soft. Serve in the dish in which it was baked.

Corn Waffles.—Stir a cupful of corn flour with a teaspoonful of baking powder and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Add the beaten yolks of two eggs with a cupful of milk. Mix in a cupful of canned corn, strained dry. Melt and add a tablespoonful of fat and the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs. Fill the waffle iron two-thirds full, and when baked a golden brown, serve with honey or lemon sirup. The liquid strained from the can of corn will make a delicious soup, adding milk and seasonings.

Banana Custard Pie.—Fill an unbaked pastry shell three-fourths full of sliced bananas. Sprinkle a few drops of lemon juice over them and add half a cupful of strained honey, a pinch of salt and a few drops of lemon extract, and enough milk to fill the tart, with a beaten egg added.

Baked Ham.—Take two cupfuls of cold cooked ham, the small cracked grain variety, or one of the larger grades; two cupfuls of milk, a tablespoonful each of fat and sugar, a sprinkling of salt and two eggs yolks. Beat well, then fold in the stiffly-beaten whites and bake in a buttered dish.

Salt mackerel soaked in plenty of water overnight, skin side up, then put to bake for twenty minutes with cream, makes a breakfast dish hard to equal.

Save the whey from cottage cheese to use in place of milk in cakes, gems, waffles, gingerbread and doughnuts.

Nellie Maxwell

ROAD BUILDING

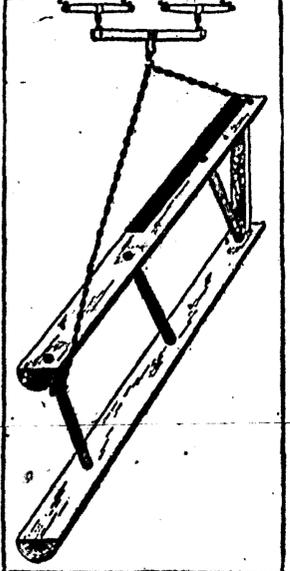
GOOD WORK OF A ROAD DRAG

Implement Should Be Used Properly at Right Time—Repair All Ruts and Depressions.

After two days of rain, says a writer in *Florida's Dairyman*, we took an eight-mile drive out into the country to buy some pigs. One piece of road was like a city boulevard, only better. Despite its being only a gravel road, there was little mud or water, and one would have thought that there had been only rain enough to settle the dust instead of the big rainstorm. We inquired and found that two neighbors had made it a practice to alternate in going over this road with a road drag after every rain. Just beyond, we came to a piece of road muddy, slippery and full of chuck holes that sent us up a mile for every mile covered.

The only difference between these two pieces of road was a road drag, and an hour's time spent when field work could not be done. We estimate that it took twice as much gasoline to cover the undraged road. Multiply our experience by the dozens of teams and autos going over this muddy road, and then compute the expense of failure to use the road drag that was doubtless rotting away in some fence corner.

We do not now have in mind the demands of the good roads extremist, but are considering what may be done and what should be done with the common dirt road. It does more harm than good, as a general rule, to plow up the sod on the sides of the traveled track and pile it up in big lumps in the center of the track, leaving them there to be broken up by passing vehicles, and the loosened dirt washed away by the rain or blown away by the wind. Keep all the sod, grass roots and other



Perspective View of Split-Log Drag.

trash out of the road bed. It merely decays and makes ready for a splendid hole to form.

Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well. No part of a repaired highway should be left until its surface has been thoroughly and evenly compacted and shaped to let all the water run off. And when, as will most always happen, ruts and depressions make their appearance, they should be smoothed down, filled, and well compacted so that water may not remain in them to soften the ground and permit further damage by the traffic.

When using the road drag, use it properly at the right time. Don't go out when the road is too wet or too dry. Take it when the mud will make a good mortar and will puddle down like the little girl's mud cakes or the mason's mortar.

