

CARRIZOZO OUTLOOK

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CARRIZOZO, LINCOLN COUNTY, NEW MEXICO, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1914.

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TO ELECT DIRECTORS

School Directors to be Elected in Each District Monday, April 6th

LIST OF DIRECTORS RETIRING

The election of school directors will be held in each school district, Monday, April 6th.

All men or women who are citizens of the United States, who are over the age of twenty-one years, and who have resided in New Mexico twelve months, in the county ninety days, and in the precinct in which they offer to vote thirty days are eligible to vote at this election.

The following are the retiring members from the various districts.

School district No. 1, Lincoln, elect one director for three years and one for two years, L. H. Dow and R. A. Duran, retiring.

School District No. 2, Gonzales Ranch, one director for three years, L. Gonzalez retiring.

School district No. 3, Ruidosa, three directors for one, two, and three years respectively.

School district No. 4, Paçacho, one director for three years, one for two years, Martin Chavez and Frank Santana retiring.

School district No. 5, Sanchez Ranch, one director for two years, one director for three years, Prospero Gonzalez retiring.

School district No. 6, Richardson, one director for three years, E. E. Wright retiring.

School district No. 7, Carrizozo, one director for three years, Jno. E. Ball retiring.

School district No. 8, White Oaks, one director for three years, R. H. Taylor retiring.

School district No. 9, Nogal Mesa, one director for three years, one for two years, Ed. L. Pfingsten and Lute Skinner retiring.

School District No. 10, San Patricio, one director for three years, one for two years, Ignacio Olguin retiring.

School district No. 11, Nogal, one director for three years, one for two years, T. W. Henley and Geo. Rustin retiring.

School district No. 12, Angus, one director for three years and one for two years, Mrs. Emma Bragg and R. J. Copeland retiring.

School district No. 13, Corona, one director for three years, A. S. McCamont retiring.

School district No. 14, Rabenton, three directors for one, two and three years respectively.

School district No. 15, Alto, three directors for one, two and three years respectively.

School district No. 16, Parsons, one director for three years, J. M. Rice retiring.

School district No. 17, Blue Water, one director for three years, Leandro Gutierrez retiring.

School district No. 18, three directors for one, two and three years respectively.

School district No. 19, Ocurro, one director for three years, Andy Mayea retiring.

School district No. 20, Hondo, one director for three years, E. W. Hilbern retiring.

School district No. 21, Ancho, one director for three years and one for one year, Mrs. Price retiring.

School district No. 22, one director for three years, I. Van Winkle retiring.

School district No. 25, Little Creek, one director for three years, D. C. Parker retiring.

School district 28, Capitan, two directors, one for three years and one for two years, Geo. Smith and Francisco Duran retiring.

School district No. 32, Arabela, one director for three years and one for one year.

School district No. 33, Tinnie, one director for three and one for two years, Ed. Nelson and H. Doy's Murray retiring.

School district No. 35, Glencoe, one director for three years, J. V. Tully retiring.

School district No. 43, Jicarilla, one director, Jno. W. Dale retiring.

WILL LOCATE HERE

Seth E. Crews who recently arrived in Ocurro from Chicago has decided to resume the practice of law within this state, as will be noticed by his card elsewhere in this issue.

Mr. Crews came to New Mexico on account of the ill health of his wife and selected Ocurro as a proper place for location because of the ideal climate. He intended retiring from law practice but he finds his time not sufficiently occupied so has decided to again hang out his shingle. Mr. Crews has practiced law in all the courts of Chicago for over thirty years taking up the general practice. He served four years as state attorney for Jackson county, Illinois, and later served a term as a member of the State Legislature. He was a member of the legislature that elected Senator Cullom (now dead) for the first term.

Mr. Crews having had considerable practice will undoubtedly enjoy a good practice in this state where he intends to practice in all the courts.

NEW LAND OFFICERS

A number of Federal appointments for New Mexico offices were made this week by President Wilson. Among the changes are the officials of the Roswell, New Mexico, land office. Emmet Patton of Hagerman has been appointed Register of the Roswell land office taking the place of T. G. Tillotson. W. G. Gowan of Carlsbad has been appointed Receiver of the Roswell Land office taking the place of Harold Hurd.

