

Carriozo News

LARGEST AND LEADING NEWSPAPER IN CIRCULATION IN THE COUNTY OF LINCOLN, N.M.

VOLUME 22

CARRIZO, LINCOLN COUNTY, NEW MEXICO, FRIDAY, JAN. 5, 1923

Inaugural Address

Santa Fe, Jan. 2.—Duties must be performed and service given in efficient and economic manner in the administration of public business.

This is the message Governor James F. Hinkle voiced in his inaugural address yesterday morning. In a talk characteristic of the new chief executive, the governor pledged the administration to act for the public good. Governor Hinkle spoke less than ten minutes, his talk carrying the force of brevity and sincerity.

The new governor served notice on the state that all laws, "whether good or bad," must be observed so long as they are laws. He also uttered a warning to the legislature that disregard of the trend of times toward retrenchment would not receive his sanction.

The text of the governor's inaugural address, probably the shortest heard in Santa Fe, follows:

"We have met here today to commemorate an event that has taken place in this ancient city at stated intervals for three hundred years and more, and we are enacting a scene that has occurred here in many ways and forms.

"Many nations and languages have been represented here in this ceremony, and several kinds and forms of government, from the traditions and unwritten tribal laws, through the mandates of kings and emperors to a government for and by the people, and such is our form of government today.

"Three quarters of a century have passed since the flag that now waves overhead was unfurled in this place, thus proclaiming peace and a just and righteous government to all this country. Many stirring events have transpired since that time. We have passed through a great civil war and foreign wars, and just recently a world war, that tried

the civilization of all mankind, and today that flag not only stands for a just and righteous government, but as an emblem of liberty to all nations of the earth.

"It has always been the tendency of our government to carry out the wishes of the people, but the trend of late years has been to get closer to the people, to ascertain their desires as expressed at the polls, and put this into action. This is the progressive idea of the day as is evidenced by new laws and change of laws, not only by the Congress but by the states of the Union.

"This in the past few years had led to many laws along ideas of great variance. In many instances these laws came in the nature of experiments, and this great multiplicity of new and untried laws has led to lax enforcement and a lessening of respect for law and order. Those entrusted with law enforcement and public officials have become extravagant and careless as to public service.

"During an era of prosperity, while the World War was on, and since, we have all become extravagant and wasteful in private as well as in public matters. This has been followed by reversal during the last two years and especially during the last year. This has been accentuated locally on account of drought and bad seasons in our state.

"So we have been compelled to economize all along the line in our private affairs, and this has served to draw attention to state and governmental conditions more than ever before.

"With this condition prevailing, all signs point to a slackening up, and a change of ideas and policies in the entire nation. Those in public office should see and heed this. Legislative bodies should take notice and realize that the pendulum is swinging the other way and that a reckoning must be had in public affairs

as well as in private. "While public office is a public trust, it also is a duty, and I hold this the stronger of the two. No one should accept a trust unless the trust is fulfilled by performance of the duty.

"Laws, whether good or bad, are made to be obeyed and should be enforced, and so far as it is in the power of this administration this shall be done. It shall be the policy of this administration to see that duties are performed and service rendered in an efficient and economic manner.

"Government is just what the people make it. It is their wishes and desires carried out. When they think and act along the lines of good government, in the end that will be the result.

"But I hold it as a fact that no man can govern well unless he thinks and acts along similar lines, and he has in his heart a love of humanity, and of justice and of equal rights to all.

"And now, as your representative, I come before you today to carry out your wishes and your desires; how successfully will depend upon your love, your sympathy and your assistance."

County Officials Take Office

All county officials took the oath of office this week and assumed charge of their respective offices. Some of the officials have begun their second term, some have served the county in various capacities in the past, while others are taking up their duties as public servants for the first time. The list is as follows: Commissioners—Eugene C. Dow, first district; Brack Sloan, second district; Robert H. Taylor, third district.

Probate Judge—Wm. E. Kimbrell. County Clerk—Ralph M. Treat. Sheriff—Edward W. Harris. Assessor—John L. Bryan. Treasurer and Ex-Officio Collector—Harry G. Norman. Superintendent of Schools—Mrs. Louise H. Coe.

The new Board of County Commissioners met and organized by the election of Robert H. Taylor as Chairman. After a short session in which some contracts were awarded and some appointments made, the first session of the new board adjourned.

Married

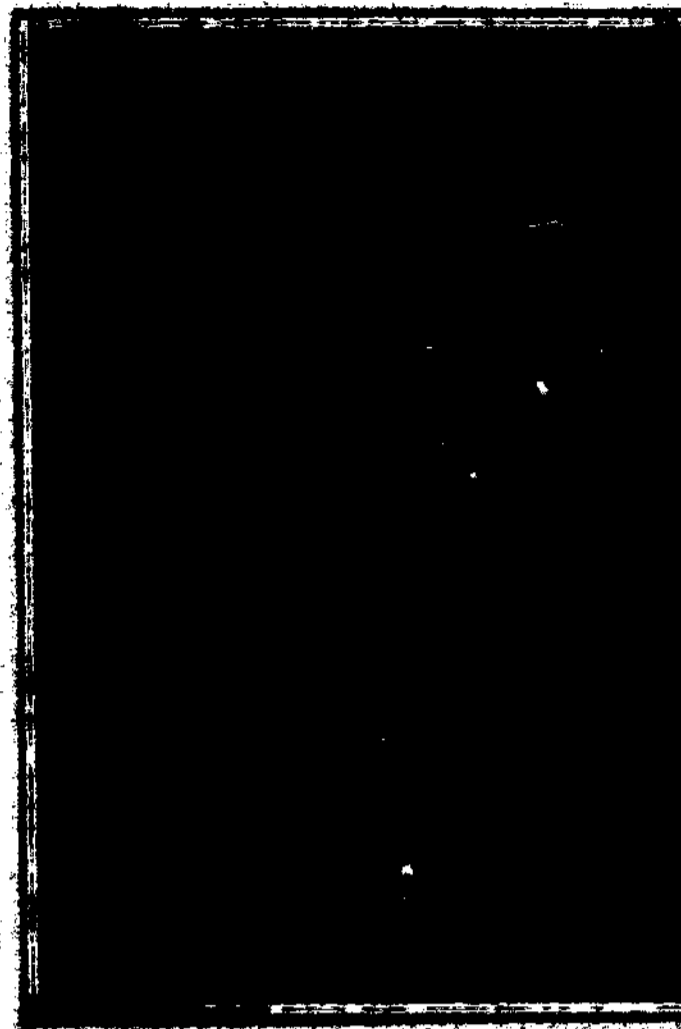
P. G. Peters, of Capitan, and Mrs. Martha Barry of the same town, drove over from Capitan Wednesday and were married at the Baptist parsonage, Rev. T. M. Blacklock performing the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. David A. Smith, the latter a daughter of the groom, witnessed the ceremony.

Mr. Peters is a prominent merchant in Capitan, well known throughout the county, where he has lived for more than thirty-five years. The bride has lived in Capitan for several years where she is favorably known and highly respected. The News extends best wishes.

A Christmas Gift

Dr. H. E. Kemper returned Monday from El Paso, Kansas, where he and Mrs. Kemper spent Christmas. While there they were given a gift from Santa Fe.

GOVERNOR JAMES F. HINKLE



New Governor Installed

It is now Governor James F. Hinkle, the oath of office having been administered to him in the Hall of Representatives of the State House, Santa Fe, at the hour of high noon, on the first day of January, 1923.

All Saturday, Sunday and Monday crowds poured into the Ancient City from all points of the compass to see the new governor and other state officials, to witness the inaugural ceremonies and to take part in the festivities. The old capital was never gay and never entertained a jollier crowd. The boys from the forks of the creek were there, of course; the old-time cowboy with his broad-brimmed hat, hearty hand-shake and cordial greeting predominating. It was a cosmopolitan crowd and everyone was made to feel at home. The same genial comradeship and fellow-feeling were manifested from the big cowboy dinner, served from a chuck wagon Sunday, in the unfinished dining room of the De Vargas, to the magnificent ball and banquet in La Fonda Monday night.

High points of the inaugural ceremonies were the induction of Governor Hinkle into office, at the capital at high noon Monday, the reception in the afternoon in the Museum Building, during which period Governor and Mrs. Hinkle greeted and shook hands with hundreds in line passing their stations, and the grand finale, the magnificent ball at night in the spacious and gorgeously decorated La Fonda, and the banquet accompanying it.

The costumes of the ladies were varied and striking, rich in color, charming in design, glorious in effect, and still more glorious were the lovely, regal women whom they adorned. The men, of course, sported the regulation dress—no difference between cowboy and banker—and everything went as merry as a marriage bell.

So ended the ceremonies attendant upon the inauguration of the sixth governor of the state of New Mexico. It was a splendid reception to the new regime, and hearty expressions for a successful administration of state affairs were voiced on every side.

Back from Santa Fe

The Lincoln county contingent returned from Santa Fe after taking part in the inaugural ceremonies Monday night in a spirit of glory, with the ball and banquet at La Fonda, at the end of the Santa Fe Trail. Those returning from this county were

Editot Becomes a Benedict

Jno. A. Haley and Miss Meda West were quietly married Saturday, December 30, 1922, at the hour of 6:00 a. m. The ceremony took place at the Baptist Parsonage in the presence of a trio of relatives of the contracting parties, Rev. T. M. Blacklock, pastor of the Baptist Church, performing the ceremony.