MACADAM ROAD PROVED BEST

There Are Several Varieties, Chosen to Suit Localities and Circumstances Everywhere.

For over a century now the macadam road has been in use and has proved itself to be the best all-round road that can be built. In fact, so good is it that all military roads in the war area in France are of this type. There are several varieties of it, chosen to suit localities and circumstances. The regular water-bound macadam is, without doubt, the best and safest for horses. But we cannot build for horses alone, it is necessary to preserve the broken stone road against the automobile tires, otherwise the road surface would soon go to pieces.

Inadequate Roads Costly. Both town and country lose money because of our very inadequate roads.

Keeps Good Hog Pasture. Rape is a profitable crop for providing fall pasture for hogs where farmers harvest corn by hogging it down.

Break Land Before Fences. It will pay generally to break the land before fences as the weeds and other vegetation may be turned white green.

Hard Work Alone Never Kills

Hard work never killed anybody. But hard work with irregular hours and no rest of any kind weakens the kidneys and breaks the tired, miserable and half sick. If your back aches, if you have headache, dizziness and urinary disorders—don't wait! Stop the weakened kidneys before dropsy, gravel or Bright's disease attacks you. Use Doan's Kidney Pills. They have helped thousands and are used the world over.

A Colorado Case

Mrs. C. F. Forrest, 221 Harrison Ave., Canon City, Colo., says: "I have been suffering with rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, tropical swellings and other symptoms of kidney trouble. Medicine didn't help me and I was so weak I couldn't live. The rheumatic attacks were so bad I couldn't get a step across the room and my body was badly bloated. With Doan's Kidney Pills were recommended to me I began using them. They helped me so much that I began taking them until I was practically cured."

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

The Very Name Jars on Him. "Can't you find congenial work?" "Madam, for me no work is congenial."—Boston Evening Transcript.

EAT A TABLET! DYSPEPSIA GONE

PAPE'S DIAPERSIN INSTANTLY RELIEVES SOUR, GASSY OR ACID STOMACHS.

When meals hit back and your stomach is sour, acid, gassy, or you feel full and bloated. When you have heavy lumps of pain or headache from indigestion. Here is instant relief!



Just as soon as you eat a tablet or two of Pape's Diapersin all the dyspepsia, indigestion and stomach distress ends. These pleasant, harmless tablets of Pape's Diapersin never fail to make upset stomachs feel fine at once, and they cost very little at drug stores. Adv.

"After-the-War" Dressing. Discussion of the "after-the-war period" is becoming more general, some believing that it is too early to predict what effect victory will have on women and their mode of living. One couturier predicts that the most elaborate things will be made and women should wear them as an expression of victory. Banquets and receptions in honor of foreign visitors and our returning men will demand such clothes, and it is really up to the women to lead the spirit of the country. The English women have been doing this for some time; they have avoided mourning and are creating as gay a note as possible in London.—Women's Wear.

Old-Clothes "Clinics" the Fashion. To be up to date these days your community should have an old-clothes clinic, the department of agriculture suggests. Not the amount you spend on clothes but the amount you save is the criterion by which you are judged in this year of need. The home demonstration agents usually hold the clinics, and old garments are brought, ripped and made over by the women under their direction. This wool-conserving campaign in Iowa is particularly strong.

Cause for Sadness. The Thrift Stamp—Why so jealous! The Thrift Stamp—I'll never grow into a War Stamp.

Thousands of under-nourished people have found that

Grape-Nuts

food—a scientific blend of nourishing cereals—helps wonderfully in building health and happiness.

Needs no Sugar



What Determines Meat and Live-Stock Prices?

Some stock men still think that Swift & Company—and other big packers—can pay as little for live-stock as they wish.

Some consumers are still led to believe that the packers can charge as much for dressed meat as they wish.

This is not true. These prices are fixed by a law of human nature as old as human nature itself—the law of supply and demand.

