

CARRIZOZO OUTLOOK

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THE GOSSIPY WORLD

"They say" and "Have you heard" Cause much Strife in this World

RUINS CAREERS AND HOMES

The Pictorial Review in the July issue prints a special Editorial on Gossip and it is so good we are reprinting it for our readers.

"They say" "Have you heard?" Two wee phrases! Five short words! But they have done more damage than all the rest of the dictionary rolled together! They have wrecked homes and broken hearts. They have ruined promising careers and thrown business firms into bankruptcy. They have disrupted churches and plunged old friends into bitter legal fights. They have driven men to drink and women to insanity. They have robbed innocent little children of their parents and sent young girls, broken hearted and unwedded, to their graves. They have turned merely foolish girls into wicked ones and they have sent innocent men to prison. And they belong particularly to the vocabulary of women. They are peculiarly the weapons of the so-called gentler sex.

"Marshal Briggs arrested Jim Jones for beating his wife," remarks a man to the circle of loungers in the post-office. And it is so. Jim Jones is tried and fined in open court. This is not gossip. It is a plain, brutal statement of fact.

"Have you heard that Mrs. Blank has left her husband?" inquires Mrs. Meddlesome at the Sewing Circle. "They do say he treats her something awful. Last night coming home from prayer meeting my Mary heard her carrying on fearfully, and this morning I saw her, bag in hand, hurrying for the 7:40 train. They say she's gone back to her folks."

And so Tom Blank, silent, perhaps even surly, but adored by his understanding wife, acquires a reputation for cruelty, when in reality Mrs. Blank was "carrying on" over a telegram announcing the death of her favorite sister. In her grief she had forgotten to announce to her curious neighbors that she was going home to the funeral.

Had the meddlesome and imaginative mother of Mary, the eavesdropper, been pinned down to facts, she must have admitted that no one had said that he treated his wife illy. The entire story was built on the imagination and sensational tastes of a gossip-monger, innocent, if surely, Mr. Blank wonders why his neighbors look at him coldly in his hour of loneliness. When Mrs. Blank returns she must add to the burden of her grief that of denying an ugly story about her home life.

All this does not mean that men are devoid of curiosity or malice, only that they have a more direct and a safer way of satisfying both. They go after facts. Men do gossip, but they repeat what they know. Women take a chance on repeating the little they have seen, plus the much they have heard, and color the result with a thick application of imagination. Men rarely use the phrase, "They say." Rather it is, "Brown told me." And then Brown is held responsible for the rumor or the statement. Men may be curious about the doing of their neighbors or what goes on in the offices and stores of their competitors, but they also have a wholesome respect for scandal and libel laws, and a simple and practical way of demanding facts concerning current stories.

The story which is built on facts, or the bits of gossip which is true, but true, will not work an injustice

nor injure the innocent. But the tale prefaced by the little phrase, "They say," is reasonably sure to drag some guiltless party through the mire of scandal and suffering.

Without doubt the smaller the town and the narrower the lives and interests of its women the wider and more slimy the stream of gossip which flows through it. Human nature demands expression. Those who are absorbed in their tasks, whether these be home-making, portraiture or stenography, find expression in that work. It becomes the fundamental theme for all conversation, and from it rise other themes of an impersonal and liberal nature. Even women who have only social ambitions have little time for gossip. Social progress is their profession. Pettiness and personal gossip would bar their progress because they would prove the social climber unfit to sit in the presence of the socially select. Women big enough to lead and direct a social set or circle are too big to indulge in personalities.

But when women are not absorbed in their work, when housework is drudgery, not a profession, when there is neither social nor professional ambition to spur the intellect, they seem to find but one avenue for expression, and that is gossip concerning the intimate affairs of their neighbors. To such women the price which a neighbor pays for her hat is of more importance than the discovery of a tuberculosis serum. To the insatiable gossip the indiscrete embrace exchanged by a pair of lovers not yet ready to announce their engagement looms up more hideously than the European war shadow. What matter if kingdoms rise and wane, if the revision of the tariff is under way, if a scientist discovers the method for transmitting pig-iron into gold? "They say" that Henry Durant met Clara Briggs, Judge Holcombe's good looking, red-haired stenographer, over in Bridgeport and treated her to ice cream in a swell restaurant. And just think of his pretty wife and two babies waiting for him at home all the while. To be sure there were electric fans in the restaurant where Henry Durant and Miss Briggs sat laughing and chatting openly in the main aisle, but every one knows how pleasant it is to meet some one from your home town when you're in a large, strange city. But then "they say" that once before Durant had walked home with the girl and had been seen bending over her desk in the Judge's office.

The afternoon card club whispers the story between games. The Ladies' Aid Society tucks, "They say" and "Have you heard?" along with half worn clothing and mended toys into the Missionary's barrel. Mrs. Brown, who never goes to see bedridden Jennie Eustis except when her lips are dripping a choice bit of scandal, can hardly wait until her dishes are finished to hasten across lots and dart into the Eustis' back door.

"They say" and "Have you heard?" carry the story forward until it rolls, like a huge snowball besmirched with the mud of ugly insinuation, to the front door of her who must suffer most deeply, Henry Durant's wife. Distrust, suspicion, jealousy and angry scenes follow. The husband tries to explain, the wife tries to believe, but all around her ring the echoes of "They say" and "Have you heard?" In time her suspicions and their bitter quarrels bring about the inevitable result. She goes home for a "visit," leaving her proud but defenseless husband to face the gossip alone. Hurt by his wife's lack of faith in him, infuriated by the gossip he cannot stem, he sees in the girl who once had no attraction for him, who was but a casual fellow-worker, a fellow-sufferer

JULY THE FOURTH HERE

Many Persons Leave Here for the Celebration at White Oaks Today

PROMISES TO BE A BIG TIME

Today, the Fourth of July is being fittingly celebrated by the people of Lincoln County by a large barbecue and demonstration at White Oaks which promises to be a notable affair. The White Oaks people have made every preparation for the comfort and entertainment of the visitors and it is expected that there will be present, representatives from many points. El Paso, Roswell and the Ruidosa have even asked for accommodations.

Governor W. C. McDonald will be the orator of the day and all the usual sports and contests will be held including a double header ball game.

MURDER AT HONDO

Jim Jones, aged about 35 years, just after sitting down to supper with his wife at his ranch home near Hondo, Monday night, was shot in the back and almost instantly killed. The Sheriff, Porfirio Chavez, looked into the matter at once, with the result that a person named Dan Jackson, a partner of Mr. Jones, was arrested and is in the Lincoln jail as is Mrs. Jones the wife. It is said the arrest of Jackson followed the finding of a rifle which had been hidden near the ranch.

Jones is a comparatively new comer in the county, coming here from San Angelo, Texas.

CARRIZOZO TO HAVE STREETS

The committee recently authorized by the county Good Roads Commission this week entered into a contract with Thos Keelm and sons for the grading and repair of two of the main streets of the town. Fourth Street, from the Post office to a point below the Baptist Church will be made a good street by this work as will El Paso avenue (which fronts the depot). New culverts, crossings and careful grade is to be put in and the work is to commence next Tuesday morning.

This is the first work to be done in Carrizozo in many moons and is enthusiastically welcomed by the local citizens. The committee states that they expect to do other work also as soon as possible and it is likely that Alamogordo Avenue and Main Street will be the next two streets to be put in repair. The worst streets were picked for the first work.

er who is to be considered. And from consideration springs the fatal pity and sex-attraction. A shattered home, unfathered children, a hasty divorce, an impulsive second marriage and for all concerned lifelong misery—all because a host of "They say" and "Have you heard?" drove these three unfortunate creatures to desperation.

More and more does the world recognize the power of thought to influence the actions of those over whom it is held. Gossip is evil thought emphasized. It implants ideas in minds where no such thoughts existed, no such desires lodged.

PARSONS PICKINGS

Mrs. Wells was a guest of Mrs. T. J. Grafton Monday.

Mrs. T. J. Grafton is on the sick list this week.

Mr. Avant of the Ruidosa was a visitor on the Bonito one day this week.

W. G. Wells and T. J. Grafton have gone to Carrizozo on business this week.

Little Dorothy Smith of Fort Stanton has been visiting little Alice Weber this week.

M. L. McReynolds was in Captain this week after supplies for the community.

The worst storm of the season occurred here last Saturday. The rain came down in torrents and tore deep gulleys through the freshly plowed fields.

Dr. and Mrs. Smith of Fort Stanton and guests, Miss Alice Tucker of Berkeley, Calif. and Miss Laura Thomas of Roswell, together with Dr. Lanza, spent several days at Parsons as the guests of J. M. Rice and family.

Luther Jennings has returned from the Ruidosa. While he was away his sons found another bear in one of their traps. The bear was too poor to make good meat, but he had a fine hide which the boys are now offering for sale.

Mrs. A. T. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Weber and daughter, Alice, the Misses Rice and their guests from Fort Stanton spent a very pleasant day at the old picnic grounds above the old Crockett place.

MRS. PFINGSTEN DEAD

Mrs. Sophia Pfingsten died in an El Paso hospital last Friday after an unsuccessful operation. Mrs. Sophia Pfingsten was the mother of seven children six of which survive her and live in Lincoln county. Mr. and Mrs. Pfingsten came to the county over 25 years ago and settled on the Bonito. A number of years ago Mr. Pfingsten died and Mrs. Pfingsten reared the large family all of whom are prominent in the county's affairs at this time.

The body was brought to Carrizozo on Saturday where Mrs. Pfingsten had lived in recent years and was then taken on Sunday to the old home place near Angus for burial. Rev. Campbell of the M. E. Church of Carrizozo officiating.

The deceased is survived by three sons, Ed, Fred and Albert and three daughters, Mrs. Willis High tower, Mrs. Chas. Cragg and Mrs. Robert Burns.

Mrs. Pfingsten was a refined, highly respected mother and loved by all who knew her, and the sympathy of the people goes out to the children in their bereavement.

—W. W. Christenberry is sporting a new motor cycle.

—Lou Jenkins is up from El Paso preparing to ship cattle.

—Mrs. Ray Lemons was down this week from White Oaks arranging for quarters here. The Lemons family will move down next week and Mr. Lemons will be connected with the Carrizozo Trading Co.

—The Carrizozo Commercial Club met at the office of Harvey & Chase on Wednesday and informally took up a number of matters, including the formation of a county fair association. The committee on incorporation had not received all the information desired as yet and were not ready to report. The president, A. J. Rolland, has called another meeting for Saturday evening, July 12, at which time several important matters will be disposed of.

FARM IS PROGRESSING

Carrizozo Experimental Farm Looks as if it were to be a Great Success

NEW ENGINE NOW INSTALLED

From the outlook of the Experimental Farm the success of the demonstration adventure by the people of Carrizozo seems assured.

The engine for pumping purposes arrived this week and has been put in place by W. L. Gumm and is proving quite a success as a pump. Most of the crop has broken through the ground and is growing at a rapid rate.

The new cement tank is worth making a trip a long way to see. It is constructed in a very substantial manner and is probably the best tank in the country. The only difficulty will be keeping the boys from swimming in it. It will hold 24,000 gallons and can easily be filled in fifty-two hours of pumping.

The committee in charge of the work are to be complimented on the efficient manner in which they have caused the work at the farm to be accomplished. They report that of the \$1000 note recently borrowed to install the machinery, etc., there remains only about \$500 to be paid back.

JICARILLA NOTES

Ed. Tabert spent Monday cultivating his potato patch on which he expects to keep a good harvest this fall.

The work on the Sallie Dear group continues to prove every day more definitely the immense size and richness of its ore bodies.

Ed. Fox is very highly pleased with the result obtained by his recent work on the Honey Bee. It is said that he has struck some very fine ore.

C. C. Hedges is also busily at work on the Helen Rose. Mr. Hedges has five men constantly employed on the property mentioned. Active work is being pushed by J. E. Collard and Co. on the "Last Chance."

Mr. Franklin is expecting the arrival of four Chicago capitalists by July 15th; two of the gentlemen are interested in the Revenue and it is thought that they will decide upon erecting a large milling plant on the Revenue property before returning east. The other two gentlemen are coming with the intention of investing in Jicarilla property if suitable property can be found at the right prices.

Jicarilla was never more flourishing than at present. All the able bodied men who want work are employed. Some are employed taking out ore on the "Sallie Dear," others are busily engaged putting the finishing touches on the mill, which is expected will start grinding Sallie's ore by July 10th. Among those employed by Mr. Franklin are Ed. Fox, W. E. McBrayer, Dan Dawson, J. A. Hayes, B. Brooking, J. E. Collard, G. J. Weigher and others.

—Every conveyance in town will be in use on the 4th and more will be in demand from the present view of things. Most everyone seems to be going to White Oaks.

—The little baby of Mr. and Mrs. Curt Leo died at the Commercial Hotel on Wednesday and was buried at the Evergreen cemetery.

CARRIZO OUTLOOK

Lee M. Chase, Editor and Publisher.

CARRIZO NEW MEXICO

Just what does the "slash" skirt prove?

Baseball is a good game, provided your team wins occasionally.

Also our notion of a useless occupation is that of raising artichokes.

In the barber's strike riots in New York revolvers were employed. Next!

If all jokes were judged by points, a big bunch of them would score minus zero.

Another much needed invention is a golf ball that will whistle whenever it is lost.

The silk hat has survived a century. But the green one—a few months should suffice.

When the Balkan states feel like borrowing \$1,000,000,000, what does Turkey feel like?

The dollars are flowing in for turtle serum, but where are the absolute proofs of worth?

If is our notion, however, that the world needs simplified talking more than simplified spelling.

Los Angeles has two lady "coppers" and it is said to be quite a sensation to be pinched by one of them.

After all, why correct the proof even if the compositor does set it up vulgar instead of Bulgar styles.

What a comfort it would be if mosquitoes were as fastidious as are rainbow trout in the matter of biting.

'Twas a mean man who insinuated that at a suffragette meeting he not only heard plain things but saw 'em.

Pickpockets may conclude to plead that in this day of empty purses and dollar watches they earn what they get.

They say that the taste for Manila cigars can be cultivated. Anybody who likes artichokes ought to believe it.

When unnecessary noise is abolished the picture of a messenger boy looking at an automobile horn will be pathetic.

What has become of the man who used to eat strawberry shortcake all the time and then wonder what ailed his system?

Irrespective of currency reform, there should be dough for everybody soon. The winter wheat crop has the best of prospects.

An advance of \$5 a foot is announced in the price of show snakes. But an advance in the price of the bar room kind would be better.

This country has imported \$16,000,000 worth of gems since the first of the present year. Somebody must be trying to square himself with his wife.

The strength with which a man wields a piece of bamboo depends upon whether said bamboo is a component part of a carpet beater or a fishing rod.

The statement made that a woman saw a soul passing from a dying relative's lips is received by scientists with skepticism. Even were such a thing allowed to be possible there are so many souls so small as to be invisible under any circumstances.

"How long since you have seen a woman darning a pair of socks?" asks the Cincinnati Enquirer, thus offering an admirable topic for the historical societies.

The new British ambassador is reported to be a baseball fan, which may prove even more influential than proficiency on the tennis court or the golfing green.

That all potato ears must be heated in water in the markets of the interstate commerce commission. There must be a society for the prevention of greediness to the potato.

The blasting at Panama is killing the sea serpent. This will not do. At least one of the sacred traditions of ages must be preserved from the commercial iconoclasts of the age.

You remember, don't you, that Guatemala borrowed \$1,000,000 from Great Britain in 1907? Well, Great Britain is unnecessary enough to think it is time for Guatemala to thank us, and is beginning to be unpleasant about it.

SMART LINEN FROCKS

INDISPENSABLE PART OF THE SUMMER EQUIPMENT.

Outing Season is at Hand and Outfits Are Being Carefully Planned—White Serge is Very Popular.

The seashore season is at hand, and outfits for the beach resorts are being carefully planned, unless they are ready and waiting for use. What one needs, depends, of course, upon the character of the resort chosen. A fashionable hotel means one thing; a cottage life at a popular resort means another, and informal shore life is still another proposition. But the or-



White Serge Suit.

inary seashore equipment means at least provision for morning dress on beach or veranda, bathing dress, afternoon frocks for casino visits, bridge, etc.; evening frocks for dinner and dancing and attire for whatever sports art on the program.

For either a shore resort or yachting, white serge is indispensable, and two or three frocks of light-weight serge in white, and white striped in black, will be found exceedingly useful if one can afford to have them. The expense need not be great, either, for delightful things of this sort are to be had ready made at very reasonable prices, and so little material is needed for one of the chic, but simple one-piece frocks that if made by the home dressmaker, the cost will be slight, indeed.

As a general thing, one will get better value in the inexpensive, ready-made frock than in the home-made one, though the quality of the materials may be in the store frock inferior. But if one is willing to pay a fair price, either the white serge frock or the white serge suit may be satisfactorily obtained in the shops.

The white serge suit or frock may be made up on severely tailored lines or in dressier semi-tailored fashions, trimmings of lace appearing in the shape of collar or sleeve trims. A chic little suit of white serge was recently had on a shopping and depended entirely upon the mood for style. The jaunty coat was buttoned at the front with a simple button above the waistline. The front slanted at a sharp angle toward the back. There were long narrow revers and farback ends of the material. The skirt front was fastened in the hip-overs part at the bottom with three buttons.

A supply of big one-piece frocks of this nature or known should be included in every summer outfit, and such frocks are to be had at surprisingly low prices, if one buys them ready made. Or they may be made up at even smaller expense by the amateur seamstress, with the aid of a good pattern.

