

CARRIZOZO OUTLOOK

Published Weekly in the Interest of Carrizozo, and Lincoln County

VOL. VIII, NO. 16

CARRIZOZO, LINCOLN COUNTY, NEW MEXICO, FRIDAY, JANUARY 30, 1914.

PRICE \$1.50 PER YEAR

"BEGIN TO GO TO CHURCH, SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 15th."

GO TO CHURCH SUNDAY

Movement Started by Local Pastors For a Go To Church Sunday

FEBRUARY 15, NAMED AS DAY

It has been agreed among the church folk to set apart a certain day for all to return to old habits and consider the call of the God to all. Some have said that the reason they do not go to church is because they have gotten out of the way of going. Some say they were reared to attend church every Sunday, but of late they have departed from their rearing. Others say they have just been putting off the time to start to church. Now is it not well to name a day when all shall resolve to turn their feet toward the house of God. Church attendance has been better for several Sundays than of yore, but yet there is room for more. This is a non-sectarian move; all that we ask is that you change up, lay aside the things that have hindered, pay your vow to Christ. Don't forget the day February 15th is the day to start and then keep on every Sunday.

MAJOR NOT GUILTY

H. H. Major of Alamogordo was found not guilty of the charge of poisoning his daughter, Eudora, by a jury which was out but a little more than an hour on Wednesday evening. The trial of Majors has been in progress for about 15 days before Judge Richardson at Alamogordo. H. B. Hamilton and L. O. Fullem appearing for the state while the defendant was represented by attorneys Mann, Holt and Dougherty. It was one of the most prominent cases as well as one of the hardest fought in the history of the Southwest. Considerable public interest has been manifested in the case owing to the prominence of Mr. Major and because of the nature of the charge. He will be tried later on other indictments of the same nature it is stated.

NEW RAILROAD ASSURED

Judge G. A. Richardson who passed thru the city last evening on his return to his home in the Pecos valley assured local parties that the Gulf, New Mexico & Pacific railway was an assured thing. Mr. Richardson is familiar with the promoters of this project and is in a position to speak with authority as to the prospects.

This road would be built each way from the New Mexico Central. A line running to Roswell from Torrance which would touch this county while another line would run to Farmington from Albuquerque tapping that rich country. The Roswell branch would then go on to the Gulf. The rich coal fields of New Mexico would thus be connected with the Gulf and supply fuel for the Panama shipping.

Col. E. W. Dobson of Albuquerque is another authority on the new railway and in a recent interview the following was part of the information made public:

"Attorney E. W. Dobson returned last night from Chicago and Pittsburg, where he has been the past ten days with Col. W. S. Hopewell, in connection with the work of the newly organized Gulf, in New Mexico and Pacific railroad. Colonel Dobson returns thoroughly satisfied with the progress of the plans of the railway company, and certain that the construction of the line, its purchase of the New Mexico Central, and extension to Farmington and Roswell will be under way within a comparatively short time or as quickly as the mass of detail in connection with a project of this magnitude can be carried into effect.

"Matters in connection with the carrying out of the plans of the Gulf, New Mexico and Pacific Railway company are progressing very satisfactorily," said Colonel Dobson this morning. "Every indication now points to the construction of the connections and extensions proposed by the company's charter and I believe the situation could hardly be more satisfactory.

"Colonel Hopewell has now carried out his part of the contract which makes it possible for the building of the new road and extensions of the present New Mexico Central line to proceed and it only remains for Mr. Herbert Green to float the bonds, which he seems confident he will be able to do, and which confidence seems to be fully sustained by his relations with French financiers and the assurances he has received from them.

"The situation insofar as matters have progressed is entirely satisfactory from a business standpoint. I do not believe the recent failure of one of the large banking houses of Paris, said to be due to over-investment in American railroad securities, will have the slightest effect on this project or will work against it in any way, or that it will in any way affect the contracts which the promoters of the line have with the French bankers.

"I cannot give you any further information at this time as to what has been done other than that stated, but can assure you that those who have undertaken this great enterprise are doing everything possible to hasten it and that up to this time success seems sure."

Colonel Hopewell, who remained in Pittsburg, is expected to return to Albuquerque the coming week. Mr. Green, it is expected, will be in Paris for several weeks in connection with the disposition of the bonds.

This new railroad will pass about 10 miles from Meek in this county it is stated.

—James L. Street was down this week from Ancho.

—Henry L. Lane of Duran has been in Carrizozo for a few days on business.

—Mrs. C. T. Means has been in Carrizozo this week from the Mogollon mountains visiting friends.

—A. M. Lee who has been in Carrizozo and vicinity for several days has returned to his home near Tucumcari. He will likely return here at an early date and reside here permanently.

LINCOLN COUNTY NOTES

News of Week from Around Lincoln County Briefly Told

ANCHO NOTES

School is progressing nicely. Mr. Street the section foreman, went to Carrizozo Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. George Myler have moved to White Oaks. Mrs. G. W. Willis left last week for Pella, Iowa to spend a few months.

The Mexicans enjoyed a "hop" at the School house last Saturday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Cooper and mother attended a dance in Corona last Friday night. They report a good time.

Mr. Fambrough has received the furniture for his new home which is being erected on his ranch ten miles from town. Mr. Fambrough has left for El Paso.

Mr. and Mrs. Choat and family leave tonight for Montana where they will make their future home. These people have been here for several years and we regret their departure very much.

The mothers and daughters of Ancho met last Saturday afternoon and organized an Industrial Club. The following officers were elected. President, Mrs. J. A. Coomes, Vice President, Sadie Straley, Secretary, Bryan Hightower, Treasurer Andy Anderson.

THREE RIVERS

E. Daniels has returned to his home in Tularosa.

Frank Woodside spent Sunday on the ranch.

Mr. Scheffey of White Mountain was in town one day last week.

Louis Auguillar of Tularosa arrived here yesterday.

J. P. Hill of Brazel Canyon was a visitor here last week.

Frank Smith has returned from a business trip to Tularosa.

Miss Alla Blair spent the week end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Blair at Alamogordo.

Miss Freda Greenberg visited her sister, Mrs. A. G. Carlson, at Alamogordo on Saturday.

JAIL DELIVERY

On Tuesday evening about six o'clock Samuel Edwards a prisoner in the local jail surreptitiously left and has not been seen since. Just how the prisoner escaped has not been made public but it is known that he virtually took French leave thru the door when an opportunity arose. An all night search was made for him but up to this time we go to press nothing has been seen or heard of him.

Edwards was charged with stealing a saddle from the Carrizozo Livery stable belonging to Mr. Cook of Three Rivers about two months ago. He was in jail awaiting the action of the Grand Jury. Sheriff Porfirio Chavez was out of town.

K. OF P'S. INSTALL OFFICERS

Monday evening of this week the local lodge Knights of Pythias installed the following officers for the ensuing six months: Chancellor Commander, S. G. Anderson; Vice Chancellor, Horace F. French; Master of Works, Stanley L. Squier; Master of Finance, Thos. O. Luster; Keeper of Records and Seal, R. J. Hutchison; Master at Arms, J. Felix Morse; Prelate, Prof "Andy" McGurdy; Inner Guard, J. B. Dinwiddie; Outer Guard, G. T. McQuillen, Brent Paden, the Master of Exchequer elect, having left town, Walter W. Stadtman was elected to that office and will be installed next Monday night.

—W. H. Reynolds of Geary, Oklahoma, is here in the interest of local developments.

—Ellis Richardson was down from Holloway one day this week transacting business.

—Herman Mart who owns local property was in the city from Fort Worth this week.

—Prager Miller of Roswell was here for a couple of days this week transacting business.

—Mrs. D. E. Donaldson returned Monday from a short visit to her son, who is in charge of their ranch near Narvina.

—President H. U. Mudge and party in their special train passed thru here at noon yesterday, returning from a trip over the Southern lines on an inspection trip.

—The floods in southern California are affecting the citrus fruit movement through here, no fruit being received from the west for several days.

—Fred Pfingsten of the Mesa with attorney Ed. Mechem of Alamogordo were here yesterday transacting business. Each returned to their homes today.

—Judge G. A. Richardson and attorney L. O. Fullem passed thru Thursday evening on their way to Roswell. Both had been at Alamogordo in the trial of H. H. Major.

—B. G. Young who has been acting as agent at Gallinas for several months has been transferred to Santa Rosa as day operator, on account of the return of the regular agent, Mr. Holloway.

—Wm. Dingwall gave a small invitation dance Tuesday night, which was attended by about twenty couples, for the purpose of organizing a dancing club. An attempt will be made to effect an organization, and give regular series of dances, every two or three weeks.

—Mrs. L. H. Montoya who has opened a general merchandise store across the track gave birth to a baby girl on Tuesday night. Mrs. Montoya's husband was killed in the recent Dawson disaster when the terrible explosion killed so many. The Phelps Dodge interest awarded her \$1000 at the time of the death of her husband, \$500 more was given her Christmas and for each of her children including the one born this week \$100 was voluntarily given. Over \$1,000,000 was given away by the Phelps Dodge people in this way showing much liberality.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

News of Interest of our Towns People and of Outsiders Visiting in our Midst

GATHERED DURING THE WEEK

—Ernest Matthews was up from Oscura on business Thursday.

—Frank W. Gurney has returned after a few days spent in El Paso on a business trip.

—Mrs. J. W. Lenwood has returned to her home in the Estancia valley after a several days' visit here with friends.

—Deputy County Assessor Nye is at Lincoln and Capitan this week taking assessments. He expects to return the end of the week.

—The railroad has employed the Carrizozo Livery to haul the mail from the depot to the postoffice and return. Formerly this mail was carried in a small hand cart.

—William Keuhn is in from the Mal Pais country and reports that he with his brother who have been drilling a well for Renfrou and Crockett brought in a fair supply of water at 820 feet.

—Mrs. Humphrey B. Hamilton and son, "Pat" were here from El Paso Sunday and Monday. Mrs. Hamilton was looking after the large home being erected here for the family and which will be completed at an early date.

—Mrs. Wm. F. Whittingham with her two daughters and son are visiting the Frank J. Sager family for a few days. The Whittinghams formerly lived here and are moving from Tucumcari to El Paso at this time.

—Albert Zeigler of the firm of Zeigler Brothers left Sunday for New York and other eastern markets where he will purchase the spring and summer goods for the firm. Careful personal selections have proven a very satisfactory consideration with the firms customers here.

—Elias G. Rafferty, J. E. Dalton and Mr. and Mrs. Chas. F. Grey were up from Oscura on Tuesday in Mr. Rafferty's new Ford car. They transacted considerable business while in the county seat and assured the Outlook man that there would be something doing worth while in Oscura at a very early date.

—Felipe Tafora from near Lincoln who had been here for about a week and had been ill died at the home of a friend here on Tuesday evening. Owing to the circumstances surrounding his death a coroner's jury under Justice Massie was called who decided that the cause of death was from hemorrhage.

—Seth E. Crews formerly a prominent Chicago attorney and who recently with his wife have taken up their residence at Oscura was here one day this week becoming acquainted with the citizens and transacting business. Mr. Crews does not anticipate the practice of law in this state but will build a home on land near Oscura where he can enjoy the best climate on earth.

MOLLY McDONALD A TALE OF THE FRONTIER



By RANDALL PARRISH Author of "Keith of the Border," "My Lady of Doubt," "My Lady of the South," etc. etc.

Illustrated by V. L. Barnes

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SYNOPSIS.

Molly McDonald, commanding an army of... The red blood swept into her cheeks, her eyes brightening. "He is my soldier," she replied softly, "and the man I love."

CHAPTER XXXIV.—Continued.

"They could perceive the blue of the overcoats as they rode over the ridge, and at their sudden appearance the little column of horsemen came to a halt."

"When was that, sir?" "Before the blizzard all except your troop were at Camp Supply; they had joined since, and it was then we heard about your trip down here."

"I desire that you shall; I refer to my engagement to Sergeant Hamlin." The officer glanced in some bewilderment from her face to that of the stout trooper.

Donald," he exclaimed frankly. "I have known Sergeant Hamlin for two years; he is a soldier and a gentleman."

"The red blood swept into her cheeks, her eyes brightening. "He is my soldier," she replied softly, "and the man I love."

They rode together down the steep hillside covered with the mantle of snow to join the little body of troopers halted in the valley. Only once did Elliott speak.

"You know Black Kettle's camp, Sergeant?" "We were almost within sight of it, sir. I saw his pony herd distinctly."

"Where was that?" "On the Canadian, close to the mouth of Buffalo Creek."

"Did you learn anything as to the number of Indians with him?" "Nothing definite, but it is a large encampment, not all Cheyennes."

"So we heard, but were unable to discover the exact situation. We have been feeling our way forward cautiously. I fear it is going to be my unpleasant duty to separate you and Miss McDonald. We shall need your services as guide, and the lady will be far better off with the main column."

Indeed some of the empty wagons are to be sent back to Camp Supply tonight, and probably Custer will deem it best that she remain with them. This winter campaigning is going to be rough work, outside of the fighting. You know Custer, and his style; besides Sheridan is himself at Camp Supply in command."

"You hear, Molly?" "Yes; of course, I will do whatever General Custer deems best. Are there any women at Camp Supply, Major?"

"Yes, a few; camp women mostly, although there may be also an officer's wife or two—19th Kansas volunteers."

"Then it will be best for me to go there, if I can," she smiled. "I am desperately in need of clothes."

"I suspected as much. I will arrange to give you a guard at once. And you, Sergeant? As you are still under special orders, I presume I have no authority to detain you in my command."

"I prefer to remain, sir," grimly. "Dupont, Miss McDonald's captor, is alive and in Black Kettle's camp. We still have a feud to settle."

"Good; then that is arranged; ah, Miss McDonald, allow me to present Lieutenant Chambers, Lieutenant, detail three men to guard the lady back to the main column. Have her taken to General Custer at once."

"Very well, sir; and the command?" Elliott looked at the Sergeant inquiringly.

"That is for Sergeant Hamlin to determine; he has just been scouting through that country, and will act as guide."

The Sergeant stood for a moment motionless beside his horse studying the vista of snow-draped hillside. The region beyond the crest of the ridge unrolled before his memory.

"Then we will keep directly on up this valley, sir," he said at last. "Fox Wolf Creek, is it not? We shall be safer to keep out of sight today, and this depression must lead toward the Canadian. May I exchange mounts with one of those men going back, Major? I fear my pony is about done."

"Certainly." There was no opportunity for anything save a simple grasp of the hand, ere Molly rode away with her escort. Then the little column of troopers moved on, and Hamlin, glancing backward as he rode past, took his place in advance beside Major Elliott.

CHAPTER XXXV.