When more people want meat than there is meat to be had, the scramble along the line to get it for them sends prices up. When there is more meat than there are people who want it, the scramble all along the line to get rid of it within a few days, while it is still fresh, sends prices down.

When prices of meat go up, Swift & Company not only can pay the producer more, but has to pay him more, or some other packer will.

Similarly, when prices recede all down the line Swift & Company cannot continue to pay the producer the same prices as before, and still remain in the packing business.

All the packer can do is to keep the expense of turning stock into meat at a minimum, so that the consumer can get as much as possible for his money, and the producer as much as possible for his live-stock.

Thanks to its splendid plants, modern methods, branch houses, car routes, fleet of refrigerator cars, experience and organization, Swift & Company is able to pay for live cattle 90 per cent of what it receives for beef and by-products, and to cover expense of production and distribution, as well as its profit (a small fraction of a cent per pound), out of the other 10 per cent.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.



WASHINGTON SIDELIGHTS

And That, If You Please, Is True Patriotism

WASHINGTON.—She stood in the Liberty loan line. And when her turn came to subscribe to a fifty-dollar bond the bit of paper thrilled her with personal jubilation; she was helping to win the war. She was no slacker, to stand back and defend her own interests with her drawn salary in her hand. She was a regular Yank, shedding her dollars as the boys were shedding their blood. That money meant a whole lot—a woman can find so many uses for \$50 these days—but, thank goodness, she had made the sacrifice.



And the pride of it fairly bubbled through brain and body, until—the voice of an aged colored man who was next in line stuck a pin in her soul.

"I want a thousand-dollar bond, sir." The seller of bonds beamed humorous kindness: "You never in the world could raise all that money—you mean a hundred-dollar bond, don't you?"

For contradiction, the aged colored man opened a hand that held a chunk of bills that called for a thousand-dollar bond.

The woman recognized real sacrifice when she saw it—sacrifice that had griddled a man's face and stooped his back and calloused his hands into human claws—and in the seeing her own childish pride fell from her like the rags from that splendid princess in the fairy tale and made her understand the big thing that Liberty bonds stand for.

And that, if you please, is true patriotism.

Pleasant Sunday Sights Above Capitol Hill

ABOVE the green heights of Capitol Hill there are streets that trail beyond the area of fine residences until they reach a section of unpretentious homes. If you had walked out that way a Sunday morning recently you would have seen, among other pleasant sights:



A man in overalls coating his roof with brown paint. There is nothing glamorous about overalls, and brown paint is exceedingly everyday, but from Raphael to date no artist ever daubed canvas more rapturously than that overall man daubed tin.

Down another street a man was tacking weather strips on his front windows, while his family looked on.

Around a corner a woman was tying up a leafless vine against a fence. And at the next crossing, where there stood a white frame house with green shutters set in a garden rimmed around with red dahlias you would have recognized the old man who takes your umbrella when you go into a government building that treasures wonderful things. Naturally, you would have smiled recognition—as one passer-by did—and just as naturally the old man would have offered you a dahlia, which you would refuse for a certain cranky reason that he would indorse.

"That's just the way wife and I feel about posties. We cut them to give pleasure to others, but, for ourself, we feel that after a flower has had to wait a whole year to bloom, it likes to stay on its bush. I always take Sundays after early church to putter around the house and garden. The change from office work rests me more than anything else. You know the doctors tell us that change is rest, and I don't know what we laboring men and women would do without our blessed Sundays. The Divine Father was thoughtful of our needs when he declared that the Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath."

He said it with a reverence that would have kept any passer-by silent regardless of personal views—and as you turned homeward—by the woman who was tying up vines and the man who was tacking weather strips and the overall man on the roof, it would have come to you—somehow—that the Scripture line had suddenly taken on the realism of a voice, and that the voice was saying:

"The Sabbath was made for man."

Should Midshipmen Serve a Year's Enlistment?