The newly wedded couple left immediately following the ceremony, by auto, for Santa Fe to attend the inaugural ceremonies held there January 1. Mr. and Mrs. Merritt U. Finley piloted them over their wedding trip, and they were also accompanied by Aileen, the groom's daughter.

The groom is more or less favorably known in this section, having lived a more or less unpretentious life in Lincoln county for almost thirty years, and never during that period having been sent to the legislature or the penitentiary. The writer has known him much longer than this, however, the acquaintance dating back for more than half a century. Naturally, we have become pretty well acquainted with him during this period; know something of his faults, because friends have been frank enough to mention them, and have a fair knowledge of his virtues, for he unhesitatingly admits them; and all this information has been acquired from the long association the writer has enjoyed with him.

The bride is also well known here and is regarded very highly by a wide circle of friends. The writer has not known her quite as long as he has the groom, but his acquaintance with her extends over a period of years, during which time he recognized her good qualities, appreciated her womanly bearing and, in fact, became very fond of her. Not only does he take pride in his judgment of her worth, but his opinion is reinforced by that of the groom, with whom, as has been mentioned, we have a long and intimate acquaintance, and we place great reliance on his judgment.

We think with the groom that the bride is a most charming and lovely woman, and that she personifies, in her conduct and demeanor, all compliments that have been accorded her by a host of friends. To Mr. and Mrs. Haley, in whom we have more than a passing interest, we wish a pleasant and prosperous union.

Cupid Visits Capitan

Burl Sears and Miss Mildred Peters (daughter of P. G. Peters) of Capitan, and Miss Lucy Sears and Frank Covey, were married in Roswell Wednesday of last week.—Capitan Mountaineer.

Women

Every woman who lives and breathes has just seen Miss Methodical and men in town have approval of the possible pleasure which such an organization of this nature will be a boon to the town. Every woman town not connected with other church society is cordially invited to be present and help plan the work which will be sewing, and a literary grant at least four times a year. One does not have to be a Methodist to help in this work.

U.B. Thrifty says



Bunking materials will go up now that they have come down.

You can build up your future with a financial soundness that will not fail in old age.

Put your money in bank where it is safe earning more.

WORK AND SAVE With the help of bank you can secure a future LESS and more.

Year's Frock to New

—dyes or tints as you wish

CANADA

MAKE 1/2 Cattle Raising A NEW YEAR R OF Your Own ahead. Everybody has ambitions.

Determine now to December 31, 1923, to, will make your dream You'll find it a pleasant account today, even if Make 1923 count

We Have Them



We have the STYLISH

You want

Carrizozo News

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JNO. A. HALEY - Editor and Publisher

FRIDAY, JAN. 5, 1923

Election Proclamation

In accordance with the statutes in such case made and provided, We, the undersigned County Commissioners within and for the County of Lincoln, hereby proclaim and give public notice of an Election to be held in the several precincts of said County on Monday, the 8th day of January, A. D. 1923, the object and purpose of which is to elect persons to offices hereinafter named:

A Justice of the Peace and Constable in each and every precinct in Lincoln County.

Board of County Commissioners Lincoln County, N. M.

A. L. HILBERT, Chairman.
RALPH M. TREAT, Clerk.

A Man of Many Parts

It is an old maxim: "Never do as your parson does, but do as your parson says." To wit, the Reverend Winifred Robb, of Des Moines, Iowa, was arrested Dec. 30 in that city charged with bootlegging. The Rev. Robb acted in the dual capacity of sheriff and parson in Des Moines. He came into prominence recently while sheriff by hanging two men in the Des Moines jail, and justified the act by quoting scripture, "an eye for an eye." He was a chaplain with the A. E. F. He claims to have been multifarious; employed as sheriff, parson, hangman and bootlegger. The Folk county grand jury is investigating charges that Rev. Robb disposed of a stock of pre-Volstead liquor, stored in the courthouse and valued at \$30,000. The ways of men are many.

Under the Knife

Will T. Sterling underwent a serious and delicate operation at the Paden Hospital Wednesday, January 3. The operation was performed by Dr. Johnson and he was assisted by Drs. Paden, of this place, and Bradley, of Roswell. Notwithstanding the serious nature of the operation, the patient quickly rallied, and, barring complications, his recovery, though necessarily slow, is anticipated with confidence.

The only accurate statement that can be made of President Harding's foreign policy is that it is foreign to everything he promised while a candidate for the presidency.

Friends of Senator Lodge decry the effort to unseat him as a "disgrace to Massachusetts." Massachusetts, however, came within about 8,000 votes of inflicting this disgrace on herself.

The Dixie Darktown Minstrels, Jan. 24 and 25.

FRANK J. SAGER

FIRE INSURANCE

Notary Public

Office in Exchange Bank, Carrizozo.

L. W. ADAMS

GLANCON, N. M.

Agent for

Best Fruit Trees

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A GHOST

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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It had been an unlucky day for Jefferson Deane; first of all it had rained, a gray drizzle had turned the roads to mud and the footpaths to slippery ooze. The night had settled down after a short twilight in which Jefferson finished his work about his little house and then started next door to call on Rosabel Moore.

Of course there was nothing unlucky about being Rosabel's accepted suitor, only somehow they had disagreed about a very trivial matter, and Rosabel had returned his engagement ring, and Jefferson had accepted it in silence and gone off very glumly.

Instead of going directly to his own house next door he tramped through the ooze to the river just to feel the fresh cold wind on his heated face. The bank was steep and slippery—when they picked him up toward midnight he was suffering agonies from a wrenched knee and shoulder.

"In bed for you!" declared old Doctor Jones when they reached the untenanted house where the bachelor lived alone. "I will send Sally Smith to take care of you if she isn't down with the misery in her back!"

"I hope I shan't be tied down here very long," muttered Jefferson, his white face staring up at the kindly doctor. "I've got a lot of young chickens coming along—and they need attention. Lucky thing they are fixed for the night and my poultry houses are tight and dry."

"Now you go to sleep, honey, and don't you worry about little chicks—Sally has brought hundreds of little chicks through wyes weather than this!" Jefferson went to sleep, listening to her low crooning voice—for old Sally believed all folks were children at heart and needed soothing at times—and she was right.

Jefferson had been in bed a week, and not once had he had a glimpse of Rosabel nor had he heard a word about her.

Every morning at 7 o'clock Sally had lumbered into the room bearing his breakfast on a huge tray. This morning she came creeping in, her shaking hands holding a plate and a cup and saucer. "Here's your tea and coffee, Mister Jeff, honey, but old Sally's got 'er go back home—that misery's come after me!"

"Wait till the doctor comes, Sally, and let him give you some medicine and he will drive you home," urged Jefferson, and the old woman consented.

"I can get along, doctor," said Jefferson, "if you'll just tell Maggie Martin to bring me in three meals a day and she can feed the chickens."

"Maggie Martin is the worst cook in the world, but I'll send her down—don't take any chances, boy, and I'll come down tonight and rub you myself."

After their departure the time dragged. He heard the clock ticking its slow round of the hours, saw the sun move across the window, heard the birds singing outside and heard an excited fluttering among his feathered flock.

"I hope it isn't chicken hawk," he muttered restlessly. "No chance to make money out of the poultry business this year—but I guess I won't need it!" He frowned and dozed, with that frown on his anxious young face. He dreamed that Rosabel kissed him, and awoke to find the cat on the bed blinking curiously at a tray beside the bed, where a smoking hot dinner was arranged with dainty care.

Jefferson dragged himself to a sitting posture and smiled wilyly. "Do you believe in ghosts, Peter?" he asked the cat, "for I'll wager that Maggie Martin never cooked this meal—no sir-e-e-e." He attacked the deliciously broiled steak, the creamed potatoes, the hot muffins, the pot of coffee and the generous piece of apple pie. "Old Sally must have come back," he mused, for he had not tasted such a meal since his mother's death, excepting the times he had dined at Rosabel Moore's.

"Couldn't be Mrs. Moore, because she's in Boston," he argued. He decided to watch and wait, but that evening while he waited for the doctor he slept awhile and in that time the tray vanished with its soiled dishes and another took its place—a small one, with toast and warm baked apples and tea.

"There is a ghost in my house," he declared. A while ago he had heard Rosabel singing—he heard the notes of her piano and her soft, tender voice. "She didn't have to sing 'Robin Adair,'" he muttered, with a bet stinging behind his closed eyelids.

Presently a faint light in the room roused him. From his pillow he could see the large mirror over the bureau at the foot of the bed. Reflected in the mirror was the bedside table and a girlish form lifting the tray. "Good night, little sweetheart," he whispered sadly.

"Oh, Jefferson, darling, I'm so sorry," sobbed Rosabel, kneeling beside the bed. "I just couldn't keep away—because—I love you."

"Ha-hum! Oured!" bellowed Dr. Jones from the doorway.

Blindly started. "How did you come in tonight on a midnight secret?" "I needed a job," replied Rosabel. "I couldn't find one any more, and I thought I'd try to get a job at your house."

TESTS FOR GEORGE

By LOUIS H. RAYBOLD

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"No, mother," and Constance shook her bobbed head vigorously. "I am not going to marry George unless I am absolutely sure of myself—and him. I'm too modern and well trained to make a leap in the dark."