There are many charming little evening frocks of marquisette in evidence this season, and the white ones

most-embroidered or lace-trimmed make excellent substitutes for lingerie frocks of linens and batiste and do not crumple so easily.

Charmeuse, crepes and similar silk ensembles make exceedingly useful afternoon frocks for seashore wear, and foulards are the most serviceable of all. The white frocks in these fabrics are tremendously popular, particularly the one-piece simple style, which is suitable for the most informal afternoon wear, yet dressy enough for a hotel or casino dinner or evening toilettes.

MARY DEAN.

POINTERS ABOUT THE HAIR

Cleanliness is Most Important Factor in Keeping Scalp and Hair in Healthy Condition.

Some doctors say it is nerves that are killing American women's hair so that they have to purchase an extra supply. To a certain extent the nerves are greatly responsible for many disturbances of the whole system. Sudden emotions create sudden shocks which naturally strike the weakest part of the body. I am of the firm belief, however, that a great deal of hair is destroyed by dust.

It is always advisable to shake the hair well after a long auto run. If possible, brush and lift the hair by tossing it about out in the open air. If this treatment is followed by a vigorous brushing it will do the hair a world of good.

Use a soft brush and brush at the edges of the hair well. This removes the dust, which is more or less gritty, from killing off all the new hairs that are growing along the edges and prevents the old ones from breaking and making scolding locks. And it helps to preserve the hair lines. When this is broken and in bad shape the contour of the face is spoiled. All artists claim that a woman's hair is the frame of her face—the picture—and whether the hair is worn plain or dressed elaborately the entire effect is spoiled if the hair line is broken.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

SLEEPING SCREEN IS HANDY

is an Excellent Substitute for the Stand When Space Will Not Permit the Latter.

A small bedroom stand, on which matches, candlesticks and one's watch are within ready reach during the night, must sometimes be omitted from the tiny apartment house bedroom, already filled by bed, dresser and the necessary chair. An excellent substitute for the convenient stand is a small cretonne covered screen, provided with pockets in which necessary articles may be tucked away. Such a screen may be made from a small clothes horse, such as is sometimes used in the nursery; or, if there is a direct draught on the bed from a window the screen may be a trifle higher—just high enough to protect the head of the sleeper without keeping out the air.

Cover the screen with cretonne matching the hangings of the bedroom, first treating the wood to a coat of white enamel. The pockets are attached to the inner side and in them may be tucked one's bedroom slippers, a small electric flashlight, a box of safety matches, a handkerchief or other things that may be needed during the night, such as sleeping powder, a package of crackers for the victim of insomnia or the thermos bottle holding a baby's milk. One woman who owns such screen slips her purse and her "transformations" into a pocket the last thing before retiring, so that these indispensable belongings may be ready to hand "in case of fire in the night."

SUMMER NEGLIGEE.



Most women are making up the summer negligee now before hot weather really sets in. The captivating kamooche gown is of pale blue tulle with a short waisted bodice of allover embroidery. A mesh of lace ribbons runs through a beading just below the bust line.

GOOD JOKES

CAUSE FOR DISGUST.

The christening party consisted of the proud father, the baby—a girl—the grandfather and the rest of the folks. The grandfather stood nearest the priest during the ceremony. "What's the child's name?" asked the priest of the grandfather at the appropriate moment. "Luduno," the grandfather replied. And he turned to the father and whispered hoarsely: "What's its name?" "Hazel," replied the father. "What?" asked the grandfather. "Hazel," repeated the father. The grandfather threw up his hands in disgust. "What d'ye think ay that?" he asked the priest. "With the calendar ay the saints full ay gurril names—an' him namin' his after a nut!"—Saturday Evening Post.

His Willing Tribute.

"Judge, we are getting up a little book, to be made up, for the most part, of voluntary testimonials from distinguished citizens who honor us by carrying their life insurance in our company. We shall be very glad to have one from you. Would you mind telling me in a few words how you came to insure with us?" "Not at all, sir. Your agent was hounding me nearly to death. For six weeks he had made my life a burden. I gave him my application for life insurance just to get rid of him."

GREAT FAVOR.



Mrs. Farmer—If I give you a meal what will you do for me?
Weary Willie—Well, mum, I'll let you name de baby after me!

Tragedies Told in Headlines.
"Husband Tried to Wash Dinner Dishes; Smashes \$47 Worth of China."
"Candidate for Initiation Thinks Ceremony Too Rough; He Makes a Wreck of Lodge Room."
"Ballplayer Whose Sweetheart Is Watching Him From Grand Stand Becomes Nervous; Loses Game."
"Gay Lothario Weds in Hasten; Finds He Has Married Widow With Seven Children."
"Man Who Has Sworn Off From Smoking Wins Six Boxes of Cigars at Raffle."

Investigating for Himself.
It was in the suburbs.
"Sir, why are you climbing all these trees?"
"Well, I'm a retired business man, just retired."
"Yes."
"Been reading poetry all my life and taking their statements on trust. I don't like to take anything on trust. Poets have always given me to understand that there are no birds in last year's nests. Now I'm climbing a few trees to ascertain if this statement is strictly true."

JUST REWARD.



Weary Willie—Dat's de worst pie I ever tasted.
Mrs. Jones—Wait just a minute and I'll give you a dollar. That pie was baked by my husband's mother.

HOT ONE.



The Chap—Your refusal of me has broken my heart.
The Heiress—I'm truly sorry. Is there nothing I can do except marry you?
The Chap—No, but if you could lend me a couple of hundred thousand I might feel that I had only half lost you.

In London.

My lady beckoned to the butler. "Dobson," she said in a half whisper as he bent to catch her commands, "I wish you would take particular pains to see that Mrs. Busby-Burnem at the far end of the table gets an ample helping of everything. Make it a double helping if necessary, Dobson. She seems to have an extraordinary appetite."

The butler nodded. "Yes, me lady." He bent a little lower. "I'm told, me lady, that she's preparing for quite a stay in jail."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mother Talks Plainly.

"Daughter, I want you to be nice to that young druggist. He will make you a good husband."
"He isn't the kind of man I want to marry."
"I know the kind you want to marry," retorted the mother, picking up a paper-backed novel. "You want to marry either a duke or a gentleman raffles, but there are none in your set. Now you look at that young druggist with kindly eyes."
And daughter subsequently did.

Who's Who and Why.

"Who's that impressive looking woman over yonder?"
"That's Mrs. Peckum. She's a remarkably strong-minded woman, and they do say that she commands a very large salary."
"How does she earn it?"
"She doesn't earn it. Her husband earns it and so she commands it."—Puck.

IN THE GALLERY.



He—These are my ancestors.
She—Are they all dead?
He—Why, certainly.
She—How fortunate.

Taking No Chances.

Genial Squire—Many happy returns, William. I was just going to call on you with a little bit of tobacco.
William (aged eighty)—Thank ye kindly, sir, but I be done w' smokin'.
Genial Squire—Why, how's that?
William—Well, I've heard that between eighty and ninety is a ticklish part of a man's life, so I be takin' no chances.—London Punch.

Endless Fight.

"My old barber has left the city."
"You seem very regretful."
"Yes; he's been trying to sell me a bottle of hair tonic for the past fifteen years and so far I had succeeded in standing him off. Now I shall have to start the battle all over with a new man."

Value of the Lingo.

"Learn to speak French. Then things won't cost so much in Paris."
"Oh, you can't make 'em think you are a Frenchman."
"No; but sometimes you can make 'em think you are a Russian or a Spaniard."

SOMETHING For the LITTLE ONES

RURAL SCHOOL HAS MISSION

Where One Bushel of Corn Grew Before, Two Are Now Secured by Methods Just Brought Out.

(By RAY E. SPERAR.)

The training of country children to grow two bushels of corn where one bushel grew before is a commendable thing. To bring this about many changes may be made in the programs of most country schools. Arithmetic problems may be worked out in terms of corn and potatoes and cows. Reading may be largely confined to the subjects of interest to country boys and girls. Essays on farm topics may be written in place of the usual parsing and other grammar work. This will lay a foundation for much practical work in the later years of school life.

Older students trained in the elementary principles of agriculture could conduct germination tests of corn and grain. Herds could be tested, rations could be worked out for live stock, records could be kept of poultry, garments could be made for home, and the art of cooking could be cultivated. These and many other practical things could be worked out with the school house as a center.

Added to this is the social pleasure that could be obtained by everyone in the community when a permanent interest in the school was established. Basket socials, evening entertainments, picnics, school house fairs, lectures, and moving pictures would make the rural school a real factor in the social improvement of the school district. The country school has a mission which should not be neglected.

TELEPHONE TEACHES A BIRD

Most Original Method of Instructing Parrots in Art of Elocution Employed in London.

London has a school of elocution for birds. Trained parrots are made teachers of other parrots by being placed near the pupils' cages. While whistles and various musical instruments are used in giving instructions, one of the most original methods of



Parrot Listening.

teaching is by the employment of the telephone, says the Popular Electricity.

With the feathered pupil perched upon a stick in the instructor's hand, a telephone is held in such a position that Polly may readily distinguish the words or sounds emitted, and whether from the oddity of the thing or from some other cause the bird invariably pays strict attention.

Sockless.

Benno was looking over his brother's shoulder at the pictures in a new geography.

"What are those men with the bushy hair?" he asked.

"Those are Australian aborigines," replied Ben.

"Don't they wear any more clothes than that?"

"That's about all."

"Dear me!" exclaimed the little brother, "what in the world do they hang up on Christmas?"

A Good Loser.

A Rhode Island politician who was a prominent candidate in the late election came home one day much provoked at some misdeed which his son, aged ten, had committed.

"Frank," he said, sternly, "do you know, sir, that you are a candidate for a whipping?"

"I hope I'll be defeated, father," was young Frank's reply, as he looked up playfully at his father.—Harper's Bazar.

Not Unlikely.

"Well, my boy," said the visitor to Bobby, "I suppose some day you expect to step into your father's shoes."

"Oh, I suppose so," said Bobby, gloomily. "I've been wearin' out everythin' else he wears since mother learned how to cut 'em down for me."

Wise Brother.

"What's a stepbrother?" asked little Mabel of her six-year-old brother.

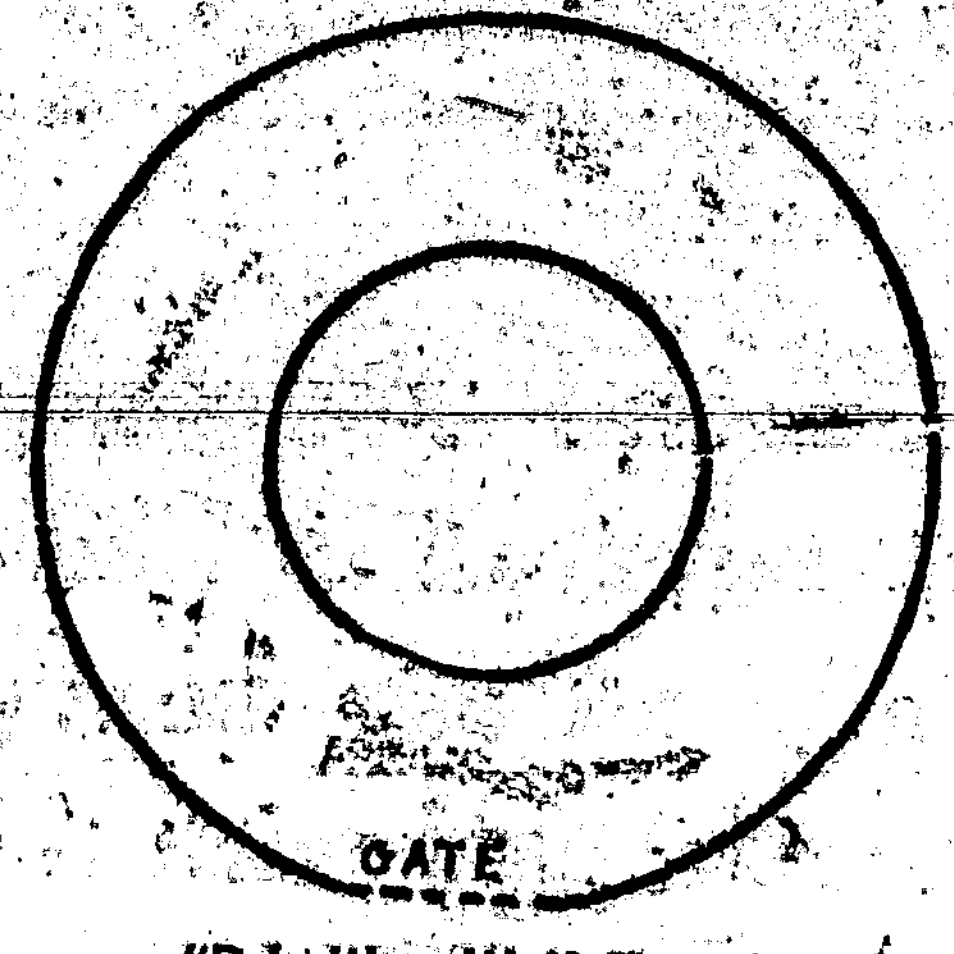
"A stepbrother," he replied, "is me sitting on the front step."

AMUSEMENT FOR DULL DAYS

Wolf, In Search of Prey, Enters Outer Circle and Makes His Way Around, Closing the Gate.

The illustration represents in the simplest outline a primitive wolf trap. The dotted line is a gate opening into a circular enclosure. How was the trap set and the wolf caught?

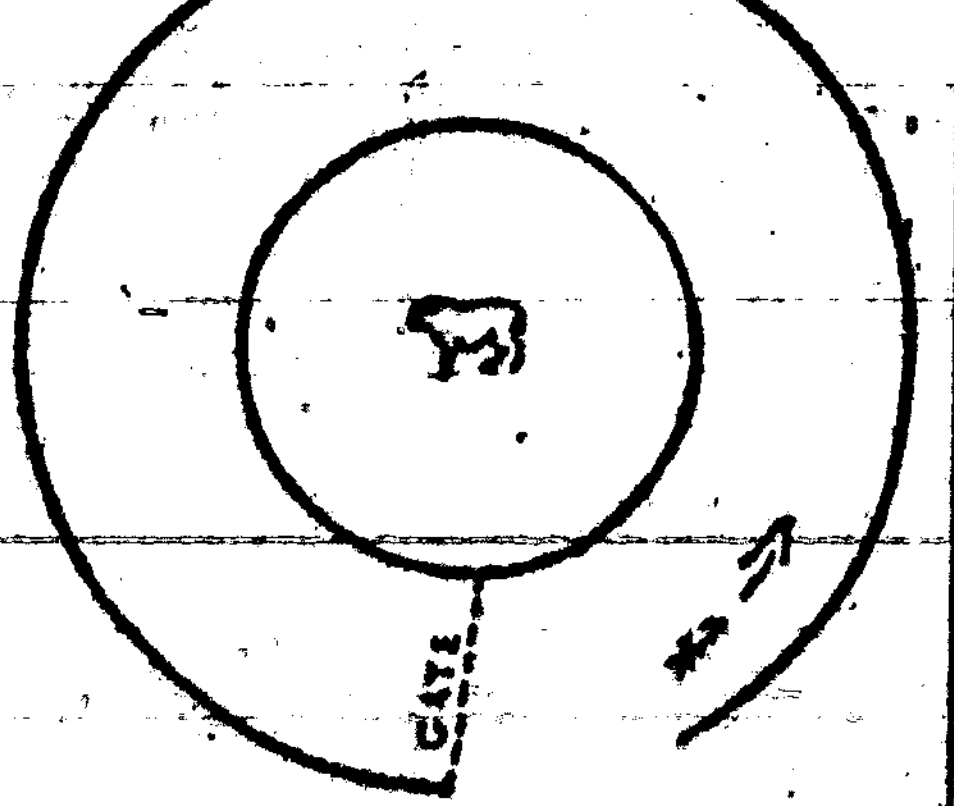
The trap consisted of two circular fences higher than a wolf could scale, with a gate as was shown on the former diagram. To set the trap a lamb



"Primitive Wolf Trap."

was placed in the safe center and the gate was opened as is shown.

Attracted by the bleating of the lamb, the wolf entered the outer circle,



Solution of Puzzle.

made his way round, and presently pushed aside the gate, which closed with a spring and shut off all escape.

Beat He Could Do

Mr. Raymond appeared at his neighbor's door one November evening at dusk in a towering rage and uttering fierce threats against his neighbor's dog Nero. Vainly the neighbor tried to explain that Nero was only a puppy. "He belongs to Johnny," he went on, "and it would break Johnny's heart if anything happened to him. I think," hopefully "that his manners will improve."

"Manners," roared Raymond. "I'm not complaining of his manners, but his nature. After he had jumped all over me he bit the back of my leg."

"That's as far as he can reach," broke in Johnny in a wounded tone. "You don't expect a little pup like him to bite a big man like you on the neck do you, Mr. Raymond?"—Youth's Companion.

Sound to Get It.

Tommy, after going to bed, became thirsty, or thought he did. He called out:

"Ma, I want a drink."

The mother's voice answered back; "Tommy, you go to sleep."

Tommy grunted, turned over, and was silent for ten minutes. Then again:

"Ma, I want a drink."

"Tommy, you go right to sleep, was the reply.

Intense silence again for ten minutes. Then:

"Say, ma, I want a drink."