Among the other officers appointed are Surveyor General of New Mexico Lucius Dills, taking the place of Jno. W. Marsh. John L. Burnside of Silver City was appointed Register and S. P. Ascarata of Las Cruces, Receiver of the Las Cruces Land office. R. P. Donohue was appointed Register, and Felipe Sanchez Baca Receiver of the Tucuman Land office.

LOOKOUT STATION FOR BALDLY

The Forest service has decided to build a road to the very top of Sierra Blanca, the highest peak in the White Mountains, an elevation of over 12,000 feet. A permanent fire "lookout" will be stationed at the point, as the entire Lincoln Forest can be viewed from the peak. In fact the view ranges 125 miles in every direction, beyond the staked plains in the east, into Mexico on the South, the San Andres and beyond in the west and as far as Albuquerque to the north. The road will connect with the Ruidosa road which is a part of the Southern National Highway and the Borderland route. The construction of the road offers no great engineering difficulties despite the great altitude to be attained.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

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

GATHERED DURING THE WEEK

—Mrs. B. S. Campbell left for El Paso on the Golden State Wednesday to join Mr. Campbell who has been there for several days

—J. M. McKenzie, of Kansas City, came in last Friday on the Golden State to spend the summer at the Bar W ranch

—F. M. Davis of Duran, roadmaster for the Southwestern, was in town yesterday on an inspection trip.

—Mrs. Laura Norris left Saturday night for Sherman, Texas, having received word that her brother at that place was not expected to live.

—Mrs. Gurney came in on No. 1 this morning, returning from the funeral of her brother at Elk City, Kansas, and reports a severe blizzard throughout the section she has been visiting.

—F. O. Nelson, and wife who have been here for the past few days, left yesterday afternoon for Oro Grande. Mr. Nelson states that the Yellow Jacket iron mine east of here, which has been shut down for the past ten days, will shortly resume shipments upon a large scale.

—There will be a meeting of the Civic League on Tuesday afternoon at 3 o'clock, in the office of Mrs. W. L. Gump, in the court house. There will be some important matters brought up for consideration and all members are requested to be present.

—M. Tovote, field examiner for the Phelps-Dodge Corporation was in town Sunday. He has been making examinations of various properties in this vicinity, and it is likely that the corporation will take over some of the promising properties in this section and develop them in an extensive way.

—Clare Warnack, son of Chas. Warnack, residing near Nogal was brought in here the latter part of the week, suffering from an obstruction in the bowels, and placed in care of Dr. Padon, who had him moved to El Paso last Thursday for an operation, which however did not prove successful and he died Thursday evening, the family returning with the corpse Friday noon. Interment was made in the Nogal cemetery.

STORE BURGLARIZED

The general merchandise store of Ziegler Bros, was entered by burglars between the hours of one and three o'clock Thursday morning and about three or four hundred dollars worth of merchandise stolen. The booty consisted chiefly of clothing and shoes. No cash was taken but the store was left in a miserable state of confusion, keeping the clerks busy the greater part of the day restoring things to their wonted order. Entrance was effected by breaking in the back door. The greater portion of the goods were recovered last night near the depot where it is thought the burglars had taken them with the intention of slipping them aboard some outgoing train. The burglars have not as yet been apprehended, but as we go to press we learn that the sheriff with a posse has left by auto for Ocurro where it is thought they will be captured.

SCHOOL NOTES

Please give attention to the following change in the date of the entertainment to be given by the pupils of the upper grades. It has been decided that, as week after next is court week, and as the Methodist church will give a home talent musical this week, it will be highly advisable to postpone the school entertainment until Friday the thirteenth. Now don't get excited because it's Friday the thirteenth, or because the "White Caps" will be in evidence, for we guarantee that your superstitions are unfounded and also promise that the "White Caps" will do you no bodily violence. Consistent practice is still being maintained, and the postponing of the date will promise a perfectly drilled performance; in fact, it will be the star performance of the term. Posters will be in full view in ample time as reminders of the coming event. Don't miss this one.