"And how," began her mother mildly, "do you propose to make yourself any surer than I already supposed you were, and may I ask, what does George think of all this?"

"George?" Constance answered her mother's second question first. "Why, George won't know anything about it until it's all over. Then, if he has failed, I'll simply say everything is at an end."

Constance rose with dignity and the impudence of the present young generation. "This is my marriage, mother," she said coldly, "and I'll attend to it!"

Now her daughter's engagement to George Morse had come to Mrs. Peck as a blessing straight from heaven. That her restless, caredevil child should give herself to so splendid and dependable a man.

That evening Mrs. Peck contrived a moment alone with George as he waited for Constance to put a finishing touch or two before coming down to go with him to the annual ladies' night of the one club to which he belonged. And after a few moments' earnest conversation Constance's mother wound up almost tearfully, "Constance would never forgive me, George, if she knew I told you. But I did it for her good!"

"Don't worry, mother," said George. "I'll never give you away. I'm a hundred times obliged and can promise you everything will turn out beautifully!"

At that moment Constance appeared, but, strange to say, she was not dressed for attending ladies' night. Had in short sport shirt, heavy sweater and woolen tights she seemed ready for an evening out of doors.

"George," she began gently, "I don't want to go a bit tonight. Instead, let's go over on Bennett's pond skating. Will you?"

George had risen and, hands in his pockets, was glowering, actually glowering, at Constance.

"What do you mean by this, Constance? You know I came here to take you. I'll wait exactly half an hour for you. Otherwise I go alone."

Remarkable to say, Constance, assisted by a mother who was inwardly wondering if she had been mistaken in George after all, was ready at the end of the half hour, and head high and chin proudly set marched off with George. The evening was not a particularly happy one.

Nor did Constance's two other carefully planned experiments meet with any more conspicuous success. Surrounding herself with half a dozen youngsters and two dogs just prior to this call the next afternoon, she staged the scene for test No. 2.

George arrived, but instead of failing to and joining in their merry game, he rather peremptorily bade her "get rid of that gang and call off the confounded curs who were yapping at her heels!"

It was almost tearfully that Constance broached test No. 3. She hinted at it to George as they sat out in the couch hammock after the children had been dismissed.

"I couldn't marry anyone but a regular 'man's man,'" she said, apropos of nothing at all. "I'm so glad you're that!"

"But am I?" said George calmly. "I'm sure that isn't the sort of a reputation I have among the fellows in the office. They consider me a regular lady killer! Look at you, for instance! How easily I captured you. And that reminds me: just when is to be our happy wedding day?"

For a moment Constance regarded him queerly. Then, "I'm not sure we are ever going to be married," she said coldly. "I'm not sure it's not all a mistake that we've turned out just in time."

"How come?" asked George pleasantly, and Constance thought he seemed very little upset.

"Well, I—I've been testing you," she burst forth with the whole story, while George listened with a smile that was both tender and appreciative. When she had finished and was twisting her handkerchief into a tight little ball that was wet from sprinklings of tears which had accompanied the tale, George reached out with two strong arms and gathered Constance to him.

"There, dear," he whispered. "Cry on my shoulder. Do you love me?"

"Yes-yes," said Constance. "Going to marry me?"

"Yes-yes," said the girl again. "Well," said George triumphantly, "just see what that proves! I failed to meet your requirements and yet you love me! That shows I am the one and only man in the world for you. Now, if I'd only known! You see, as a matter of fact, I do love you—and that's another story!"

And George's mother-in-law never told.

Degree of Intimacy. "Look here, written. You know me, don't you?"

"Oh, yes, sir, I know you quite well, sir. Will you have Scotch or Irish?"

"I don't want a drink, waiter. I see that I have put my pants at home, and I thought perhaps—"

"I'm sorry, sir, but I don't know you."

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\$63⁷⁵ **\$127⁵⁰**

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It Gives You a Methodical Plan for Regularly Depositing Money.

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Come in and join today. You can start with 1c, 2c, 5c, 10c, and increase your deposit the same amount each week, or you can start with 25c, 50c, \$1.00, \$2.00, \$5.00, \$10.00, \$20.00, or more and put in the same amount each week. Deposits are to be made Weekly or in advance. The following table explains the Club plan:

INCREASING CLUB PLAN		
1c Club	Deposit 1c 1st week, 2c 2nd week. Increase 1c each week—in 50 weeks you have	\$ 12.75
2c Club	Deposit 2c 1st week, 4c 2nd week. Increase 2c each week—in 50 weeks you have	25.50
5c Club	Deposit 5c 1st week, 10c 2nd week. Increase 5c each week—in 50 weeks you have	63.75
10c Club	Deposit 10c 1st week, 20c 2nd week. Increase 10c each week—in 50 weeks you have	127.50
DECREASING CLUB PLAN		
You begin with the Largest payment and Decrease each week.		
EVEN AMOUNT CLUB		
25c Club	Deposit 25c each week—in 50 weeks you have	\$12.50
50c Club	Deposit 50c each week—in 50 weeks you have	25.00
\$1 Club	Deposit \$1 a week—in 50 weeks you have	50
\$2 Club	Deposit \$2 a week—in 50 weeks you have	100
\$5 Club	Deposit \$5 a week—in 50 weeks you have	250
\$10 Club	Deposit \$10 a week—in 50 weeks you have	500
\$20 Club	Deposit \$20 a week—in 50 weeks you have	1,000
\$50 Club	Deposit \$50 a week—in 50 weeks you have	2,500
\$100 Club	Deposit \$100 a week—in 50 weeks you have	5,000

We invite you to come in and join now.

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- Steel and Felt roofing Doors Window glass and sash
- Building paper Pump engines Wagon skeins, timber, Etc.
- Lubricating oils Dry batteries Paints and oils
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Our prices are reasonable

The Titsworth Company, Inc.

CAPITAN, NEW MEXICO

Parsons News Letter

January 3, 1923
 Miss Louise Kurtz, Miss Bessie and little John Berry spent Sunday with the Misses Rice.
 J. H. Fulmer has returned to Chicago after spending the holidays with his family.
 Mrs. O. S. Stearns and family have returned to the Bonito after spending the holidays in Carrizozo.

News has been received here of the death of Mrs. Emma Wells in Roswell. Mrs. Wells lived for many years on the Bonito, but after the death of her husband sold her ranch to O. S. Stearns and moved to Roswell where she has since lived till stricken with pneumonia which caused death.

Arthur Givens, who is working at the Lake, spent Sunday with his family.

Amos Gaylord of Nogal Canon was a visitor in camp one day this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Bragg and family have started the new year by moving into their new home which has just been completed. The ideal weather conditions made building possible.

The Parsons school, under the new teacher, James Harbison of Capitan, is doing well and making rapid strides toward making up the time lost a few weeks ago after the resignation of Miss Rockwell.

Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Reddy and son Frank and their nephew Mr. Jack Harris of Mineral Wells, Texas, were guests during the holidays of the Herbert Reddys.

B. H. Martin of the Helen Rae mine accompanied by his brother from South Africa spent a day here visiting friends before departing for Mexico.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Bragg and family and the McDaniel family from Alto left here Tuesday for California by the overland route.

The Reddy family have returned to Carrizozo after spending the holidays with friends on the Bonito.

Crystal Theatre

Sat. Jan. 6—"Glass House," featuring Viola Dana. Comedy, "High Sign," with Buster Keaton.

Wed. 10—"Milestone," all-star cast. "Leather Pushers," with Reginald Denny.

Fri. Jan. 12—"In the Name of the Law," with Ralph Lewis. This is a great picture. You can't afford to miss it—25c and 50 cents.

Sat. 13—"Golden Gift," with Alice Lake. Comedy, "Punctured Prince," with Bull Montana.

NOTICE OF MARSHAL'S SALE

Notice is hereby given that under and by virtue of an Order of Sale issued by the Hon. Colin Neblett, Judge of the United States District Court for the District of New Mexico, in that certain cause pending in said court, wherein the United States of America is plaintiff and Allen Patterson is defendant, same being No. 770, on the Criminal Docket of said court, in which said order it is provided, among other things, that the United States Marshal for the District of New Mexico be, and hereby is, ordered and directed to sell the said automobile at public auction to the highest and best bidder for cash, after having notice of such sale by publication in The Carrizozo News, once a week for two successive weeks, the last publication to be not less than five days before the date of sale; therefore, as herein directed, I, Seamus J. Harmer, United States Marshal for the District of New Mexico, do hereby give notice of such sale at public auction, to be held at the highest and best bidder for cash, at the Court House of the District of New Mexico, at Carrizozo, New Mexico, on the 15th day of January, 1923, at the hour of 11 a. m. The terms of sale shall be as follows: The highest bidder shall pay to the Marshal the sum of \$100.00 in cash, and the balance of the purchase price in cash or in property acceptable to the Marshal, at the time of delivery of the automobile to the purchaser. The purchaser shall be bound to take delivery of the automobile at the time and place specified, and to pay to the Marshal the sum of \$100.00 in cash, and the balance of the purchase price in cash or in property acceptable to the Marshal, at the time of delivery of the automobile to the purchaser. The purchaser shall be bound to take delivery of the automobile at the time and place specified, and to pay to the Marshal the sum of \$100.00 in cash, and the balance of the purchase price in cash or in property acceptable to the Marshal, at the time of delivery of the automobile to the purchaser.