"Tommy, if you don't go right to sleep I'll come and spank you."

More silence, this time for about two minutes. And then:

"Say, ma, when you come to spank me won't you bring me a drink?"

RIDDLES.

What is the difference between a pastry cook and a billeticker?

One puff's up paste, the other pastes up puffs.

What is the difference between a hungry man and a glutton?

One longs to eat, the other eats too long.

Who was the first whistler and what was his tune?

The wind, when he whistled "Over the Hills and Far Away."

Why is opening a letter like taking a queer method of getting into a room?

Because it is breaking through the sealing (ceiling).

If you suddenly saw a house on fire what three celebrated authors would you feel inclined to name?

Great Scott, Howitt, Burns (Great Scott! how it burns!)

What is the difference between a man going upstairs and one looking up?

One is stepping up the stairs, the other is staring up the steps.

ENCOURAGE THE BOYS

Connecting Link Formed Between Parent and Teacher.

Among Other Things Corn Club Has for its Aim Education of Heart, Hand and Improvement of Health.

Some of the objects of boys' corn clubs are as follows:

(1) To encourage more intensive farming by using the best known methods of soil building, selection of seed, seed testing, cultivation of corn, etc.

(2) To offer a medium through which vocational guidance, inspiration, information, and careful direction can be given to the average boy now in rural life.

(3) To adapt the boy to his agricultural environment and make him capable of self-expression within these environments.

(4) To teach the value of intellectual guidance, careful observation, cultural comparison and investigation, and the need of a broader education for the farming population.

(5) To teach the boy the proper adaptation of plant life to local climatic and soil conditions.

(6) To assist the teacher and the public school to find an easy approach, educationally, to all the interests of rural and village life.

(a) The club acre should be the laboratory for the club member and the demonstration plot for the farmer.

(b) The club-work becomes the connecting link between parent and teacher, farm and school, and last but not least, it forms a co-operative atmosphere in which rural boys may be developed to the highest ideals of rural life.

While the chief purpose of corn-club work is crop production, as outlined by the bureau of plant industry, it does not follow that all the other character-building and habit-forming agencies are left out of the education.

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A Wisconsin Club Winner and His Prize Bushel of Seed Corn.

It is clearly the purpose of the organization to reach the boy and endeavor through instruction and direction in contests and friendly rivalry to encourage a training which is "four square," viz. the education of the head, heart, and hands, and the improvement of the health of the entire membership.

Best Incubator Eggs.

Many breeders claim that as a rule it will be found that eggs from hens in confinement will not hatch as well, when placed in incubators, as eggs from stock having free range.

Profit in Pork.

While pork can sometimes be made at a profit when corn is supplemented with nothing but a concentrated feed, still it is not wise to use concentrated supplements alone.

Thriving Industry.

The poultry industry of the United States is today the most thriving industry we have. While the other live stock industries show a decline of from 5 per cent. to 25 per cent., the poultry industry shows a healthy gain of 27 per cent.

It has been growing steadily for many years, until today it is the greatest live stock industry in the world and the people and the government recognize it as the billion-dollar industry.

Sulphur for Chickens.

A few drops of liquid sulphur in a bucket of water is fine for chickens in dry weather, once or twice a week.

Meat is Essential.

Laying and growing chickens must have some kind of meat food in order to do their best.

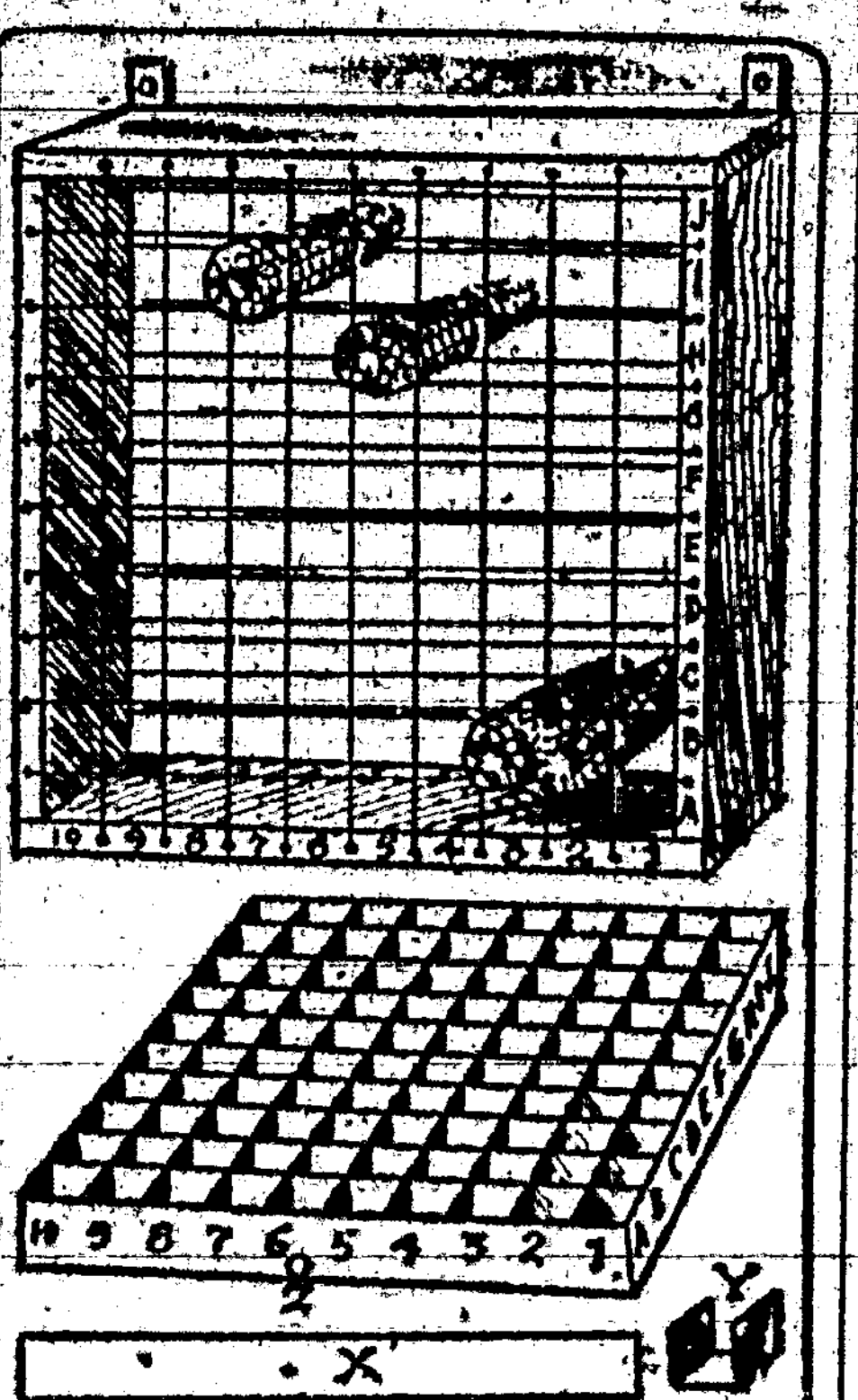
Dampness Causes Sickness.

Guard against dampness in the poultry houses as you would against lice. Nothing will so quickly cause sickness as to pen the fowls in damp quarters.

TESTING CORN IN INCUBATOR

Any Tinner Should Make Galvanized Iron Tray for About \$1—Found Practical and Useful.

The illustration given herewith shows the plan of my water corn tester that I have found very satisfactory, writes Amos Mendenhall of Salem, Neb., in the Farmers' Mail and Breeder. The sides of the rack are made of six-inch fencing and wires crossing both ways divide the front into three inch squares. No vertical wires are used in the back, as these are not needed. The tray is made of galvanized iron. The hole shown at X is used to drain the tray of water, being plugged when the tray is in use.



Plan for a 100-Ear Tester.

X shows one of the loose cross-sections which are also of galvanized iron. Y is the cup used in the tray. Any tinner can make the tray complete for about \$1. The tray can be used to good advantage in an incubator and its size and that of the rack will depend upon the size of the incubator.

After placing the kernels from an ear into a cup, put the ear in the corresponding square in the rack. When through, fill the tray about half full of lukewarm water and place it in the incubator. "Use very little heat for the first 24 hours, then draw off the water and set the regulator to keep the heat at about 70 degrees, apply moisture as needed. In about three days you will know which ears will grow. There is no theory about the use of a corn tester like this. I have found it very practical and useful.

Floor of Poultry House.

The floor of the poultry house should never be allowed to become foul or damp. Either one is a disease breeder. Clean out often and add plenty of fresh material. A few baskets of sawdust will help.

LIVE STOCK NOTES

A pig gives the best returns from dairy products while young.

As the lambs grow and require more milk, increase the grain with judgment.

The best time to cut the tails, as well as castrate, is when the lamb is a week old.

Oil meal is greatly relished by lambs and helps greatly in the fine finish obtained in feeding.

If a colt has not style enough to naturally hold his head high, high mangers will not make him do it.

A horse's usefulness is measured by its strength and rapidity of movement rather than by size or weight.

Be sure the sows have plenty of pure water to drink, aside from the slop they have. Slop is not drink.

The dairy farm that is stocked to its full capacity without being overstocked is a pretty safe investment.

The horse that is all the time being tapped with the whip never knows what his master means of it, and comes to think he means just nothing.

When pigs should be weaned should be determined as much as how they are eating and growing as upon their age.

Dock every lamb, ewes when they are from 3 to 14 days old, and ram lambs from 5 to 7 days after castration.

It is a good plan to encourage the pigs to eat as much as possible so as to relieve the drain upon the sow.

As a general proposition it may be said that the sow that has pigs before she is a year old will disappoint her owner.

It costs a good deal of money to buy a satisfactory team. In most cases this can be avoided by the farmer raising his own.

Do not let the colts run down in condition on frost-bitten grass. They may fill up, but the nourishment isn't there. Loss in the condition of a growing colt is a most serious one.

EXPERIENCE OF MOTHERHOOD

Advice to Expectant Mothers

The experience of Motherhood is a trying one to most women and marks distinctly an epoch in their lives. Not one woman in a hundred is prepared or understands how to properly care for herself. Of course nearly every woman nowadays has had a doctor's attention, but many approach the experience with an organism unfitted for the trial of strength, and when it is over her system has received a shock from which it is hard to recover. Following right upon this comes the nervous strain of caring for the child, and a distinct change in the mother results.

There is nothing more charming than a happy and healthy mother of children, and indeed child-birth under the right conditions need be no hazard to health or beauty. The unexplainable thing is that, with all the evidence of shattered nerves and broken health resulting from an unprepared condition, and with ample time in which to prepare, women will persist in going blindly to the trial.

Every woman at this time should rely upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a most valuable tonic and invigorator of the female organism.

In many homes once childless there are now children because of the fact that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound makes women normal, healthy and strong.



If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

Dogs are the best friends; they are always ready with their sympathy, and they ask no questions.—G. Elliot.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 30c a bottle.

His Confession. Judge Kencaw Mountain Landis of Chicago confesses that he once worked as an usher in a theater.

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

A Prerequisite. "Where would you advise me to go for my vacation?"

"Why not try Shoreville?"

"Can I have a good time there?"

"Yes, if you take it with you."—Judge.

Progress. "Thirty years ago," said a woman of middle age, "it was the custom of demure girls to sit in public conveyance with their silk-gloved wrists crossed. It is now the custom of demure girls to sit in public conveyances with their silk-stockinged ankles crossed."—New York Sun.

Hopeless Case. Miss Irene Gillcuddy, of Millville, Miss., writes: "I have a gentleman friend who has been keeping company with me all this year, but who has never indicated or intimated that he wished to be considered other than a friend of mine. I am nineteen years old, with ruby lips, rose-pink cheeks, golden hair, azure eyes and a gentle disposition. Do you thing I should hang up some mistletoe and accidentally stand beneath it while he is around, just to encourage him?"

"Irene, if a young man needs the encouragement of mistletoe under the circumstances, there is no hope for him."

THOSE RHEUMATIC TWINGES

Much of the rheumatic pain that comes in damp, changing weather is the work of uric acid crystals.

Needles couldn't cut, tear or hurt any worse when the affected muscle joint is used.

If such attacks are marked with headaches, backache, dizziness and disturbance of the urine, it's time to help the weakened kidneys.

Doan's Kidney Pills quickly help sick kidneys.

Doan's Kidney Pills are sold by all druggists.

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THE CARRIZO OUTLOOK

Published Weekly In The Interest of Carrizozo and all of Lincoln County, New Mexico.

LARGEST CIRCULATION IN THE COUNTY

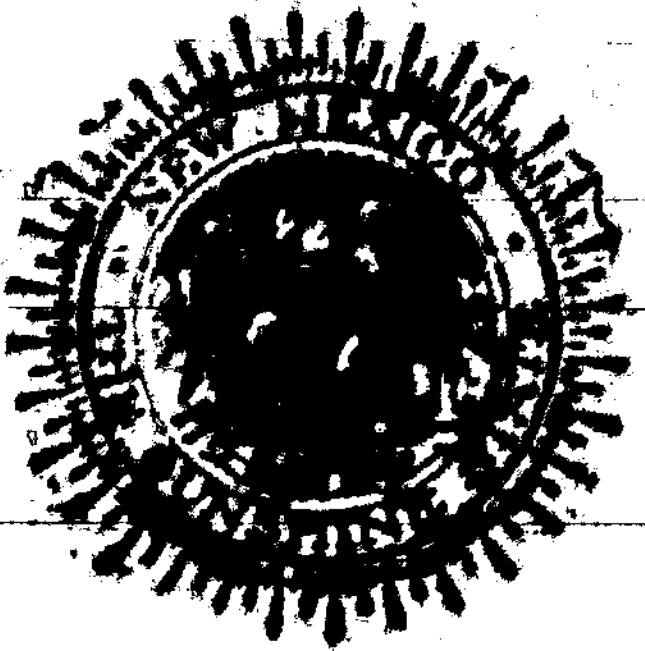
Entered as second-class matter January 8, 1911, at the post office at Carrizozo, New Mexico, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Advertising forms close Wednesday at noon & News column is closed Thursday night. If you do not receive your paper regularly, please notify the Publisher & Advertising rates on application.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

ONE YEAR, In Advance \$1.50
 6 MONTHS, In Advance .75
 OFFICE PHONE NUMBER 24

FRIDAY, JULY 4, 1913



ACT WELL YOUR PART

Our happiness in this life depends not so much on circumstances and surroundings as in our determined efforts to do our best in all conditions in which we are placed. Our common heritage is more or less afflicted to sorrow and pain, but we have within ourselves the antidote—the sunshine of the heart that will alleviate, if not remove, many of our troubles. But we persistently reject the means of happiness that lie within our reach, by ignoring present small pleasures in hopes of enjoying greater ones in the future good time coming, which always keeps just ahead, and is unattainable. We cultivate little cares till they sometimes attain enormous growth by constantly dwelling on them and dolefully rehearsing them to our friends when we should do our best to rise above them. In the most difficult and trying conditions there will often be a brighter side.

Professor Taft aspires to become a citizen of the state of Connecticut. The qualifications are strict in that state. He will be required to prove his ability to read, the inquisitors selecting a portion of the constitution of the United States. This accomplished, a few minor details will follow, which, successfully passed, enable him to vote in the state of his choice.

The man who expects to be a successful aviator has got to have the moral courage to say "I will"—and follow those words with a list of his property and the names of his beneficiaries.

Take a piece of tin foil worth a quarter of a cent, put it around a package and the package is worth 10 cents more.

Nothing is easier than fault finding. No talent, no self-denial, no character is required to set up the grumbling business.

Down in Mexico they say: "Good morning Mr. President, what's your name?"

FOURTH OF JULY ACCIDENTS

The "Safe and Sane Fourth" is certainly making progress. Independence Day accidents, from firearms or fireworks, showed a great falling off last year as compared with other years. But still there were too many.

Besides six deaths from tetanus, thirty-five persons were killed by various forms of fireworks. The killed were mostly boys, but six were little girls who were burned to death by their clothing catching fire from so-called "harmless" firecrackers and "sparklers."

The whole number of deaths from Fourth-of-July accidents in 1912, was 41; that was 16 less than in 1911, 90 less than in 1910, and 174 less than in 1909.

Besides the fatal cases, 947 persons were badly hurt but did not die. That is 599 less than in 1911. Eight persons were made totally blind; twenty-one lost one eye each; thirteen lost legs, arms or hands, and forty-three lost one or more fingers.

As usual, the giant firecracker was the worst in causing loss of eyes, hands or fingers. Last Fourth of July it caused 302 injuries, including two deaths. Nearly half of the total number of injuries resulted from stray bullets following reckless use of firearms by others. Six deaths came about in that way.

In ten years no less than 40,117 persons have been killed or wounded in the celebration of Independence Day. That is the equivalent of forty regiments, and is more than the total number of killed and wounded on both sides in the greatest battle of the Civil War, the battle of Gettysburg.

Current Events mentions these dreadful figures only to impress upon our boys the need of greater care and a more reasonable way of celebrating the glorious birthday of the nation. Fortunately there is already a great improvement. Let us have more improvement this coming "Fourth."

LEROY R. WADE MARRIED

We are in receipt of the LaGrange County Democrat which prints the following account of the rapid fire wedding of Leroy R. Wade, who will be remembered here as a young attorney of a year or two ago.

Leroy R. Wade, the well known young attorney who recently opened an office in the Reop block and Miss Helen Wood Johnson of near Norfolk, Va., who has been visiting here for several weeks, were the principals in a romantic wedding and near elopement last Friday night.