IT IS the belief of many officials of the navy department that every midshipman should serve an enlistment of one year. In fact, it was the purpose, if the war had not intervened, of navy department officials to recommend that no midshipman appointed to the naval academy should receive his commission under five years, and that, after passing the entrance examination, every appointee should go to sea as a regularly enlisted man and serve one year in the ranks before entering Annapolis.



It has been suggested as a better plan to afford future officers experience as seamen, that the course at Annapolis should be divided. The first two years' instruction would be given ashore at the academy, the third being spent at sea, doing the duties and having the same discipline as all other enlisted men, and midshipmen then to return to the naval academy for two years prior to graduation.

There may be some discussion as to which suggestion is best, but many officials of the department are fully convinced that no man should be commissioned an officer in the American navy until he has spent at least one year "before the mast," not as an officer, but as an enlisted man.

This experience, it is believed, would insure practical knowledge which would give the officer the viewpoint of the enlisted seaman which he could obtain in no other way.

The American ideal is that men should obtain high station by beginning at the lowest rung in the ladder. They should obtain place and position by first mastering the primary duties.

This is the idea that the navy officials have in mind, and it seems probable that after the present war some such method will be adopted for the future.

What Is a Prune? How About This Definition?

I HAD to come all the way to Washington to find out what a prune was," I said one pretty war worker to another the other afternoon, as they rode homeward on the street car. "Now, my dear," protested the other, "for heaven's sake don't begin to tell me about boarding-house prunes. That joke is as old as the hills."



"Oh, I don't mean that," said the first war worker. "I really mean it. You see, I am from California, and where we have all kinds of fruit, you know. Of course, I lived in the city, but I thought I knew all about things that grow."

"Prunes I accepted as a matter of fact, and never thought about them one way or the other, if you had asked me I would have said they grew on a prune tree, or on bushes, or something. I just never thought that's all."

"To think that I should have had to come to the national capital to find out! Life is a funny proposition, all right, and knowledge, sometimes, almost as curious. I had to travel clear across the continent to find out the life history of the prune."

"When I go home I can tell the folks about many things—crowded street cars, and the boarding houses, and the beautiful streets, and that lovely baby hippopotamus at the zoo, and that time I saw the president, and many other things—and, also, what a prune is!"

"I just happened to be looking through a dictionary, and there I saw it: 'Prune—the dried fruit of the plum.'"

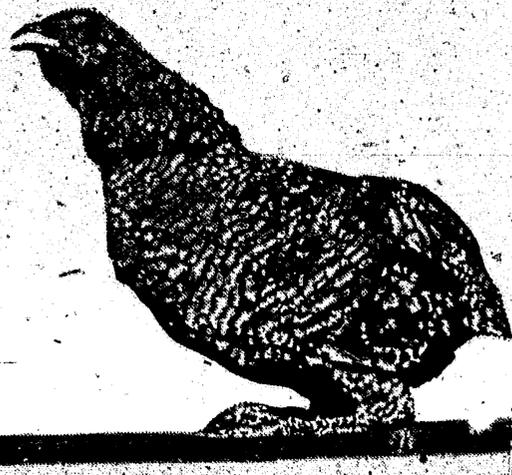
"Honest, I never knew a prune was a dried plum before. Did you?"

Saw about 141

A Bird in the Hand

(Special Information Service, United States Department of Agriculture.)

GUARD AGAINST CHICKEN "FLU."



A Hen With the Roup—Your Chickens May Get in the Same Condition Unless You Take Proper Precautions to Prevent the Disease.

ROUP IS SERIOUS DISEASE IN FALL

In Many Respects This Ailment of Fowls is Similar to Influenza of Humans.

ISOLATE ALL AILING BIRDS

Symptoms, Preventive Measures and Treatment, Described by Specialists of United States Department of Agriculture.