Baptist Church

St. M. Blandford, Pastor, Carrizozo
 Services at both hours Sunday, 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.
 Sunday school at 10 a. m.
 The Senior and Junior Unions will meet as usual at 6:30.
 Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30.
 The church is planning for a series of revival meetings in the near future.

Give Quick Relief
STUDENT'S
 PAIN EXPELLER

The New Mexico legislature will convene next week.

NOTICE

State of New Mexico, County of Lincoln
 IN THE PROBATE COURT No. 167
 In the Matter of the Estate of LOUISE A. SPENCE, Deceased, late of said county.

Notice is hereby given that John Y. Hewitt, administrator of said estate, has filed in this court a statement of his final account therein, which said account will be considered by the court at its next regular term, beginning the first Monday in March, 1923, the same being the fifth day of said month, at which time and place objections to said report and final account, or any part thereof, will be heard.
 WM. E. KIMBLE, Judge of Probate Court

The Three-a-Week Edition of the New York World In 1922 & 1923

Practically a Daily at the Price of a Weekly. The whole world is being made over and the United States is the lead in the work. This year, particularly, history will be made. No other newspaper is better able to give the news of the world in concentrated form. It will keep you as thoroughly informed as a daily. It is a unique newspaper, published three times a week, for \$1 a year. This pays for 156 newspapers.

We offer this unequalled newspaper and the Carrizozo News together for one year for \$2 50.

Flash Lights and Batteries; Pocket Knives, Candles and Cigars. Paden's Drug Store.

Fords Break Record

According to a statement issued by the Ford Motor company, deliveries of Ford cars and trucks to retail buyers during November totalled 106,327. This is a new high record and has never been approached by the company at this season, and stands in marked contrast to the November 1921 retail sales which totalled slightly over 58,000 cars and trucks.

CLASSIFIED

Sweet Milk, 20c quart. Buttermilk, 30c gallon. Mrs. R. H. Taylor, phone 82. 12-22

For Sale—Thoroughbred Bull Pup. JNO. CALLAWAY, Ph. 10

Drug sundries, Fountain Syringes, Hot Water Bottles, nursing Bottles, and etc. Paden's Drug Store.

FOR SALE—Some 1 1/2 inch Studebaker wagons at low prices. THE TITSWORTH CO. 3-11-11 Capitan.

The advantage of buying and selling for cash is mutual—merchant and customer profit—City Market.

Come in and be convinced that cash talks with us.—City Market.

Wanted—Do you want to sell our goods to the farmers of this county? Why work for others when you can have established business of your own with steady income. We sell on time and wait for our money. Experience unnecessary—we train in salesmanship. Goods are well known in this county. Men and women also wanted to sell in town.—McCounon & Co., Winsona, Minn. Mention this paper.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

A. H. HUDSPETH
 ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
 Office: Exchange Bank Building
 Carrizozo New Mexico

GEO. B. BARBER
 ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
 Carrizozo New Mexico

GEORGE SPENCE
 ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
 Rooms Upstairs in the Lolo Bldg.
 CARRIZOZO. NEW MEXICO

R. E. BLANEY
 DENTIST
 Office in Exchange Bank Bldg Upstairs

T. E. KELLEY
 Funeral Director and Licensed Embalmer
 Phone 90
 CARRIZOZO NEW MEXICO

Cleaning, Pressing Repairing
 SUITS, made to measure, \$25 and up.
 CAN YOU BEAT IT?
 All Work Guaranteed
 AT THE Oklahoma Tailor Shop
 (Op. Lincoln State Bank)

NOT HOW LITTLE—HOW MUCH

The only commodity this Company has to sell is Service.
 It wants to see how much, not how little, Service it can offer its patrons.
 Do you realize all the opportunities of Service you get with the telephone?
 For instance:
 The local manager is glad to make an emergency installation in cases of quarantined illness.
 An emergency long-distance call having to do with sickness or death will get preference over everything on the line.
 In an emergency the operator will put through a call for the police, the fire department or a doctor without you looking up the number. Just give your address and tell what the emergency is.
 Particularly, do you know how much quicker and less expensive a Station-to-Station call is?
ASK OUR MANAGER ABOUT THESE SERVICE FEATURES

The Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Co.

WESTERN LUMBER COMPANY, Inc.
 (Successor to Foxworth-Galbraith Co.)
 Dealer in Lumber, Shingles, Doors, Sash, Mouldings, Hardware and Building Material generally.
 With a large stock and lower prices, we solicit the trade of the people of Lincoln County.
 CARRIZOZO Western Lumber Co., Inc. NEW MEX.
 Phone 39 D. R. STEWART, Manager.

Pure Food Bakery C. H. HAINES PROPRIETOR

The Place TO BUY Your Bread

Why send abroad for articles you can get at home, and at substantial saving to you? Read News Ads.

True Detective Stories

MATTER OF MINUTES

IT WAS evident that the robbery of the Rock Island Express had been effected in less than a quarter of an hour. The express car had been hit on immediately by the engine, and one of the fire recalled having seen Kellogg, the messenger, checking up his accounts about fifteen minutes before the train pulled into Morris, Ill. The next thing he glanced up a shade had been pulled across the window of the express car, and the first he knew of the robbery was after the train stopped at Morris, and Pitney, the brakeman, shouted out that Kellogg had been killed and that thousands of dollars was missing from the safe.

Jameson, who was in charge of the baggage car, directly behind the express car, provided what appeared to be the only clue to the crime, by stating that shortly after the train left Joliet a man in a red mask had entered his car, held him up at the point of a revolver, and had then passed through to the car beyond, leaving Jameson in charge of another baggage car who had disappeared as the train slowed down at Morris.

"I was scared stiff," admitted the baggage man, "and didn't dare budge. The express authorities at Morris promptly sidetracked the express car, and wired the details of the case to William A. Pinkerton, who arrived only a few hours later. Meanwhile, however, the contents of the safe had been checked up, and it was discovered that more than \$20,000 was missing. Kellogg, the messenger, was dead but before dying, he had evidently given a good account of himself. Before he did anything else, Pinkerton walked back over the track on which the train had come into Morris. Less than half a mile out he discovered a red mask, lying close to the track, and he also noted a most significant fact—although there was more than a foot of snow upon the ground, there were no foot-prints within a quarter mile of the mask!

Returning to Morris, the detective commenced his examination of the express car, but failed to find anything of value.

"Close inspection of the body of the dead messenger, however, brought to light another point which Pinkerton felt certain ought to prove valuable. Under Kellogg's finger nails was a considerable quantity of what at first appeared to be wet paper or pulp of some kind, but which the detective recognized as the outer layers of human skin, torn off during the struggle when the messenger's fingers were fighting to secure a hold upon his assailant!

Upon returning to Chicago, Pinkerton at once requested the officials of the road to have all the men employed on the train come to his office by one, to be interviewed. In like directed, was to be the last trial.

When Pitney, the brakeman, stated, Pinkerton did not omit the fact that he was dressed in an outfit which was distinctly above sphere in life. From the points of his glossy shoes to the top of his new derby, the brakeman had evidently treated himself to a brand-new wardrobe in honor of his interview with the famous detective. In spite of the fact that he had very little to say it was he who had discovered the robbery, but he had seen nothing of the man in the red mask, though Jameson's excited recital of the hold-up had caused him immediately to investigate the express car.

"That was just as we were pulling into Morris," concluded the brakeman, "and I gave a yell the minute I saw who they had done to Kellogg."

"That's what I wanted to talk to you about," said Pinkerton. "Sit down, won't you? And take off your coat. It's warm in here."

Gloves, too, he added, noting that they kept his hands covered.

After a moment's hesitation, the brakeman peeled off his new gloves, and Pinkerton had difficulty in containing a start of satisfaction. The backs of the man's hands were scamed and scored with a network of scratches!

"Been playing with the cat?" inquired Pinkerton casually.

"No, no," Pitney replied. "I got these handling a busted trunk a few nights ago," and then he launched into a description of his experiences on the night of the robbery. When he had finished, Pinkerton thanked him and bowed him out of the office, but the muffled buzz of a bell in the baggage car. Therefore, Jameson was in the game, too. The pair of them had framed up a most plausible story, which, if it hadn't been for the presence of skin under the dead messenger's nails, stood a good chance of being believed.