The young couple went to the home of Clerk Cholet at 11 o'clock at night and routed him from bed to come to his office and issue a license. The wedding party, consisting of the bride and groom, accompanied by Dr. H. W. Mervine and Miss Ethel McCloud, then enjoyed a mid-night ride to Elkhart in Fred Hostetler's auto where they routed Ray R. J. Wade, pastor of Trinity M. E. Church and a cousin of the groom, from his slumbers to perform the ceremony which took place at 2 o'clock, Saturday morning.

The bride is a charming southern girl who came to LaGrange about three weeks before and has been visiting at the home of her cousin, James M. Wigton. Mr. Wade met her here and after a short and ardent courtship made her his wife. Even the superstitious hovering about Friday, the 13th, could not deter them from taking out a license on that hoodoo date when once they had fully made up their minds so that affect.

The groom is the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Wade and was born and raised in La Grange. He practiced law in New Mexico for a few years, returning here a year or so ago. He is the junior and active member of the law firm of Wade & Wade and has a large circle of friends who unite in best wishes for himself and bride.

WELCH & TITSWORTH

Capitan, N. M.

Wholesale and Retail.

Our stock of General Merchandise is the largest and most assorted in Lincoln County. We buy practically all our heavy goods in car load lots for cash, and with the volume of business we enjoy can sell cheaper than the average merchant. Give us a trial.

WELCH & TITSWORTH

Capitan, N. M.

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CHAS. A. STEVENS, Proprietor.

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Transacts a General Banking Business
 Sells Drafts on Principal Cities of the World
 Accommodates Borrowers Every Accommodation
 Consistent With Safety
 Accounts Solicited

INTEREST PAID ON TIME DEPOSITS

LINCOLN COUNTY NOTES

OSCURO OBSERVINGS

Mr. and Mrs. Captain R. Roberts have returned to Alamogordo.

Mrs. Morris spent Sunday and Monday with Mrs. E. G. Raffety.

Charlie Andrews and Dan Mayes have been buying horses.

Geo. Murray returned Friday from El Paso and left for the 7X ranch.

Bruce Pierce has returned from Estey where he has been employed.

Frank Goodin was in town Monday in his machine on business.

Alex. Mills was in town transacting business Friday and Saturday.

Misses Maude Young and Helen Jones will spend the 4th in Alamogordo.

G. H. Thornton and vicinity were benefited by a good shower last week.

Otto Martens has accepted the well of Mr. Kheen and the latter has moved his machine home.

J. W. Pursley is engaged in making fence for Mr. Dalton three miles north of town.

Mr. Loughrey left for Fort Worth, Texas, as his father died Sunday at 11 a. m.

The W boys have been gathering horses about the 7X ranch the past week.

Miss Sanders of Tularosa spent a few days here with her brother, returning to Tularosa Wednesday.

Mr. Humphrey of Carrizozo was in town Monday looking over some lumber that Mr. Boyd has for sale.

Lee B. Chase and family journeyed to Oscurito Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Harvey in their auto.

Miss Lena Mays has resumed her position assisting Mrs. Boyd. Her younger sister is beyond all danger and will be out soon.

Jim Gilliland came in Wednesday and left on 33 for Tularosa to look at some horses. He returned Monday.

Geo. Choate has been detained from going to Estey City due to his nephew's illness, whose condition is much improved.

John Boyd made a business trip to Estey City with Mr. Barlow of El Paso. Eugene Jones assisted Mr. Loughrey in conducting the store during his absence.

Austin Fuller, our faithful night operator for the E. P. & S. W. R. R. has left to visit his parents in Ohio. Mr. Willis will take his place until his return.

Mrs. Al. Roberts of Carrizozo spent Monday with Mrs. Fred Roberts. The latter and baby are getting along nicely. Mrs. Roberts is looking forward to the arrival of her parents from Texas.

Dr. Blaney has his new Air Motor wind mill installed and in operation, and also reports that his crop of mesquite beans on his place east of town is larger than usual, some of the bunches weighing 55 pounds.

A. Gschwind is expecting large returns from his garden this year. He says the proper time to plant garden truck is just before the rainy season. As we will all be benefitted by local production we will watch Mr. Gschwind with interest and wish him success.

Mr. Smith of Santa Rosa, who has been county surveyor of that county for five years will be among us for a few days. Mr. Smith is a well known Civil engineer in this state. He is carrying out the plans and specifications for the McDonald dam, one mile east of town.

If during a southwest wind the people of Carrizozo smell onions they must lay claim against Mr. Kheen of Oscurito as he has two acres of same under cultivation.

A conversation heard between two members of this immediate vicinity: Mr. T. to Mr. D. "All this country needs is water" Mr. D. in reply: "Water is all they need in H—"

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Ashford gave a dance Saturday evening which proved a grand success, serving some very dainty refreshments. Dancing continued until early dawn. The orchestra consisted of violin and guitar, manipulated by two Mexicans from Tularosa. Among the out-of-town visitors were Messrs. Lock Cornett, Drace, Daffin and Nick Peck.

Two of our prominent citizens E. G. Raffety and John W. Dalton left Oscurito Wednesday on an extended trip to points of interest in New Mexico, after which we will again be benefitted by Mr. Dalton's return. Mr. Raffety's trip will then be extended to Oklahoma points, Wichita, Kan., Chicago and other eastern cities with the purpose of interesting more people in our local developments.

FT. STANTON NOTES.

Mrs. Brockway visited friends and relatives at Picacho last week.

Mrs. Hightower of Capitan visited the Fort Sunday.

Miss Tucker of Calif., and Miss Thomas of Roswell are the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Smith this week.

Miss Peterson one of the Fort's trained nurses returned Monday after a few weeks' vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Brockwell visited Mrs. Brockwell's mother at Glencoe Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Able made a trip to Alto Sunday to visit Mrs. Able's mother, Mrs. Coleman.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Hightower attended the funeral services of Mrs. Pfingsten at Angus Sunday afternoon.

Dr. and Mrs. Smith accompanied by their guests, Miss Tucker and Miss Thomas and Dr. Lanza visited in Parsons this week.

CLASSIFIED

—FOR SALE:—Indian Runner Ducks. Enquire Outlook.

—FOR SALE:—Twenty head of registered Hereford Bulls—McCaman & Brickley, Corona, N. M.

—HOUSES TO RENT:—See W. W. Stadtman. Office at Lumber Yard.

—Our stock of Suit Cases, Traveling Bags, and Trunks is filled with many good things. Watch our show window.—Ziegler Bros.

—You'll need a spring suit Mr. Man, better come in now and see our line of Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes.—Ziegler Bros.

—Just received a case of Hole Proof Hosiery, all colors, boxed. Six pairs for \$1.50. Guaranteed to wear six months or new ones free.—Ziegler Bros.

—FOUND:—Gentlemen's gold ring with setting. Owner may have ring by indentifying same at Chas. A. Steven's office, and paying for this notice.

—PROPERTY FOR SALE:—Improved and unimproved lots. Land in small tracts. Best bargains in Carrizozo. See W. W. Stadtman. Office at Lumber Yard.

—FOR SALE:—10,000 pound nice climated Seed Oats. These are the big white Indian Seed Oats from Mesquero seed. \$2.15 f. o. b. Capitan. Double sacks no extra charge.—J. V. Tully, Glencoe, N. M.

—GAMEY RED FRIERS.—Grain and milk stuffed from start to finish should be plump and savory, average 2 1/2 pounds. Six for \$3.00 expressed Monday, June 30th. Eggs 30 cents, in six dozen crates—not the pick-up scavenger kind.—A. C. Austin, Capitan, N. M.



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Insured
Sewing
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Just Think of It?
The Free Sewing Machine is insured for five years against accident, breakage, wear, fire, tornado, lightning and water. This shows our faith in

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Think what this means!
It means—that if you break the whole machine or any part (needle, belt, or attachment, etc.) it will be replaced to you without charge.

Send for our beautiful booklet, "In the days work."
FREE SEWING MACHINE CO.
Rockford, Ill.



UNCLE SAM'S BIRTHDAY FEAST

should include some of the many things we show in fancy groceries. Of course flour, sugar, spices, canned fruits, etc., for bread, cakes, pies, puddings, and other desserts will add to the total of your Fourth of July enjoyment.

THE QUALITY GROCER

JOHN E. BELL

We Weld

Any kind of Broken Machinery made of Aluminum, Brass, Bronze, Cast Iron, Malleable Iron, or Cast Steel, and Guarantee our Welding in every respect to be as serviceable as a new part.

Write or Phone.

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Are Your Loved Ones Protected If You Should Die?

Why not Insure Your Life in a Home Company

THE TWO-REPUBLICS LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF EL PASO

For Full Information see

Harvey & Chase

CARRIZOZO, NEW MEXICO

CASH GROCERY STORE

G. A. WILLIAMS, PROP.

See our line of Coffee. Special Roast, regular 35 cent brand, at 30 cents. Pea Berry Fancy at 35 cents. Other brands at different prices.

A Car Load of American Lady and Monarch Flour just received

which we are selling at attractive prices to those buying in large quantity.

Don't forget the packing house products; Meat, Lard, Canned Meats, etc. Special prices on California Canned Fruits.

GIVE US A CHANCE TO SERVE YOU

HOTEL TEMPLE

MRS. R. L. HOWELL, Prop.

The dining room of this Hotel has been opened and meals are being served to the public. An ideal, home like stopping place. Special attention given transient trade.

CARRIZOZO, NEW MEXICO

Foxworth-Galbraith Company

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Complete line of Building Material, Paints, Varnishes, Cal-O-Tint, Boiled and Raw Linseed Oil

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Visiting Brothers Invited. Regular meetings each Monday at 8 p. m.
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SERIOUSLY NIPPED

It Was No Time for James Henry Canfield to Think of Penitence.

By ERNEST A. YOUNG.

James Henry Canfield, as cashier of the Hepworth Trust company, detected the financial ills of the bank's patrons for eleven months of the year with eyes that were hard, cold and hawk-like.

Then, during his August vacation period at mountain, seashore or homely farm-house resort, the aforementioned eyes became dove-like while he made love to the summer girl.

For seven seasons James Henry filled in the August love-making program without getting seriously nipped. He could not even recall the names of more than three of the seven or eight summer sweethearts. Yet all the affairs had seemed serious while they lasted.

He remembered their faces and ways much better. In one case it troubled him that the name had dropped from his memory—the one of the two years ago, up at the Lovejoy farm.

It was she who had sent her wedding announcement the following June. He lost the dainty engraved sheet the same day he received it, and for the life of him he could afterward recall only her married surname.

He would not have been sure the wedding notice came from that particular young lady, but for the postmark and handwriting. These were the same as those on an envelope that brought him a blurry smooch intended to represent his own manly figure in a pose beside the lane fence near the Lovejoy pasture. For she had a camera and snapped everything that came her way.

"It wasn't Margy, nor was it Edith," debated James Henry when the image of this girl who had figured in the farm episode persisted in haunting him.

It was the end of July and his vacation would begin the next week. A post card from the Lovejoy farm was inviting him.

It wasn't much of a place, except for that girl. Probably, he told himself, he would not be thinking of that summer at all had she not the same as told him, in sending him that wedding announcement, that there had never been a chance for him.

"She must have been engaged all the while," he taunted himself by saying. "While I was flattered with the notion that she was—or a bit sore because I didn't wind up by proposing, she was engaged to this what-d'you-call-him Rockefeller. A peach of a name, anyway; reminds me of a kind of cheese!"

"We'll go up to the Lovejoy farm, at Ridgeford, this year," he said to his mother, the morning after the card arrived.

"Why to that lonesome place, James Henry?" Mrs. Canfield demanded. "For eleven months of the year I have no chance to get lonesome," he argued. "Besides, it isn't the worst place if you want to loaf around, row a boat, fish, that sort of thing. Truth is, I'm tired of seeing a lot of people. Society is punk. Say," he suddenly added, "who was that girl? The one at the Lovejoy farm?"

"If I'm not mistaken, there were five young women at the Lovejoy farm while we were there," Mrs. Canfield told him. "Do you mean the one with the pale blue eyes and faded hair? Or the other blond who talked books and art—?"

"No, no!" snapped James Henry. "The dark one, perhaps, who nagged you—"

"It doesn't matter," he again interrupted. "She won't be there this year, anyway, for she is married. Husband's name is—la Cheese!"

He chuckled maliciously as he went down to the bank, leaving his mother wondering. "James Henry certainly needs to get away from business and society and take a complete rest," she decided, sympathetically.

They were met at the Ridgeford railway station by the Lovejoy hired man, with a two-seated democrat. While they were being hauled up the first long hill to the farm the man told them that a broken-down Unitarian minister, a young lady and the young lady's aunt were the only boarders already there. Even Mrs. Canfield was not sufficiently interested to ask for further particulars.

To escape greetings and introductions, James Henry jumped from the seat of the democrat at the foot of the last hill and proceeded to stretch his legs along the footpath which he had helped to wear, two years before. The path ended at the pebbly shore of the pond, and there was the same row-boat, freshly painted.

She was in the boat, in the act of pushing off; but she waited for him with a bright smile of greeting.

James Henry was old enough, and he had been in love three times, not to have his heart pounded so rhythmically as it did when the boat reached un-

der them and the pebbly shore receded. For she was rowing and talking precisely as if there had been no two-year interruption.

They got out on Paradise Island, so christened by her, as he had been vain enough to believe, because of the blissful hours they had spent there together. By this time James Henry had worked himself into quite a state of feeling, and with a stage-villain smile, he shoved the empty boat out onto the receding waves.

As he faced her she gave him a searching look, as if she were afraid he was not quite right in his mind. The stage-villain smile was not reassuring, but she decided not to show any misgivings.

"Doubtless you have a plan for getting me back in time for supper, Mr. Canfield?" she suggested.

"That isn't worrying me," he replied, malevolently. "The wind may shift and drift the boat back to us by the time I am ready to go."

"Oh, I would never have thought of that," she confessed. She seated herself on the ground as if she were perfectly contented to wait.

"You probably do not care to recall the thirty-first of August, 1910, when you and I were last together at this very spot?" said Canfield.

"And how black the sky grew, with yellow clouds that rolled over and over like wreaths of smoke!" she prompted. "And how you rowed back with might and main because it looked like a hurricane and I was frightened? But it wasn't much of a storm, after all."

"It was enough of one to save me from giving you a chance to laugh at me. I was on the verge of proposing to you that afternoon."

She was gazing out toward the boat, which seemed to have met a head-wind that whirled it around and around halfway between the island and shore.

"I will admit," continued James Henry, brazenly, "that it was not the first occasion when I contemplated proposing marriage; nor were you the first intended victim. But the other times I was restrained by inward doubts instead of by the interposition of a thunderstorm. And the other times I was glad afterward that I did not commit myself. With you, I meant to find another opportunity."

He could see the color flaming in her cheeks, while she kept her eyes upon the boat. He imagined she was praying that it might drift back so as to allow her a chance to escape. But he felt that she deserved to listen to all he had to say.

"I was looking forward to seeing you the next summer," James Henry went on, piteously. "You sent me that announcement the next June, and at the time I supposed I would be able to cast the episode out of my mind. I divided my August vacation between mountains and seashore and returned to work as a relief to my nerves."

"The rest of my confession is, that I decided to spend a month here this year, solely because I believed I would find where we were together, and living that season over again in memory than I could enjoy anywhere else. I hardly need to say I never dreamed of meeting you here."

"Why not?" she asked. "I came last year, as you might have found out had you taken the trouble to—"

"Acknowledge the announcement of your marriage," supplied James Henry in a frigid tone.

"The announcement of my marriage!" she exclaimed.

"You sent it, didn't you? Aren't you Mrs. Roland Rockefeller? Have I—am I—?"

"Yes, you have, and you are!" She sprang up and pointed at the boat while the wind blew freshly in their faces. "It is coming back," she cried, gleefully. "The wind has shifted."

It was no time for James Henry to think of penitence, for opposite feelings were rampant. She did not try to escape from arms, nor did she even pretend she wanted to.

"That was Nellie Vanston's wedding," she told him as soon as he would let her say anything coherent. "I sent you the announcement, to be sure, for I knew she wanted you to know she got somebody after all the book and art talk she wanted on you. And to think you mistook her name for mine!"

The boat's keel scraped on the gravel at their feet; but they were slow rowing back. As they went up the footpath toward the house James Henry abruptly paused. "We're engaged now, aren't we?" he pleaded.

"Why, I suppose so." "I just wanted to put it that way to my mother, but—er—" he laughed sheepishly. "Truth is, if I was to be electrocuted for it, I can't recall your name! Actually, I'm in doubt between Moby and Grace—"

"You deserve never to hear it!" she cried.

Mrs. Canfield met them at the door with both hands outstretched in greeting.

"Marion Leslie, you dear!" she murmured. (Copyright, 1911, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

HAS STEPLESS CARS

Will Save Gothamites 125,000 Miles a Year in Steps.

Governor of New York Expected to Sign Bill Doing Away With the Ancient Type—Old Horse Cars Are Doomed.

New York.—By the introduction of a new style of street car the New York Railway company is about to save the good people of this city an annual climb from the level of the street of 125,000 miles a year, and a descent to the street of exactly the same length. It has come about through its engineers recognizing that it was ridiculous to make their passengers continue every time they boarded a street car to climb above all the machinery and that a little ingenuity would enable them to design a car with practically no climbing at all.