The Indian Trail. The weather became colder as the day advanced. Scattered pellets of snow in the air melted the faces of the troopers, who rode steadily forward, the edges of their overcoats thrown over their heads for protection.

The snow of the late storm lay in drifts along the banks of the narrow stream, and the horses plodded their passage higher up where the wind had swept the brown earth clear, at the same time keeping well below the crest. As they thus toiled slowly forward, Hamlin related his story to the Major in detail, carefully concealing all suspicion of Molly's connection with the crime. It was growing dark when the company entered into the Valley of the Canadian. All about them was desolation.

and silence, and as they were still miles away from the position assigned for Black Kettle's encampment, the men were permitted to build fires and prepare a warm meal under shelter of the bluffs. Two hours later the main column arrived and also went into camp. It was intensely cold but the men were cheerful as they ate their supper of smoky and half-roasted but fat meat, bacon, hard-tack, and coffee.

In response to orders the Sergeant went down the line of tiny fires to report in person to Custer. He found that commander ensconced in a small tent, hastily erected in a little grove of cottonwoods, which afforded a slight protection from the piercing wind. Before him on the ground from which the snow had been swept lay a map of the region, while all about, pressed tightly into the narrow quarters, were his troop officers. As Hamlin was announced by the orderly, conversation ceased, and Custer surveyed the newcomer an instant in silence.

"Step forward, Sergeant," he said quietly. "Ah, yes; I had forgotten your name, but remember your face," he smiled about on the group. "We have been so scattered since our organization, gentlemen, that we are all comparative strangers." He stood up, lifting in one hand a tin cup of coffee.

"Gentlemen, all we of the Seventh rejoice in the honor of the service, whether it be as officer or enlisted man. I bid you drink a toast with me to Sergeant Hamlin."

"But, General, I have done nothing to deserve—" "Observe the modesty of a real hero. Yet wait until I am through. With due regard for his achievements as a soldier, I propose this toast in commemoration of a greater deed of gallantry than those of arms—the capture of Miss Molly McDonald!"

There was a quick upflitting of caps, a burst of laughter, and a volley of questions, the Sergeant staring about motionless, his face flushed.

"What is it, General?" "Tell us the story!" "Give us the joke!"

"But I assure you it is no joke. I have it direct from the fair lips of the lady. Brace yourselves, gentlemen, for the shock. You young West Pointers loze, and yet the honor remains with the regiment. Miss Molly McDonald, the toast of old Fort Dodge, whose bright eyes have won all your hearts, has given hers to Sergeant Hamlin of the Seventh. And now again, boys, to the honor of the regiment!"

Out of the buzz of conversation and the hearty words of congratulation, Hamlin emerged bewildered, finding himself again facing Custer, whose manner had as swiftly changed into the brusque note of command.

"I have met you before, Sergeant," he said slowly, "before your assignment to the Seventh, I think. I am not sure where; were you in the Sheridan?"

"I was, sir." "At Winchester?" "I saw you first at Cedar Creek, General Custer; I brought a flag."

"That's it; I have the incident clearly before me now. You were a lieutenant-colonel?" "Of the Fourth Texas, sir."

"Exactly; I think I heard later—but never mind that now. Sheridan remembers you; he even mentioned your name to me a few weeks ago. No doubt that was what caused me to recognize your face again after all these years. How long have you been in our service?"

"Ever since the war closed." "For a moment the two men looked into each other's faces, the command or smiling, the saluted man at respectful attention.

"I will talk with you at some future time, Sergeant," Custer said at last, resuming his seat on a log. "Now we shall have to consider tomorrow's march. Were you within sight of Black Kettle's camp?"

"No, sir; only of his pony herd out in the valley of the Canadian."

"Where would you suppose the camp situated?" "Above, behind the bluffs, about

the mouth of Buffalo Creek."

Custer drew the map toward him, scrutinizing it carefully. "You may be right, of course," he commented, his glance on the faces of the officers, "but this does not agree with the understanding at Camp Supply, nor the report of our Indian scouts. We supposed Black Kettle to be farther south on the Washita. How large was the pony herd?"

"We were not near enough to count the animals, sir, but there must have been two hundred head."

"A large party then, at least. What do you say, Corbin?"

The scout addressed, conspicuous in his buffalo skin coat, leaned against the tent-pole, his black whiskers moving industriously as he chewed.

"Wal, General," he said slowly, "I know this yere 'Brick' Hamlin, an' he's a right smart plainsman, sojer 'er no sojer. If he says he saw that pony herd, then he sure did. That means a considerable bunch o' Indians thar, et tharabouts. Now I know Black Kettle's outfit is down on the Washita, et the only conclusion is that this yere band that the Sergeant stirred up is some new tribe or other, a-driftin' down from the north. I reckon if we ride up their valley we'll hit their trail an' it'll lead straight down to them Cheyennes."

Custer took time to consider this explanation, spreading the field map out on his knees, and measuring the distance between the streams. No one in the little group spoke, although several leaned forward eagerly. The chief was not a man to ask advice; he preferred to decide for himself. Suddenly he straightened up and threw back his head to look about.

"In my judgment Corbin is right, gentlemen," he said impetuously. "I had intended crossing here, but instead we will go further up stream. There is doubtless a ford near Buffalo Creek, and if we can strike an Indian trail leading to the Washita, we can follow easily by night, or day, and it is bound to terminate at Black Kettle's camp. Return to your troops, and be ready to march at daybreak. Major Elliott, you will take the advance again, at least three hours ahead of the main column. Move with caution, your flankers well out; both Hamlin and Corbin will go with you. Are there any questions?"

"Full field equipment," asked a voice.

"Certainly, although in case of going into action the overcoats will be discarded. Look over your ammunition carefully tonight."

They filed out of the tent one by one, some of the older officers pausing a moment to speak with Hamlin, his own captain extending his hand cordially, with a warm word of commendation. The Sergeant and Major Elliott alone remained.

"If I strike a fresh trail, General," asked the latter, "am I to press forward or wait for the main body?"

"Send back a courier at once, but advance cautiously, careful not to expose yourselves. There is to be no attack except in surprise, and with full force. This is important, Major, as we are doubtless outnumbered, ten to one. Was there something else, Sergeant?"

"I was going to ask about Miss McDonald, sir?"

"Oh, yes; she is safely on her way to Camp Supply, under ample guard. The convoy was to stop on the Cimarron, and pick up the frozen soldier you left there, and if possible, find the bodies of the two dead men."

Long before daylight Elliott's advance camp was under arms, the chilled and sleepy troopers moving forward through the drifted snow of the north bank; the wintry wind, sweeping down the valley, stung their faces and benumbed their bodies. The night had been cold and blustery, productive of little comfort to either man or beast, but hope of early action and watch the troopers and made them oblivious to hardship. There was little grumbling in the ranks, and by day break the head of the long column came opposite the opening into the valley wherein Hamlin had overtaken the fugitives. With Corbin beside him, the Sergeant spurred his pony aside, but there was little to see; the bodies of the dead lay as they had fallen, black blotches on the snow, but there were no fresh trails to show that either Dupont, or any Indian ally, had returned to the spot.

"That's evidence enough, 'Brick,'" commented the scout, staring about warily, "that that was no permanent camp over thar," waving his hand toward the crest of the ridge. "Them redskins was on the march, an' that goner had ter follow 'em, or else starve to death. He'd a big back afore this, an' on yer trail with a bunch o' young bucks."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Great Form of Punishment.

A species of punishment, resembling that of barbarism, was meted out a few days ago to a seven-year-old boy of Kyoto, Japan, by the child's father. The little lad committed some trivial act of disobedience, and the father punished him by burying him for forty-eight hours in a hole in the ground, leaving only his head above the surface.

HANDY FOR HOUSEWIFE

COOKING TABLE ABSOLUTELY THE BEST OF ITS KIND.

Especially to Those Whose Pantry is a Cold One This Device Will Be Found to Make for Economy in Steps, Time and Fuel.

Not long ago I saw a cooking table or cabinet that would be appreciated by every housewife who has a cold pantry opening out of her kitchen.

It is next to impossible to keep such a pantry warm enough to be able to handle the flour, eggs and dishes used in cooking, with any degree of comfort.

By this device one can economize steps, time and fuel.

The cabinet is nine feet long, two feet and four inches wide, and two feet eight inches high.

It is divided into three compartments of three feet each. In the right-hand cupboard is the flour barrel. The cover to this section has hinges, so that it may be raised to reach the flour. The bread board is kept on top of the barrel, and there is space at the sides for bread tins, mixing spoons, and various small articles.

In the left-hand cupboard or section are kept food, mixing-milk, molasses and vinegar jugs, sugar box and tin dishes.

In the center are four deep drawers, the upper one being made into two. In these are kept eggs, spices, soda, and whatever else is needed in the culinary department.

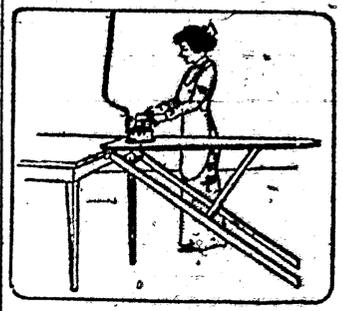
One drawer is devoted to towels, dishtcloths, etc., and another to such things as are to be mended, together with the necessary materials for doing the work speedily and well.

In small space, here, is found nearly everything that is used every day in the pantry.

The housekeeper who owned it told me that, having used the cabinet one winter, she would not part with it for many times its cost, if she could not get another.

This one was made without any floor, to save expense. Of course, one must vary the size according to the space in which the cabinet is to be placed, the main object being to have the floor where it will be warm.—Exchange.

FASTENS TO TABLE.



A new type of ironing board clips to the edge of a table as shown, and when folded takes up but little space. It can be cheaply made, is light to lift about, and when fastened to the table as a main support is more stable than a light ironing surface without similar bracing.

To Renovate Matting.

Faded and worn matting still too good to be thrown away can be made to look almost like new by the following treatment: Scrub it thoroughly and let it dry. Then go over the entire matting with green dye, using a soft, broad paintbrush. A gallon of dye, of the kind used for cotton goods, may be made out of one package costing 10 cents. The results will be surprising. Both the crex and the finer rugs can be treated in this manner.

Beef Cake.

Cut enough meat from cold roast beef to make one pint when chopped with two small onions. Add to this two tablespoonfuls of tomato catsup, one cupful of fine bread crumbs and one-half cupful of gravy. Mix thoroughly and mold into cakes; sprinkle with bread crumbs and bake to a delicate brown. When cold arrange on a large platter, pour a tablespoonful of mayonnaise over each and stick a sprig of parsley in the center of each cake.

Stuffed Celery.

Wash tender celery hearts and put them into cold water to become crisp. Mash fresh cream cheese, then add chopped nuts and chopped celery to taste. Stuff the celery just before serving and serve with toasted cracker.

To Keep Lamp Wicks From Smoking.

Soak lamp wicks in vinegar and dry them thoroughly before putting them in your lamp; a much more brilliant light will result. Wicks treated in this way will rarely smoke.



He is My Soldier and the Man I Love.

SAVED BY CHANGE

By GEORGE MUNSON.

Stevens, the assistant teller, relieved Waterbury between the hours of one and two. On Saturdays Waterbury went home at twelve, when the bank closed, and Stevens remained behind to clean up the work. This occupied about an hour and a half, or longer.

Stevens was getting thirty dollars a week, and his wife was in the hospital. The delicate and difficult operation had been successful, but Stevens owed nearly five hundred dollars. The sharks were pressing him, too. They had threatened to come down to the bank; that would mean the loss of his position, of course.

He had thought over his problem. In his desperation the moral aspect of the projected crime amounted to nothing. He knew that he could walk out of the bank, just before closing time, with four or five thousand dollars in his pockets, in the shape of hundred dollar bills. Old Wrigley, who superintended the depositing of the money in the safe, was as blind as a bat. The exploit would not call for any remarkable exhibition of "nerves."

His wife, a weak-willed little woman, would, of course, be horrified. But Stevens knew that she was the kind to stick to a man through thick and thin. Some day, some time there would be an opportunity for rejoicing her, and meanwhile he could at least arrange to send her a thousand dollars, through friends. They would not let her starve in order to recompense the bank, which expected a man to live after his marriage on thirty dollars.

The problem was simply whether he could "get away with" his plunder. Stevens had made all his plans. He knew just where he was going to hide. He would rent a room in the furnished room quarter of the city and lie low for a month or two. The mistake most bank thieves made was in confiding in some woman. Stevens would confide



Fate Had Dealt Him the Worst.

In no one. He wore a mustache; with that gone, and spectacles, he believed he would be safe from detection.

"What's the matter, Stevens? Why are you looking at me like that?" demanded Waterbury irritably.

"I beg your pardon," stammered Stevens. Waterbury had been very trying of late; he seemed bent on picking a quarrel, and on the slightest of pretexts. Well, that was another reason for Stevens' plan. His position was insecure; and it would be just like Harrison, the president, to turn him adrift when Mary was ill.

Waterbury was pacing the floor of his cage when Stevens relieved him at twelve o'clock that Saturday morning. "I thought you were never coming," he growled. He nodded curtly and, without another word, opened the door of the cage, passed out and let it slide to behind him. Stevens watched him with a rather grim smile as he disappeared.

The bank was closed to the public. Stevens remained alone in the teller's cage. One by one the clerks and assistants went out. Presently nobody was left in the bank except the watchman, Wrigley, the cashier, and himself. Then Stevens hastily transferred five packages of ten hundred dollar bills apiece to his coat pocket, finished his work and took the money to the safe.

Wrigley joined him. Stevens' pretense of counting it was not elaborate. Wrigley had taken off his glasses and was blinking of his eyes. Presently the safe door slammed and, with a conspicuous "good-by," Stevens found himself in the street.

He jumped aboard a car and descended half a mile away, at the furnished room house in which his new home was to be. He had already transferred his baggage to the railroad sta-

tion by cab, and had had it expressed thence a few days later. He had left no clue behind him.

That evening for the first time in months he had dinner at a restaurant. He smoked a cigar, strolled about town and finally went home and to bed. Not until next morning did he open the packages of bills.

When he did so he saw to his horror that they were valueless! Every one except the top bill in each package was a Confederate greenback. Instead of the five thousand dollars which he had imagined was in his possession, he had just five hundred—barely enough to pay the doctor's expenses.

Stevens was paralyzed with dismay. His coup was useless, and he had spent about twenty dollars moving and on the dinner of the preceding evening. There was only one course, now—to go back and smuggle the money into the drawer again, this time not under the listless watching of Wrigley, but under the eagle glances of Waterbury.

A wave of disgust and utter self-contempt passed over Stevens. Fate had dealt him the worst, because the most unsuspected, blow. Well, he would go back on the following morning; he could somehow contrive to replace the money; at the worst suspicion need not fall upon him, and when the money was found the matter would cease to be of pressing interest.