As cold weather approaches poultry raisers should take every precaution to prevent their chickens from getting cold. If the flock is not properly cared for it is easy for this ailment to get a start and so reduce the vitality of the birds that other more serious diseases are readily introduced. One of the most common as well as serious diseases which follow colds is contagious catarrh, more generally known among poultrymen as roup. It resembles the more malignant forms of influenza in the human family and among animals. It attacks principally the membranes lining the eye, the sacs below the eye, the nostrils and other parts about the head. It is attended with high fever and is very contagious. New birds and those which have been in exhibitions should be isolated and kept under observation for two weeks before they are put with the flock and all animals and wild birds excluded so far as possible. The houses should be kept clean and dry and occasionally disinfected. If the disease appears notwithstanding these precautions, isolate the affected fowls at once at a distance from the well ones and apply disinfectants freely about the houses and runs. Also place sufficient permanganate of potash in all drinking water to give the latter a deep purple color. If the disease proves of a severe type it is often better to kill the entire flock, and after a thorough cleaning and disinfection of the premises to begin with new birds. This radical method avoids the retention of the birds which may harbor the contagion and cause the development of subsequent outbreaks.

Prevent Introduction of Disease. Roup appears to be a strictly contagious disease; that is, one which arises only, so far as known, by contagion from other diseased birds. The nature of the microbe which constitutes the virus is not known. The contagion is generally brought into the poultry yard by infected birds. Sometimes these are birds which are purchased from other flocks in which the disease exists; sometimes they are birds of the home flock which have been in exhibitions and there exposed to sick fowls; and sometimes they are wild birds or pigeons which fly from one poultry yard to another.

The saliva and the discharge which escapes from the nostrils carry the contagion and soon contaminate the drinking water and feeding troughs so that all the fowls are infected. Even the flocks in adjoining yards are infected by the particles of mucus projected into the air when sneezing, or by the contagion carried on the feet of persons, animals, or small birds that pass from one yard to another.

Delicate birds are inclined to severe attacks and to recover slowly, and often a chronic condition persists for a long time. Birds so affected may carry and spread the contagion for a year or more and become the cause of new outbreaks of the disease.

How Roup Affects Poultry. The symptoms first seen are very similar to those of an ordinary cold, but there is more fever, dullness, and prostration. The discharge from the nasal opening is at first thin and watery, but in two or three days it becomes thick and obstructs the breath-

ing. The inflammation, which begins in the nasal passages, soon extends to the eyes and to the spaces which exist immediately below the eyeballs. The eyelids are swollen, held closed much of the time, and may be glued together by the accumulated secretion. The birds sneeze and shake their heads in their efforts to free the air passages from the thick mucus. The appetite is diminished, and the birds sit with their heads drawn in and their wings drooping, having a general appearance of depression and sickness.

When the inflammation reaches the spaces or sacs beneath the eyes it causes the formation of a secretion very similar to that of the nose, and as this becomes thick it collects, distends the walls of these spaces, and produces a warm and painful swelling, which is seen just below the eyes and may reach the size of a hickory nut. This swelling presses with much force on the eyeball, which is displaced and more or less deformed, and in extreme cases even the bones of the head may give way before it.

The closure of the eyes prevents the badly affected birds from finding food; the accumulation of mucus in the nostrils completely obstructs these passages, so that the beak must be kept open in order to breathe; the obstruction of the windpipe and the smaller air tubes causes loud breathing sounds and difficult respiration.

In the severe and advanced cases the birds sit in a somnolent or semi-conscious condition, unable to see or to eat; their strength is rapidly exhausted, and many of them die within a week or ten days. A part of the affected individuals recover, but others continue weak and have a chronic form of the disease for months, during which time they continue to disseminate the contagion.

PREVENTION IS BEST

The treatment of sick birds requires much time and patience and there is always the risk that they may carry the contagion for several months after they are apparently well. Prevention of colds and roup is, therefore, much more satisfactory and profitable than treatment, say specialists of the United States department of agriculture. The poultry house should be kept free from drafts, and measures should be continually enforced which will exclude contagion of all kinds.