The Board of Education has pronounced the closing of the school prematurely as entirely ungrounded. They have no intention of shortening the term, and do not think the community is willing to let anything prevent the standard term for which the faculty was engaged. As a patron of the school you may rest assured that your child will have the very best advantages obtainable. Many obstacles have been overcome by the persistent efforts of those in charge. If there are any imperfections in school management they do not willingly exist. The entire faculty is bending every effort to give the youth of the community a square deal. We want you to co-operate with us. Nothing worth while can be accomplished without your aid. Come to see us at work often. We are making the most of our resources. If you see your way clear for to aid in anyway we won't object. We could use a whole lot of new furniture. High school pupils are sitting in desks far too small for them, and you know this is not conducive to the best in them. The bell is still on the ground—it ought to be on the house-top in a shingled belfry. We feel that we have a field for home-mission work right in our midst. Now don't think that we are complaining. We know that we have your support and we are thankful for what we have been able to accomplish; but like the post we feel constrained to let our watchword be "Excelsior" for whenever we get satisfied with our work and school equipment it's time to hire a new faculty. Again we would remind you that we're here for a nine month's term and the Board is behind us.

ANDREW McCURDY
Principal

COUNTY HAS 46 AUTOS

According to a tabulated statement issued by Secretary of State Lucero, Lincoln County has forty-six automobiles, being the eleventh county in the state as to point of number in the state. Chavez county comes first with 371 machines, while Barnallito is next with 218. Rio Arriba comes last with but two. The compilation shows the Ford car leading all makes by over fifty per cent.

COURT MEETS MARCH 9

District Court Grand Jury Meets at Carrizozo on Monday, the 9th

PETIT JURY ONE WEEK LATER

District Court for Lincoln County will convene in Carrizozo on Monday, March 9th, in regular session, Judge Edward L. Medler, presiding. The Grand Jury has been subpoenaed to appear on the first day and will start their deliberations then, while the Petit Jury which has to do with the trial of cases, will not meet until a week later which is Monday, March 16th, 1914.

There is considerable work for disposal by the court and several important cases will be tried, it is said, this term, including two or three murder trials.

Sheriff Porfirio Chavez has been out for a week or more with the aid of deputies, summoning the panel of the two juries which are as follows:

GRAND JURY

1. Claud Brennum, White Oaks.
2. Jess Kennedy, Carrizozo.
3. H. R. Humphrey, Carrizozo.
4. Jas. O. Nabours, White Mountain.
5. Sostene Torres, Lincoln.
6. H. H. Ledbetter, Corona.
7. Candalaria Banabedes, San Patricio.
8. Manuel Pacheco, Paçacho.
9. Hijito Sanchez, White Oaks.
10. Fred Cleghorn, White Oaks.
11. John Lee, Jr., White Oaks.
12. Roe Coe, Ruidosa.
13. Frank Wallace, Paçacho.
14. S. M. Colbaugh, Corona.
15. Alex Herrera, Capitan.
16. Ralph Dow, Lincoln.
17. Benton Yates, Lincoln.
18. Dan McKenzie, Ancho.
19. O. T. Nye, Carrizozo.
20. A. J. Cox, White Oaks.
21. J. T. Bond, Corona.

TALESMEN

1. Candido Chavez, San Patricio.
2. George Dingwall, Carrizozo.
3. Casimero Barlos, Arabela.
4. Polinario Montoya, Paçacho.
5. Valentín Salazar, Lincoln.
6. Fernando Padillo, Lincoln.

PETIT JURY

1. Chas. F. Grey, Ocurro.
2. H. Herring, Holloway.
3. J. F. Dalton, Carrizozo.
4. Catrino Baldonado, Richardson.
5. Harry Halstead, Arabela.
6. E. W. Jones, Carrizozo.
7. E. H. Talbert, Jicarilla.
8. C. E. Hilburn, Hondo.
9. J. Gatewood, Capitan.
10. Norman Riggs, White Mountain.
11. W. H. Siewer, Lincoln.
12. Fred Pfingsten, Nogal.
13. Hunter Hobbs, Capitan.
14. F. A. Briscoe, San Patricio.
15. J. T. Davidson, Corona.
16. W. M. Reilly, Carrizozo.
17. George Sharpe, Carrizozo.
18. Oscar Anderson, San Patricio.
19. Juan Samora y Sedillo, Rabenton.
20. R. L. Willingham, Corona.
21. Tom Chant, Carrizozo.
22. Frank Maxwell, Carrizozo.
23. Gregorio Sedillo, White Oaks.
24. G. F. Graves, Ancho.