Stevens spent a miserable night. Remorse, disgust, self-loathing, and a vast pity for his helplessness to make Mary's life happy struggled within him. When at last he reached the bank it was to find the officers gathered together in groups, eagerly discussing something.

"You've heard the news, Stevens?" inquired Wrigley.

"No," answered Stevens.

"Waterbury's dead."

The room seemed to swim round Stevens. He heard the old man's voice continuing, as if far away.

"Yes, he was killed in the wreck of the Southern & Eastern this morning. He was then four hundred miles from New York, and—his clothes were stuffed with bills aggregating twelve thousand dollars. We've searched the safe and find he had filled it with Confederate bills, with a single good one on top of each package. They're counting up the loss now."

Stevens staggered into his cage.

"Mr. Harrison wants to see you," announced a boy presently.

Stevens went into the president's office as if he were drunk.

"Ah, Mr. Stevens, this is a very unfortunate occurrence," said the president. "You have heard of it, of course. Unfortunately there seems to be no room for doubt as to Mr. Waterbury's purpose, and, more happily, I don't think we shall be the losers, as we should have been, but for that unfortunate wreck. Well, Mr. Stevens, we are going to ask you to act in Mr. Waterbury's place for the present, and later, possibly, we shall make the position permanent. The salary, you may know, is two thousand five hundred dollars. Good-morning."

Stevens' first act was to slip the packages away where their presence might be discovered later. His second was to pray with all his heart to be made worthy of his fortune.

(Copyright, 1913, by W. G. Chapman.)

Mica in North Carolina.

For many years North Carolina has been the largest producer of mica in the United States, according to the United States geological survey. Prior to 1895 the output came chiefly from the larger mines and consisted of big sheets of fine quality. At that time large quantities of small sheet mica that would cut plates less than 3 inches square were thrown on the dumps as waste. After the small sheet and scrap mica became valuable the dumps at the large mines were worked over and the quantity of mica produced was thereby greatly increased. Now that most of the dumps have been worked over and only a few large mines are in operation, the output is barely maintained by a large number of small mines and prospects, probably as many as a hundred. Many of these are worked by the mountaineer farmer and miner at times when crops are laid by and occasionally one of the prospects develops into a large deposit.

Walnuts as Food.

A London medical journal recently published some interesting facts concerning walnuts as foods. According to this authority, "thirty large walnut kernels contain as much food value as two and three-quarters pounds of lean beef." With beef worth approximately 25 cents a pound, this means that each walnut is worth about two cents as a food product as compared with beef. That these facts will greatly encourage the production and consumption of walnuts is hardly to be expected. There is some consolation, however, in the thought that when meat has become a luxury to be indulged only by the rich, the general consumer can keep his dinner very well—somewhat like Peter Pumpkinseed's wife—in a walnut shell.

GOOD DINNER DISHES

OF MEAT OR FISH, AS THE FAMILY MAY PREFER.

Best Method of Frying Chicken, American Style—Beef and Ham Pie—Mackerel, Creamed or Baked, Will Be Found Excellent.

Fried Chicken—Cut the chicken into pieces for serving. Roll in flour, or, if preferred, in beaten egg and crumbs. Heat one cup nice dripping or lard, one teaspoon salt, and one saltspoon pepper; lay in the pieces and fry brown on each side, allowing not less than twenty minutes for the thickest pieces and ten for the thin ones. Lay on a hot platter, and make a gravy by adding one tablespoonful flour to the fat, stirring smooth, and adding slowly one cup boiling water or stock. Strain over the chicken. Milk or cream may be used instead of water.

Stewed Oxtails—Cut the tails in two-inch lengths and brown in butter, prepare a brown sauce, season it well and stew all slowly together for two hours. Garnish with tiny milk biscuit.

Beef and Ham Pie—Use raw ham and dice both meats, line the dish with a rich biscuit, fill with the meat and a high seasoning, about one-half cup chopped potato, small bits of the crust, and one cup rich gravy. Bake in a moderate oven, and just before serving pour in a cupful or more of piping hot gravy.

Oyster Pie—Line a vegetable dish with mashed potato. Brush it over with the white of an egg, and put it in the oven to brown lightly. Take two dozen oysters, half a pint of milk, one tablespoonful of butter, pepper and salt to taste. Let it come to a boil and thicken with a heaping teaspoonful of flour and put into the space left in the vegetable dish.

Creamed Salt Mackerel—Soak the fish overnight and wipe dry before using. Broil on a buttered gridiron over a clear fire. Lay on a hot dish and pour over it a cream sauce made as follows: Into one cupful of boiling water stir two teaspoonfuls of cornstarch, rubbed smooth with one tablespoonful of butter; cook until well thickened. Add a well-beaten egg, mixing carefully to prevent curdling. Cook a moment longer, season with a tablespoonful of chopped parsley and a saltspoonful of pepper.

Baked Salt Mackerel—Salt mackerel are neither so plentiful nor as cheap as they were twenty-five years ago, but occasionally a baked one fills the demand for something different. Soak the fish overnight in a large amount of cold water, with the fish side turned down. Wipe dry, lay in a baking pan, add one cupful of milk and set in the oven. Bake about twenty-five minutes, put on a hot dish, butter lightly and garnish with sliced lemon.

Country Pot Roast.

In a hot frying pan melt a lump of butter or fry out a small piece of pork. While very hot put in the roast, browning all sides. Roll it over. Do not insert the fork, so as to keep all the juice in. When browned put in a pot which has been heated, put water in the frying pan to get any juice that may have escaped and pour over the meat. Cover closely and cook slowly for three hours, turning occasionally. Keep about a cupful of water under the meat and sprinkle a little flour and salt over it 15 minutes before taking out. Turn several times.

Cream of Chicken Soup.

Break up the chicken carcass left from the previous day, add bits of skin and barley, cover with cold water, cook slowly on the back of stove or simmering burner for an hour or more, then drain off liquor, add an equal amount of milk and thicken with flour and butter rubbed together. A little cooked rice or macaroni improves this economical and delicious soup.

Dumas Sauce.

Place in a sauce bowl one heaping teaspoon salt, three-quarter teaspoon fresh-crushed very fine white pepper, one medium-sized sound shallot, peeled and very finely chopped, one heaping teaspoon very finely chopped chives, one-half teaspoon finely chopped parsley. Gently mix together, then pour in one-half teaspoon olive oil, six drops tabasco sauce, one light saltspoon good fresh mustard, lastly one light gill good vinegar. Mix well, send to the table, serve as required.

Quick Coffee Bread.

One quart of flour, one level teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, five eggs, well beaten with two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one pint of milk and two tablespoonfuls of softened butter. Beat well, spread in a pan and sprinkle sugar, a little cinnamon and bits of butter on top, and bake in a quick oven.

To Keep Salt From Clogging.

If a little cornstarch is mixed with salt before being put into the shaker it will keep it from clogging.

DREAM CITY OF WORLD

VENICE is the dream city of the world. You cannot imagine it before seeing it and after leaving it I think it must be hard to believe in its existence, writes P. C. Mowrer in the Chicago Daily News. Traveling, while probably the best brain stimulant and mind enlarger known, is apt to spell disillusion most of the time. Foreign places, after all, are amazingly like home; foreigners seem to be just plain human beings doing commonplace things in queer ways and the "wonders" we have anticipated with excitement from childhood dwindle dolefully on being visited. The only scenery I have found which exactly coincided with my previous fancy is in the highlands of Scotland and the only city thus far which has surpassed my fondest expectations is Venice.

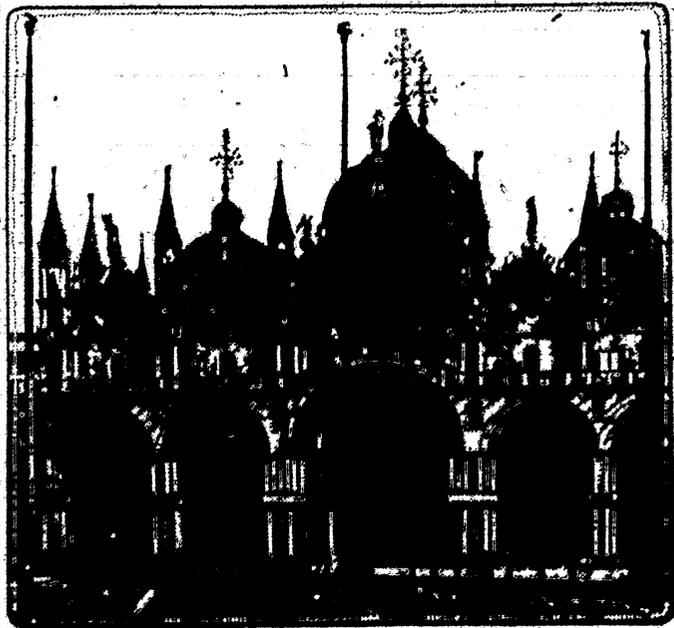
The Dream Begins.

"Just like other railroad stations," you say cynically to yourself, and drift toward the exit to find a cab. You step forth and presto! the dream begins—or at least it did for me. Of course, I had heard there were canals for streets and gondolas for transportation in Venice, but without just realizing what this meant. Here, before me was a beautiful sweep of green water which I knew, by the handsome stone fronted buildings that bordered

and just when you think you are surely coming out somewhere near the spot you were foolish enough to aim for, you are brought up abruptly by a canal with no bridge, and have to adventures some long detour. Your recompense is that the jumping off place at which you emerged was likely to have given you one more of the inexhaustible variety of picturesque views which will never cease to draw artists to Venice as long as the tides wash the canals and the stones of the palaces stand.

There are a good many museums and churches in Venice prescribed for visiting by the guide books, but though I enjoy paintings and architecture, I confess that the beauties of natural Venice quite blind me to the lesser beauties of art. What are the galleries to me, when I can lie back on cushions and glide in a gondola through miracles of shifting and reflected lights, of color and surface and form, past old walls red with woodbine, under bridges reflected ghostly white in the green water, past scow like water beetles, their backs heaped with furniture or cabbages, past old warehouses reeking of curious oriental spices, always to the lapping music of the water under the prow, broken only by the shouting of the gondoliers as they near crossings in the crowded canals?

Feeding the Pigeons. Since my arrival I have not neglected to make it the first pleasure of each day to go at once into the Piazza San Marco, buy for a penny a cornucopia of corn from a convenient old man, and with a magnanimous sowing of the golden grain bring about my feet a hundred or so of the vast numbers of pigeons who now inhabit the most beautiful portions of the cathedral, the ducal palace and the old library. They are so tame that within



ST. MARK'S CATHEDRAL.

it opposite, must be the Grand canal. Here at my feet was a fleet of the most graceful small boats ever designed, long and black and narrow, each with the scimitar like sword of medieval Venice decking its prow, each with a sun burned, picturesquely dressed oarsman at its stern.

Quietly, with none of that clamor usual in Italy, I was motioned aboard one of these fairy craft, my baggage was stowed forward and I was propelled in silence through shadowy lanes of limpid water to my hotel, into the front door of which I stepped right from the gondola. For the arrival of a stranger in a strange city, it was all preposterously lovely. And I may say at once that after nearly a week here I am still tranquilly dazed with the beauty of the place.

In practically all respects, save that of comfort, Venice has kept its medieval aspect. This is due to the absence of horses or of wheeled vehicles of any kind. All traffic passes through the waterways in barges or gondolas. The narrow streets which interlace between the canals are used only by pedestrians, and are spotlessly clean, somewhat like strips of courtyard of American West buildings, save for the bright display of merchandise and the endless passing of the crowds. To walk about in these streets is a pleasant mystery. They wind ceaselessly,

a minute two or three are on my fingers and forearm trying to peck each other away from the banquet in my palm.

Yesterday a man near by me dented the crown of his hat and filled it with corn, whereupon half a dozen alighted on his head. They will eat from the hands even of those arch enemies of the feathered people, the small boys. And when I desire to taste the sensation of triumphal emperors, I begin to walk across the Piazza, flinging corn before me as I go, so that the pigeons sail and flutter in magnificent legions before my steps. This is better than flowers, for flowers let you crush them under your heel.

I used to think that the Place du Marche in Brussels, with its beautiful Gothic facade, was the finest public square in existence. The Piazza San Marco, however, is as fine, in its own way, though it is in the renaissance style. About the hour the pigeons are going to bed I sit at a cafe in the Piazza San Marco, just out from under the encircling arcade, so that I can see the oriental domes and gilded arches of St. Mark's, and I watch the people pass.

Although the popular mode of European dress has changed a great deal in the last three centuries, this fact seems to make less difference here than elsewhere.

THE OUTLOOK

LEE. E. CHASE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

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 5, 1911, at the post office at Carrizozo, New Mexico, under the Act of March 3, 1879

Advertising forms close Wednesday at noon News columns close 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
SIX MONTHS. In Advance .75

OFFICE PHONE NUMBER 24

FRIDAY, JANUARY 30, 1914

NEW MEX. CATTLE AND SHEEP

The New Mexico state board of equalization, after a careful survey of the situation, has decided to increase the valuation of cattle and sheep for purposes of taxation, in order to more thoroughly equalize the burdens of taxation.

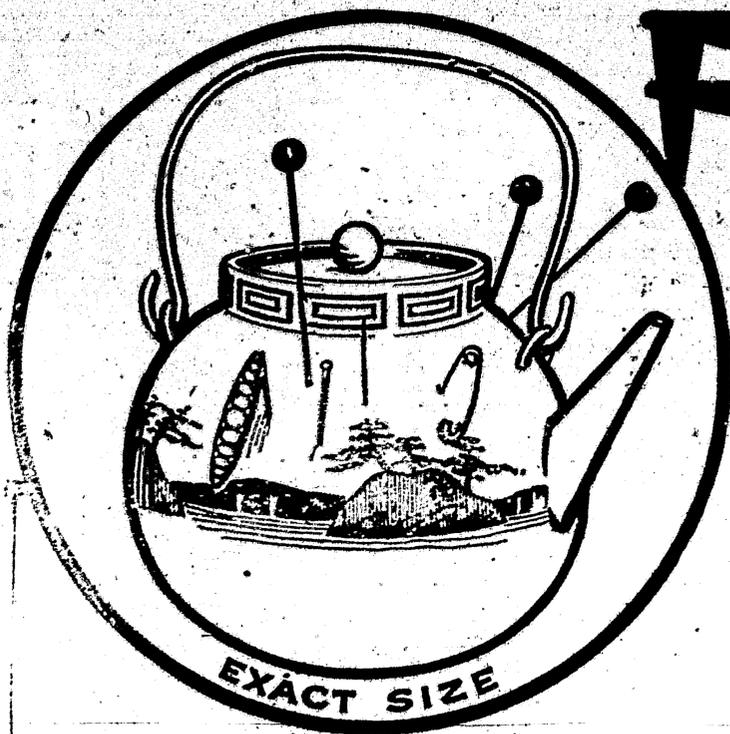
The minimum valuation of common sheep was increased from \$3.30 to \$3.75 per head, except that lambs under one year old are to be assessed at a minimum of \$2.75 per head. Improved sheep were advanced from \$4.05 to \$4.50 per head, except that lambs are to be assessed at a minimum of \$3. Thoroughbred sheep were increased from a minimum of \$5.25 to \$5.50 per head, with a minimum of \$3.25 for lambs.