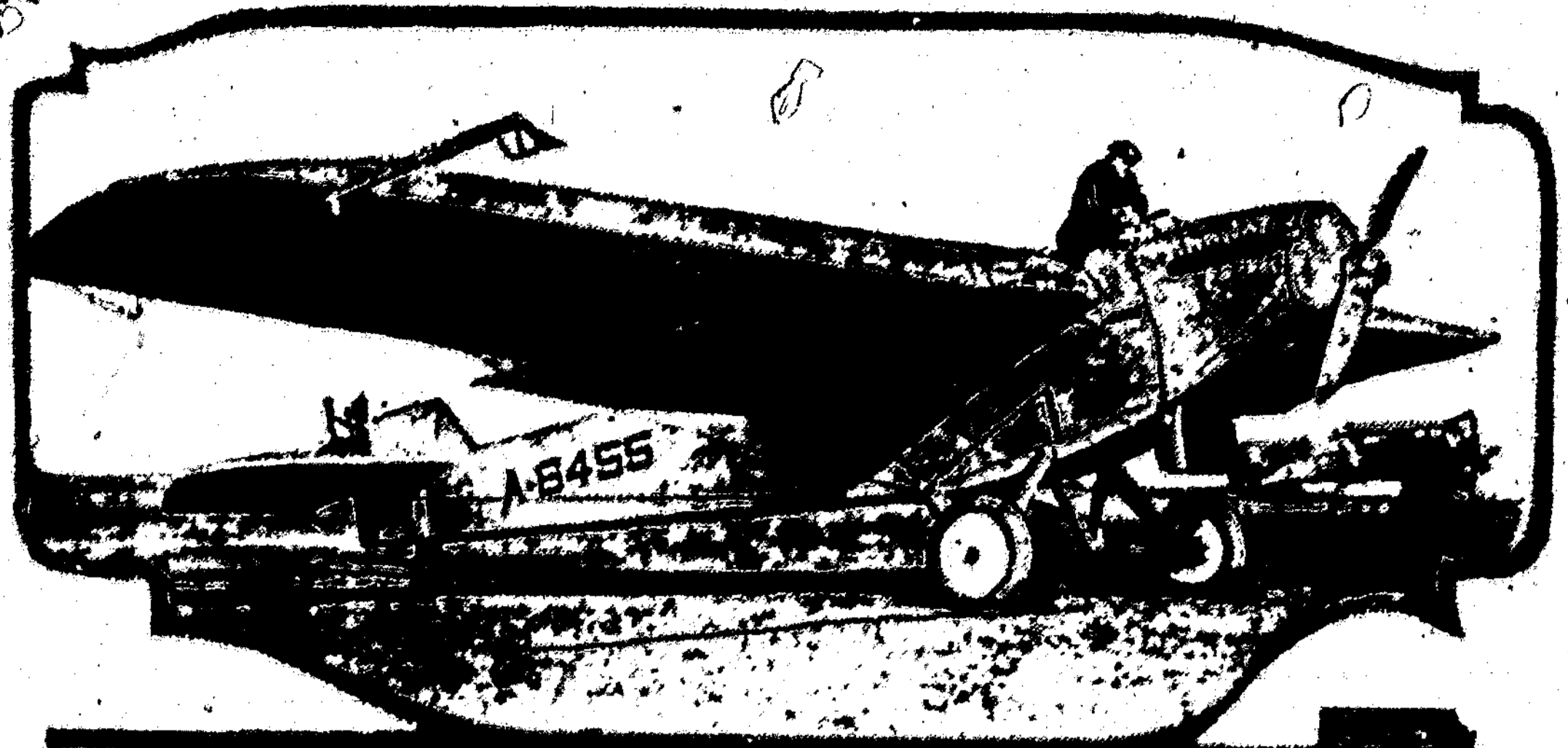
"All it was, my men," said Pinkerton, "until they got outside of Carrizozo, and then they were followed night and day."

"So far as I was concerned," Pinkerton said later, "the case ended there. The backs of Pitney's hands, coupled with the absence of foot-prints in the vicinity of the red mask—which proved that the job had been handled by someone on the train—gave the whole thing dead away. There had been no hold-up in the baggage car. Therefore, Jameson was in the game, too. The pair of them had framed up a most plausible story, which, if it hadn't been for the presence of skin under the dead messenger's nails, stood a good chance of being believed.

"All it was, my men," said Pinkerton, "until they got outside of Carrizozo, and then they were followed night and day."

CARDUI
 The Woman's Tonic

No "Blind Spots" on This New Plane of the Navy



This photograph shows a workman demonstrating the starting crank which makes unnecessary the dangerous operation of spinning the propeller on the navy's first all-metal flying machine, just completed and tested at Martin field, Cleveland, O. The machine is of necessity a monoplane to meet the navy requirements for observation purposes, and has no "blind spots." At no angle could an enemy plane approach without being observed by two members of the crew of three.

Menace of Auto Speeders Grows

Various Punishments Meted Out to Stop Steadily Mounting Toll of Victims.

JAIL SENTENCES EFFECTIVE

Digest of Reports From Middle Western States Shows Methods Being Employed to Check Evil—Fines \$2 Per Mile.

What do you think ought to be done to stop the slaughter by auto speeders?

Chicago.—Heavier fines, jail sentences and trips through morgues and hospitals to view the dead and injured victims of reckless automobilists are becoming effective in many parts of the Middle West to curb the steadily mounting toll of auto victims, a digest from the report of several states shows.

First alone, the reports indicate, are not proving effective. In Chicago and Cook county, despite increasingly heavy fines, the death toll in automobile accidents for the fiscal year ending November 30, was 736 lives, as compared with 600 last year and 542 the year before. There were 75 automobile deaths in November of this year.

Levellville, where 41 persons were and valid automobiles in the first of men months of the year, fines have been imposed, officials say. One police there imposes fines of \$2 for miles per hour on speeders, and jail sentences if the prisoner was arrested.

A successful campaign was launched at Detroit more than a year ago, when Judge Charles L. Bartlett began sending speeders to jail for terms of one to fifteen days. Among those sentenced was John Duval Dodge, wealthy young man, who served five days.

Recently speeding returned to Detroit and Judge Bartlett began conducting offenders through the morgues and hospitals to see the results of speeding. Arrests the week after the trips started dropped from 70 to 25.

Revoked Driver's Licenses.

In Cincinnati jail sentences have been revoked and in some cases driver's licenses revoked.

Cleveland, with 116 deaths and 2,880 injuries in traffic accidents up to the middle of November, is employing workhouse sentences and morgue and hospital visits, as well as fines. Six speeders were sentenced to attend the funeral of a forty-year-old victim of a speeder.

City Law Director Lambas proposes the speed of automobiles passing schools, playgrounds and churches be limited to ten miles an hour; that judges be authorized to revoke speeders' licenses; a wallopa signal sign.

tern for autolists stopping, turning or backing and that no one under eighteen years of age be permitted to drive in cities or under sixteen years of age on any road.

In Des Moines Police Chief John Hammond has ordered intoxicated drivers held without bail, while judges are adding jail sentences in many cases to heavy fines.

Judge George E. Mix of St. Louis, who assesses fines as high as \$300, has added a traffic law school to his court. Speeders who admit they know the traffic ordinances draw heavy fines. Those who do not are required to sit down between two policemen and study it. When they can recite the entire law to the judge they get a lighter fine.

In Indiana, the secretary of state has revoked autolists' licenses on recommendations of courts, and has promised to continue his co-operation, Judge Delbert Wilmet of the Indianapolis court has added jail sentences to fines of third convictions.

Imposes \$25 Fines.

Kansas City has had occasional heavy fines on jail sentences, but no continued campaign against speeders. Police take license numbers of traffic law violators and on the third violation a fine of \$25 is imposed.

Judge W. P. Wappick of Omaha takes groups of speeders to hospitals

In the police patrol to see their victims and then assess fines.

Judge Sylvester J. McAfee of San Francisco recently sentenced a speeder to sixty days in jail, and announced he would continue a drastic campaign against traffic law violators.

Oklahoma officials at Oklahoma City, Tulsa and Muskogee are warring on speeders. Twenty-two persons have been killed in Muskogee county and eleven in Oklahoma City this year. The worst offenders in Dallas are light commercial trucks, according to Judge P. D. Crawford. He assesses fines up to \$200.

FORTUNE FOR COURTESIES

Marjorie Rambeau, Actress, Check, Boy and 100 Others Share in \$250,000 Estate of Californian.

San Francisco.—Actresses, boot-blacks, waiters, physicians, judges and society women—in fact, everyone who left a good impression on the soul of a man who remembered little acts of kindness and courtesy—were beneficiaries in the will of the late Joseph Blagnio, whose \$250,000 estate was ordered distributed to 102 persons. Among them are Marjorie Rambeau, actress, who will receive \$1,400, and Harry Morgan, check boy in San Francisco, who gets \$700. Blagnio was a bachelor cityman. Many of the persons remembered in his will he saw only once in his lifetime.

First Sewing Machine.

The earliest attempt at sewing by machinery of which there is an authentic record was in 1755, in which year a machine was patented in England by C. F. Welsenthal.

ARID AREAS ARE BEING RECLAIMED

Government Bureau Adds 1,675,000 Acres in 20 Years.

Annual Report Gives Result of Twenty Years of Operation of Reclamation Act—Government Investment \$138,000,000.

Washington.—A 20-year review of government reclamation work is contained in the annual report for the fiscal year ended last June of Director Arthur P. Davis of the United States reclamation service of the Department of the Interior, as the 17th day of June, 1922, marked the completion of 20 years of operation of the national reclamation act.

The investment of the government during this period has been in round numbers—\$138,000,000, which has accomplished the construction of works by which about 1,675,000 acres of former arid land in the West has been furnished with a complete water supply and about 1,100,000 additional acres in private projects has received a supplemental supply. On government projects the area comprises 31,463 farms, at an average acre per farm of about fifty-three acres, supplying more than 30,000 families.

With the investment mentioned the service has excavated more than 200,

000,000 cubic yards of earth and rock, of which about 14,000,000 cubic yards have been placed in dams. Canals aggregating more than 13,000 miles have been built, including 27 miles of tunnels and 136 miles of flumes. Structures of all kinds and sizes, to the number of 110,000, have been erected in connection with the work.