Once the figures are given anyone can verify this calculation for himself. In the year ended June 30, 1912, the New York Railway company and its predecessor, the Metropolitan Street Railway company, carried just under 254,000,000 passengers. The height of the step of the so-called stepless car from the street is ten inches and the height of the old-style car, which it is to replace, is about 40 inches. Consequently there is a saving of 30 inches every time a passenger gets on or off the car, and this works out at 125,000 miles a year for the entire system.

The double-decked, stepless car, which bears so strong a family resemblance to the other new style of car, will continue, however, for some time alone in its glory.

It was only after considering carefully the many different brands of street car in use in other cities that the New York Railway company evolved the side-door, stepless, prepayment car. Montreal, for example, has a side-door, prepayment car, and Philadelphia prides itself on its "near-side car." The latter was inspired by the desire to provide room for more passengers and to enable them to enter and leave at such a point that they would encounter as little as possible of the mud of the street.

While the newest thing in street cars is being installed in New York, the oldest is about to be abandoned. New York has for several years been the only one of the big cities to retain horse cars. In some instances this was necessary because of congested traffic, but new subways have relieved this to such an extent that electric power now is practical.

Governor Sulzer now has under consideration a bill requiring all street car companies of the city to cease operating horse cars after January 1 next. This measure has passed the legislature, and if accepted by the governor, will affect six lines in Manhattan, but even without this legislation it is probable that in a few months the last of the old horse cars will have been driven to the barns.

When the public service commission took office on July 1, 1907, there were 106 horse-car lines in operation. Of these four have been abandoned and six are now wholly or partially operated by storage battery cars. The six still running are the Avenue C line, from the Desbrosses street ferry across town to East Twenty-fourth street; the Bleeker street line, from Bleeker street and Broadway to Fourteenth street and Ninth avenue; the Chambers street line, from Chambers street ferry to Grand street ferry; the Metropolitan cross-town line, from Desbrosses street ferry to Grand street ferry; the Seventeenth and Eighteenth streets line, from Broadway to the Twenty-third street ferry, and the Sixth avenue-Desbrosses street ferry line, from Sixth avenue and Third street to the Desbrosses street ferry.

NEW TROUSERS LEAD TO WOE

Motorman Falls Downstairs in Hallway "Dressing Room"—Gets Damages of \$125.

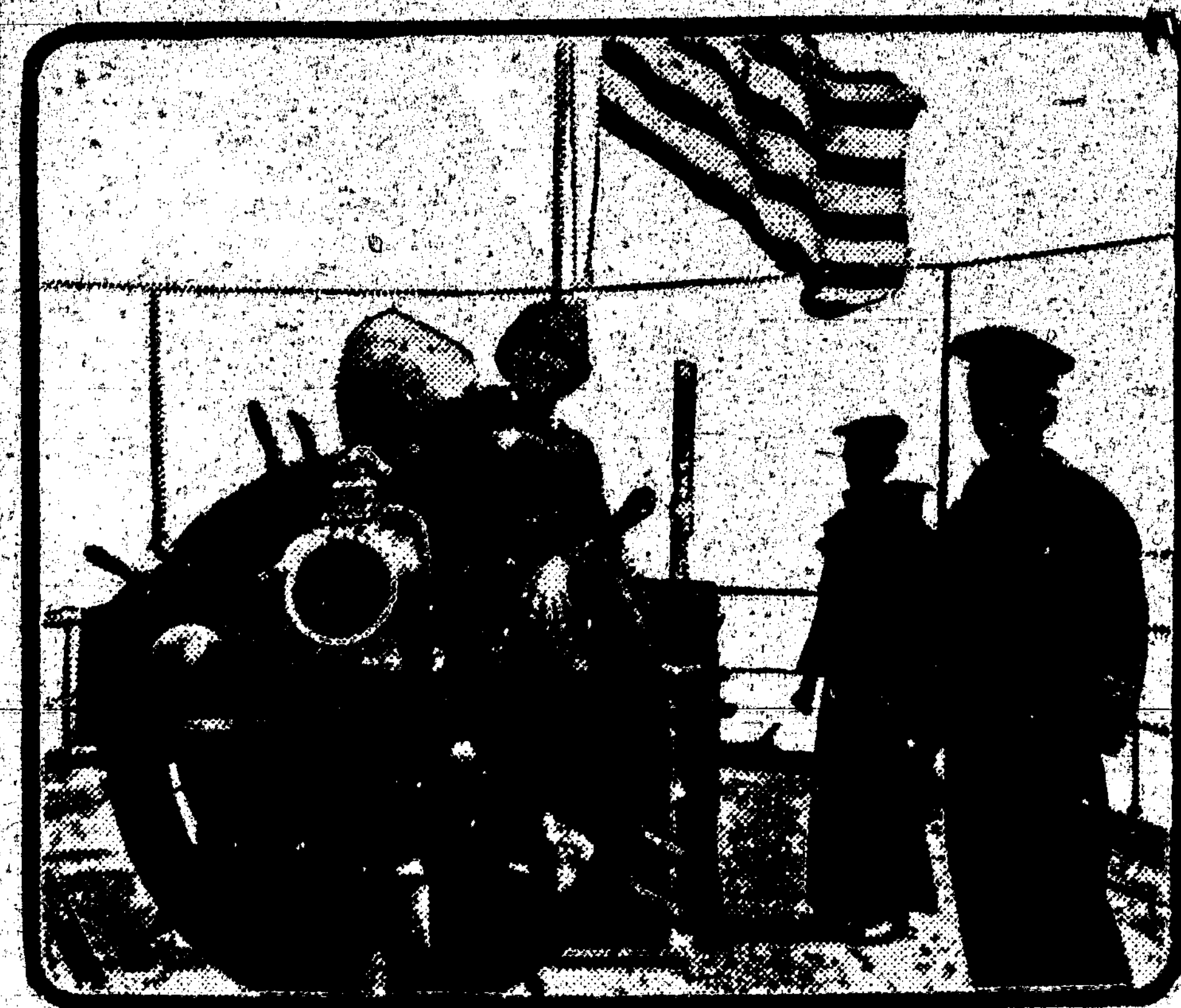
Chicago.—A new suit of clothes almost led to the death of Martin F. Barry, 707 South Forty-fourth court. Limping and holding his hand to his back, he appeared before Judge Martin.

Wishing to visit his mother in Iowa in some of the glory ascribed to Solomon, he first joined a "suit club." He drew a suit and went to the tailor shop.

Later he made a second visit to the shop to try on his new suit. The coat and the vest caused no difficulty. He could see that they had the correct lines without inconvenience. But he wished to try on the trousers. There was no vacant room for the accommodation of particular customers. So the tailor shoved Barry into a dark hallway to dress.

No sooner had Barry thrust his right foot into the right leg of his new trousers than he lost his balance.

MR. DANIELS' SON LIKES SEA LIFE



Frank A. Daniels, the nine-year-old son of the secretary of the navy, has developed a strong liking for life on shipboard. The picture shows him sitting against the wheel of the Dolphin, his father's official yacht.

JOHN D. ALMOST A PAUPER CITY GETS MODEL CHARTER

Oil Magnate's Cleveland Property Was \$3,000 More Valuable in 1912 Than at Present.

Cleveland, O.—John D. Rockefeller is rapidly losing his wealth and is becoming practically a poor man, according to the report of John T. Fisher, tax assessor for Cleveland Heights, in which place the Forest Hill estate of the oil king is situated.

The figures show that a year ago Mr. Rockefeller returned his personal



John D. Rockefeller.

property as worth \$7,190. This year Mr. Rockefeller is poorer by \$2,905 than he was a year ago, his return of personal property being \$4,285.

The figures show that John D. has nine horses worth \$55 each, ten head of cattle worth \$40 each, and furniture worth \$2,300. He has no automobiles here at this time of the year the assessments are made, so none is returned for taxation.

Fears to Be Soldier; Dies.

Geneva.—A Swiss, twenty years old, committed suicide at Schaffhausen by shooting himself with a revolver in a cafe because of his fear of military service. It was said at the inquest that he communicated his intention to his younger sister, aged eighteen, who offered to replace him secretly, but the young man refused the bargain.

LEAD DONKEY TO THE COAST.

Election Loser is Walking From Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon, in Payment.

Newburg, N. Y.—Paying an election bet, Benjamin H. Anderson, formerly general secretary of the chamber of commerce, and now secretary of the Butler Ad-men's club of Butler, Pa., is walking from Portland, Me., to Portland, Oregon, leading a donkey. He passed through Newburg.

Anderson is a strong admirer of Theodore Roosevelt, and was an ear-

Cleveland, O., to Abolish All Party Elections and Have Recall System.

Cleveland, O.—Non-partisan elections, with the absolute abolition of political parties, as far as municipal affairs are concerned, is assured to Cleveland in the terms of the new city charter, which has been completed. Experts declare the proposed charter is a model.

Nominations by petition instead of by primaries and the preferential system of voting in elections are to be leading features of the new governmental system of the city. It is aimed to simplify election machinery and give the greatest possible expression to the will of the voters, who not only are to have their first choice for each office counted, but their second and other choices as well.

The mayor and twenty-six members of the council are the only city officials who are to be elected under the new charter. All the others are appointive. Candidates for the elective positions are to certify their names backed by the signatures of voters to the board of elections and be placed upon a non-partisan ballot, carrying no party designations of any kind, and on which the names are to be rotated.

There are to be three columns in which cross marks indicating the will of the voter may be made. These will be headed "First choice," "Second choice" and "other choices." Each voter may mark his first and second choice for each office, and then may designate as many "other choices" as he sees fit. If no candidate for office receives a majority of the first choice votes, then the second choices are to be counted with the first choices. If no one has a majority of both first and second choices, the "other choices" are to be added, and a majority of all reckoned in determining the victor.

The recall is to apply to all elective officials. The mayor may be recalled upon the petition of 15,000 voters, and a councilman may be recalled upon the petition of 800 of his voting constituents. The mayor and councilmen are elected for two-year terms.

The mayor is to have the veto, but it is to be nullified to a large extent by the provision that any measure may be passed by the council over the veto by a majority vote.

Ordinances may be initiated by petitions which contain the names of 5,000 voters.

Anderson started from Portland, Me., March 4. He does not have to finish until March 4, 1914.

Sovereigns Are Always Hosts. London.—When the king and queen honor any of their subjects by being present at dinner the banquet differs from all others in one respect; the sovereigns, although actually guests, are nominally the hosts of their entertainer. It is they who lead the conversation and keep it up, for when royalty is disinclined for speech less exalted mortals perforce remain quiet.

A French scientist declares that man is descended from the bullfrog. Which may account for the croakers.

MAN IN THE MOON

Again Witnessed a Scene Which Probably Is Old as Himself.

BY GEORGE MUNSON.

"I am sorry, Miss Marston, that you have decided to sever your connection with the observatory," said Professor Blythe, rather sternly. "But at your age I can understand that the isolation of life in these parts is not wholly congenial. In fact, if I may be permitted to say so, I have often wondered that you could endure a year in such a town as Emerald. You wish to get back to the world of men—er—I beg your pardon, Miss Marston, I didn't mean it in that sense."

Despite his eye and forty years the Professor fairly quailed before the young woman at the recollection of his faux pas. The Professor was as exact as the charts he drew, and some said that his heart was as dry. But any old bachelor at forty-five is apt to be that way.

"I mean, Miss Marston, that at your age one naturally desires congenial society."

"It isn't that, Professor," answered the young woman, almost as embarrassed as the servant. "I have enjoyed my time here immensely. But I have decided to go."

"And tonight," said the Professor reluctantly, "must be our last view of the heavens together, then. The legend that locates Paradise in the celestial regions is a singularly fortunate one. One loses, in contemplating the heavens, the sense of the pettiness of earth. I can imagine no greater felicity than watching the stars with a congenial companion."

Then he broke off abruptly, for the second time he had been about to make a "break."

In fact the Professor felt singularly disconcerted at the approaching resignation of his assistant. In the big Arizona observatory he had experienced great difficulty in obtaining a satisfactory assistant. Men had come and gone; but until Miss Marston answered his last advertisement from Baltimore, he had been unable to make any advance with his work at



An Instant Later She Was Gone.

all. And now she was going, too, and the great work of mapping out the two new craters which he had discovered would be greatly retarded. And he could not afford to disappoint those who were expecting his report at the next meeting of the Astronomical society.

They were seated together in the observatory a few hours later. The moon was full and the clear atmosphere made observation extremely easy. Despite this, however, the work proceeded very slowly indeed. Miss Marston seemed as preoccupied as the Professor.

"I don't know how ever I shall complete the chart without you, Miss Marston," said the Professor. "I must say that for a woman you have an extremely scientific mind. Most young women, looking at the moon, see, I am told, apt to take foolish and romantic notions. For instance, the outline of those areas which we call continents is foolishly compared with the face of a man, who is popularly considered, I understand, to watch over the sickening sentimentalities of lovers. As though the pure and exact science of astronomy could be compared with such idiotic philanderings! Do you not agree with me, Miss Marston?"

"Yes," answered Miss Marston in a low voice.

"Not that I have anything against love," Professor Blythe continued. "It is, I presume, a necessary evil. But it should be faced with equanimity and serenity, like death, not made the subject for senseless comparisons and flights of untrained fancy. Were you ever in love, Miss Marston?"

"I can see that you weren't, and

couldn't be," exclaimed Miss Marston, rising suddenly and speaking with something approaching anger. "Good night, Professor Blythe."

An instant later she was gone, leaving the Professor quite astonished at her sudden departure.

"Why," he ruminated, "Miss Marston was almost—almost feminine tonight." And this started him upon a new and strange course of cogitation.

"Miss Marston has gone, Professor," said the elderly housekeeper when he descended from his observatory later that evening.

"Gone!" ejaculated the Professor in surprise.

"Gone home to Baltimore by the night train," she answered, looking at him significantly. But the Professor only murmured his surprise, and if he thought about Miss Marston subsequently he kept his reflections to himself.

But the work of mapping out the new craters proved unexpectedly dull. The young fellow who succeeded his employe was utterly incompetent and quickly vanished. The Professor bemoaned his ill luck to Mrs. Higgins.

"I'd give anything in the world to get Miss Marston back," he said. "She was the best assistant I ever had."

"Well, why don't you get her?" inquired the housekeeper.

"Get her!" ejaculated the Professor. "Why, she wanted to go home; she was tired of the work."

Mrs. Higgins smiled sourly and thrust her elderly features within a few inches of the Professor's.

"Do you know why she left?" she asked. "Because people were talking about you and her and thinking you were going to be married. No lady could stand for that."

"Bless my soul! No lady could stand for getting married?" inquired Professor Blythe.

"No, stand for talking about it when it wasn't so. There!" said the housekeeper.

The Professor went away in deep thought.

"Do you think she would come back?" he inquired the next evening.

"I mean it—er—"

"Try her," responded Mrs. Higgins, grimly. So that night a letter went off to Baltimore and, ten days later, Miss Marston appeared, resplendent in a new hat and gown.

"Well, I'm ready," she announced. "I feel very guilty to have left you, Professor; that is, before we finished the craters."

They went up into the observatory together. But somehow neither of them could work that evening. And as he sat beside Miss Marston Professor Blythe felt the strangest impulse to keep her there. His right arm, which seemed to have acquired an automatic motion independent of his control, gradually moved out until Professor Blythe found that it was encircling Miss Marston's waist.

"Do you think you could—er—marry me?" he blurted out. "You know, we must work on those craters together."

"Oh, bother the craters!" said Miss Marston. "Alfred, dear, I think I could, only—do you really want me for myself or for the work?"

"For yourself, darling!" exclaimed the Professor with sudden rapture. "When I sit here and look at that old moon, why, he just seems to be watching us and telling us to be as happy as we can, the dear old fellow!"

And the man in the moon saw two people kissing behind the telescope. (Copyright, 1911, by W. G. Chapman.)

Get New Idea in Building.

Francis K. Kimball, who provided the basic idea for modern caisson foundation construction, entered the employ of a builder at the age of fourteen, and has devoted his life to that line of work. He stopped designing and building to serve in the Civil War, but has suffered no interruption since. At one time he went to England, where he was engaged as supervising architect of Trinity college. The caisson idea came to him while erecting a building in New York. Treacherous sands were encountered, compelling him to seek a new method for excavating for the foundation. His career has been marked by originality, and he has overcome many obstacles in construction and established many precedents in method. He is a member of the New York chapter of the American Institute of Architects.

Green Flag.

An Irishman who was too old for active work was offered the position of crossing tender at a small railroad station. He looked dubious as the duties of the office were explained to him and the meaning of the various flags was clearly stated.

"In the case of danger with a train coming, of course, you wave this red flag," said his friend, proceeding with his explanation. A hard old hand grasped his arm.

"Man, dear, I'll never do," said Patrick, shaking his head solemnly. "I could never trust myself to remember to wave a red flag when there was a green wan handy."—Current Literature.

To the Overmodest.

Give what you have. To someone it may be better than you dare to think.—Longfellow.

SHADES FOR ELECTRIC LIGHT

Pretty Paper Affairs Can Easily Be Made—Flower Patterns Much in Favor.

Green cartilage paper should be cut into a circular shape with a small circle cut from the center and a section cut from the side, so that when the ends are joined it will make the shade conical-shaped. Next, before joining the pieces, draw a pattern upon the edge, cutting it out with a sharp knife, practically making a stencil pattern. This is venetian paper work, and if one is provided with a very sharp knife, manicure scissors and a small stiletto the work can be quickly done. The idea is to have the design perfectly smooth. Back this with a medium thin red paper, using a thin paste to join them together. Photograph paste is excellent for this purpose, and a roller is helpful in smoothing the papers.