The classification of cattle was also rearranged so that it ranges from \$18 for common stock to \$21 for graded range calves, \$24 for graded calves in pasture and \$30 for thoroughbreds. For cows the minimum valuations under the same classification are to be from \$30 to \$38 per head, as against \$27 to \$33 per head last year.

It is evident from these figures that the taxation authorities of the new state have taken due cognizance of the advance in all kinds of livestock in all the markets of the country, and as the property of New Mexico stockmen has thus enhanced in value from a marketable standpoint there is a determination that the state shall enjoy a corresponding benefit in increased taxes, which are needed to keep the state machinery in motion.

OUR CLIMATE

Our climate alone, it belongs to no other section, and cannot be excelled by any other part of the United States. While it is true we have some bad weather at times, that has nothing to do with the climate, which is always healthy and invigorating. Our climate has been the means of restoring to health more people affected with pulmonary diseases than any other climate in the United States—why? because the air is light and dry, which necessarily renders it pure and healing to the lungs. As an evidence of the health-giving qualities of New Mexico's climate, it can truthfully be said that very few physicians ever acquired much wealth through the exclusive practice of their profession, and where you find a physician who is wealthy who has long been a resident of the state, you will generally find that he acquired very little of it through the practice of his profession—all due to our climate.—Ex.



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A Hand-Painted Japanese Silk "Tea Pot" Pin Cushion

To Every Purchaser of 10c Worth of TUXEDO Tobacco

This beautiful little novelty will delight every lady who receives one. It is an excellent pin cushion and will make a dainty, attractive ornament for the dressing table. Take home a tin of TUXEDO, and take your wife this pretty "Tea Pot" Pin Cushion.

Your gift will please her—that TUXEDO leaves no odor about draperies and furniture, will also win her *heartiest approval*. The clean, fresh fragrance of TUXEDO pleases everyone.

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Convenient pouch, 5c. Famous green tin, with gold lettering, curved to fit pocket, 10c.

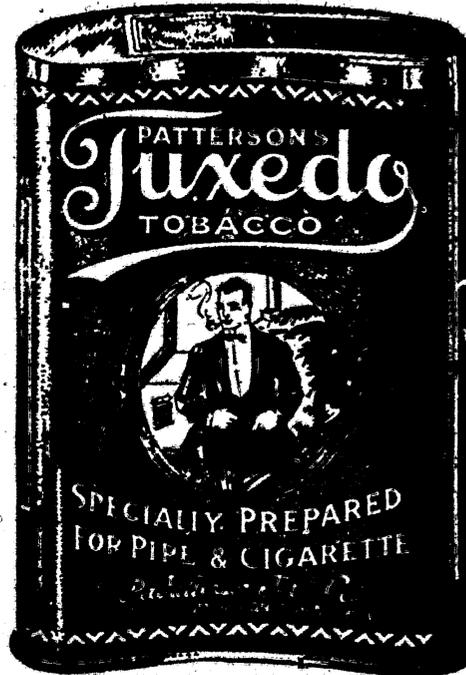
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Thousands of famous Americans *emphatically endorse* TUXEDO. They find in this mild, delightful tobacco complete relaxation, soothing comfort and healthful enjoyment. A week's trial of TUXEDO will convince you. That is the reason this *unusual* free offer is made.

TUXEDO is the very best Kentucky Burley tobacco—carefully ripened, cured and mellowed—then treated by the original "Tuxedo Process," that takes out the "bite" and "sting" *absolutely, fully* developing the wonderful mildness, fragrance and flavor of the Burley leaf.

FREE Patronize the live home merchants whose names are given below, and who are co-operating with us in this wonderful special offer because they are energetic, up-to-date and *hustling for your business*. They are eager to earn your *continued patronage*—by giving you the *best values* on everything in their stores. Don't miss this offer. Make sure by going for your "Tea Pot" Pin Cushion today.

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I do the very best I know how—the very best I can; and I mean to keep doing so until the end. If the end brings me out all right, what is said against me won't amount to anything. If the end brings me out wrong, too angels swearing I was right would make no difference.—Abraham Lincoln.

—SEWING—I will take in sewing at reasonable rates. Mrs. Myrtle Klipstein, Peck Hotel, Carrizozo. Adv. ml 123

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Safe and Reliable Transportation Anywhere. Old and New Buggies, Hacks and Harness For Sale. General Transfer and Drayage Business—Prompt Service.

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CARRIZOZO,

NEW MEXICO

LINCOLN COUNTY NOTES

CORONA CLIPPINGS

M. C. Porter is quite ill with la grippe.
 J. L. Davidson has gone down in Texas for a short time
 G. L. Phenix has returned from a several months' visit to Louisiana.
 Mrs. H. B. Calhoun is visiting her parents in Fort Stockton, Tex.
 S. J. Grumbles who has been spending a few days in Corona has gone on to El Paso and Deming.

Mr. and Mrs. Ozias Baker have returned from a trip to Kansas City, where Mr. Baker was selling sheep.

Miss Mary Adams has returned after visiting friends in Santa Rosa. While there several entertainments were given in her honor.

A party of young people, composed of Miss Lottie McCamant, Dora Clements, and Anna Bell Brown, Cleve Brown, and M. B. Barker went to the Jicarilla dance with Mr. McCamant in his auto last Saturday night.

Mrs. M. C. Porter has returned accompanied by her small daughter, Agnes, after three months spent with her parents in Pittsburg, Kansas. She visited Kansas City and other points while away.

Miss Dulce Brooks has come here from Hope, N. M., and Snyder, Texas, where she has been visiting for the past six months to make her home with her mother, Mrs. Richards, in the future. She is a grand-daughter of Zeb Owens.

H. B. Gerhart a special agent from the land office in Washington, is here in the interests of the department in connection with timber trespassing. Much timber has been shipped from the Corona country, from Torrence on one side as far as Tecolote on the other.

OSCURO OBSEVINGS

(Crowded out last week)

The sheriff was here in his Ford car early in the week.

Andy Mayes has been here from Alamogordo for the past two weeks.

Thos. McDonald has been a frequent visitor in Oscurito the past few weeks.

Dr. Robert Blaney has spent several days in Oscurito this week on professional business.

Adam Zumwalt has been here with the Sterling cattle during Jesse Roberts and Wm. Sterlings absence.

Miss Ketchem principal of the Oscurito school, has been ill and unable to attend to her duties for several days.

George Morris and Adolph Gschwind have left for El Paso preparatory to leaving for Florida on an extended trip.

The people of Oscurito extend their sympathy to the relatives of Al T. Roberts deceased, whom they all knew and honored.

The Oscurito Development Co. have received a large portion of the machinery for their deep well and preparations for the start on same are being made. There is also quite a little flum pipe for irrigation work.

Mr. and Mrs. Cruss of Chicago prominent Chicago people have been here for a few days. Mr. Cruss is a prominent attorney in Chicago, but has retired and will reside here permanently and the Crusses will be joined by their daughter at an early date. Mr. Cruss is interested in the Oscurito Development Co.

JICARILLA NOTES

Miss Moberly is here from Weed for a month's visit with friends.

Jessie May of Nagal was a visitor to Jicarilla last week.

M. A. Price of Ancho made a trip to his old home last week on business.

Mrs. Talbert is teaching the children of Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Frambrough.

S. B. Frambrough went to El Paso this week for medical treatment.

E. E. Wilson the dry farmer of the Jacks was sick for a few days last week with la grippe.

There was a dance given at the school house Saturday night. A number of young people were in attendance from White Oaks, Ancho and Corona.

Joe Ross and son, Albert, who has been doing assessment work for the last couple of months will leave for their home in the Estancia valley the latter part of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Myles of Ancho passed through here last week on their way to White Oaks where Mr. Myles has a position with the Wild Cat Co.

Mr. Scholtz of Indianapolis has located some placer claims in connection with Dan Dawson of this place and are now working on same. Mr. Scholtz who is a mining engineer is very much pleased with this part of the country.

FORT STANTON NOTES

Dr. McKeon with Dr. Sloan spent Sunday afternoon in Lincoln.

Walter Scott has returned from a business trip to Alamogordo.

The No. 11 Billiard rooms have been closed indefinitely.

The Van Zant emporium is doing big business at the old stand on the square.

Special George Washington celebration in Library hall, Sunday evening, February 22d.

Miss Dorothy Smith spent one day last week visiting friends at Lincoln.

A large shipment of Asbestos shingles have arrived to be placed on No. 10 store room.

Messrs P. Pegram and W. Williams of Lincoln visited with friends at No. 4 one day last week.

The local post office has been supplied with the latest weighing scales sent direct from the post office department at Washington.

A supply of the beautiful Fort Stanton view calendars have been sent to the Public Health Bureau as complimentary from the Fort Stanton Amusement Association. The surgeon general has acknowledged same with a special vote of thanks to C. H. Babbs through the local commanding officer. Also the Bureau has been given a supply of the Fort Stanton souvenir books which are likewise highly appreciated and will tend to give our eastern friends a better idea of Uncle Sam's sanatorium in New Mexico.

STRAYED or STOLEN—From a pasture near Oscurito, N. M., about the 17th of November, one dark sorrel horse, weight 850 or 900, branded 4 on left thigh, white spot in forehead, and a small hole through left nostril. This horse was raised by Bert Shipp, on the Block Range, and if strayed probably went that way, but I think he was stolen. \$5.00 reward will be paid any person furnishing information leading to the recovery of this horse.—W. J. McCallum, Oscurito, N. M.

Fresh Home Killed Beef

CORN FATTENED PORK, EGGS, BUTTER, FISH, OYSTERS, PICKLED PIGS FEET, PICKLES, SAUER KRAUT, HOME RENDERED AND SIMON PURE LARD. HOME MADE SAUSAGE AND HEAD CHEESE.

Groom's Meat Market

TELEPHONE 46

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GO TO WILLIAMS TO TRADE

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 The store that saves you money on almost all bills large or small.
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 Automobiles for Hire to all Points. All kinds of Repair Work and Supplies.
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 All kinds of country produce bought and sold
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Carrizozo Lodge No. 41, A. F. & A. M.
 Carrizozo, New Mexico.
 Regular Communications for 1914
 F. A. English, W. W.
 S. F. Miller, Sec.

January 10th, February 7, March 7, April 4, May 9, June 6.

ROSWELL-CARRIZOZO MAIL LINE
 Daily Passenger service leaving Roswell and Carrizozo at 8:00 a. m. West Bound East Bound
 Arrive Roswell 4:45 p. m.
 11:00 a. m. Picacho 1:40 p. m.
 11:30 a. m. Tinnie 1:15 p. m.
 11:55 a. m. Hondo 12:50 p. m.
 1:00 p. m. Lincoln 11:30 a. m.
 2:00 a. m. Ft. Stanton 10:30 a. m.
 2:35 p. m. Captain 10:00 a. m.
 3:35 p. m. Nagal 9:00 a. m.
 4:45 p. m. Carrizozo
 Through fare, one way \$10.50
 Intermediate points 10c per mile
 50 lbs. Baggage, free, Excess carried
 ROSWELL AUTO COMPANY
 OWNERS AND OPERATORS PHONE 18

Hunting the Playful Porpoise

THE playful porpoise has put on its winter underwear, in the form of a thick protective layer of fat, and until early spring these gamboling creatures of the sea will be sought by a special class of Atlantic fishermen. Headless of time as the porpoise seemingly is, yet upon it depends the busy man's apportioning of his daily tasks. Because of this fact a curious industry has developed in this country of which the public generally knows nothing, an industry that intimately affects the running of watches and clocks.



DRAGGING A BIG ONE OUT OF THE SURF



THE PORPOISE AT PLAY IN ITS NATURAL ELEMENT

From the lower jaw of the porpoise is extracted an oil which is peculiarly fitted to serve as a lubricant for watches, clocks and chronometers, and strange to say, from no other source can an oil of the requisite qualities be obtained. Therefore the porpoise is hunted as systematically as the whale used to be.

A few years ago nearly a quarter of a million clocks just out of their maker's hands went wrong. It was not merely that they lost time but they actually came to a full stop and would not work at all. There was no question about their skillful fabrication and assembling. The whole trouble was due to an imperfect lubricant, and a goodly sum of money and much time were spent before these clocks were in running order and fit for distribution. From this may be appreciated the value of the contribution which the porpoise makes to the daily life of mankind.

For years the porpoise was taken principally as a side issue in other fishing. The increase in the demand for the oil led to the creation of a business having for its sole end the capture of porpoises in large numbers and under circumstances that could be controlled to meet commercial demands.

Harpooning had previously been the method of taking them, but this had many drawbacks. An oil refiner in New Bedford learned that the Turks on the Black Sea used dragnets to land the native porpoise when swimming near shore in quest of certain small fish upon which they feed. This was a practice unknown here and conditions were not identical, but that clever Yankee believed that the facilities could be adapted to suit the requirements. From New Jersey to Florida are now scattered fishing stations organized by that refiner of the old whaling city, and from November to April they are busy sealing porpoises as they pass up and down the Atlantic shoreline. Porpoises can be caught at other seasons, but in winter they are fattest and furnish the best and most profitable yield.

To the uninitiated the fat of the body and the fat of the lower jaw appear much of a kind, but the oils produced from them are radically different in their characteristics. The oil from the body fat is worth in the raw state about 40 cents a gallon, while a like quantity of the yield of the jaw pans and the marrow of the jaw bones brings \$10. The blubber, or body fat, of a large porpoise furnishes from five to six gallons of oil, and the lower jaws of a fish of the same size give probably about two quarts on an average, and this quantity is greatly reduced before the various stages of refining have made the oil fit for the market. When ready for sale to watch and clock makers the oil is worth nearly double its value in the raw or unrefined condition.

The equipment at each fishing station consists principally of the boats and the special nets designed for the work. A working unit is composed of four boats and a mile of seine. The seines are heavy and exceptionally stout, and it is something of a task to handle them properly. The boats are a cross between a skiff and the fishing dory of Newfoundland and our own down East coast.