Some of the large projects constructed are the Roosevelt dam in Arizona, which is 200 feet high; the Arrowrock dam in Idaho, 340 feet high; Elephant Butte dam in New Mexico, 300 feet high, and the Pathfinder and Shoshone dam in Wyoming, 218 and 328 feet high, respectively.

Reclamation work also included the erection of many other dams, canals and tunnels, flumes, drains, power plants, transmission, and telephone lines, roads, railroads, pumping plants and a variety of other classes of incidental work.

From an agricultural standpoint, the report said, the reclamation service has added another state to the Union, equal in value of its agricultural products to that of the state of West Virginia or the combined values of the crops of Vermont and Connecticut. The value of crops raised on farms on government projects in 1921 amounted to \$49,020,800, exclusive of about \$45,000,000 additional raised on private projects which were furnished water from works erected by the service.

This road does not wait for calls to arrive, but keeps all plows busy during a snowstorm.

Railroad men declare that the delay occasioned by snowstorms on main lines has become negligible, except in severe weather and terrific storms, but admit more work is necessary on the branch lines because of the inaccessibility of the plows. Some railroad officials are inclined to believe that the winters in the Northwest have been milder of recent years, while others declared the use of modern equipment has made it seem the weather had less effect on the railroads.

Many Children in Sixteen Years.

More than one-half of the gold mined every year is produced within

Panel Used on Back or Front

Everybody has awaited with interest the showing of new models for the winter by Madeleine Vionnet, wondering, as it were, if it would be possible for this artist to keep to her individual styles and still arrive at the much desired "something new." In her collection, writes a Paris fashion corres-



White Crepe de Chine Dinner Dress With Floating Panels at the Center Front and Back of the Skirt.

pondent in the New York Tribune, she again demonstrates her genius in obtaining maximum effect from minimum decoration.

Complicated cut with an ultimate line of great simplicity is still maintained. The flying panel, which she uses so much now, ornaments the middle of the back or the front of the dress and no longer appears on the sides. Sometimes it appears on both the front and back as in dinner dress. It is developed from white crepe de chine. A cabochon made of brilliant and pearls ornaments both the front and back of the dress at the waistline.

Generally speaking, sleeves are narrow, some of them being quite tight fitting; others are close at the shoulders and widen a little on the way down to the wrist. Some are cut very wide at the armhole and are so shaped as to snugly enclose the wrist.

A simple cloth dress from Vionnet has large, loose kimono sleeves cut in with the bodice. From the armholes to the waistline the sleeves are shaped to a close-fitting line at the wrist. The skirt is cut in the form of two large petals, one overlapping the other. A heavy embroidery in floral pattern is incrustated on the inside of the sleeves and a big flower of the cloth with its petals covered with embroidery in tones of green, blue and pink gives a rather daring touch of color.

Cape Collar in Jabot Form.

The wide square-cut handkerchief sleeve is again seen, with a small under-sleeve forming a semi-narrow cuff usually in contrasting color. The long, angel sleeve in modified form is also evident.

Vionnet has many little cape effects and curious cape collars which are a part of the sleeve or the back of the dress. A typical model of this sort has an interestingly cut jacket in short belted style and has a waistline shoulder caps which is a part of the tight-fitting, full-length sleeve. It is accompanied by a perfectly plain skirt. A novel feature is a white ermine collar in jabot form, which is in striking contrast to the black velvet.

A distinctly new feature is the jabot collar and frill, usually developed in fur. One finds this on tailor-made dresses, on fur coats and on afternoon dresses of crepe de chine and satin. Sometimes the jabot frill is so deep as to appear like a shoulder cape when turned down, but when up and draped around the neck it forms a frilly jabot-like collar.

A street dress of this character is in chemise form, developed in brick red velours de laine inset with diamond-shaped pieces of duvetyne in the same dull gray of the cape, which is of gray astrakhan.

Dancing Frocks Feature Petaled Skirt.

Another curious novelty is a shoulder extension in the shape of an enormous scarf, which, starting from the point where the shoulder seams might be, is a continuous cut from the front of the gown. These long ends hang over the back of the garment in swinging strands and about three-quarters of a yard wide and reach to the hem of the skirt. Sometimes these scarf ends are crossed at the back, in which case they form a sweeping collar and cape wrap.

There are not few of the unique and novel in work, and the most peculiarly appealing of them are the

has an inverted plait at the right side. At the left there is a scarflike continuation of a turned-over top which turns to form the girdle and ties at the left side with long, flowing ends. She works out the same idea in connection with a collar. Following a medium bateau outline, this straight band lies on one shoulder with long ends and loops.

Vionnet's colors are, first and foremost, beige in full gamut, with accompanying shades of reddish chestnut and golden browns. She still uses dull brick reds in both woollens for street suits and silks for afternoon dresses. There is very little black except for coats.

Her favorite for evening dresses is white. After that the lovely pervenche blue. She also uses vivid blue like that known as rol, or king's blue, though a shade paler. Red in faded tones like those seen in ancient Pompeian frescoes is favored. Green is less in evidence than it was in the spring.

Silk and Wool Combinations.

As for materials Vionnet uses chiefly in woolen the velours de laine in both plain and ribbed weaves and in solid color and melange. The latter gives somewhat the effect of a frizze, especially if the white illumination is obtained through the use of artificial silk, as it often is. This gives a sparkling fleck all through the dark woolen ground.

Crepe de chine and crepe remain for afternoon and evening are as much used as heretofore, also crepe satin. In the latter material she continues to use both surfaces, getting from the contrast of crepe and satin most desirable results. She uses some plain satin, a considerable amount of plain velvet and for evening fine tulle-like net and mousseline de soie.

The continuation of crepe de chine in great quantities bears striking evidence of the fact that fashions change slowly. So those who spend several years in bringing certain fabrics to the foreground have the compensation of knowing that a material, having once achieved success, is likely to retain its place for many years.

Vionnet was the first to introduce the simple crepe de chine dress with overlapping front in geometrical outline. She still retains this type, but now hands it in striking colors of two opposing tones. For instance, on a gray crepe de chine she may use bands of duck blue and pale salmon pink.

Beading, embroidery and jewel studdings have taken so firm a hold on present-day fashions that they ap-



Dress of Brick Red Velours de Laine in Chemise Form, Inset With Diamond Shaped Pieces of Duvetyne.

pear on materials even as elaborate as brocaded metallic cloths. For example, on an evening gown of blue and silver brocade there is an embroidery done in silver and crystal beads, which accentuates the pattern in the fabric. Tiny crystal and silver beads are massed to form a floral design on a dancing dress of mauve metallic cloth.

Gay Ribbon Girdles.

Street and afternoon frocks make liberal use of ribbon. It is a smart mode to trim a dark frock by hanging a panel of bright ribbon from the girdle at the front or back or at the sides. And there are as many girdles as there are frocks! Soft ribbon braided, twisted, banded—broad bands of ribbon neatly finished and ending at the sides in a fringe, or in a sweep of silken

As One Proceeds

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BECAUSE W. L. Douglas shoes are made by the best shoemakers in the world, and are made of the best materials, and are made in the best way.



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He Matters Where You Live. W. L. Douglas shoes are made in the best way, and are made of the best materials, and are made by the best shoemakers in the world.

"I was smoking my pipe when it came to me"

Which may, or may not, be a boost for Edgeworth

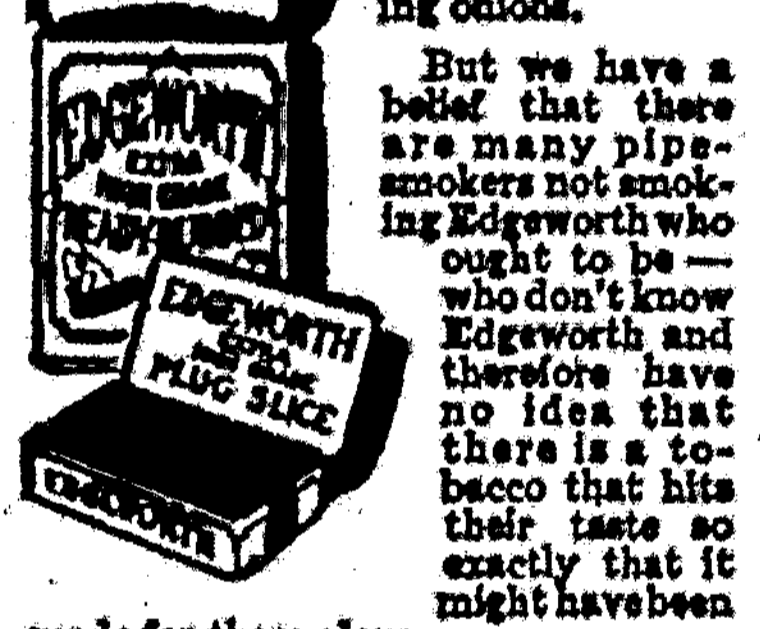
How many good ideas are born in a pipe of tobacco! There is something in the calm contentment of smoking a pipe that seems to open up the mind for new ideas.

A busy man, a thinker, whose brain is crisscrossed with a thousand impressions, and that smoking his pipe wipes out most of the confusion, and leaves his mind clear, so that the new idea, the inspiration, has a much better chance to make its impression—as if pipe-smoking wiped all the chalk-marks from the blackboard of the mind and invited new ideas, new thoughts, and creative plans to outline themselves thereon.