Do not bend the paper to form the cube shape until the paste is dry. Roll it gently to prevent it from breaking. Join the edges and trim the lower and upper edge. If there is no brass globe support upon the electric light bulb it will be necessary to make a wire triangle across the top of the shade. Remove the bulb, place the shade over it, replace the bulb in the socket and the shade is secure. For patterns there are flower patterns and the conventional stencils.



ALL AROUND THE HOUSE

Fish may be scaled much easier by dipping them for a moment in boiling water.

The old-fashioned, natural ponges should be ironed rough dry or while still slightly damp. Sprinkling is very apt to spot it.

Glassware that has been washed in warm, soapy, blue water and dried in warm sawdust will have all appearance of the real article.

If moths have attacked a carpet, work powdered borax into the carpet wherever there is a sign of the insects, and scatter it under the furniture.

When washing cream wool or cotton goods, instead of using bluing, try putting the water in which a few onion skins have been boiled in the last rinsing water. This is much brighter and cleaner than the cream color made by coffee, often used.

For vinegar, save all peelings from fruit; boil in enough water to cover, strain and set aside unsealed to ferment. Rinse out all emptied jars and pour the rinsing into the vinegar jug. The vinegar will be a fine amber color, sharp and pure.

Wash and dry flannels as quickly as possible if you wish to keep them soft and white. Faded blue hair ribbons may be freshened by allowing them to stand in strong blue water a few minutes after being washed and ironed with a warm iron.

Chocolate Sponge Cake.

Chocolate sponge cake is delicious with plain vanilla ice cream or with plain custard. To make it sift a cupful of flour with a teaspoonful of baking powder. Melt two tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate with a cupful of sugar and heat it until light with an egg beater. Then beat it thoroughly into the sifted flour, beating with an egg beater for ten or fifteen minutes. Bake carefully in a rather shallow square pan. Frost with icing made of the whites of two eggs beaten stiff, stiffened with confectioner's sugar which has been sifted with about two tablespoonfuls of cocoa.

Eggs Stuffed With Cheese.

Stuffed eggs are always welcome, but never more so than when the stuffing contains cheese. Boil the eggs hard, then remove the yolks; mash them well and add an equal quantity of grated cheese—the yellow and snappier the better. Add paprika and salt, also a very little mustard if desired. Moisten with melted butter, cream or olive oil, according to one's preference. A few drops of onion juice may also be added. Spinach makes an agreeable garnish for this dish.

To Stop a Leak.

To stop a leak, mix whitening and yellow soap into a thick paste with a little water. Apply this to the place where the leakage is and it will be instantly stopped. A visit from the plumber will still be necessary, but there is no special hurry for more radical repairs.

Cooking Vegetables.

To preserve the color of green vegetables, put them on to cook in boiling water into which a pinch of salt has been dropped.

Fishing on the Dwina



RUSSIAN COAST SCENE.

THERE were six of us, four men and two women, all bare legged, the men with their trousers rolled up well above the knees, the women in short

underpetticoats. We sat in a large boat with two sails and moved merrily over the little waves. On board there were fifty yards of netting, a basket of black bread and pickled cod, a kettle and a pot, two bark boxes to contain the fish, and one or two heavy deerkin jackets to put on if the night should be very cold. The men were idle, the women rowed. I ladled out water now and then, for we leaked badly, and there is nothing more unpleasant than to have one's food or clothes splashed with bilge, a writer in the London Evening Standard says:

There was a little conversation.

"Why is it so much fish comes up the Dwina this season of the year?"

"A bug drives them."

"If they didn't come up it would be bad for us."

"God sends the bug to chase them, so that the poor moujik shall not starve."

"That is true. Glory be to Thee, O Lord!"

The women discussed whether the tide was coming in or going out. They agreed that if the tide were still coming in we should catch nothing but "spittles," meaning thereby very little fish or nothing at all. We all hoped that the tide had turned.

Castling Nets on the Dwina.

By 8 o'clock we reached the shore of a Dwina island, drew in on the sand and prepared to tackle for our first cast into the depths. The nets, fifty yards long and ten feet wide, were much entangled, and the stone weights attached all along the bottom did not make unraveling the easier. We spent an hour extricating the stones and the corks and repairing the big rents through which, in their imagination, the women already saw our finest fish leaping. Attached to the four extreme corners of the netting were long ropes—these were the pulling ropes. Ikra's son and Laika took a pair of these and Ikra and the two women took the loose ready netting on board and rowed out upon the water, throwing out the tackle as fast as we traveled, so that there was a long tail of corks and rope stretching behind us to the shore, where the other two held their ends. The women rowed, I helped to throw out the nets.

When we had reached a convenient point we turned the boat and rowed back to the shore, making the floating line of corks and rope into a half circle. Once on the shore we took out our ends of the rope and pulled. Young Ikra and Laika also pulled; one of the women went over to help them. The nets were very heavy and yielded very slowly to our tugging, so heavy that one might have thought that they inclosed all the fish of the sea. As a matter of fact, it was the river that resisted us and not the draft. We wound the ropes round our middles and lay back and dragged like captains of a tug of war.

Gradually, very gradually, we gained the victory, and approached the other party pulling toward us. We draw in the first strands of netting and then the second and third, our excitement and expectation increasing as the half circle narrowed in and decreased, and we saw little fishes darting to and fro in the shadowy water.

We watched; but, alas! what dis-

appointment! We did not catch a fish larger than our middle fingers. They were all "spittles," and we all agreed that the tide had not turned yet.

It was our lot to repeat this laborious and fruitless performance three times before success attended our efforts. It was at the fourth cast that our fortune suddenly changed.

As usual we drew in the nets slowly and heavily and approached one another, and then stood hopeful, but ready to be disappointed, watching the finale. On this occasion we saw big fish swimming about, trying to escape the toils, and one of the men could not contain himself, but rushed into the water and tried to secure one in advance; the consequence was a sudden splash and a jump and a lively pike had leaped out of the trap back into the river. "Oh, oh, a three-pound, a four-pound fish, come back, come back!" we cried out, and brought young Ikra back.

With a one, two, three, we landed the heavy sack of the net with its complement of mud and weeds and shells and splashing, slithering fish.

A glorious sight presented itself—three large white gwinheads all together and half a dozen fair-sized fish enmeshed, half escaped, but caught, then a bushel of perch and dace and founders. We all smiled and felt pleased.

Stared At by Wild Horses.

By 11 o'clock, when the sky was steeped in the first red of sunset, we had already cast the net six times and were content with the result. Two of the party went off to look at the bushes to see whether the wild black currants were ripening, and the rest of us sat round on the sand and ate bread and fish. While sitting so, about twenty wild horses came trampling over the sand and stared at us curiously; then, when I tried to stalk them, galloped off pellmell.

The river was perfectly tranquil, the yellow peach burned to crimson from the low rays of the sun. The Dwina villages slept, there was scarcely a craft to be seen on the river, and we seemed utterly alone in the world.

We began to feel cold and proposed to go in search of the others, when suddenly they appeared, declaring there were no berries this year, nothing at all. We had better keep to fish; we should do nothing gathering fruit.

That meant that we set to work again. When we had filled our baskets we would light a bonfire, and make tea and warm ourselves.

Fortune remained with us—God allowed the fish to be caught, as our moujik put it—and we did well. We brought in much jack, many muddly flat fish, then a fat salmony looking fish of which I know not the name, and at least a score of gwinheads over a foot long. Ever and anon a big fish would jump and escape.

At 1 in the morning the deep band of sunset still glowed in the north and west. The waters of the river drowned crimson with purple, and the sands were becoming brown again as the dusk settled down. Soon it would be dark.

At 2 it was cold, and we finished our fishing and built a brushwood bonfire on the beach. It crackled, smoked and flamed, scorched our bare legs, but warmed not our bodies. Yet the tea was good.

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FOREST FIRES

From the latter part of April to the 15th of July is usually the driest season and for want of a better term the Forest Service has designated this period as the "Fire Season". From the beginning of the fire season there have been but six small fires on the Lincoln National Forest covering a total of 28 acres and costing, exclusive of the Forest officers' time, less than \$11.00 for extinguishing. Practically no merchantable timber was destroyed.

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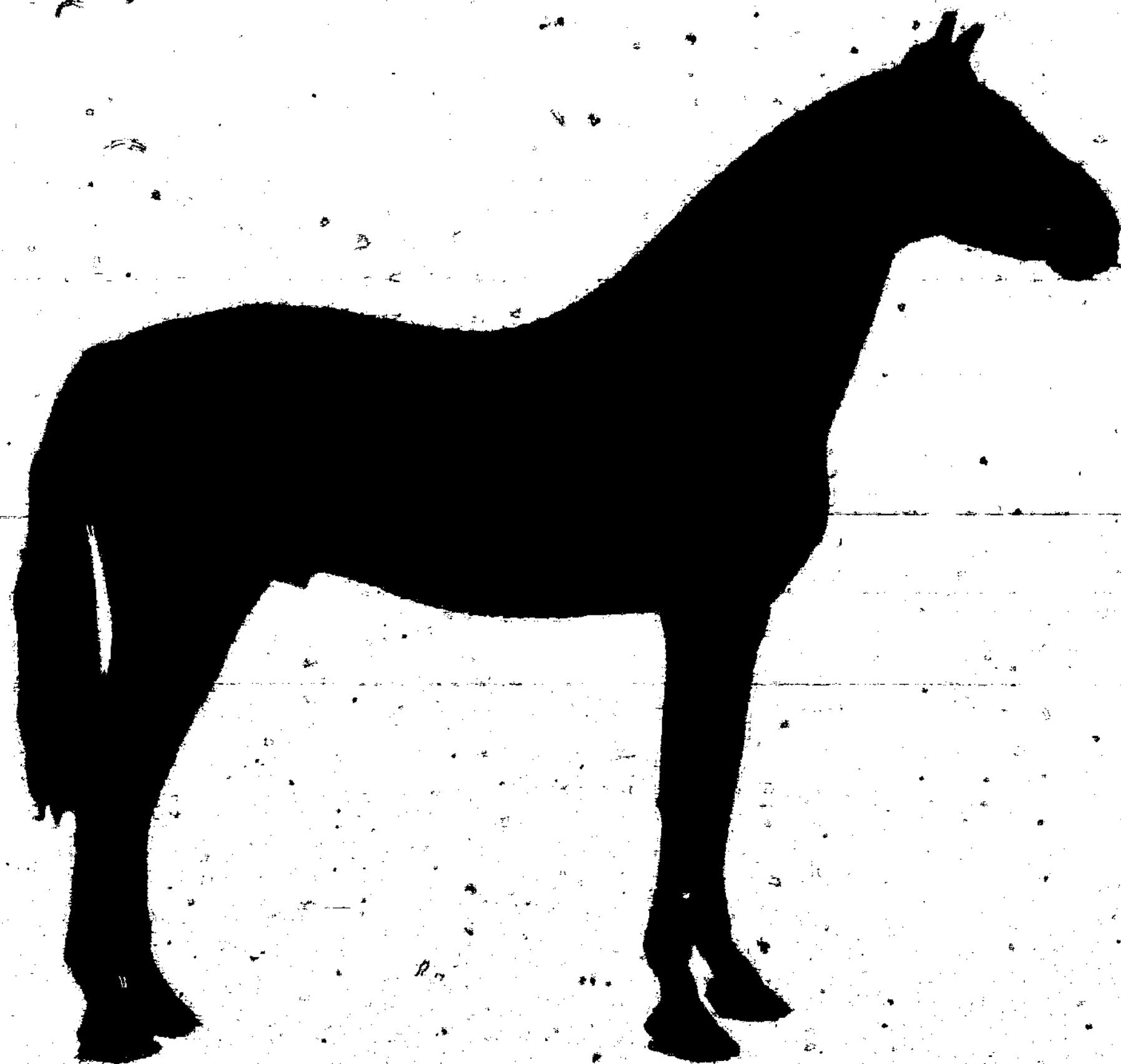
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LEGAL NOTICES

010875 8726
NOTICE OF CONTEST

Department of the Interior,
United States Land Office, Roswell, N. M.
May 24, 1913
To Heirs of Jesuita Gonzalez de Sanchez,
deceased, late of Lincoln County, New
Mexico, Contestee:

You are hereby notified that Jorge Chavez, who gives Tinnie, Lincoln County, New Mexico, as his postoffice address, did on May 10, 1913, file in this office his duly corroborated application to contest and secure the cancellation of your Homestead Entry No. 8831, Serial No. 010875 made August 23, 1906, for the SE1/4SW1, Sec. 10, E1/4NW1 and NE1/4SW1, Section 15, Township 11 South, Range 17 East, N. W. P. Meridian, and as grounds for his contest he alleges that Jesuita Gonzalez de Sanchez died in 1907 and left surviving her, Francisco Sanchez, Amada Sanchez, Ramunda Sanchez, Biseta Sanchez, Donacion Sanchez, Jose Manuel Sanchez, Telesfora M. de Sanchez, Cornelia Pacheco de Sanchez, Sele Sanchez, Rosario Sanchez, Valentin Sanchez, Prudencio Sanchez, Felipe Sanchez, Aurelio Sanchez, Estofano Sanchez, Elauteria Sanchez, and Dan-avis Sanchez, if any other heirs, they are unknown to affiant, that said entry woman never made settlement on said land, and that her heirs have never resided upon, cultivated or improved said land since the death of said entry-woman.

You are, therefore, further notified that the said allegations will be taken by this office as having been confessed by you, and your said entry will be canceled thereunder without your further right to be heard therein, either before this office or on appeal, if you fail to file in this office within twenty days after the FOURTH publication of this notice, as shown below, your answer, under oath, specifically meeting and responding to these allegations of contest, or if you fail within that time to file in this office due proof that you have served a copy of your answer on the said contestant either in person or by registered mail. If this service is made by the delivery of a copy of your answer to the contestant in person, proof of such service must be either the said contestant's written acknowledgment of his receipt of the copy, showing the date of its receipt, or the affidavit of the person by whom the delivery was made stating when and where the copy was delivered; if made by registered mail, proof of such service must consist of the affidavit of the person by whom the copy was mailed stating when and the post office to which it was mailed, and this affidavit must be accompanied by the postmaster's receipt for the letter.

You should state in your answer the name of the post office to which you desire future notices to be sent to you.

T. C. TILLOISON,
Register.

Date of first publication June 6, 1913
" " second " June 12, 1913
" " third " June 20, 1913
" " fourth " June 27, 1913

NOTICE OF PUBLICATION

In the District Court,
County of Lincoln

June 18th 1913
Cecencia Lopez, plaintiff
vs.
Sabas Lopez, Defendant

No. 2188
The said defendant, Sabas Lopez, is hereby notified that a suit in divorce has been commenced against him in the District Court for the County of Lincoln, State of New Mexico, by said Cecencia Lopez that unless she enter or cause to be entered her appearance in said suit on or before the 12th day of August A. D. 1913 decree Pro Confesso therein will be rendered against you.

George Spence
Carrizozo, N. M. Albert H. Harvey
Atty. for Plaintiff. Clerk.
June 20--July 11.

NOTICE OF PUBLICATION

In the District Court,
County of Lincoln

June 18th 1913
William Kahler, Jr. Plaintiff
vs.
Minnie Kahler, Defendant

No. 2187
The said defendant, Minnie Kahler, is hereby notified that a suit in divorce has been commenced against her in the District Court for the County of Lincoln, State of New Mexico, by said William Kahler, Jr. that unless she enter, or cause to be entered, her appearance in said suit on or before the 12th day of August A. D. 1913, decree Pro Confesso therein will be rendered against you.

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CARRIZOZO, N. M.

The
YELLOW LETTER
BY
WILLIAM JOHNSTON
Illustrations
BY
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SYNOPSIS.

Harding-Kent calls on Louise Farrish to propose marriage and finds the house in great excitement over the attempted suicide of her sister Katharine. Kent starts an investigation and finds that Hugh Crandall, suitor for Katharine, who had been forbidden the house by General Farrish, had talked with Katharine over the telephone just before she shot herself. A torn piece of yellow paper is found in the room of Hugh Crandall, who is stricken with paralysis. Kent discovers that Crandall has left town hurriedly. Andrew Elser, an aged banker, commits suicide about the same time as Katharine attempted her life. A yellow envelope is found in Elser's room. Post Office Inspector Davis, Kent's friend, takes up the case. Kent is convinced that Crandall is at the bottom of the mystery. Katharine's strange outbursts puzzle the detectives. Kent and Davis search Crandall's room and find an address, Lock Box 17, Ardway, N. J. Kent goes to Ardway to investigate and becomes suspicious of a woman named Sarah. A woman commits suicide at the Ardway Hotel. A yellow letter also figures in this case. Kent calls Louise on the long distance telephone and finds that she had just been called by Crandall from the same booth. "Cook" appears. The Ardway postmaster is missing. Inspector Davis arrives at Ardway and takes up investigation. He discovers that the woman in Sarah Sackett's handwriting is Louise. Kent implores him to drop the investigation. Kent returns to New York to get an explanation from Louise. He finds the body of a woman in Central Park and more yellow letters. He sees Crandall, whom he recognizes as "Cook" on the Farrish home. Louise again implores Kent to drop the investigation and refuses to give any explanation. Later Kent sees Crandall and Louise in an automobile. Davis announces that he has planned to arrest the missing postmaster and also the master criminal. While seeking the criminals, Kent comes across Louise and Crandall. Pursued by Davis the postmaster jumps out of a precipice and is killed. Alcega Young, the master criminal, is found in a hut in a morphia stupor. Louise tells Kent that she and Crandall had come to get papers from Young which gave him a strange hold over General Farrish. It is shown that Crandall's only interest in the case was to help Katharine recover her father's papers. Young, a shrewd and cunning man, with morphia just out of his reach, in an attempt to make him confess and give up the papers.