To Distinguish Roup.

Roup is distinguished from diphtheria by the absence of the thick, tough, and very adherent newly formed membranes (false membranes) in the nostrils, mouth, and throat which are characteristic of the latter. There may sometimes be a deposit of yellowish material on the walls of the mouth and throat, but it is easily broken up and removed.

Box for Dust Bath.

Provide a box partly filled with road dust or wood ashes so as to give the hens an opportunity to take a dust bath. It gives them needed exercise and keeps them free from lice and mites.

Uniformity of Purebred.

Purebred poultry means uniformity of products. Uniformity of products means increased profits if they are properly marketed. Give the same care and feed, purebred fowls will make a better profit than mongrels.

Profit-Producing Period.

The hen's greatest profit-producing period is the first and second years, and unless a hen is an especially good breeder she should be disposed of at the end of her second laying season and before starting to molt.

As a general rule, feed washes early in the day and scratch grain in the evening.

Which Was It? Knicker—All exalted personage forgot himself. Bocker—Or else remembered himself.

No Exception. "That man owes a great deal to his wife." "I'm not surprised. So he does to everybody he knows."

The hair grows much faster in summer than in cold weather.

ASTHMA INSTANTLY RELIEVED WITH **ASTHMADOR** OR HONKLY REFUNDED ASK ANY DRUGGIST

Stop Losing Calves You can Stamp Abortion Out of YOUR HERD and Keep It Out

By the use of **DR. DAVID ROBERTS' "Anti-Abortion"** Small Expense. Easily Applied. Sure Results. Used successfully for 20 years. Consult **DR. DAVID ROBERTS** about all animal ailments. Information free. Send for FREE copy of "The Cattle Book" with full information on Abortion in Cows. **DR. DAVID ROBERTS' VETERINARY CO.** 109 Grand Ave., Waukegan, Wis.

Get the Genuine and Avoid Waste. **MORGAN'S SAPOLIO SCOURING SOAP** Economy in Every Cake

Stop Your Coughing No need to let that cough persist. Stop the coughing and restore health and comfort by soothing the inflamed throat with **PISO'S**

Might Have Been. "I see where a man fell dead while waiting in a restaurant to have his dinner served." "What was the cause?" "Apoplexy." "Then it wasn't the price list?" Birmingham Age-Herald.

PROVEN SWAMP-ROOT AIDS WEAK KIDNEYS

The symptoms of kidney and bladder troubles are often very distressing and leave the system in a run-down condition. The kidneys seem to suffer most, as almost every victim complains of lame back and urinary troubles which should not be neglected, as these danger signals often lead to more dangerous kidney troubles. Dr. Kilmey's Swamp-Root, which, so many people say, soon heals and strengthens the kidneys, is a splendid kidney, liver and bladder medicine, and, being an herbal compound, has a gentle healing effect on the kidneys, which is almost immediately noticed in most cases by those who use it.

A trial will convince anyone who may be in need of it. Better get a bottle from your nearest drug store, and start treatment at once.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmey & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

Leaves are gathered four times a year from the tea-plant after its third year.

Your Granulated Eyelids. Eyes inflamed by exposure to Sun, Dust and Wind quickly relieved by **Murine Eye Remedy.** No Smarting. Just Eye Comfort. At Your Druggist or by mail 60c per Bottle for Box of the Eye Remedy. Write **Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.**

New Year's Greeting

To our Friends and Customers:

We wish you a Happy New Year, and assure you that we appreciate your trade of the past; and in following a continuance of your patronage for the new year, we guarantee the same measure of good service in the future that has been our endeavor in the past.

We thank you.

ZIEGLER BROTHERS.

From Mary to Moses

CHRISTMAS is a golden period of this earth celebrated in a period accredited with being the opening of a new life to the material world. Then the Christ was born to human consciousness and Christmas with its message of Peace, which marked the beginning of enlightenment, became the altar of joy for all humanity.