TALESMEN

1. Abel Mirabel y Trujillo, Ruidosa.
2. M. Crow, Corona.
3. Sherwood Corn, Ancho.
4. Elza Perry, Ruidosa.
5. H. B. Dawson, Carrizozo.
6. C. L. Dean, Lincoln.
7. George Myler, Ancho.
8. Guy L. Warden, Ancho.
9. Ambrosio Chavez y Luna, San Patricio.
10. Margarito Silva, Capitan.
11. L. B. Crawford, Carrizozo.
12. J. F. Pearson, Carrizozo.

No printed docket is being made for this term of court.

The ISOLATED CONTINENT

A ROMANCE OF THE FUTURE

By GUIDO VON HORVATH and DEAN HOARD

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CHAPTER I

Astra's Inheritance.

A gloomy foreboding of approaching disaster hung over the capital. Hannibal Prudent, ex-President of the United Republics, was dangerously ill. The people walked quietly and talked in subdued tones, as though they feared to disturb him.

Hannibal Prudent, the scientist whose invention had saved the country, was eighty-four years old, but he had carried the weight of his years lightly and had worked unceasingly. On a flying trip to Labrador he had contracted a severe cold which developed into pneumonia. Just as the disease was nearing the crisis a curious thing happened, something that had not happened in the half-century which had passed since he had put an isolator between America and the other continents.

A wireless message had come from Europe.

The great man had been awakened by the ringing of the 4,500-mile bell on the small electro-stylograph that stood by his bedside. To his astonishment the indicator that automatically registered the sending station pointed to Berlin, Germany. He stared in amazement at the instrument and saw spark following spark on its small, square, milk-glass plate.

He put forth a shaking hand and adjusted the receiving horn. The electric sparks then formed a picture—a moving picture that talked! A man in military uniform looked at him from the picture and a clear voice with a German accent said in English: "Professor Prudent?"

"Yes, sir, Hannibal Prudent."

The figure bowed reverently. "I am Count Von Werdenstein. As you see, I have bored through your isolating rays with my sparks of electricity. This is the beginning. The next time I talk to you there will be nothing to keep the fleet of consolidated Europe from entering the ports of the Americas. I am giving you this warning because I admire you—you were my honored father's teacher."

The figure on the plate bowed again, then vanished.

Hannibal Prudent gazed curiously at the glass of the apparatus, trying to believe that he had experienced a vision; but when he saw the words of Werdenstein clearly printed by the magnificent instrument on a sheet of paper by the stylus he faintly. The vitality that could combat physical suffering could not bear the menacing news that the little instrument had brought.

When he opened his eyes his daughter Astra stood at the bedside and the house physician was counting his pulse. The scientist still held Werdenstein's message crumpled up in his old fingers—the message that conveyed such crushing news. Impatiently, as one who knows his time is short, he asked to be left alone with his daughter. As the door closed behind the doctor he cried out in agony: "All my hopes and all my life work are threatened. I had hoped that here where I had established it peace would abide—peace that has spread comfort, contentment and happiness over our continent; peace that created and conserved fortunes greater than any ever before known to man; peace that permitted developments so high that even the boldest would not have dared to dream them fifty years ago.

"All this will go." His voice faltered for a moment. "Read this." As the startled girl read Werdenstein's message he cried bitterly: "They want vengeance." He felt his own pulse, watching the large chronometer on the wall opposite his bed. "My will is in the safe in my library. Here is the key. The Europeans think that the X-ray alone hinders them from entering our beloved country, but they are mistaken." He gasped for air. "I will defy them again. Astra, write what I have to say."

His breath came gaspingly; his clear eyes grew dull; a whirlwind seemed to possess the great brain that had been able to create peace in America for half a century.

Astra watched him with apprehension; she did not speak, as she realized that it would be a waste of time, and the short time left her adopted father was precious indeed. The old man rested a moment, then seeing Astra was ready, he said:

"When the isolation has been broken through or destroyed (both are pos-

sible, if one knows how), then new isolations must be created, one ray after another. We can gain a year that way, and that year must be used to prepare for war. War! That horror will destroy the work of a peaceful country. But we are forced to it; we will win, and peace will come forever. Plans are ready for a new craft that will be invincible. Navigation of the air will solve the problem." His voice had grown so weak that Astra could hardly understand him, but she had taken every word down in shorthand.