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

"If you had seen the name of Andrew Elser in it," said Davis, "would you not have examined it?"
"Was his name there?"
"Yes, and also the names of the Bridgeport victim and Dora Hastings and Henry Eberle. It was Young or Rouser who sent out the yellow letters and checked the list, using just plain, ordinary shorthand for such words as 'Sent,' 'Answered,' 'Five Thousand.' Fortunately, the list shows that while more than five hundred letters were sent out, hardly a dozen had brought responses, and in only three cases had money been received."
"Was General Farrish's name on the list?"
"No," answered Davis sleepily, "but I hardly expected to find it there."
"And the letters sent out," I persisted, "were they the yellow letters?"
"Of course."
"What was in them?"
"That's just what I've got to find out from Young," said Davis, and in another minute he was fast asleep.
As I saw Davis lying there a new thought came to me. If he could extract the information he wanted from Young, what was to hinder me from doing it? Surely our prisoner by now had seen the hopelessness of his position and would be ready to talk. At least there would be no harm in trying.

I entered the room where Young was, and, approaching his couch, laid my hand on his shoulder, he had been lying there with his eyes closed, and the mere touch of my hand so jolted his shattered nerves that his whole body bounded to the limit of his bonds. His lightened lips showed how difficult it was for him to suppress a scream.
"Look here, Young," said I, "I've come to you as a friend to tell you just how the land lies. Rouser is dead and the inspector has possession of all his papers. He knows everything about the yellow letters."
An evil smile was Young's only answer—the cunning leer of the man who sees a trick.
"There are stacks and stacks of evidence against you. We have the set of people to whom Rouser sent letters."
"Damn your evidence!" he sneered. "You may have evidence against that fat Rouser, but you've nothing against me. If the inspector, as you call him, has evidence enough to convict me, he you suppose he'd have me tied up here? He hasn't a bit of evidence against me. He never will have. Reach me that medicine."
He jerked his head in the direction of the morphia that lay so tantalizingly near. There was something in his voice, some indefinable power of

persuasiveness that almost influenced me to do what he asked. Involuntarily my hand went out to the bottle containing the solution, but I caught myself in time.
"Go on, hand it to me," he begged.
"Can't you see how I need it? Give it to me and I'll tell you anything you want to know."
"Tell me first," said I, "and you can have it."
"I can't talk, I can't think," he cried. "Hill, I get it. You can see for yourself how shaky I am."
I could see for myself that he was suffering the torture of the damned. Every muscle in his body seemed to be jerking involuntarily, doubling itself into little hungry knots that joined his aching nerves in the shrill clamor for morphia—morphine.
"Give me just one dose," he pleaded, "and I'll tell you anything, everything you want to know. I'll die if I don't get it."
So pitiable was his condition that I found myself sympathizing with him in spite of myself. My eyes followed his glance to the chair near the couch, where, beside the hypodermic syringe and the morphia, Davis, as if to accentuate the torture of his fetters, had placed the key that unlocked them. I would not have known how to administer the morphia, even if I had wished to do so, and besides, I had a strong aversion to drugging a fellow-man, but as I saw the key there, I thought of a solution.
"If I unlock the fetters on your arms," said I, "so that you can reach the morphia, will you promise me to answer my question?"
"I'll promise on my word of honor to answer every question you ask," he replied, an eager light coming into his eyes.

"I swear it—on my mother's honor." Thinking how amazed Davis would be when he awoke to learn that I had the prisoner's full confession, I reached for the key. Young turned over as far as he could to permit me to unlock the fetters.
Then, quick as lightning, as the steel fell away from his wrists, his hands shot out and clutched my neck with maniac strength. I felt my eyes bulge, my lungs fill to bursting. I put forth my hands to try to shake off his grip, but I felt my strength fast falling.
Athletically inclined though I have always been, and matched though I was against a drug-weakened wretch with fettered feet, I found myself no equal for his maniacal desperation. Back and forth over the couch we swayed in a silent death-struggle, my cut-off breath all the while pounding unpurified through my bursting lungs, my brain turning weak, and my sight growing dim. I was beaten. I knew I could hold out but a few seconds longer.
There, passed through my mind in my struggles a vivid picture of what was about to happen. Young would silently choke me to death. Silently he would hobble with his fettered feet to where Davis lay in the lean-to sound asleep and brain him with a blow. He would cast off his fetters and long before the constable would return to find our bodies would make his escape on Rouser's bicycle. The mystery of the yellow letters never would be explained. Poor Louise—
Young's hands fell from my throat and I staggered back gasping for breath. I thought at first that the strain had been too much for his drug-



I Felt My Eyes Bulge, My Lungs Fill to Bursting.
racked body, but soon I saw what had happened. His muscles had not weakened, but his will. Standing over him was Davis with a revolver pointed at his head. Even before I had recovered myself Davis had the fetters readjusted and the rope passed through them.
Our lives were saved. The mystery might yet be solved, despite my foolishness.
As soon as my aching throat would permit me to speak I began making abject apologies for my foolish conduct and trying to express my thanks, but he would not listen to me.
"I guess you'll guard him safely enough now," he said.
With something of the feeling of a chastised school-boy who knows he deserves far more than he got, I set down beside the couch and for four long hours watched the struggle and heard the curses and howls and the entreaties of the drug-mad wretches.

But now I had no sympathy left for him.
CHAPTER XVI.
The Forty-Ninth Hour.
Two days—two unforgettable days—we passed there in the hut, Davis and I and our self-tortured prisoner. Each day the constable came and went, the first day to tell us that the inspector's plan for disposing of the postmaster's body had been successful and that no suspicion had been aroused. The second day a pleasant mission brought him to deliver telegrams from Crandall and Louise that all was well, that the general was slowly improving and that Katharine was recovering rapidly.
And all the while Young lay there bound, defying us, now cursing, now pleading, now in brilliant phrases striving to convince us by logical arguments so deft, so forceful, so cunning that a weaker and less wise man than Davis might have been convinced by them.
His logic ineffective he would turn to merciless invective and ribald threats, his penetrating voice making the whole hut hideous as he prophesied for us both grotesque horrible deaths, brain-breaking punishments. In this world and the next. Then, overcome once more by the intensity of his unsatisfied desire for the drug that had long been his master, he would moan and plead and weep for morphia. At times delusions would seize his brain. By the hour he would rave of beautiful cities and wonderfully fair women and pleasant pastimes. Majestic lines of poetry would flow from his fevered lips, to end in a shriek of agony as his quivering, knotted muscles all but tore his nerves apart.
Again the weird morphia fantasies would take hold of him and a rush of horrible grotesque ribaldries would foul the air.
But after forty-eight hours of this terrible torture nature would be put off no longer. She demanded rest. Young had sunk into a troubled, uneasy sleep about seven in the morning. Davis and I, having spelled each other as guards during the night, sat talking about our prisoner. I happened to remark that it was a pity that capital punishment could not remove such criminals as Young from the earth. The inspector, in spite of the rigorous way he had kept up the torture, seemed to have strong sympathy for Young.
"I don't believe in capital punishment at all," he said explosively. "Our whole system is wrong. It took us a good many centuries to discover that insane persons didn't need prisons, but doctoring. They just can't help being criminals. Stand behind a line of prisoners as they march in to breakfast in the penitentiary. Not one of them will have a normal head. Is that their fault?—It is the fault of society. It's our fault!"

There was a stir on the couch and Young opened his eyes. The fire of the drug-madness and the look of hate seemed to have vanished.
"I give up," he said. "I can't stand the strain any longer. I'll tell you anything you want to know."
He spoke quietly and calmly. Yet there was something in his voice that rang true. I felt that this time he meant what he said. Apparently Davis, too, realized that at last Young's spirit was broken. Without hesitation, he seized the hypodermic syringe and plunged it into Young's arm. The prisoner breathed a long sigh of relief. The color came back into his face and strength to his voice. His muscles stopped twitching.
"Now," said Davis gently, "where are the yellow letters hid?"
"In a tin-box under a fat stone near the spring," Young replied.
"Which stone?"
"It's the third from the spring coming this way."
Davis was up like a shot and out the door, reappearing quickly with an ordinary document box.
"And the Farrish papers—where are they?" he asked sharply.
"They are in this box, too," said Young wearily. "May I have another shot?"
Davis studied his face and felt his pulse and then reached for the syringe.

"Where's the key?" he asked as he finished administering the morphia.
"In my left trousers' pocket," Young answered apathetically.
Quickly Davis possessed himself of the key and opened the box. In the top tray were perhaps fifty letters, typewritten on yellow paper, with a blank left for the name to be filled in. Without stopping to read the letters, which seemed to be all after the same form, Davis lifted the tray. In the bottom of the box was a type-written list of names and a bulky sealed legal envelope, marked on the outside "Papers in the Farrish case."
"Here, Kent," said Davis, handing me the envelope, "take charge of these and give them to Miss Louise

"Take Charge of These and Give Them to Miss Louise or Miss Katharine." or Miss Katharine. You're entitled to that."
Joyfully I stowed the envelope in my breast pocket, my heart bounding at the thought of the relief the right of the package would bring to the Farrish family. But as yet the whole affair was a blind puzzle to me and I waited eagerly for further developments.
"Now, Young," said the inspector, "tell me all about your scheme."
"If the damn thieves hadn't been such cowards as to go and kill themselves," said Young with a glow of enthusiasm, "I would have been a millionaire within a year. Read one of the letters and you can see for yourself just how good the scheme was."
Lifting the topmost sheet the inspector read the yellow letter aloud:
Ardway, N. J., Feb. 3, 1911.
Dear Sir:
I am writing to you in pursuance of my duty as executor of the late Edwin Green, who died here recently, leaving me an estate amounting to some \$250,000 in my hands for what he was pleased to term a "Defaulters' Fund."
I can best explain its purpose by briefly summarizing the founder's life. In his early youth Mr. Green was employed for a short time in a bank in a small city in another state. Becoming involved in speculation he used several hundred dollars of the bank's funds. He had no relatives but a sister, to whom he knew it was useless to apply for aid. As discovery seemed inevitable he was contemplating suicide, seeing nothing but prison and disgrace ahead of him. But an old friend of his father, who entirely by accident learned of his plight, advanced him the money he needed to make good his default, exacting from him a promise that he would help others in similar plight whenever he had opportunity.
His subsequent life was of the highest repute. Though he amassed a fortune he never found opportunity to aid any one in a plight similar to the one in which he once found himself. It became almost a mania with him and resulted in his leaving his entire fortune to aid first offenders in turning back into the right path.
I know of no way of reaching the persons he intended to aid. I am sending out this letter to persons employed in banks and positions of trust, hoping that you or others who receive it may know of some man, young or old, who has made the first mistake and is wrongfully using funds belonging to others. But is anxious of making good his reputation. If you should know of any such I will gladly make good his default and endeavor to save him from exposure, disgrace and imprisonment, asking only his word that he will not err again, for Mr. Green, in the deed of trust, expressly specifies that this is the only security to be exacted. I am, sir, very truly yours,
HENRY MAXWELL STEWART.
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

American Soldiers the Best
World's Records for Marksmanship All His, and He is Trained to Act on His Own Initiative.
If there is one big, distinguishing trait of the United States regular, it is individuality. In every one of the great foreign military nations, particularly Germany and Japan, battalion and company officers and enlisted men are carefully trained, not to think for themselves. They are used as mere chess pieces under the guidance of a master mind. In this country, where our training has yielded us an extraordinary self-reliance, cool thinking, intensive initiative product, it is only natural that our soldiers should be trained as are our civilians.
The United States army spends annually on rifle target practice five times the sum spent by any other army of an equal number of men. This

applies, too, to our field and coast artillery. As a result, no better marksmen can be found than the American soldier and his cousin, the national guardsman, who is trained along the same lines. Every world's fire control and accuracy record with rifle and big gun is today held by the American soldier.
The United States army is small, in accordance with the will of the people not to support a large standing military establishment. But what we have is almost 100 per cent efficient, the splendid nucleus of the big army of regulars, militia and volunteers which we should place in the field if occasion required. It is only in equipment—quartermaster, commissary, medicine and particularly ordnance stores—that our army is lacking. Lead's.



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REFUSE TO MEET STRANGERS
Peculiar Method of Trading Indulged In by New Guinea Tribes Who Keep to Themselves.
No European has even been able to meet in their own dwelling place the Kukuhulus, a shy yet ferocious tribe of New Guinea. Other tribes of the country, while they have a great fear of the Kukuhulus, manage to do a bartering trade with them. They bring salt, earthenware, dried fish, etc., and deposit them in a certain indicated place. They then retire for a few hours, being notified to do so by a curious cry from the distance. The mountain dwellers then descend to view the goods offered for sale. If they want them they put down other goods, such as skins, feathers, and other jungle produce, next to those articles wanted by them. Then they retire in turn, and when the way seems clear the coast dwellers approach again. If the latter are satisfied with what is offered in exchange, they take the goods put down by the mountain people and go away; if not with empty hands.

RASH ON FACE FOR 2 YEARS
Sioux Falls, S. D.—"My trouble of skin disease started merely as a rash on my face and neck, but it grew and kept getting worse until large scabs would form, fester and break. This was just on the one side of my face, but it soon scattered to the other side. I suffered a great deal, especially at night, on account of its itching and burning. I would scratch it and of course that irritated it very much. This rash was on my face for about two years, sometimes breaking out lots worse and forming larger sores. It kept me from sleeping day or night for a couple of months. My face looked disgraceful and I was almost ashamed to be seen by my friends."
"A friend asked me to try Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment. I would bathe my face with hot water and a lot of Cuticura Soap, then I would put on the Cuticura Ointment. In less than two days' time, the soreness and inflammation had almost entirely disappeared, and in four weeks' time you could not see any of the rash. Now my face is without a spot of any kind. I also use them for my scalp and hair. They cured me completely." (Signed) Miss Pansy Hutchins, Feb. 5, 1912.
Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston." Adv.

Wanted to Be There.
Tony came over from the old country and obtained employment in America as a section hand. Some time afterward he went to his foreman and said: "Boss, I like haf vacashun."
"Tony, you don't need a vacation," answered the boss.
"Yes, boss, I like haf vacashun," repeated Tony.
"What do you want with a vacation? If I give it to you, Tony, you will go back to the old country, blow all your money, and then come back broke. You had better stay here."
"I like haf vacashun, boss," stolidly repeated Tony. "I'm going to get married and I'd kinder like to be there."

Sick-Room Light.
If there are electric lights in the sick room they will generally be found too brilliant, hurting the eyes of the patient, and not every sick room has the electric lights that can be turned up or down. Make a little green silk bag and fasten it over the incandescent bulb and it will give a good but subdued and harmless light.
Important to Mothers
Examine carefully every bottle of **CASTORIA**, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of **Dr. J. C. Fletcher** in Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

State Lands Sold.
Minnesota in 1912 has sold 2,200 acres of state lands at prices ranging from five to twenty-one dollars an acre.
Poison Oak or Ivy Poisoning
Is quickly relieved by bathing the affected parts in a solution of two teaspoonfuls of Tyree's Antiseptic Powder to a pint of water. 25c. at all druggists or sample sent free by J. H. Tyree, Washington, D. C.—Adv.
Not Losing So Many.
Bacon—I see the population of your town is increasing.
Egbert—Yes. They abolished railroad crossings about a year ago.
Be Happy. Use Red Cross Bag Blue;
much better than liquid blue. Delights the laundress. All grocers. Adv.
Aim at Independence of mind.
There are some men who go in leading strings all their days.—Rev. J. Stoughton.
Wherever the tree of benevolence takes root, it send forth branches above the sky.—Dead.

AEROPLANES IN THE NAVY



The Curtiss Hydro-Aeroplane

WHEN a naval aviator, Lieut. Ellison, was launched in an aeroplane from a catapult recently and his flying machine bore him gracefully aloft without slightest tendency toward stumbling it marked an important advance in the use of airships in the navy.

The aeroplane as an adjunct to military operations has already shown its value both in Tripoli and in Turkey. Besides dropping bombs upon Turks and Arabs it has proved of greater usefulness in reconnoitering the position of the enemy. The Bulgarians have gone a step further and have used the aeroplane for fire control purposes, enabling the battery commanders of the field guns to train their weapons so as to make them tell most effectively against the Sultan's forces. This matter of fire control is as vital to a navy as to an army in action, especially when the guns of a fleet are searching out the weak spots in the land defenses. But heretofore the aeroplane has been less available for navy than for army use.

The catapult tested in Washington is the invention of Captain Chambers of the navy, and is the outcome of various lessons learned while trying to adapt the aeroplane to the needs of the navy. The practicability of sending aeroplanes in flight from a suitable platform on board ship was early demonstrated, but there were various minor problems to be solved. The launching platforms employed were both long and cumbersome. They took up space that would not be available in time of war, and they blocked the fire of some of the guns.