It is not possible to put out after the porpoises from sheltered points; the boats have to be launched right into the surf and carried safely beyond the danger line of the tumbling

breakers. Loaded with its quarter of a mile of net it is a hard task to shove one of these boats through the broken water near the beach. The most fruitful porpoise hunting station is close to Cape Hatteras, and it is well known what hazards lurk in the waters of that part of the coast of the Carolinas.

Because of the risks run and the skill required in this occupation the crews are recruited from local fishermen who are perfectly familiar with the coast and are quite at home in the surf. They must have clear heads, steady nerves and the ability to act quickly. The surfmen are ever ready for their work when a school of porpoises draws near, provided the sea gives them half a chance, and it takes but little imagination to grasp something of the excitement and the peril of their occupation.

The habit of the porpoise is to swim in schools close in shore and probably a hundred or two hundred yards seaward from the beach. This makes it possible to intercept their course and to drag them ashore after they have stranded in the shallow water, the seines preventing their escape seaward and frightening them shoreward. The operation of capturing them is simple to describe, but its proper execution is quite another matter.

Sometimes the sea is so smooth that the fish detect the presence of their foe soon enough to go scurrying off at great speed. Again, the waters may be so troublesome that prompt handling of the nets and the interception of the approaching school becomes impossible. Perhaps one or more of the boats may be swamped before getting clear of the breakers, making further successful efforts at the time out of the question, or the porpoises may be swimming too far off shore to be reached with a fair chance of drawing them to shallow water before they can get away.

There are many times when the efforts of the fishermen are fruitless, and days may pass without a single porpoise putting in an appearance. Sometimes a haul will net less than a dozen; perhaps the surfmen may land half a hundred; and there have been occasions when more than double this number have been beached at a single



The last turns of the big screw of a sider mill crushing out the sider. It takes all the power of a strong man to turn it when it gets low.

try. As several thousand must be caught during the season to supply the annual consumption of oil for this country it is easy to understand why there are stations for this work located along the Atlantic seaboard from New Jersey to Florida.

Porpoises vary from six to twelve feet in length, and the biggest of them weigh fully a quarter of a ton. Their speed in frightened flight and their beautiful leaps above the water's surface tell of their great strength; and one can easily picture the task involved in drawing the heavy seines with added burden of a goodly number of these excited mammals making their utmost efforts to break their way to freedom.

The porpoise is the largest denizen of the deep caught by seines within the waters of the United States, and for excitement the nearest approach is the taking of the tunny in the waters of Europe. As soon as the porpoises are stranded in shallow water, the fishermen rush in among them, taking good care to avoid the slashing sweep of their powerful tails, and hook them so that they may be dragged high and dry upon the beach. Strange as it may seem, the fish are not infrequently drowned or suffocated before they can be pulled ashore. This is because they cannot breathe properly when resting on their sides or their bellies.

No time is lost after these graceful creatures of the sea have been landed in stripping them of their fat. The head is severed from the body and the precious tissue of the lower jaw and cheeks is tried out separately from the body blubber. The reason for this is that the two oils are quite unlike as lubricants, and haste is needed in order to prevent the fatty tissue from becoming rancid before rendering. Rancid fat seriously affects the final product, and seemingly trifling conditions bear importantly upon the ultimate suitability of the lubricant.

At the fishing stations the oil produced is essentially raw or crude by comparison with the finished article and contains a good deal of foreign substance which must be removed before the stuff is fit for the market.

As soon as the oil is received by the refiner it is heated gently in order to complete the cooking process begun by the fishermen at the sealing stations. Up to this point man has done his work and now time and Nature take up the task. The oil is allowed to rest for eight months and is exposed during that time to the clarifying effects of the sun and also to the influences of climatic heat and cold. Then it is strained or filtered through suitable fabrics to cleanse it.

As a Last Resort.

"Grabson says he is not averse to spending money when the occasion seems to warrant it."

"That's true. I've seen him buy a stamp when he couldn't borrow one."

SEEDS ON DRY FARMS

Producer Must Understand His Business to Succeed.

If Person Is Going to Cater to Customers in Semi-Arid Sections He Must Pay Strict Attention to Desired Varieties.

(By DR. H. B. HARRIS.)
All practices in dry-farming focus around the one idea of saving the moisture. This is done in two general ways. First, by preventing loss as near as possible and, second, by using the limited supply which is present as economically as possible. In regions of small rainfall all the various factors entering into the production of crops must be as favorable as possible if profitable yields are to be obtained. Dry-farm crops are growing under the stress caused by a lack of water, and if other things in their environment are not favorable, it is difficult for them to mature properly. By supplying their needs in other respects they can in part overcome the handicap caused by the scarcity of water.

Only certain kinds of crops can withstand the withering hand of drought. Some are by their very nature suited to grow in humid climates, and they could not withstand the dry conditions encountered in arid regions for a single day. Their leaf area and structure are such that all the moisture would very soon be lost from the plant itself. Other plants are so arranged that they can retain much of their water even under very dry conditions. Their amount of evaporating surface is small in proportion to root area. Thus the leaves can be supplied with water as fast as it is lost and the plant itself is not in danger of being withered. The water lily is at one extreme and the cactus at the other. All the cultivated plants lie between. Some of the crop plants are decided in their preference for a wet environment while others can endure drought with ease. Most of them are intermediate in their needs.

Some of the cereals, like wheat and barley, produce well even when the water supply is not all that could be desired. On the other hand timothy, redtop, alsike clover and a number of similar crops do not do well if kept too dry. For the hotter arid regions the various sorghums have been found to be good crops. In cooler climates potatoes and peas often do well. Alfalfa is sometimes a good crop, especially in the production of seed. Taken for most climates, however, wheat is king of all the dry-farm crops. There are a number of varieties of this crop which are good drought resistors.

After deciding what crops to raise on the dry-farm the next question is to get varieties which are suitable for arid conditions. It is here that the seed producer must understand his business if he is to be successful. On the dry farm it is not enough that seed wheat be free from weeds and disease but it must also be of the varieties which are capable of thriving in dry weather. If the seed is being raised under arid conditions and sold for planting under wet conditions the variety is not so important except in so far as it affects the original yield. On the other hand, if a person is going to cater to customers with dry farms he must pay strict attention to varieties if he desires to build up a reputation for wheat. Of the winter wheats, Turkey red has given almost universal satisfaction. It has some bad features, but these are more than compensated for by its many desirable qualities. Of course the best varieties must be determined for each set of conditions.

Cast aside prejudice and raise a few miles, and watch the money coming in.

Weeds Are Undesirable.
Weeds in seed intended for the dry farm are particularly undesirable, as there is usually barely enough moisture in the soil to produce a crop, and if the weeds are present they easily rob the crop and cause a failure. Under irrigation enough water can be added for both the crop and the weeds but this is not possible on the dry farm.

Good Feed for Pigs.
Skimmed milk and refuse from the kitchen can be utilized to great advantage in feeding pigs. When pasture is provided there is little need for grain till the pigs are several months old.

Science in Poultry.
Pure science in poultry keeping is merely "getting back to nature." That is, understanding just what nature will do, under given circumstances.

Feeding Brood Sows.
If a brood sow goes into winter quarters in this condition, some corn can be used to good advantage.

"CASCARETS" FOR LIVER, BOWELS

Co sick, headache, biliousness, bad taste or constipation by morning.

Get a 10-cent box. Are you keeping your bowels, liver, and stomach clean, pure and fresh with Cascarets, or merely forcing a passageway every few days with Salts, Cathartic Pills, Castor Oil or Purgative Waters?

Stop having a bowel wash-day. Let Cascarets thoroughly cleanse and regulate the stomach, remove the sour and fermenting food and foul gases, take the excess bile from the liver and carry out of the system all the constipated waste matter and poisons in the bowels.

A Cascaret to-night will make you feel great by morning. They work while you sleep—never gripe, sicken or cause any inconvenience, and cost only 10 cents a box from your store. Millions of men and women take a Cascaret now and then and never have Headache, Biliousness, Coated Tongue, Indigestion, Sour Stomach or Constipation. Adv.

Businesslike Sultor.
"No-o, he isn't the sort of a husband I should have chosen for my daughter, but I think perhaps he'll get along in the world all right."

"When he proposed to my daughter and she had told him to see me, he sent me a note telling me where his office is and what his office hours are, and asking me to drop around and see him when convenient."

ENDS DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, GAS

"Pape's Diapepsin" cures sick, sour stomachs in five minutes—Time It!

"Really does" put bad stomachs in order—"really does" overcome indigestion, dyspepsia, gas, heartburn and sourness in five minutes—that's just what makes Pape's Diapepsin the largest selling stomach regulator in the world. If what you eat ferments into stubborn lumps, you belch gas and eructate sour, undigested food and acid; head is dizzy and aches; breath foul; tongue coated; your insides filled with bile and indigestible waste, remember the moment "Pape's Diapepsin" comes in contact with the stomach all such distress vanishes. It's truly astonishing—almost marvelous, and the joy is its harmlessness.

A large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin will give you a hundred dollars' worth of satisfaction.

It's worth its weight in gold to men and women who can't get their stomachs regulated. It belongs in your home—should always be kept handy in case of a sick, sour, upset stomach during the day or at night. It's the quickest, surest and most harmless stomach doctor in the world.—Adv.

At the Breakfast Table.
"I have a vague yearning for something," murmured the poet. "A constant yearning for something; I know not what."
"Maybe it's true," suggested the sympathetic landlady. "We haven't had any in a long time."

Factory Re-Manufactured Typewriters.
Remington No. 6 and No. 7 at \$30, \$5 per month, or \$27 cash. Smith Premier No. 2 and No. 4 at \$25, \$5 per month, or \$22.50 cash. Guaranteed by the manufacturer. A typewriter will be shipped on approval on receipt of \$5 and satisfactory reference. Write today. Remington Typewriter Co., 1624 Champa St., Denver, Colo.—Adv.

The End.
"Down in Florida Miss Prettyface and I had such a romantic walk in a lemon grove."
"What happened?"
"She handed me one."

Stubborn Throat troubles are easily relieved by Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops. They act like magic—5c at all Druggists.

It's all right to let your light shine before men, but it isn't necessary to make a pyrotechnic display of it.

Smile on wash day. That's when you use Red Cross Baking Soda. Clothes whiter than snow. All grocers. Adv.

Some men are born fighters. They fight for their rights, and when they get them they fight for more.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, always brings out the teeth. Use a bottle.

It sometimes happens that the playwright who makes bad plays makes good.

GOOD QUALITIES OF WHITE CHINA GESE



White Chinese Geese.

Many people believe that white China geese are going to have a boom like the Pekin ducks had some 20 years ago. Their feathers are very abundant, of swan's down texture; snow-white, with flexible quills. People who pick the live geese re-

port the yearly yield of one pound and over.

They originated in China, where for centuries they have been bred to lay. They begin to lay at six months old. They are good breeders at one year old, as they mature so early.

J. T. G.

RAISE WHEAT ON CORN LAND

Investigation Shows That Crop Was Much Larger Than on Any Other Soil in Northwest.

A singular fact came to the attention of farmers of the north central states during harvest time. Whenever wheat had been sown on corn land the crop was much larger than on any other soil. Investigation has shown this to be the case on so many farms that it is believed to be the universal rule.

It is, perhaps, fair to assume that in any scheme of crop rotation the intelligent farmer looks to the advantage of thorough cultivation before anything else. Certainly he may with propriety be so advised. But the next wise step would be to let wheat follow corn.

When land plainly shows the need of a rest a couple of crops of clover, millet or Canada peas serve the purpose. The farmer who is fitting cattle or hogs for market needs corn and other fodder and he will find profit in this sort of diversification, perhaps far beyond what he can gain from raising wheat. The whole argument is in favor of an intelligent diversity of crops as well as a thorough cultivation of the soil.

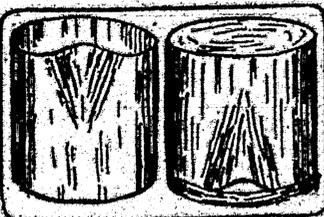
Plant a Windbreak.

If your orchard is exposed to high winds plant a windbreak of evergreens. A windbreak should never be set closer than 30 feet from the first row of trees, but they should be set close enough together to form a perfect protection. We do not believe in the theory that some people advance, that trees need to be exposed to all kinds of weather and that windbreaks are unnecessary. It is like "hardening" a child by exposing him to cold and inclement weather without being properly dressed.

WATERING CAN FOR POULTRY

Useful Drinking Fountain for Chickens May Be Made Out of an Ordinary Baking Powder Can.

An ordinary baking powder can may be converted into a useful drinking fountain for the chicks by a slight indentation, as shown in the sketch. When the rim has been pressed in



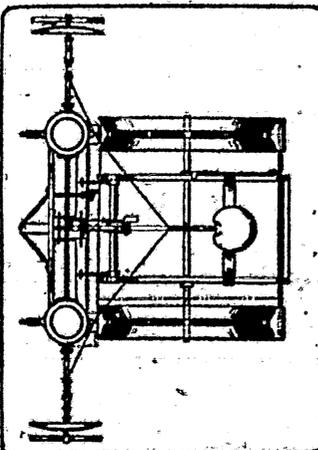
WATERING CAN

about two inches, water may be poured into the can and the top fitted tightly on. The can should be inverted and placed outside of the coop, where only the chicks can reach it, as

LATEST CHECK ROW PLANTER

Provision Made for Easy Method of Tripping Seed Valves—Operated by Movement of Machine.

The Scientific American, in describing a check row planter invented by R. L. Foreman of Sheridan, Ill., says: "Mr. Foreman's invention is an improvement in check row planters, and



Check Row Planter.

has for its object the provision of simple, easily operated means for tripping the seed valves to cause the planter to drop a charge of seed at regular predetermined intervals without the use of knotted wire, the said means being operated by the movement of the machine through the field.

Many Eggs Used.

There are used daily in the United States about 50,000,000 eggs.

the hen is liable to turn it over unless it is larger than the ordinary can. It could probably be placed near enough to the hen so that she could just reach it to drink out of it.

Apples Nipped by Frost.

Apples nipped on the trees by early frosts may be saved by spraying with cold water to draw out the frost. This is the conclusion of Dr. S. J. Hunter, professor of entomology of the University of Kansas and state entomologist for that state, who conducted several experiments this fall in the experimental orchards of the university. If the water is applied before the apples begin to thaw, he says, the bloom of the apple is brought back and it is left in perfect condition.

Mineral Matter for Sheep.

Scientists tell us that there is often more mineral matter removed from a fleece of wool than is contained in the sheep's entire body from which the wool is clipped; hence the necessity of a ration with plenty of mineral matter in order to supply material for this superior wool growing.

Housework is a Burden

The daily cares of keeping house and bringing up a family are hard enough for a healthy woman. The tired, weak mother who struggles from morn to night with a lame, aching back is carrying a heavy burden.