Glorious and wonderful are the responsibilities of the present anniversary. This Christmas is the opportunity for profitable reflection and the occasion for boundless joy.

Recent circumstances have led us out of ourselves, taught us the weariness of the future and awakened in us the hope which ends in trust. Mary has led us to Moses over the great highway of adversity and God's immortal covenant has come to pass.

Exchange Bank of Carrizozo
The Strong Home Bank

An Appreciation

THE patient pursuit of a patriotic purpose by the people of our country is closing the year 1918 in a halo of happiness that the most desolating war of modern times has been curbed. It is, therefore, with genuine foundation for good cheer for the future we extend New Year Greetings, wishing to all a share in the happiness of

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

Thanking all who have favored us with their friendship, we hope for a broadening of such acquaintance, which it will be our endeavor to merit.

The people of the
CARRIZOZO TRADING CO.

Funeral of Doc Tice

The funeral of A. R. Tice was held from the family residence Saturday afternoon. Rev. R. H. Lewelling, assisted by a select choir, conducted. A large number of friends gathered to pay their last respects to our departed citizen and accompanied the remains to their last resting place in the Carrizozo cemetery.

The pall bearers were: H. S. Campbell, A. J. Rolland, Ed Schrier, S. G. Anderson, E. C. Monroe and O. T. Nye.

The deceased was a native of Pennsylvania, but had lived in the west many years, the last ten in Carrizozo. By those well acquainted with him, he was regarded as one of the most generous of men, liberal in his support of every charitable cause and a generous benefactor to every passing need. He was loyal to his friends, his community and his country.

Card

Mrs. A. R. Tice and family wish to thank the many friends of her late husband, Mr. Alva Ralph Tice, for their kindness and condolence in the hour of her deep bereavement, and for the many floral offerings sent as a last token of respect.
Mrs. Alva Ralph Tice,
Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Folks,
Mrs. W. L. Marks,
Raymond Baird.

Notice, W. O. W. Members

Hereafter all dues payable the first day of the month must be paid by the first of the next month, or they will be deemed in arrears.

CARLOTTA F. JONES,
12-27-11 Clerk.

Notice

The Annual Tax Sale of property upon which the 1917 Taxes are delinquent, will take place beginning January 1, 1919, and continue from day to day for a period not to exceed thirty days. Please be advised that, in the event of the sale of property, the title shall immediately vest in the purchaser, without right of redemption by the former owner.
A. J. ROLLAND,
12-12-11, Treasurer and Collector.

Changes Location

The Crystal theatre, which has occupied the hall in the Exchange Bank building the past four years, moved this week to the Wetmore building, formerly occupied by the Carrizozo theatre, and gave its first performance in its new quarters Christmas night. The new location has a fifty per cent greater seating capacity than the old quarters and a little better incline, which gives a better view of the screen.

Two machines have been installed and the pictures are shown on the screen without interruption, which was impossible with only one machine. The time required to present the pictures will, therefore, be lessened and the subject matter will be more closely connected.

The Crystal has prided itself on presenting the best productions on the road, and has booked for the future the latest and best productions of the leading companies of the film world.

The board of county commissioners is holding a special meeting today. Chairman Franks and Commissioner Bryan are present, Commissioner Gilmore being detained by illness.

We sell wagons at cost. The Carrizozo Trading Co.

Classified Advertisements

Wanted—Woman for general housework in family of three. Address P. O. Box 414. 12-27-11

Wanted—To buy small ranch located on forest reserve, with outfit of cattle. Address H. News office. 12-20-11

Homestead Flour \$6.20, Shorts \$2.15, Bran \$2.05, Corn \$4.00, Chops \$4.10, Oats \$3.45, Chicken Feed \$4.50, Cotton Seed Meal \$4.25 per cwt. Terms cash. Humphrey Bros. 12-13-11.