The long runway or sloping platform was therefore prohibitive. With a short track substituted which could be easily and quickly put in place and just speedily demounted and stored out of the way, there arose the question of a means of starting the aeroplane effectively. For this purpose Captain Chambers devised the catapult. For years he had specialized in torpedoes and was familiar with the devices successively tried in getting those weapons overboard from a boat. The catapult tried at Annapolis last summer was a sort of modified torpedo-launching outfit of the earlier type, and compressed air was employed to give the initial push.

The trial mechanism was of necessity rather crude, but this fact did not deter Lieutenant Ellison from subjecting himself in a hydroaeroplane to the extreme shock of the device in order to find out the effects of such a concussion, not only upon the air pilot, but likewise upon the motor attachments and other fittings which might be wrenched loose or deranged. That test was entirely satisfactory in its lessons, but the aviator and his machine got a ducking.

The catapult lately tried at the Washington navy yard is devised so that the hydroaeroplane attains its launching speed without violence, and this insures the launching of the machine without fear of deranging any of the apparatus or dislodging the aviator from his seat. The runway or starting track is short and can be put in position in several places on a fighting ship without interfering with the maneuvering of the guns or impeding any other operation of importance.

Of course the demonstration at Washington over the Potomac river under fairly ideal weather conditions is not a counterpart of what may confront the naval aviator at sea, but so far as the actual getting away from the ship is concerned that function can be promised under any circumstances which on shore would warrant an aviator in trying to go up in the air. The other side of the problem is that of returning to the ship again, and here success is likely.

Glenn H. Curtiss has devised a form of hook or hook for his hydro which is capable of sustaining the flying machine when waves of considerable size

are running, and this will be taken advantage of when the hydroaeroplane returns from its scouting expedition. The aviator will alight with his machine upon the water on the sheltered side of the vessel, and, thus protected from the stronger sweep of wind and wave, the air pilot and his apparatus will be easily hoisted aboard.

Developments in other directions are increasing day by day the reliability of the aeroplane and its value as a military implement. Just as the self-starter has added to the convenience of the up-to-date automobile, a similar device is contributing to the efficiency of the hydroaeroplane as part of the equipment of a fighting ship. With a good self-starter, by which the air pilot can get his motor going from his seat, and with a launching apparatus like that devised by Captain Chambers, the aircraft will be able to assume its own propulsion the instant it leaves the runway of the catapult.

It is not enough, however, simply to get the flying machine into the air; the scouting aviator has a lot to attend to after he is aloft and started upon his mission.

Until a short while ago the air pilot had his hands dangerously full of things to be manipulated in order to sustain him safely in flight, and a moment's inattention was pretty certain to invite trouble if not disaster. He had no opportunity to make observation of the land beneath him or to release bombs intended to hit a certain spot on the landscape below. The airman therefore needed a companion whose duties should be limited to reconnoitering and to dropping projectiles upon the enemy.

Now it happened that the machines used by the Italians in Tripoli were not weight carriers, and it was therefore out of the question to support a second person in them. Accordingly the aviator had to do all the work himself, and this explains why bombs dropped from aeroplanes so often failed to hit their mark. The Italian dirigible balloons, on the other hand, because they could be maneuvered deliberately and could lift a number of persons, were successful as bomb throwers, and what they did showed what could be expected of a flying machine properly built for military work.

As a result of study a number of devices have been developed which make it possible now to insure to a large degree the automatic control of an aeroplane's equilibrium, and other apparatus is being perfected which reduces the demands upon the aviator. Quite apart from the military importance of these later inventions, the physical and nervous stresses upon the aviator are fewer. These have proved so exhausting during the war between Italy and Turkey that the pilots have become incapacitated after six months of service, and doctors declare a rest period of at least two years is needed in order to insure their recuperation and fitness again for duty with the flying squadron.

Among the helpful apparatus now being developed by an American firm is a gyroscopic device which gives promise of success in maintaining the stability of an aeroplane in flight. Captain Chambers is engaged in the construction of an aerial compass which will not only give directional guidance, but will also compensate for the drift or sidewise movement of the flying machine.

On the other side of the Atlantic instrument makers have been working away at the same problem with more or less success. The market supply of such apparatus is not large. That there is need of just such an aid to aerial navigation is evidenced by the fact that a German firm was suddenly denied of its supply by the demands of the war in the Balkans. It is said to say that no small share of the effective aid rendered by the Bulgarian flying corps has been directly due to these instruments.

In the past aviation generally has been encouraged more as a sporting



LIEUTENANT TOWERS, U.S.N., HEAD OF THE NAVY AVIATION CORPS

proposition than an art susceptible of practical benefits, and this has really hurt aviation more than it has helped. Speed has appealed pre-eminently to racing men and to what may appropriately be termed the nautical acrobats, and in some senses this speed has saved more lives than it has sacrificed under the hazardous circumstances of its employment. The victorious Vedrines strongly advocates speed on the score that it makes for safety by offsetting or combating more successfully atmospheric vagaries while in flight, but this element of high velocity multiplies the hazard of the difficulty of alighting as well as increasing the danger of engine trouble and shortness of the life of the motor.

For war purposes an aeroplane motor should work efficiently at different speeds because varying drive power will be needed for dissimilar services. A motor of this sort would tend itself to relatively low speed, so that the flying machine could return to the ground much as a vessel slackens her headway when coming up to her dock. Captain Chambers has a very definite opinion upon this subject, which he explains as follows:

"A weight carrying aeroplane, such as a hydroaeroplane, necessarily needs a motor with considerable range of speed, and the same kind of motor is needed to reduce the danger of alighting. I think aviation would be improved if the terms of future speed contests were arranged so as to require each contestant to go over the course twice—the second time at an average speed 20 per cent lower than his highest average."

The layman has heard so much of anti-balloon guns and other weapons for the annihilation of all kinds of aircraft, that he pictures the flying machine as being knocked into bits by the precise fire of these weapons. As a matter of fact, during the war in Tripoli the Italian aeroplanes were but seldom hit, never disastrously, and when up in the air three thousand feet they were not touched at all. American naval aviators, with their hydroaeroplanes, have proved that it is entirely feasible for them to reach this height, and so far as endurance of flight is concerned, they hold the record—Lieutenant Towers of the navy having traveled for six hours ten minutes and twenty seconds in a standard navy Curtiss hydroaeroplane. Inventors have developed an aeroplane wireless outfit of very moderate weight, and with this equipment aviators are able to cover a range of fifty miles.

The next naval conflict is likely to find hydroaeroplanes a feature of the essential equipment of all large men-of-war, and the flying machine must be considered seriously and not as a mere toy or a mechanical achievement of no material value. In peace-time maneuvers the French have clearly shown that the aeroplane is capable of doing scout duty of an important character, detecting not only ships upon the water, but the presence of submarines supposedly hidden below the surface of the sea; and recent experiments with armor piercing bombs—dropped from aircraft—have turned a new page in the art of warfare.

Old Fight Renewed.
"My old barber has left the city."
"You seem very regretful."
"Yes; he had been trying to sell me a bottle of hair tonic for the last 15 years, and so far I had succeeded in standing him off. Now I shall have to start the battle all over with a new man."

For That Picnic
—to ensure complete success take along a case of

The satisfying beverage—in field or forest; at home or in town. As pure and wholesome as it is temptingly good.

Delicious—Refreshing Thirst-Quenching

Send for Free Booklet.
Demand the Genuine. Refuse Substitutes. B. A.
As Served in Bottles.
THE COCA-COLA COMPANY, Atlanta, Ga.

TESTIMONY NOT OF MOMENT

Daniel Frohman, as an "Expert Witness," Put Forth Little to Elucidate Case.

Daniel Frohman, who is always called as an expert witness when there are questions of the stage to be decided, was one of those who gave testimony in William Harcourt's suit to obtain royalties from George Broadhurst for having helped him to place his play, "The Man From Home,"

"What," they asked Mr. Frohman, "is a Broadway production?"

"A production that is put on in first class style at a Broadway theater," answered the witness after deep thought.

But the answer was stricken from the record.

"Does it benefit an actor to be seen in a Broadway production?" asked the actor's lawyer.

Mr. Frohman looked suspiciously at the judge and then answered: "If he appears to his benefit it does."

"Move to strike it out," came from the opposite side.

"Granted," in the court's monotone. Then the expert was allowed to go.

Decline and Fall of the Kiss.

Real kisses soon become monotonous, according to Mrs. Minnie Glantz, who, in her divorce testimony, said: "Some couples may kiss each other right up until they are 60, in an attempt to fool themselves into thinking that their kisses have the genuine heart glow of the first month of marriage, but it is all wash. Real kissing becomes monotonous during the second year, intermittent from the fourth to the sixth, and stops entirely before the eighth year of married life."—Steuernville Dispatch to Philadelphia Inquirer.

It's Easy to Learn.

Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, hit on his marvelous discovery while studying and while teaching the deaf.

At a dinner in Washington, Professor Bell said, apropos of this fact: "Yes, we can learn valuable secrets from the most unlikely sources. A Persian poet, famed for his wisdom, was once asked by his king where he had learned his philosophy.

"From the blind, sire," the poet replied—"from the blind, who never advanced a step till they have tried the ground."

In Summer—

When the body needs but little food, that little should be appetizing and nourishing.

Then about the best and most convenient thing one can have handy is a package of

Post Toasties

This food is fully cooked—crisp, delicious and ready to serve direct from the package.

Post Toasties with fresh strawberries and cream are hard to beat.

"The Memory Lingers"

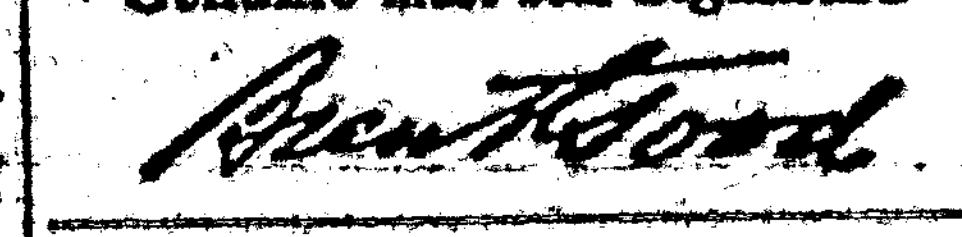
Sold by Grocers.
Postum Cereal Company, Limited, Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Sugar From Wood.
Now they're making sugar out of wood. British chemists have found that they can take a ton of sawdust and get a quarter of a ton of sugar out of it.

The process consists of putting the sawdust into a closed retort and subjecting it to digestion with a weak solution of sulphurous acid under a pressure of from 90 to 100 pounds to the square inch. Eighty per cent of the sugar thus obtained is fermentable. The product is called "saccharose."

The Army of Constipation

Is Growing Smaller Every Day. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible—they not only give relief—they permanently cure Constipation. Millions use them for Biliousness, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Yellow Skin, SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.



SPECIAL TO WOMEN

Do you realize the fact that thousands of women are now using

Paxtine

A Soluble Antiseptic Powder

as a remedy for mucous membrane affections, such as sore throat, nasal or pelvic catarrh, inflammation or ulceration, caused by female ill? Women who have been cured say "It is worth its weight in gold." Dissolve in water and apply locally. For ten years the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. has recommended Paxtine in their private correspondence with women. For all hygienic and toilet uses it has no equal. Only 50c a large box at Drugists or sent postpaid on receipt of price. The Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass.

DAISY FLY-KILLER

Place anywhere, on wall, on window, on door, on bed, on chair, on table, on desk, on book, on paper, on cloth, on glass, on wood, on metal, on anything. Kills all flies, mosquitoes, and other insects. All dealers or send 10c for trial.

THE NEW FRENCH REMEDY, N. S. S. U. S.

Used in France for all kinds of ailments. THE THERAPION. Write for free literature. THE THERAPION. Write for free literature.

DEFIANCE STARCH

is constantly growing in favor because it does not stick to the iron and it will not injure the finest fabric. For laundry purposes it has no equal. 16 oz. package 10c. 1-3 more starch for same money. DEFIANCE STARCH CO., Omaha, Nebraska.

BEE SUPPLIES

of that quality, at lowest prices than you can buy anywhere. Write for free literature and catalogue.

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THE COLORADO HONEY PRODUCERS ASSN. 1442 Market Street, Denver, Colo.

PATENTS

W. N. U. DRYER, NO. 21-2112.

THE QUALITY REMAINS LONG AFTER THE PRICE IS FORGOTTEN

Our store stands for all this and more. We preach and practice quality---not quantity and invite you to give us a trial order and be convinced of the quality of our goods.

We are showing a line of Ladies' fancy dress goods that surpasses all we have ever carried in stock. Silk Brocades, English Cords, Pongee, Ratine, Kimbna Plisse and many other patterns are here awaiting your inspection.

We have a large line of Ladies' house dresses in many styles and patterns ranging in price from \$1.25 to \$3.50. A beautiful assortment of Balkin Meddies for the girls, just the thing for mid-summer wear, all new models and of excellent quality.

Our line of Ladies' and Misses' Nu Bucks, Oxfords, Pumps, etc. are unexcelled and personal service is given everyone who comes to us for footwear. We see that you obtain the size in the style shaped for your feet. Men's and Boy's Shoes and ready-to-wear garments of all kinds.

CARRIZOZO TRADING COMPANY

CARRIZOZO NOTES

"The Outlook is always pleased to receive news of the local people and greatly appreciates news items called to our attention. Call 24, or 100 into office."

--Dr. E. S. Randles was in from the 'Yellow Jacket' mine Sunday.

--H. B. Hamilton and James Simms have been in Roswell this week on a business trip.

--Wm. Kahler (Dad), Doek Tico and Shorty Dawson spent this week on the Ruidosa fishing.

--Mrs. Will Owens and family are guests of her mother, Mrs. Mamie Grumbles, over the Fourth.

--Miss Mamie McKee of Alamogordo spent the first of the week in this city.

--Attorney Ed. Mechem of Alamogordo passed thru the city to Lincoln Monday night with her son.

--Dr. R. E. Blaney announces that he will not leave for Chicago until about the tenth of July.

--Wm. Kahler, Jr. returned Tuesday from Brownwood, Texas, where he had gone on a business trip.

--Wm. Price was down this week from White-Oaks, transacting business.

--George Murray was up this week from the 7X ranch on business. George has recently returned from Palomas Hot Springs.

--Mr. and Mrs. Wallace L. Gumm returned early in the week from a few days' trip to Glencoe and vicinity.

--Mrs. A. E. Long is spending this week here visiting friends. She is now located with her daughter at Animas, N. M.

--Rev. A. N. Evans of Tucuman spent Monday in the city, the guest of Rev. Campbell of the M. E. Church.

--James Simms this week sold his patented homestead to Chas. E. Heath. It is said the consideration was \$1,500.

--Willie and John Gallacher were in town this week and expect to purchase a new auto at an early date.

--Clara, the one year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ben Lujan died Tuesday morning after a few days' illness, and was buried the following day in the local cemetery.

--E. F. Warden and wife were down from the ranch this week in their new Overland. Jennie Cooper was also in the same day driving the same kind of a car which is readily purchased.

--Edward R. Noble of Santa Rosa spent Monday and Tuesday in Carrizozo on business.

--Mrs. J. O. Fultzum of Albuquerque passed through the city the first of the week enroute to Lincoln where she will visit relatives and friend for several weeks.

--The Board of County Commissioners will hold their regular quarterly meeting commencing next Monday. The Probate Court will also be in session.

--Knights of Pythias will install officers of Monday evening, July 14th. All members are requested to be present and visiting Knights are cordially invited to attend. Lunch and cigars 2c.

--Dr. Pine lost a valuable horse this week when a runaway occurred in the central part of town. No one was in the rig at the time but the horse so injured itself in kicking loose from the buggy that it had to be killed. The horse was a family pet.

--Mrs. C. A. Stevens and son, Austin, of Kansas City are visiting W. I. Gumm and family. After a short stay they will go to Lincoln to be guests of Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Laws and later will visit the family of A. C. Austin on the Bonito river.

--Two automobile loads of base ball fans of Capitan passed through Carrizozo Sunday evening on their way home from Mescalero where they met and defeated a team composed of Apache Indians by a large score. Owing to the heavy rain fall across the mountains they were obliged to return by way of Carrizozo.

BAPTIST CHURCH.

(Herbert Haywood, Pastor)

Bible school at 10 a. m.

Preaching service at 11 o'clock by the pastor. Subject: "Valuable Ministries of Women, as Recorded in the New Testament."

At the night service, at 8 o'clock, the subject will be "The Abimee Feast, the Saving Element in Redemption."

Mid week service at 8 o'clock on Wednesday evening. And at 3 o'clock in the afternoon the Woman's Missionary Union meets.

All are cordially invited to the services.

YOU can have that extra suit now that you ought to have, because we've decided to mark down our Spring and Summer stocks, including

Hart Schaffner & Mark

clothes, and lots of other good things to wear. Look at the prices we'll quote; you can see that there's money for you in such values as these.

H. S. & M. Regular \$25.00 values now \$20.00

H. S. & M. Regular \$24.00 values now 19.50

H. S. & M. Regular \$22.50 and \$20.00 values now 17.50

Irving System Clothes Regular \$20.00 and \$18.00 values now 16.00

Irving System Clothes Regular \$15.00 and \$16.50 values now 12.50

25 Per Cent Discount on our Entire Line of Boys' Suits

Mens' and Boys' Straw Hats at 25 Per cent Discount

This Sale begins June 28 and continues until July 12. Come in early. See the great values today.

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