Many women believe that urinary disorders and backache are "female troubles" and must be endured. But men suffer the same aches and troubles when the kidneys are sick.

Women are especially subject to kidney diseases. Tight clothing, indoor work, the ordeals of childbirth, the worry, and the stooping, straining and striving of housework all help to bring it on. At first the trouble may be only backache, sick headache, dizziness and a drowsy, dull languid feeling, but this condition is dangerous to neglect, for dropsy, gravel and deadly Bright's disease start in some such small way.

Don't be discouraged. When backache, nervousness and irregular or painful passages of the kidney secretions begin to bother you, use Doan's Kidney Pills, the remedy that has brought new life and strength to thousands of suffering women. There are no poisonous nor narcotic drugs in



"Oh! What a pain."

Doan's Kidney Pills—nothing to injure nor cause a habit. Delicate women can use them with perfect safety.

The following case is typical of the cures effected by Doan's Kidney Pills. Grateful testimony is the best evidence.

SAVED HER LIFE

Mrs. John Brunley, 114 12th St., Greeley, Colo., says: "I believe I would be in my grave if I hadn't used Doan's Kidney Pills. The first sign of kidney trouble was a constant ache in my back. I dragged along day after day, going on to try to do my housework. Then came frequent dizzy spells that made me weak for hours. The kidney secretions were irregular in passage and very distressing. My feet ached and swelled until I could hardly stand. The swelling extended inward to my limbs and hips. For three months I hardly slept enough to keep me alive. I was awfully nervous and irritable. My case puzzled the doctors and their medicine didn't help me. A relative had been cured of kidney trouble by Doan's Kidney Pills and advised me to try them. I did and the results were wonderful. The backache stopped, the swelling went away and I rested better. The kidney secretions got all right and once more I enjoyed good health. Recently the kidney secretions were analyzed by the doctor and he found no signs of kidney complaint. Doan's Kidney Pills alone cured me."

"When Your Back is Lame—Remember the Name"

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

Sold by all Dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., Proprietors

She Didn't Know. Uncouth Young Man—May I kiss you, Miss Jones? Miss Jones (Indignantly)—What do you mean, sir? U. Y. M. (surprised)—Don't you know what a kiss is yet? Well, you are the funniest girl I ever saw.—Good Evening.

ECZEMA ITCHED AND BURNED

R. F. D. No. 2, Seymour, Mo.—"My scalp broke out with fine pimples at the start. They itched and burned so much that I was compelled to scratch them and they would fester and come to a head and break out again. The trouble was attended by such burning and itching I could not sleep, also when I sweat it burned the same. My hair fell out gradually and the scalp kept rough and dry with itching and burning. After about two years the pimples broke out between my shoulders. My clothing irritated them. I was troubled with that eczema five or six years. "I tried everything that was recommended without any benefit until I used the Cuticura Soap and Ointment according to directions, and Cuticura Soap and Ointment cured me sound and well in two weeks." (Signed) S. L. Killian, Nov. 23, 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.

Good Company. "Mrs. Wombat says she loves to commune with nature." "I'm not surprised at that. Nature will let you do all the talking and that makes an awful hit with her."

Testimonial From High Authority Mrs. B. L. Wilson of Nashville, Tenn., is famed the world over for her wonderfully delicious cakes. They are shipped to all parts of the globe for special affairs where the best of cakes are demanded. Mrs. Wilson has the distinction of baking Christmas cakes for the Presidents, in which she uses Calumet Baking Powder. She states: "To have complete success, with no failures, care should be used in the selection of Baking Powder." Calumet is complimented with the following testimonial from her: "Some little time ago I made a careful study and investigation of the baking powder subject and I feel fully repaid. I am firmly convinced from the results I have received that there is no baking powder to equal Calumet for wholesomeness and economy, and I also recommend Calumet Baking Powder for its never failing results." Calumet also received the Highest Awards at the World's Pure Food Exposition, Chicago Grand Fair and Gold Medal, Paris Exposition, 1904. This will, without a doubt, prove interesting and very gratifying to the friends and customers of Calumet Baking Powder. It has always been found that Calumet is economical to use.—Adv.

The Proper One. "Lady wants to know what kind of a bath she ought to take." "What's the lady's business?" "She's a dressmaker." "Then give her a needle bath."

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 *W. D. Parke* In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for *Parke's Castoria*

Familiarity. "Does he know her very well?" "He must. I overheard him telling her that she is getting fat."

Red Cross Bag Blue, much better, goes farther than liquid blue. Get from any good grocer. Adv.

Part Payment. Grain Dealer—You owe me three dollars for oats, Jim. If you don't pay me I'll have to take your horse. Uncle Jim—All right, sub. And I'll pay you de balance o' de three dollars just as soon as I kin.—Puok!

FRUIT LAXATIVE FOR SICK CHILD

"California Syrup of Figs" can't harm tender stomach, liver and bowels.

Every mother realizes, after giving her children "California Syrup of Figs" that this is their ideal laxative, because they love its pleasant taste and it thoroughly cleanses the tender little stomach, liver and bowels without griping.

When cross, irritable, feverish or breath is bad, stomach sour, look at the tongue, mother! If coated, give a teaspoonful of this harmless "fruit laxative," and in a few hours all the foul, constipated waste, sour bile and undigested food passes out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again. When its little system is full of cold, throat sore, has stomach-ache, diarrhoea, indigestion, colic—remember, a good "inside cleaning" should always be the first treatment given.

Millions of mothers keep "California Syrup of Figs" handy; they know a teaspoonful today saves a sick child tomorrow. Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages and grown-ups printed on the bottle. Adv.

Worse. Mrs. Exc—I hate a man who says, "I told you so" after you've made a mistake. Does your husband ever say that to you? Mrs. Wye—Never. What he says is: "And yet I was wholly unable to make you perceive, although it was perfectly clear to my own mind that such would be the inevitable outcome."

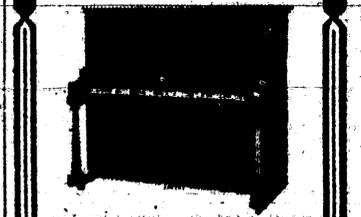
GIRLS! GIRLS! TRY IT, BEAUTIFY YOUR HAIR

Make it Thick, Glossy, Wavy, Luxuriant and Remove Dandruff—Real Surprise for You.

Your hair becomes light, wavy, fluffy, abundant and appears as soft, lustrous and beautiful as a young girl's after a "Danderine hair cleanse." Just try this—moisten a cloth with a little Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. This will cleanse the hair of dust, dirt and excessive oil and in just a few moments you have doubled the beauty of your hair. Besides beautifying the hair at once, Danderine dissolves every particle of dandruff; cleanses, purifies and invigorates the scalp, forever stopping itching and falling hair.

But what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use when you will actually see new hair—fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—growing all over the scalp. If you care for pretty, soft hair and lots of it, surely get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any store and just try it. Adv.

CHRISTMAS SPECIAL \$275 VALUE PIANO \$197 \$10. CASH, \$6. MONTHLY EXACTLY AS ILLUSTRATED



FREE STOOL FREE SCANS 5-YEAR GUARANTEE 1 YEAR'S FREE TRIAL WE PREPARE THE FREIGHT This beautiful piano, produced by one of the greatest and most successful piano-building organizations in the world, and absolutely guaranteed both by them and by us, will be shipped to you, prepaid, on receipt of \$10. Try the piano, compare it with instruments for which you will be asked \$75 to \$150 more, and if you are not absolutely pleased with your bargain and the piano is not just as represented by us, box it and return it to us and we will refund your money. This is just one of over 500 record-breaking, money-saving specials in Pianos, Player Pianos and other instruments described and illustrated in our big Holiday Bulletin, just issued. It's easy to solve the Christmas problem if you get a copy of this bulletin. Write for free copy—use coupon below.

THE KNIGHT-CAMPBELL DENVER MUSIC CO., COLO. KNIGHT-CAMPBELL CO., DENVER: Send me, prepaid, copy of your big, illustrated Christmas Holiday Bulletin. Name _____ Town _____ State _____

The Wretchedness of Constipation

Can quickly be overcome by CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Purely vegetable—act surely and gently on the liver. Cure Biliousness, Headache, Dizziness, and Indigestion. They do their duty. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature

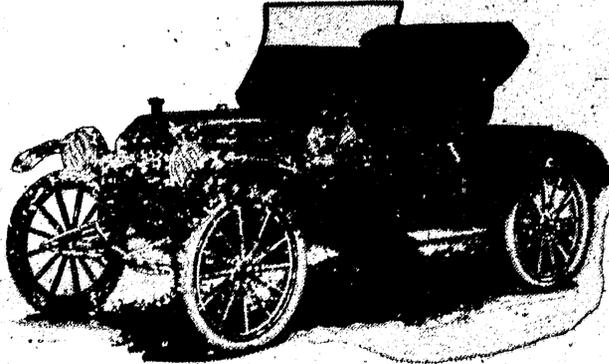


FREE TO ALL SUFFERERS. (How feel) OUT OF SORTS, RUN DOWN, OR COULD NOT SLEEP? IT'S YOUR LIVER! CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. CHRONIC WEARINESS, DIZZINESS, BRUISES, PILES, WIND, ACIDITY, BILIOUSNESS, THE MOST INSTRUCTIVE MEDICAL BOOK BY THE WRITER, "THE LIVER AND ITS DISEASES," IS BEING REMOVED FROM THE MARKET. GET THIS NEW BOOK NOW! CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. W. R. THOMPSON, CO., DENVER, CO., U.S.A.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM A toilet preparation of merit. It is the best for restoring color and beauty to the hair. It is sold by all druggists. W. N. U., DENVER, NO. 1-1914. PARKER'S REMEDY Best Cough Syrup, Croup Remedy, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, and all Bronchitis. Sold by Druggists.

For Luxury with Economy

—get a METZ "22." It is a stylish, easy riding car, and travels from 28 to 32 miles on ONE gallon of gasoline, and from 10,000 to 12,000 miles on a single set of tires. It is the most economical car on the market to operate, giving you all the pleasures of automobiling without any of the objectionable costs.



EQUIPPED COMPLETE
1914 IMPROVEMENTS

METZ "22" \$515 F. O. B. El Paso

WINNER OF THE GLIDDEN TOUR

The Gearless Car—No Clutch to Slip—No Gears to Strip

THE three METZ cars were the ONLY cars in the Glidden Tour equipped with HEATLESS transmission and they were the ONLY cars that held perfect scores, without additional allowance or time extension of any kind, for the entire eight days of the contest.

The METZ "22" is a high grade, fully guaranteed roadster of the forged semi-enclosed body type, left-hand drive, and center control. It is equipped with 4-cylinder 22 1/2 h. p. water-cooled motor, Bosch magneto, wind shield, extension top, full elliptic springs all round stand-ard artillery wheels, best quality Goodrich tires, 6 1/2 x 8 tires, five lamps and gas generator, horn, pump, foot outfit, etc. It is a thoroughly practical car—makes from 5 to 50 miles per hour on the high speed, and climbs hills as fast as any car made.

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BROOKLYN TABERNACLE
 BIBLE STUDY

PRINCE OF DARKNESS VS. PRINCE OF LIGHT.
 Luke 11:14-23, 28-30—Feb. 2.
 "Look therefore whether the light that is in thee be not darkness."—Luke 11:35.

HOWEVER, much the worldly-wise may scoff at the idea that there is a personal devil, prince over a demon host of spirit beings—rebels against God's government—let us always remember that this is the Bible teaching from Genesis to Revelation. The Bible explains that Satan was the first transgressor; that previously he was a cherub, who lost his loyalty to God through pride; and that he seduced into disobedience those whom the Bible designates a demon host. Everywhere the Scriptures set forth that this demon host are associated with our earth, and are not in some far-off fiery furnace torturing dead.



Satan—Prince Over a Demon Host.

The Bible indicates that God does not lack power to deal with these rebels; but that He is permitting them for a time to manifest the fruitage of sin, anger, malice, hatred, envy, strife, as a lesson for angels and men. They are under certain limitations, Scripturally styled "chains of darkness." Since the Deluge, they have not been permitted to materialize as men. But they have sought intercourse with humanity; and their victims are said to be obsessed. When their victory is complete, the victims are said to be possessed of the demon and insane.

It is estimated that fully one-half of the insane are demon-possessed. As in the past intercourse was sought through witches, necromancers, etc., so today intercourse with humanity is sought through ouija boards, planchette and mediums. Deceived by demon doctrines inculcated in the Dark Ages (1 Timothy 4:1), humanity neglect God's testimony that the dead are asleep and "know not anything." "Their thoughts perish," until their awakening in the morning of the New Dispensation.

Today's study introduces the Master delivering a man from demon possession. The people rightly understood the difficulty; but being opposed to Jesus some declared that the demons obeyed Him because He Himself was the Prince of Devils. Others said, Your miracles are all earthly; show us some sign from Heaven.

Jesus showed that He was not out of His own hosts would signify warfare in the demon camp, which would imply that Satan's house was divided and would soon fall; consequently such an argument should have no weight. To those who realized that He was casting out demons by the finger of God, the power of God, there should be no doubt that this was evidence of special favor from God, corroboration of His testimony that the power of God's Kingdom was being exercised in their midst.

When Israel rejected Christ, the Kingdom offer was taken from them, and they were set aside for a time. The Message has since gathered another Israel—drawing first all "Israelites indeed," and then the misty of every nation.

Jesus' power in casting out demons showed that He was able to deal with Satan; and that, had the Kingdom been been set up, Satan and his angels would have been restrained. However, in view of the foretold rejection of Jesus and the Kingdom, the work of binding Satan delayed until Jesus' Second Coming. Then He will deal with Satan and all who have cultivated sin and Satan's spirit.

The Binding of Satan.

Jesus pictures Satan's control of the world, likening him to a strong man armed and guarding his palace. He can maintain control until a stronger overcomes him and takes possession. Thus Jesus foretold that the Messianic Kingdom will be stronger than that of Satan, and that the latter will be the deliverance of mankind from the curse of sin and death, which has been upon humanity for six thousand years.

Jesus likened the world to the poor demoniac whom He had released from Satan's grasp, figuratively, all who accept Christ are delivered. But Jesus declares that Satan will seek to regain control of earth through the "light of the world"—blessed angels, hatred, strife, works of the flesh and the Devil. If Satan be not resisted, the blessings received from the knowledge of God will become an injury; and such a person will be worse than before he came into relationship with Christ.



Jesus Casting Out a Demon.

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HIS LIFE WAS DULL

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

A sound of fresh girlish laughter rippled across the quiet street and Professor Tringle, smoking his pipe in the shadow of his vine-wreathed porch, frowned impatiently.