"Don't grieve when I am dead. I died in peace. All my life I have been a true apostle of that gospel—but hurry! Hurry to the island of—" He drew himself up with his last strength; an inarticulate sound came from his lips; he beckoned to Astra for the pencil and paper and forced his shaking hand to write one word: "Clyrnyth."

The zigzag lines of the shaking old hand, then the pencil fell from his fingers. Calm stole over the face of the man who had lived for one great idea, "Peace." He had found it, but his last words advised "War." Astra looked sorrowfully at her father. Tears filled her eyes as she called the doctor.

But Hannibal Prudent had reared her, and after the first burst of grief

she remembered her duty. Taking the message from Europe and her notes, she hurried to her father's library. With a steady hand she transcribed her notes on the typewriter, but when she came to the word written by Hannibal Prudent, "Clyrnyth," the tears came again.

She could not understand the meaning of the command: "Hurry to the island of Clyrnyth." Was there an island of that name? She had never heard of it.

While Astra was in her father's library the sad news spread through the city. The stylographed extras began to appear at the automatic news stand. The short paragraph telling about the wireless message from Germany alarmed everybody.

More than fifty years before, in the year 1913, the now prosperous and peaceful United States had experienced a great disaster. New emigration laws and the new tariff had precipitated an international conflict that had involved not only the leading European monarchies but Japan and China as well. The ultimatum came from the East and the West. Europe was mobilizing on one side; the orientals on the other; all the nations against one. The question was whether it was best to bow before the will of the united enemy, or to lose independence. Congress seemed unable to decide.

The time given the United States for consideration was rapidly passing. The President was in despair. He gave orders to the fleet and land forces, but in his heart he cried, "What is the use?"

The night before the day of final answer he stood before the window, looking hopelessly into the starless darkness.

Suddenly a man's head appeared at the window. The next moment the intruder jumped into the room.

Before the surprised executive could cry out the intruder exclaimed:

"For three days I have tried to gain an audience with you, but in vain. Since I know that tomorrow will be too late I have forced my way to you."

"What brings you here?" the President asked.

"My desire to save my country, to repulse the enemy, I can defend the entire continent against any invasion. Don't think me mad—I am not; I have invented the greatest power. To be exact, I have discovered it. A man who solves one of nature's problems is not an inventor but a discoverer. My discovery is an invisible power that resists all attack. Don't doubt me before I have finished. I will create around me a circle that will defend me and will ask you to try to touch me."

He took a small instrument from his pocket, and stepping back from the president, the continued:

"When I motion toward you try to touch me."

He manipulated springs on the instrument, then signaled to the President. The executive stretched his arm toward him. An invisible force bent first his hand, then his arm back. He could not touch the man from any side.

After several experiments the astounded President was convinced of the importance of the discovery.

The intruder removed the force from about him and told of his plans to save the country. They talked until long after the first rays of the morning sun shone through the windows.

When the midnight visitor had finished his confidences the President's face was brighter than it had been for many days. The careworn expression was gone. He escorted his visitor to the gate, putting his hand familiarly on his shoulder as he bade him good morning.

The midnight visitor was Hannibal Prudent, the greatest scientist of the new world.

The President spent the morning preparing dispatches for the representatives of the European and oriental nations. He gave them twenty-four hours to order their vessels from American waters, advising them that if they had not obeyed the order in that time the United States would not be responsible for their future.

The new laws that had been formulated by the United States government and which were so objectionable to the powers would stand, and the United States would see that they were enforced.

Three days later Hannibal Prudent created a current of the impenetrable Z ray that isolated the whole American continent from the rest of the world.

Fifty years had passed; fifty years of independent peace. The Central and South American republics had joined the great United States and a confederacy was formed that secured their independence and the freedom of commerce.

Those fifty years of peace had created wealth, happiness and a scientific progress such as had never been equaled.

Now the man whose genius had made this possible lay dead, and his last words urged preparation for war.