Lots of men get good ideas when shaving. Many more find their new ideas when puffing away at the pipe.

The right kind of tobacco is an important matter to a pipe-smoker—though, like breathing, he seldom thinks of it. Having settled on a certain brand, it becomes a habit to buy that. If the tobacco just suits his taste, it doesn't matter what its name is or what it costs—it becomes his tobacco.

Edgeworth suits many men. We presume there are some men who wouldn't like Edgeworth. It is a matter of individual taste—like eating onions.



But we have a belief that there are many pipe-smokers not smoking Edgeworth who ought to be—who don't know Edgeworth and therefore have no idea that there is a tobacco that hits their taste so exactly that it might have been made for them alone.

We want those men to try Edgeworth. We would like to hand them our pouch personally, but as that is impossible, we'll do what we can.

The makers of Edgeworth will send free samples to any pipe-smoker who will ask for them. Simply send a postal or a note asking for these free samples and they'll come to you by the first mail.

Edgeworth comes in two forms—Ready-Rubbed and Plug Slice. In either form it is a moist, fragrant tobacco that packs nicely, lights quickly and burns freely and evenly.

We can't promise that Edgeworth will make brilliant ideas come to you; but we are sure you will have a delightful smoke—and after all, that's all that good tobacco is supposed to give.

For free samples, address your postal or letter to Larus & Brother Company, 44 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va. If you will mention the name and address of the dealer from whom you usually buy your tobacco, your courtesy will be appreciated.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants—If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-ounce carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

Girls! Girls! Clear Your Skin With Cuticura

Father Was Ready. He—Do you think your father would be willing to help me in the future? She—Well, I heard him say he was like kicking you into the middle of next week.—London Tit-Bits.



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New guaranteed master and piston gears and axle shafts. A large stock of used parts. All priced right. The Western Auto & Parts Co., 1220 Curtis st. Phone Ch. 4819, Denver, Colo.

The Cross-Cut

By Courtney Ryley Cooper
Copyright by Little, Brown & Co.

CHAPTER XX
-16-

Quietly, as though nothing had happened, the three men went down the stairs, passed the sleeping night clerk, and headed back to the sheriff's office, where waited Anita and Harry, who had completed his last duties in regard to the chalky-faced Maurice Rodaine. The telephone rang. It was Denver. Mason picked up the receiver, then turned to his fellow officer.

"They've got Barnham. What's more, he had close to a million dollars in currency strapped around him. Guess we'd better stir up some horses now and chase along, hadn't we?"

"Yes, and get a gentle one for me," cautioned Harry.

"That goes for me, too," laughed Fairchild.

"And me—I like automobiles better," Anita was twisting her long hair into a braid, to be once more shoved under her cap. The start was made. A detour, then the tracks led the way to the Ohadi road, and behind them came the pursuers, heads down against the wind, horses snorting and coughing as they forced their way through the big drifts, each following one another for the protection it afforded. A long, silent, cold-gripped two hours—then finally the lights of Ohadi.

But even then the trail was not difficult. The little town was asleep; hardly a track showed in the streets beyond the hoofprints of a horse leading up the principal thoroughfare, and on out to the Georgeville road. Onward until before them was the bleak, rat-ridden old roadhouse which formed Laura's home, and a light was gleaming within.

Silently the pursuers dismounted and started forward, only to stop short. A scream had come to them, faint in the bluster of the storm, the racking scream of a woman in a tempest of anger. Suddenly the light seemed to bob about in the old house; it showed first at one window—then another—as though some one were running from room to room. Once two gaunt shadows stood forth—of a crouching man and a woman, one hand extended in the air, as she whirled the lamp before her for an instant and brought herself between its rays and those who watched.

Again the chase and then the scream, louder than ever, accompanied by streaking red flame which spread across the top floor like window spray. Shadows weaved before the windows, while the flames seemed to reach out and enwrap every portion of the upper floor. The staggering figure of a man with the blaze all about him was visible; then a woman who rushed past him. Gropping as though blinded, the burning form of the man weaved a moment before the window, clawing in a futile attempt to open it, the flames, which seemed to leap from every portion of his body, enveloping him. Slowly, a torch-like, stricken thing, he sank out of sight, and as the pursuers outside rushed forward, the figure of a woman appeared on the old veranda, half naked, shrieking, carrying something tightly locked in her arms, and plunged down the steps into the snow.

Fairchild, circling far to one side, caught her, and with all his strength resisted her squirming efforts until Harry and Bardwell had come to his assistance. It was Crazy Laura, the contents of her arms now showing in the light of the flames as they licked every window of the upper portion of the house—five heavy, sheepskin-bound books of the ledger type, wrapped tight in a grasp that not even Harry could loosen.

"Don't take them from me!" the insane woman screamed. "He tried it, didn't he? And where's he now—up there burning! He hit me—and I threw the lamp at him! He wanted my books—he wanted to take them away from me—but I wouldn't let him. And you can't have them—hear me—let go of my arm—let go!"

She bit at them. She twisted and butted them with her gray head. She screamed and squirmed—at last to weaken. Slowly Harry forced her arms aside and took from them their precious contents—whatever they might be. Grinsly old Sheriff Mason wrapped her in his coat and led her to a horse, there to force her to mount and ride with him into town. The house—with Squint Rodaine—was gone.

Back in the office of Sheriff Bardwell the books were opened, and Fairchild uttered an exclamation.

"Harry! Didn't she talk about her books at the coroner's inquest? See if there's any entry along early in July—about the time of the inquest!"

Bardwell turned the closely written pages. At last he stopped.

"Certified today at the inquest," he read. "I had. Roday made me. I never saw anybody quarrelling besides. I did it myself."

"What's she name?"

"The sheriff looked at the page, and then he said: 'That's the name of the woman who was killed. The immortal thing left me. I knew it would. Roday had come and told me to dig a grave and put it in there. I did. We filled it with quicklime. Then we went upstairs and it was gone. I do not understand it. If Roday wanted me to kill him, why didn't he say so? I will kill if Roday will be good to me. I've killed before for him.'"

"Still referring to somebody she's killed," cut in Anita. "I wonder if it could be possible—"

"I've just thought of the date!" Harry broke in excitedly. "It was along about June 7, 1902. I'm sure it was around there."

The old books were muffled over, one after the other. At last Bardwell leaned forward and pointed to a certain page.

"Here's an item under May 23. It says: 'Roday has been at me again! He wants me to fix things so that the three men in the Blue Poppy mine will get caught in there by a cave-in.' The sheriff looked up. 'This seems to read a little better than the other stuff. It's not so jagged. Don't guess she was as much off her nut then as she is now. Let's see. Where's the place? Oh, yes; 'If I'll help him, I can have half, and we'll live together again, and he'll be good to me and I can have the boy. I know what it's all about. He wants to get the mine without Sissie Larsen having anything to do with it. Sissie has cemented up the hole he drilled into the pay ore and hasn't told Fairchild about it, because he thinks Roday will go partner-ship with him and help him buy in. But Roday won't do it. He wants that extra money for me. He told me so. Roday is good to me sometimes. But that's when he wants me to do something. If he'll keep his promise I'll fix the mine so they won't get out.'"

"The poor old soul!" there was a sighing sympathy in Anita Richmond's voice. "I—I can't help it if she was willing to kill people. The poor old thing was crazy."

"Yes, and she's not so bloody near crazy too. Maybe there's a better entry."

"I'm coming to it. It's along in June. The date's blurred. Listen: I did what Roday wanted me to. I sneaked into the mine and planted dynamite in the timbers. I wanted to wait until the third man was there, but I couldn't. Fairchild and Larsen were fusing. Fairchild had learned about the hole and wanted to know what Larsen had found. Finally Larsen pulled a gun and shot Fairchild. He fell, and I knew he was dead. Then Larsen bent over him, and when he did I hit him on the head with a single-jack hammer. Then I set off the charge. Nobody ever will know how it happened unless they find the bullet or the gun. I don't care if they do. Roday wanted me to do it."

Fairchild started to speak, but the sheriff stopped him.

"Wait, here's another item: 'I failed. I didn't kill either of them. They got out somehow and drove out of town tonight. Roday is mad at me. He won't come near me. And I'm so lonesome for him!'"

"The explanation!" Fairchild almost shouted it as he seized the book and read it again. "Sheriff, I've got to make a confession. My father always thought that he had killed a man. Not that he told me—but I could guess it easily enough, from other things that happened. When he came to, he found a single-jack hammer lying beside him, and Larsen's body across him. Couldn't he naturally believe that he had killed him while in a daze? He was afraid of Rodaine—that Rodaine would get up a lynching party and string him up. Harry here and Mrs. Howard helped him out of town. And this is the explanation!"

Bardwell smiled quizzically.

"It looks like there's going to be a lot of explanations. What time was it when you were trapped in that mine, Harkins?"

"Along about the first of November."

The sheriff turned to the page. It was there—the story of Crazy Laura and her descent into the Blue Poppy mine, and again the charge of dynamite which wrecked the tunnel. With

a little sigh, Bardwell closed the book and looked out at the dawn, forcing its way through the blinding snow.

"Yes, I guess we'll find a lot of things in this old book," came at last. "But I think right now that the best thing any of us can find is a little sleep."