It was annoying indeed to have his summer evenings disturbed by silly chatter and senseless laughter; he had come to Littleport to spend a few weeks with his sister Hannah, and he had expected to find the sleepy village life an antidote for the nine months of excitement he endured at the hands of prankish students in a university town.

Now he went indoors, his tall, lean form making a grotesque shadow on the gravel path as the front door opened and closed.

"Hannah," he said to his sister who was embroidering a bureau scarf for the coming church fair, "it must be very disagreeable to have those young people across the way—why, I thought the Browns owned the place."

Hannah smiled cheerfully. "Amos Tringle, I believe you grow more absent-minded every day," she said, placidly.

"I dare say," murmured Amos guiltily. "Only there isn't much peace."

"Who wants peace?" interrupted Hannah quickly; "for my part I may be fifty-five years old, but I'm not so old that I can't remember how blissful it was to feel young and foolish—and to laugh and talk and have a good time! Why, I just laugh right out sometimes at their nonsense—it's company for me. They're real good neighbors, too; Mrs. Desmond has taken me out in her motor car once or twice and the girls are sweet, and pretty—especially Deademona."

"Deademona! Listen to that—and her name is Deademona!" groaned Amos as a rich chorus pulsed across the street.

"I'll love you, mah honey—if you've got money!"

"Fragtime music!" sniffed Amos contemptuously.

"I like it," cried Hannah excitedly, beating time with her embroidery hoop, humming the refrain, entirely off the key.

Amos watched her in growing amazement. Hannah had always been the impersonation of old-maiden dignity; recollection of other summer vacations assailed him.

He roused himself to hear Hannah speaking.

"It's bad enough for me to be fifty-five and getting on in years, Amos, but you're 15 years younger and you act like an old man. I should think you'd like to have a motor car and get out and have some fun. I would if I was a man!"

"A motor car?" repeated Amos. "Are you crazy, Hannah Tringle?" Hannah laughed heartily.

"Of course, I'm not crazy—but you can afford to buy one—why don't you? I'll learn to drive it if you don't! I'd like to have it tomorrow—I'm going over to Pelawick for the day and Sam Finney's going to drive me over in his surrey—seem's if horses were slow beside motors!"

"Hannah!" gasped Amos, realizing that all his plans for a drowsy old age with Hannah as sole companion, were tottering to earth.

"I'm not going to be a back number!" protested Hannah as she folded up her work and took the clock key down from the shelf; "I'm not going to be a has-been!"

"A—what?" gasped Amos.

"A has-been," repeated Hannah, glorying in her newly acquired slang expression. "I heard Cleopatra Desmond say that—it's very expressive, isn't it?"

"It is—very expressive," assented Amos dazedly, as he kissed his sister good night, going out on the porch for a final pipe.

Across the street there was the sound of laughing goodbyes in which the bass of men's voices mingled with the sweet treble of the Desmond girls. Then a motor horn boomed loudly, and with a rattling "two-o-o-oh" a large car swept out of the Desmond gates and disappeared down the street.

shouldered them until there could be no sympathy between them.

The next afternoon Professor Tringle sat in the orchard under a low-hanging apple tree. He was in Hannah's favorite seat, an ancient wing chair covered with oilcloth. Here Hannah could sit and sew or read or sleep entirely protected from draughts.

Amos Tringle had spent a lonely day. He had seen the pretty Desmond girls—he didn't know how many there were, four or five altogether—drive away in the motor with their handsome mother; and there was no sound of piano or of merry voices from the tennis court over the way.

The little volume of essays dropped from the professor's fingers to the ground and he closed his eyes drowsily. Swift footsteps crossing the orchard grass roused him and the sound of a sweet voice brought him wide awake.

From behind the wing chair came the most astonishing words.

"Dearie, if you're not asleep, won't you please get this horrid splinter out of my finger? If you are asleep, Miss Hannah, dear, you needn't answer," added the voice, with a gurgle of Celtic humor.

Professor Tringle cautiously poked his head around the corner of the winged chair and looked into the astonished face of the most beautiful girl he had ever seen.

As she uttered an embarrassed cry he arose to his tall height and smiled down into her wonderful blue eyes.

"Don't be alarmed," he counseled her. "I am Miss Tringle's brother—she is in Petawick today. Won't you sit down?" He indicated the chair he had vacated.

"No—no, thank you, Professor Tringle," said the girl recovering her poise. "I am Deademona Desmond, from across the street. I've a splinter in my finger, and the serrants are so clumsy about such things that I just ran across to Miss Hannah. I'm afraid I disturbed you."

"Not at all," he assured her eagerly, "and if you will permit me, Miss Desmond, I will remove the splinter. Let me see it."

Deademona held out a plucky-white forefinger which Amos took in his own hand. She gave him a needle and a tiny bottle of antiseptic solution. In a second he had extracted the splinter, wincing with her at the slight pain.

"Thanks, I will, if I'm not interrupting you," she said demurely.

Amos threw himself down on the bench under the apple tree and after that there passed the most delightful hour he had ever known. Deademona Desmond could talk of things that interested him. Not only was she interested in girlish pursuits, but she was widely read, and her freshness of view and her charming diffidence before him, the learned man of letters, was the undoing of Professor Tringle.

When Hannah came home that night she was obliged to unearth from the attic some automobile catalogues which he had tossed aside in scorn the week before; before his blaring enthusiasm her longing for a past youth took new impetus and when a week later they both came back from New York in a bright red automobile, one would scarcely have recognized the staid brother and sister in the couple so modestly attired in motor garments.

The Desmonds were deeply interested in the car—especially Deademona, and all the Desmonds rode forth in it and were charmed with it and with the professor—especially Deademona! And after awhile Hannah grew to desire a motor ride by moonlight while she went to sit with the Desmonds on their gay piazza and Amos Tringle and Deademona went through the country over perfect roads and learning the old, old story. Deademona was not too young to hear it, and Amos, who was slipping off the years with every hour of this new experience, was as young as Deademona herself.

The day Professor Tringle proposed to Deademona Desmond, he was wearing an old gray sweater and his hat had been left at home; his thick hair was ruffled all over his head and he looked so young and handsome and brown that Deademona laughed when he suggested that he was too old to be her husband even while his white hair shined overhead around her answer.

"Don't," she said sweetly, her hand against his shoulder, "you are the best and the youngest of men—and the white Desmond family loves you—especially Deademona!"

Deademona, Miss Tringle's daughter, was the daughter of the professor's brother.

Everything pertaining to pugilism thrashed out thoroughly and many evils of pastime rectified.

That boxing is regarded as a staple sport in Australia is evinced by the fact that a conference of sporting authorities was held in the City of Sydney for the purpose of framing rules beneficial to the game, writes W. W. Naughton in the Chicago Examiner.

A certain degree of acclat was lent to the occasion by the presence of H. D. Morton, speaker of the legislative assembly, who opened the proceedings and then vacated the chair in favor of H. Y. Braddon.

Everything pertaining to glove fighting was thrashed out thoroughly, and many of the evils of the pastime, as Australians saw them, were rectified when the conference got down to framing rules. As many of the new regulations will be of interest to American pugilists who intend trying their luck in Australia, a digest of the work of the conference may not be out of place.

NEW FIGHTING RULES

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The new scale of weights runs as follows:

Bantam, 118 pounds; feather, 128; lightweight, 138; welterweight, 147; middleweight, 160; mid-heavy, 175; heavyweight, any weight, which presumably means any weight above 175.

In all contests in Australia weight must be made at the ring-side, and it is explained that this means "within one hour of the advertised beginning of the contest."

This is an entirely new construction of ring-side weighing, by the way, and it will burn more quickly into the intelligence of American ring men when it is told to them that they must weigh "one hour before."

Here is an interesting rule framed by the conference:

"The Australian championships shall be contests boxed in Australia, and where a boxer from another country having a 12 months' residential qualification defeats an Australian in an Australian championship he shall only be the holder of the championship while resident in the country, and on his departure the championship shall revert back to the previous holder."

This may or may not have been worded thuswise at the suggestion of the Land Settlement League of Australia, but anyhow it is explicit. You can't bring Australian championships away as souvenirs.

In many other respects the new rules follow the lines of the old Queensland regulations, the latter being extended and amplified to suit Australian requirements.

The five-ounce glove of pugilistic commerce is discarded for the six-ounce mitt, and the number of seconds in a man's corner is limited to four. These benchesmen are forbidden to "coach" assist in any manner, advise their principal during the rounds or enter the ring during the progress of a contest. By offending against these rules they will cause disqualification of their principal by the referee.

Contestants are warned against hitting in clinches, and a clinch is defined as a condition which exists when "both men are holding with one or both hands."

Infighting is taboed, and it is left to the referee to determine what constitutes infighting. Such being the case, it will be as well for boxers to engage in a match to interview the referee before tearing loose.

Here is how a knockout is defined:

"A knockout shall be counted (a) when a contestant is knocked down and is not on his feet ready to resume boxing in ten seconds from the time he is knocked down, (b) when a contestant's towel is thrown in while he is taking the count, (c) should a contestant be stopped by the referee or any official owing to a contestant not being considered in a fit condition to continue as a result of punishment he has received."

There was quite an argument as to whether the referee should hold court in the ring or outside of it. Finally, by a small majority, it was decided that the referee's place is where the blows are flying thickest, and that it is wrong to have him propped up on a bench like a British justice of the peace.

It would be as well for American pugilists afflicted with the wanderlust to study these rules, for the excuse "I don't know" does not hold in Australia.

To Sell for World's Title.

It might be best to look to the next contest for the world's championship of the world will be between two pugilists. William Almy has challenged Ernest Berry, the present title holder, to a match race for the title and \$1,000 a side next spring and has voted \$125 to fund the match.



MODERN OCEAN LINER.

WITH the widespread publicity given to details of the loss of the Titanic last year, and the very recent destruction of the liner Volturno in midocean, the great mass of people whose life is restricted to dry land are beginning to be interested in maritime affairs.

The handling of steamers, the dangers of the sea, the duties and responsibilities of the officers and crew of a vessel, are all topics of enlivening conversation after such a disaster as has just been added to the roll of the tragedies of the sea. The great majority of people not directly connected with maritime affairs have a very slight frequently erroneous idea of these matters.

Conflicting reports of well-meaning survivors, who give testimony of a very few facts of the wreck or disaster which they have been through, tend only to confuse the reader who is seeking for reasons and facts. The valiance of surviving officers does not help to make things any plainer.

Another feature which retards the general spread of knowledge about nautical affairs is the failure of seafaring men to realize that things which seem like a-b-c to themselves are absolutely foreign to the understanding of the average landman.

Here or There.

According to the reports which circulate after any marine disaster, the captain is either held up as a hero or cursed as a coward. Yet when the majority of people have forgotten the case, a well-informed, sober-minded body of men acting as a board of inquiry and wading through a mass of testimony get down to a few kernels of established facts.

And the truth is usually found that the captain was merely trying to carry out his duty as the master of his vessel.

If he holds back a mob of frenzied passengers at the point of a revolver from committing suicide by piling into the small boats in hundreds, he is merely doing what any police officer on our city streets would do if a calamity of similar nature threatened on his beat.

The captain of a vessel is the master in fact as well as in name. On the high seas his orders are law and the courts of the nations uphold him. Any refusal on the part of the crew of a vessel to do their duty as ordered by the master may be construed as mutiny.

In the older days of the sailing vessels and long trips, the powers of the captain were often abused and frequently crews were compelled to endure tremendous and even incredible abuses. In more recent times no captain dares so easily to misuse his authority, for, while a refusal to perform duties on board ship still constitutes mutiny and is severely punished as such, a sailing master can also be made answerable for illegal acts committed at sea.

With much authority the captain of a vessel also has to bear a similar measure of responsibility. No matter what happens on his ship or to it, this one man must answer for it.

On one of the thousand-foot monster steamers which now rig their way across the Atlantic in a trifle over four days, this means not only the navigation of the boat, but also a detailed knowledge of the condition and working of every piece of equipment on board, the executive control of a large force of men and the safety and happiness of a thousand or more passengers.

When a vessel is lost the master, if he happens to come out alive, is pretty sure to lose his license. Although the loss may appear to have been unavoidable, the unfortunate captain is very likely to be sidetracked to some minor berth, if he doesn't lose his papers outright.

This probably explains why so many shipmasters, especially elderly ones, leaving their vessels piled up on the shore or sinking, have quietly gone to their cabins and accepted the admiralty court via the 24-number method.

The unprecedented growth in dimensions and speed of ocean liners in the past 20 years has greatly increased the burden of responsibility that is placed upon the commanders of these ships. So acute has this situation become that the largest steamship companies are trying to meet it by having several captains under a commander or commodore upon their newest ships.

Yet marine authorities admit that this action does not help matters much, for the responsibility for the vessel will finally devolve upon the one man who heads the other three or four.

Having attained the rank of captain in the company's service, the officers are perhaps a little better as officers than the usual complement of subordinates, but even this may be disputed.

The routine duties of handling and navigating a big steamer are always a source of the most curious interest to passengers making their first trip on the sea.

On the coastwise steamers which have their navigating bridge or pilot house on the upper passenger deck, the officers are often annoyed beyond the limit of their patience by passengers whose curiosity leads them to crowd about the windows of the pilot-house and ask numberless questions.

On the larger ocean steamers this bother is avoided because the bridge from which the vessel is controlled is built well apart from the passenger accommodations.

In the popular mind the captain's job is to steer the vessel from one port to the other. So it is, in a manner, but not in the way that the landsman believes.

On anything larger than a harbor excursion steamer the captain is seldom seen to touch his hand to the wheel that controls the rudder. Neither does his first officer or other navigating officers. A petty officer ranked as a "quartermaster" is engaged for that particular duty.

These men have practically no other duties and really have little to do with the actual navigating of the ship. They are given a certain "course" to steer, by the senior officers, who know the vessel's position and how she should be headed to reach her proper destination.

This ability to find the way across an ocean absolutely devoid of tracks or guide posts is one of the greatest mysteries to the uninitiated. Navigation is really a highly complicated science, requiring the use of astronomical principles and the higher mathematics.

But it has been so simplified by the use of rules and formulas, and by the publication of elaborate tables that masters are able to find their position at sea with the "sextant" or "log-scope," as it is familiarly called, as accurately as an accomplished mathematician could.

The sextant is an instrument of great precision, with which the navigator is able to measure the angle between the horizon and any heavenly body, sun or stars. He also makes use of a very accurate chronometer, or clock, which keeps Greenwich time.

With these two instruments and his tables and formulas he can get the latitude and longitude of his vessel at frequent intervals. In the hours or days between observations the vessel is navigated by compass, and her distance measured by a patent log which records the miles traveled. Her direction and progress from the last "observed" position are plotted on the chart so that her officers can point at any instant to the exact position of the ship.

Creatures Began of the Earth.