Astra sat before her father's desk; before her lay a document that demanded careful study—the will of her adopted father.

She did not look at the long list of bonds and stocks; she did not care for the vast wealth that from now on would belong to her alone. The paper she was reading contained far-reaching instructions, prophetic insight into the future. The last page was a farewell letter:

"My dear Astra, knowing that I am nearing the limit of human existence, and that rest awaits me after a long

and full life, I set down such facts as will enable you to make the best use of the knowledge that I, the old tree, wish perpetuated in the blossoming plant; it is you who will be responsible for the coming prosperity of the country. God gave you a broad mind that has developed to its fullest capacity under my care and I am proud of you, dear girl; you are chosen to do great things for your country and humanity.

"There is only one man on earth who is worthy of calling you wife; you will find this man, or he will come to you, as you two are ordained mates, comrades.

"When I go to my rest I feel that I will leave turbulent times behind me. My Z ray will not remain impotent forever, and when the day comes that it is destroyed, the country will need a brave, competent man to drive away the dreadnaughts. He will come, as he has been fully instructed. Trust in him, my dear daughter.

"This country was not developed to be blasted by war; the adventures of warfare and strife are not for it. Our Creator selected this country to promote freedom, equality and science. Thundering cannons shall never more sound on our shore; our land shall be a land of love and peace.

"I have labored hard to spread this gospel. After I am gone the task is your inheritance, dear Astra.

"Before I die I will tell you where to find the one man competent to assist you and will further instruct you in your duty.

"God bless you, my daughter, you have ever been my joy and pride."

Astra put down the paper, and, starting out into the beautiful garden, murmured to herself: "Hurry to the Island of Clyrnyth! Clyrnyth! I have never heard of the place, and he left no specific instructions."

The entrance of John, a faithful old servant, woke her from her reveries. With shaking lips he announced that a reporter for the Hourly Styligraph wished to see her.

Folding up the documents, Astra locked them in the safe, then said, "I will receive him at once in the Green room."

The servant left. Astra hesitated for a moment, then she said aloud, with quiet determination:

"Father, I will accept the inheritance. I will wait for him to come and help me; I will take the burdens on my shoulders and faithfully carry out your teachings. God help me to!"

CHAPTER II

Nominee of the Continentals.

Morning found the great capital in the splendor of deep mourning. The elevated sidewalks, the roof gardens, the terraces were crowded by people dressed in black. The newspaper roof terraces were especially crowded; there, on immense opal glass plates sparks of electricity printed the latest news and illustrated the happenings of the moment with moving pictures.

On the main tower of the new capitol building (a colossal creation of pure American architecture) the Bell Orchestra, comprising four hundred players, played the march of "Coming Peace," a march that thrilled the hearts with its melody, that elevated the souls with thoughts of Heaven, that drove away evil thoughts with its exquisite harmony and foretold the happiness awaiting beyond. Resonant horns spread the melody farther and farther, until it soothed the mourning people in neighboring towns.

The fourteen-hour San Francisco limited had just slid into the central depot of the Tube Lines; and the broad glass doors were swung open and the passengers hurried out.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



The Great Man Had Been Awakened By the Ringing of the 4,500-mile Bell.



TWO STRONG POINTS OF VIEW

Society Divided Into Camps on Question That Has Always Been Considered Important.

No work under heaven is more imperative than the rescue of young and innocent girls; no crime is more dastardly than the sale of their youth and innocence; no charity is greater than that which lifts the sinner from her sin. But the fact that we habitually apply the term "white slave" to the willful prostitute as well as to the entrapped child, shows that a powerful and popular sentiment is absorbed from the shackles of accuracy. Also that this abolition confuses the minds of men. The sentimentalist pities the prostitute as a victim, the sociologist abhors her as a menace. The sentimentalist conceives that men prey, and women are preyed upon; the sociologist, aware that evil men and women prey upon one another ceaselessly and ravenously, has no measure of tenderness for either. The sentimentalist slings tenderness to

the association of youth with innocence. The sociologist knows that even the age-limit which the law fixes as a boundary line of innocence has no corresponding restriction in fact. It is inconceivable that so many books and pamphlets dealing with this subject—books and pamphlets now to be found on every library shelf, and in the hands of young and old—should dare to ignore the balance of depravity, the swaying of the pendulum of vice.—Atlantic Monthly.