Found—A pair of glasses, in case. Owner may secure same by describing property and paying for this advertisement. 12-6

For Sale—5 dozen white Leghorn chickens, 3-year-old, at a very reasonable price. Edward Carr, Fort Stanton, N. M. 12-6-11

For Sale—Strictly new Ford Touring Car; also, Ford Runabout, A1 condition. G. T. McQuillen, phone 1. 11-11-11.

Hogs For Sale—In lots to suit purchasers. Stimmet & Kelly. 10-25-11

For Sale—Farms Davis & Co.'s Blackhawk, The Williams Co. Co.

For Sale—Cows and hogs, also other stock, from the Williams Co. Co.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

W. C. Merchant is here during the holiday. He is with the Y. M. C. A. and is stationed at Fort Bliss.

Bring us your hides and pelts, we guarantee highest market prices. Carrizozo Trading Co.

The heavy snows of the past ten days have unjointed the traffic system of the country, especially west of the Mississippi. Many soldier boys, on their way home, have been marooned at wayside stations, and Christmas mail will still be coming in on the first.

United States Marshal Huds-peth was here several days the past week. He left for Albuquerque yesterday.

Robert Bourne, an old Lincoln county citizen, was here Christmas day to see his aged father, L. W. Bourne. Bob now owns and manages the Duran telephone exchange and is enjoying a fair measure of prosperity.

We meet all competitors. Write for our prices.—Westera Garage.

A. M. Walte returned Sunday from Nashville, Tenn., where he has been engaged on government work since September.

You will save money on your next grocery list if you buy it at the Carrizozo Trading Co.

Evelyn and Miller French entertained a number of their little friends last night at the home of their parents. The tots danced until a reasonable hour, partaking of punch and cake during the entertainment.

All repair work guaranteed at Westera Garage.

Rufus Brannum and Gordon Mearns arrived the past week from State College to spend the holiday with home folks.

Soldiers Returning

The past week has seen a number of Lincoln county soldier boys return. Those who have landed at Carrizozo and whom we have seen are:

Oscar Pramberg, from Camp Cody; Slater Hughes, from Camp Pike; George W. Hughes, from San Antonio; E. D. Boone, from Newport News; Lester Greer, from Camp Pike; Fred B. Shields, from Kelley Field, but here only on a furlough. We heard of others going to other portions of the county, but did not see them nor get their names.

Lieutenant Henry Lutz reached New York Christmas day and expects to be home soon. John G. Keller's arrival in New York is reported and he is expected home at an early date. Oscar W. Bamberger wires that he has been discharged and he and Mrs. Bamberger expect to reach home tomorrow.

Two More Soldiers Arrive

Two more soldier boys returned yesterday, Calvin Emerson and Bert Pflugaten. Calvin landed in France about eight months ago and has plenty to tell. He doesn't show a scratch of the great conflict, though having been in the midst of the activities. Bert didn't get across, having more recently joined the Marines, the armistice coming before his unit sailed.

O. Z. Finley returned the first of the week from Kansas City. He had made a shipment of three days of cattle the previous week.

Robert Ac Huth and Parker returned Saturday night from Kansas City, to which they had gone with a shipment of cattle.

The Christmas tree and program at the Methodist church on Monday night attracted a large crowd and was pronounced a success for all.

FRESH MEATS
We pay highest prices for
CARRIZOZO

Ford
THE UNIVERSAL CAR

It is important when your Ford car requires repair that you place it in charge of an authorized Ford dealer. Then you are sure of having repairs and replacements made with genuine Ford-made materials by men who know all about Ford cars. Bring your Ford car to us. Satisfaction is sure and you will receive prompt attention and right prices.

OUR MOTTO
PROMPT AND EFFICIENT SERVICE ••• TERMS CASH

HEADQUARTERS FOR
Carrizozo-Kearl White Line Stage Line Co.

WESTERN GARAGE