Rest—rest for five wearied persons, but the rest of contentment and peace. And late in the afternoon, three of them were gathered in the old-fashioned parlor of Mother Howard's boarding house, waiting for the return of that dignitary from a sudden mission upon which Anita Richmond had sent her, involving a trip to the old Richmond mansion. Harry turned away from his place at the window.

"The district attorney had a long talk with Barnham," he announced, "and he's figured out a way for all the stockholders in the Silver Queen to get what's coming to them. As it is, they're about a 'unered thousand short some'eres."

Fairchild looked up.

"What's the scheme?"

"To call a meeting of the stockholders and transfer all that money over to a special fund to buy Blue Poppy stock. We'll have to raise money anyway to work the mine like we ought to. And it'll cost something. You always 'ave to underwrite that sort of thing. I sort of like it, even if we'd 'ave to sell stock a little below par. It'd keep Ohadi from getting a bad name and all that."

"I think so, too," Anita Richmond laughed. "It suits me fine."

Fairchild looked down at her and smiled.

"I guess that's the answer," he said. "Of course that doesn't include the Rodaine stock. In other words, we give a lot of disappointed stockholders par value for about ninety cents on the dollar. But Farrell can look after all that. He's got to have something to keep him busy as attorney for the company."

A step on the veranda, and Mother Howard entered, a package under her arm, which she placed in Anita's lap. The girl looked up at the man who stood beside her.

"I promised," she said, "that I'd tell you about the Denver road."

He leaned close.

"That isn't all you promised—just before I left you this morning," came his whispered voice, and Harry, at the window, doubled in laughter.

"Why didn't you speak it all out?" he gurgled, "I heard every word."

Anita's eyes snapped.

"Well, I don't guess that's any worse than me standing behind the folding doors listening to you and Mother Howard gushing like a couple of sick doves!"

"That 'olds me," announced Harry. "That 'olds me, I ain't got a word to say!"

Anita laughed.

"Persons who live in glass houses, you know. But about this explanation. I'm going to ask a hypothetical question. Suppose you and your family were in the clutches of persons who were always trying to get you into a position where you'd be more at their mercy. And suppose an old friend of the family wanted to make the family a present and called up from Denver for you to come on down and get it—not for yourself, but just to have around in case of need. Then suppose you went to Denver, got the valuable present and then, just as you were getting up speed to make the first grade of Lookout, you heard a shot behind you and looked around to see the sheriff coming. And if he caught you, it'd mean a lot of worry and the worst kind of gossip, and maybe you'd have to go to jail for breaking laws and everything like that? In a case of that kind, what'd you do?"

"Run to heat bloody 'ell!" blurted out Harry.

"And that's just what she did," added Fairchild. "I know because I saw her."

Anita was unwrapping the package. "And, seeing that I did run," she added with a laugh, "and got away with it, who would like to share in what remains of one beautiful bottle of Manhattan cocktails?"

There was not one dissenting voice!

[THE END]

not allied. The immortal thing left me. I knew it would. Roday had come and told me to dig a grave and put it in there. I did. We filled it with quicklime. Then we went upstairs and it was gone. I do not understand it. If Roday wanted me to kill him, why didn't he say so? I will kill if Roday will be good to me. I've killed before for him."

"Still referring to somebody she's killed," cut in Anita. "I wonder if it could be possible—"

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The KITCHEN CABINET

(10, 1122, Western Newspaper Union.)

If you want to live in a kind of a town Like the kind of a town you like, You needn't slip your clothes in a grip And start on a long, long hike.

You'll only find what you left behind. For there's nothing that's really new: It's a knock at yourself when you knock your town.

EVERYDAY GOOD THINGS

Those who have plenty of honey like to use it in cookery as the product keeps moist much longer than that made with sugar.

Honey Cakes.—Melt one-fourth of a cupful of butter and add one cupful of strained honey. Cool and add the grated rind of a lemon, one teaspoonful of lemon juice, two ounces of sweet almonds blanched and chopped fine, one-fourth teaspoonful of mace, one-half teaspoonful of soda and two and one-half cupfuls of flour. Mix thoroughly, then set aside, covered, in a cool place for twelve hours. Roll in a sheet one-half inch thick, cut in squares and bake twenty minutes in a moderate oven. When baked brush over the tops with a thick sugar sirup.

Apricot Cake.—Grate one-fourth of a cake of chocolate, take one-half cupful of milk and the yolk of an egg. Cook together until thick. Allow this to cool, then add a tablespoonful of softened butter, one cupful of sugar, one-half cupful of milk, one teaspoonful of vanilla, one and one-half cupfuls of flour and a teaspoonful of baking powder. Add one-half teaspoonful of soda to the flour. Mix and bake in layer cake pans. Spread with stowed, sifted, dried, or canned apricots. Cover the cake with a boiled frosting.

Barbecued Ham.—Have the ham cut very thin and broil quickly or pan broil it. Arrange on a hot platter and add to the fat in the pan a teaspoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of made mustard, a dash of red pepper and four tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Stir until bubbling hot, then pour over the ham and serve.

Cottage Cheese Salad.—Take one cupful of cottage cheese, add one-half cupful of whipped cream to which two tablespoonfuls of any good salad dressing have been added. Stir and mix well into the cheese. Mold or press into cone-shaped forms with an ice cream dipper and serve on lettuce with a little of the salad dressing on top.

Merchant Now Eats Anything on Table

"By the help of Tanlac I have overcome a case of nervous indigestion I had suffered from for ten or twelve years," is the emphatic statement of Norman W. Brown, well-known wall paper and paint dealer, of 213 N. Cedar St., Charlotte, N. C.

"My stomach was always out of fix and everything disagreed with me. I was troubled with heartburn and distension, and at times there was a pressure of gas around my heart that almost cut off my breath.

"Since taking Tanlac my digestion is fine. My appetite is a wonder and I eat just anything I want. In fact, my stomach acts and feels just like a new one and my nerves are as steady as a die. To put it all in a few words, I am just the same as a new man. It's a pleasure for me to tell my friends about Tanlac."

Tanlac is sold by all good druggists.—Advertisement.

Not There.

"Philosophers are plentiful."

"You never run across one in the waiting room of a dentist."

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denoting fifty years of membership was presented to J. Jacobs by Damon Lodge, of Pythias at Laramie, Wyo.

Arbuckle Reinstated.
Angeles, Calif.—Roscoe Arbuckle motion picture comedian, has a picture and he may work for her he comes back to the coupled is now distinct-ly and to the Ameri- the gist of a series of out here by Will H. 12 Child motion picture in- Lasky, of the com- distributed the Ar- Joseph Schenck, employ Arbuckle, himself.

Men's Mo- w increase. Excepti of crop values bers of the nation and wor 100,000,000 more \$1 year, Secretary G. Wallace said lace said that as of other things, 32.35 farme is much being reduced, he are buying more of this year's need.

and G. for Roscoe. W. I. M. the service the pe- being

EARLY SETTLER VERY POMPOUS

Pioneer Colonist in America Seemed to Lack the Saving Sense of Humor.

A persistent respect for the pomps and vanities of feudalism with its distinction of classes and its conventions of respectful observance was held by the early settlers in the American wilderness. They showed a curious lack of saving sense of humor. When the settlement at Jamestown was being made, Sir Thomas Gates, on returning his authority, had a scabbard and a sword in his hand as an emblem of his authority.

Not a Laxative

Nujol is a lubricant—not a medicine or laxative—so cannot gripe.

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GOOD THINGS AND LEFTOVERS

A very dainty patty or meat ball may be prepared as follows: Take one cupful each of finely minced ham, mashed potato and bread crumbs and one tablespoonful of milk mixed with a teaspoonful of dry mustard. Form into balls, roll in crumbs, dip in egg and fry in deep fat.

Curried Chicken.—Season a cupful or two of boiled rice with melted butter and a teaspoonful of curry powder. Arrange a baking dish with alternate layers of minced chicken and the rice with some chicken gravy. Have the rice at the bottom and on the top of the dish with a layer of chicken between. Dot with butter and put into a moderate oven to become thoroughly hot.

Shepherd's Pie.—Butter a small bread pan and line the bottom and sides with seasoned mashed potato. Fill with any cooked meat or fowl and cover with the mashed potato. Bake until the potato is brown, turn out and serve on a hot platter garnished with parsley.

Coconut Pie.—Take one cupful of milk, two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, one-half cupful of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of lemon extract, the whites of four eggs. Put the milk into a double boiler and when boiling add one box of shredded coconut and the cornstarch mixed with a little cold milk. Stir until well cooked. Add half of the beaten whites. Fill a baked shell with the mixture and cover with a meringue made of the remaining whites. Return to the oven and brown.

Oatmeal Gems.—Soak two cupfuls of rolled oats over night in one and three-quarters cupfuls of sour milk. Add one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of salt, one-half cupful of light brown sugar, one cupful of flour and two well-beaten eggs. Dissolve the soda in a little hot water. Mix and bake in hot, well buttered gem pans in a hot oven twenty-five minutes.

Beet Relish.—Chop cooked beets to make a quart; add one quart of chopped cabbage, one cupful of grated horseradish, two cupfuls of sugar, one tablespoonful of salt, and vinegar to moisten thoroughly. This is a good relish to serve with fish.

Guinea hens in casserole are fine eating. Stuff with seasoned mushrooms and cook with carrot and button onions for an hour and a half, well covered. Add potato balls the last half-hour.

TOO LATE

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