The earth is "friendly" to living creatures because in their physical nature they are bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh—her very children. Life requires an atmosphere, such as Mars and Venus have, as well as the earth, and the Bridgewater Treatise up to date declares that we cannot conceive of a better. The ocean also has maximal stress, and this is the best of all possible worlds.

STRATEGIST OF THE CARRANZA FORCES



HIS STOCK IN TRADE.

The nervous little man next to the car window sized up the fat man who shared the seat with him and ventured the inquiry: "How's business?" "Can't complain," said the other laconically. "What do you deal in?" "Mothers-in-law, billy goats, the weather, slit-skirts, tramps, stranded actors, candidates, politics and the like."

NATURALLY.



Patient - Doctor, what happens when a person's temperature goes down as far as it can go? Doctor (absently)-Then he has cold feet.

Self-Forgetful.

A disappointed artist, indulging in a vein of abuse against Whistler, exclaimed: "He's without exception the most superficial, self-sufficient, ignorant, shallow creature that ever made pretensions to art."

Vindicated.

"I always knew Josh would grow up to be a great help to us," said the fond mother. "I haven't seen him do any regular work yet," replied Farmer Corntossel.

Lacking of Facilities.

"Oh, dear, lovers in the old days had trying times," sighed Mrs. Fibber, who had just finished reading a romance of the middle ages. "I shouldn't wonder," said Mr. Fibber, from behind his evening paper.

Between Girls.

"Anything good at the theaters next week?" "Hadn't noticed," said the other girl. "Why?" "If there is, I'll start a quarrel with Freddy now, and then he can send me a couple of matinee tickets to square himself."

A NATURAL RESULT.



"What's Burns so hot about?" "The boss just now fired him."

Still Another Story.

A twenty-story new hotel. New adds to New York's glory. And when it comes to price of rooms. Why, that's another story.

Over the Phone. "Is this Mrs. Blithering Brown?" "Yes. Who's talking?" "Mrs. Benjamin Green. Is Mary Jane Blocker cooking for you know?" "She is. Cooked for you, didn't she?" "Yes, and you took her away from me."

His Excuse.

"Loogy yuh, Brudder Bagus!" severely said good old Parson Bagster, on a recent Monday morning. "What was de 'casion for yo' 'sturbin' de whole congregation last night by snawtin' dat-uh-way and Cen gittin' up and trompin' out'n de church wid all de ferocity of a blind hoss?"

Modern Merry-making.

"So this is a summer resort?" asked the man from Mars. "Yes," answered his guide. "And all this peculiar apparatus I see scattered about?" "That belongs to scenic railways, steepchases, aerial tramways, shuffleboards and other contrivances used by pleasure-seekers whose idea of a holiday is to visit a summer park and defy the law of gravity."

No Sympathy.

"When I left home to seek my fortune," said Mr. Cassius Cox, "I had only \$20." "Where, was your boyhood home?" asked the cynical person. "Punkville."

GETTING DOWN TO BUSINESS.



"What is your son who graduated from college last June doing now?" "Oh, he's busy trying to get over the things he thought he had learned at college."

No Change Possible.

When Myron brought home his monthly school report, it made a very poor showing. "This is very unsatisfactory," said his father, looking over the report, "I am not at all pleased with it."

No Room for Cream.

"My dear," said the young husband, "did you speak to the milkman about there being no cream on the milk?" "Yes. I told him about it this morning, and he explained it satisfactorily. I think it is quite a credit to him, too."

When Help is Scarce.

"You're buyin' some mighty fine food these days," commented the storekeeper. "The last of the summer boarders must be something special."

No Luxuries.

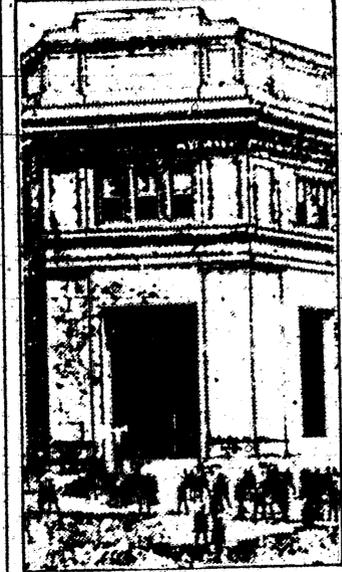
"Any insanity in your family?" asked the life insurance man. "No," replied Farmer Corntossel, "I couldn't afford to hire any alienist. If our boy Josh gets into any trouble, we'll jes' have to admit that he's plain foolish."



The remarkable success with which the rebels of northern Mexico have met is due in great measure to the strategic mind of Gen. Pablo Gonzalez (seated in center) the commander-in-chief of the Carranza forces in northern Mexico. The general, who is here seated with his staff, is concentrating every effort of his in keeping up the successful work of harassing the Federalist forces.

DARING AND SPECTACULAR PLUNGER OF WALL STREET HAS GONE FOREVER

New York.—The twilight of Wall street, the daring and spectacular plunger gone forever, the public sympathetic toward stock speculation, the passing of one of the most picturesque elements in our public life—these are some of the conclusions drawn from the great dullness on the New York stock exchange, the failure of brokers to make what they consider a living, the dry rot.



Bank of J. P. Morgan & Co.

ashed. These men are dead and there are none to take their places. If as big things are "put over" as in the old days, they are done now in secret, with the aid of much law and lawyers, through numerous agents and multitudinous blinds and devices.

LAUGHS AS DEATH AWAITS

Negro Murderer Asks Delay of Execution to Read Jokes, but Law is Insistent.

Trenton, N. J.—When Father Edward C. Griffen, the Catholic chaplain of the New Jersey State prison, visited Williams Diamond, a negro murderer, in his cell here to tell him that everything was in readiness for his execution, Diamond demurred. He was reading a comic paper and laughing at the jokes and pictures.

"All right," said Diamond, "but I would like to snark that paper." Diamond, known as "Black" Diamond, reluctantly dropped the paper and went to his death. He was the least concerned man who had anything to do with the execution.

ing their faults as of a public character. Later came the great speculative eras of our national life, when a "million share day" was considered nothing, when doctors and lawyers and merchants gambled in stocks from every hamlet, when the little speculators were myriad and the big speculators were fierce, if slightly more cautious than in the seventies.

Harriman flinging railroads into the gambling pit, John W. Gates and other men of his type leading speculative campaigns which netted them tens of millions, foxy old James R. Keene, engineering pools—for many years the American people stood for them and simply laughed.

Then the great outcries began. They've never led to the actual governmental reformation or abolition of the stock exchange, but they seem to have put it almost hors de combat simply by the force of public opinion. "Nobody's buying!" the brokers cry. "We never sell anybody from uptown," complain the hungry-eyed ones, meaning that the merchants who accumulate fortunes no longer follow the custom of retiring, seating themselves next the ticker, and proceeding to turn their hard earned wealth over to the men of stocks and bonds: The "men from uptown" are coming to realize that this is the broker's game—not theirs.

And the broker is selling his automobile. He's no longer known as the "wine buyer." He's no longer known as the patron saint of the chorus lady. He manages to keep his membership in his clubs and considers himself pretty lucky if he has 15 cents for a whisky and soda once in a while.

It is related that a prominent broker came on the floor the day before election and said to a group of friends: "Boys, we all ought to go up to the Sixth district and vote for Bill Sulzer tomorrow—he's the only man from uptown who's bought anything from us for two years."

There was laughter at this, but of a mirthless variety. The stagnation in stocks is no joke to the brokers. They can stand it for stocks to go up and they can stand it for them to go down, but when they stand still—good night! The exchange has recently had the worst day's business since 1888, 25 years ago. Only 58,000 shares of stock and 818 bonds changed hands. There are 1,100 members of the exchange. It was figured that each of them would

have \$1.40 for his day's work if the commissions were divided equally. A dollar and forty cents, not the wages of a man who digs a ditch in these days—and for brokers whose business expenses might run to \$100 a day each. No wonder there are "reorganizations" and a few failures. No wonder that staid old firms settle all their accounts and quietly go out of existence.

For one thing each member of the "change" has lost about \$40,000. This is the difference between the high quotation for a seat in 1909 and the price seats bring today.

The floor of the exchange these days often resembles the lounging room of a clubhouse. The exchange is a club in



Noon Hour in Wall Street.

reality. Will it become one in name? Will it turn into a mere social organization, with traditions of business? Hardly, because there are more securities to be traded in each year. There must be a public auction room where they can change hands. The trouble just at present is the brokerage machinery is too big for its purposes. It is built on a scale to handle great speculations and little speculations, and when it has to come down to calm and peaceful transfers, it is like a sight-seeing automobile carrying a single passenger. There is no profit.

MATCHES MAKE BIG MATCH

Swedish Girl Gets American Husband by Note She Placed in Box at Factory.

Stockholm.—Matches have played an important part in the marriage of Anna Lindstrom, who was employed as a match-packer at the Jonkoping match factory, which exports matches to every country in the world. On one of the little yellow labels covering the matches in each box she wrote: "To my prospective husband, c. o. Messrs. Fate and Fortune, 'Wide World.'" Under this she added her own name and address, and ultimately the box reached America.

A young Swedish-American engineer named Oscar Whitlund was entertaining some friends at a German restaurant in Chicago one evening about three months ago, and asked for a box of matches.

On opening it he saw the fateful little note, and correspondences followed, photographs were exchanged, and a proposal of marriage was accompanied by \$200 for travelling expenses.

Husband and Wife Killed Same Way. Towanda, Pa.—Thirty-five years ago John Furell, a farmer, died of a fractured skull suffered in a fall. At the same hour and exactly thirty-five years afterward his wife died in the same way. Both lived nine days after being hurt.

Save Money

While Our 25 Per Cent Reduction Sale Lasts

DO
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YOUR
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DISCOUNT
ON CASH
REGISTER
RECEIPTS

Ladies' and Misses' Coats, Childrens' Coats, Ladies' Suits and Skirts, Lace Collars.

Ladies' and Childrens' heavy ribbed Underwear (Choice 25c.)
Great bargains in remnants.

Mens' Flannel Shirts, Sweater Coats and Jerseys, Mens' Overcoats, Mens' and Boys' Suits.

INGRAIN
CARPET
AT
25 CENTS
PER
YARD

ODDS AND ENDS IN LADIES' AND CHILDRENS' SHOES AT LESS THAN COST
CARRIZOZO TRADING COMPANY

CARRIZOZO NOTES

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

—Phone 40 for Willow Springs coal, \$8.50 per ton.

—Mrs. Harriett Pons spent the first few days of the week in Capitan.

—A. J. Rolland, Jerry Kelley and Dan Tiffany spent Wednesday hunting after birds.

—James O. Nabours was up this week for several days from his ranch on Three Rivers.

—Phil Blanchard of Arabela passed thru this week enroute to Santa Fe on business.

—Willow Springs coal at \$8.50 per ton. Best in New Mexico. Phone 40.

—Will Coe of Glencoe, was down for a few days this week returning on the Wednesday stage.

—A swell new Soda Fountain arrived at the Rolland Drug store this week for the summer trade.

—Another carload of Ford cars was unloaded here this week by Dr. T. W. Watson.

—FOR SALE:—1 Remington Typewriter, one Baby Carriage, one Washing Machine, cheap for cash, Call Outlook office.—H

—George Murray this week sold to Peter Skov of this place the remaining sixty acres of his tract lying east of town.

—Wm. Kelly with a sheep buyer from Oklahoma is covering many of the ranches in the country in the interests of the buyer.

—Mrs. J. E. Farley spent a few days here this week coming up from El Paso where she has her daughters in school this winter.

—Mrs. Wallace L. Gumm Supt. of schools left on Tuesday for the lower end of the county and will visit the schools at Arabela, Las Palcas etc. before returning.

—Bernay Humphrey of Humphrey Brothers has purchased a Ford Car this week from Dr. T. Watson the local agent. Samuel C. Miller is also about to purchase one. Mr. Lacey of White Oaks has also purchased a Ford from the local agent.

METHODIST CHURCH

(J. W. Hendrix, Pastor)

Sunday school at 9:45 a. m.
Preaching both morning and evening by the new presiding Elder, Rev. Geo. H. Givans of Albuquerque. For four years pastor at Alamogordo. He is a splendid man and an able speaker. During his stay he will hold the second Quarterly conference. Every body is welcome to every service. Don't fail to come and hear him. We have been having large attendance at every service, and we need you to swell our number.

BAPTIST CHURCH

(Herbert Haywood Pastor)

Get ready for the Start to Church Sunday—third Sunday in February.

Sunday school at 10:00 a. m.
Preaching Services at 11:00 in the morning and 7:30 at night. Mrs. Haywood will probably sing at the services.

Young people's meeting at 6:30.
On Wednesday at 2:30 p. m. Woman's Missionary meeting, and midweek service at 7:30 p. m.

A cordial invitation is extended to you. Come and worship with us.

SOCIAL DANCING SCHOOL

Social Dancing School at Bank hall, Carrizozo, every Wednesday night, lessons from 8 to 9 o'clock, social dance from 9 to 12. Admission; Ladies free, gentlemen \$1.00. Children under 12 years not allowed on the floor. Children's class Thursday afternoon, at 4 o'clock. Admission 25 cents. Private lessons by appointment.

MRS. J. H. CODY,
1 m Adv. Instructor.

LOANS

The proposition of 6 per cent Loans obtainable with special privileges and on reasonable terms to remove incumbrances from real estate; or to improve and buy farm, orchard and city property, may be had by addressing Dept. R. E. 1527 Ruesch Bldg., Dallas, Texas.—Adv.

Great Buying Time

For you Thrifty Men and Women

YOU can make your dollar do extra duty now-a-days, during this time of season's clearance in our store; we're really anxious to clean-up on all winter goods to make a clear field for Spring.

Just look at the prices we're quoting on Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes; that shows how glad we are to make a real clearance; goods like these are always worth the price; and any time you can get them at less than the regular prices you'd better do it.

GOOD CLOTHES AND LOTS OF OTHER THINGS CLEARING

Hart Schaffner & Marx \$25.00 Suits, now \$18.75

Hart Schaffner & Marx, \$20.00 Suits, now 15.00

Irving System Clothing \$18.00 Suits, now 13.50

Irving System Clothing 15.50 Suits, now 12.50

All men's and boys' Overcoats at 25 per cent reduction.

Ladies' and Men's Sweater Coats at greatly reduced prices.

Great reductions on all men's, ladies and children's Underwear.

All our ladies ready-to-wear goods, such as Suits, one piece Dresses and ladies Skirts at 1-3 off the former price.

We have not the space to mention all the prices, but come in and let us convince you, that we mean business and can, and will, save you money on all purchases.

ZIEGLER BROS.

"THE HOME OF STANDARD MERCHANDISE"