To Test Air in Room.

A simple way to tell whether your room is properly ventilated is to place a wide necked bottle of water, into which you have put half an ounce of lime water, in the room, letting it remain uncovered over night. If in the morning the lime water is milk the ventilation is bad. If the lime water becomes milk on your covering the bottle mouth with your hand and shaking the vessel the ventilation is not sufficiently good. If the lime water remains clear the air of that room is pure.

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.

His Tongue Was Tied.

A New York man tells of his experience at the only hostelry in an Ohio town.

"At supper," says he, "the darky waiter brought me a plate of some kind of meat. Visual examination did not enlighten me as to what sort of meat it was; tasting it left me still in the dark. Accordingly I asked my servitor:

"What kind of meat is this you have brought me?"

"Whereupon, with a sly grin, he made response:

"Excuse me, boss, but I had strict orders not to tell."

BADLY BURNED ON BACK

15 North Ash St., Spokane, Wash.—"My baby was sick and I had to give him baths and rub him with alcohol and one evening by mistake in the dark I grabbed the bottle that contained carbolic acid and rubbed some on before I noticed my mistake. Baby was burned on the back from shoulders to the ankles. The skin was red and blistered. He suffered quite a little. A neighbor told me about the Cuticura Ointment, so I purchased a box at once. I just put the Cuticura Ointment on twice a day and the burnt skin all came off and left no scar. It was only two weeks before he was cured." (Signed) Mrs. J. H. Langlot, Mar. 28, 1913.

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.

All Treatment Experimental. All treatment, however carefully chosen, is in the nature of an experiment, writes Dr. F. M. Sandwich in the Clinical Journal, for none can know the exact effect of any treatment or drug on any individual patient until he has tried it. A drug may suit 99 persons but be injurious to the one hundredth because of some idiosyncrasy.

GIRLS! GIRLS! TRY IT, BEAUTIFY YOUR HAIR

Makes 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 your 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.

Does Yours?

"Are you fond of moving pictures?" "No, but my wife makes me do it every Sunday whether I like it or not."

RESULTS OF WANAMAKER EXPEDITION TO INDIAN TRIBES USED FOR UPLIFT

Head of Party Says a Race of Thinkers and Statesmen Could Have Been Developed Among the Red Men—Declares That Destruction of the Indian Great Loss to the Nation—Their Ambitions Are Destroyed.

New York.—"If the United States government had expended honest effort and money in the conservation and uplift of the North American Indian there would have been produced from the race a remarkable line of thinkers and statesmen who would have added to the fame of our halls of congress with their wisdom and fine ideals."

That was the declaration of Dr. Joseph Kossuth Dixon, in charge of the Rodman Wanamaker expedition to the North American Indian, which returned to New York from a six months' tour of the reservations in the west.

In a book Dr. Dixon gives his estimate of the American Indian as follows:

"The Indian is a man of lofty ideals; he is heroic in temperament and in nobly tragic in thought. Today the sublime thought in the Indian mind seems to be that although he is doomed to extermination, yet will he die undaunted."

Dr. Dixon's book is dedicated "to my brother, the Indian." It contains the stories of surviving scouts of the Custer massacre, and also the stories

night, climbing the mountains and wading the rivers. During the day we made a concealed camp.

"When we reached the top of the Wolf mountains we saw the enemy's camp, near where the Custer Field is at the present time. Custer was rejoiced and anxious to go ahead and make the battle. Custer sent me to a high knoll. 'Go and look for me,' he said, 'and see where I can make a success.' He left it to me. When I was up there I looked around, and the troops were very close upon me. I motioned to them to come on, and we passed up the ridge.

"The Indian scouts stood in front of Custer and led his men. The Sioux fired at us. We looked over the river and saw Reno in his engagement with the Sioux.

"Finally they wiped out Reno, and he retreated to the hills.

"Custer and all of us got off our horses. The enemy were surrounding us. They were banging away at us. Custer then came up and said: 'You have done your duty. You have led me to the enemy's camp. And now the thing for you to do is to obey orders and get away. You see, I am now going with my boys.'

"Had Custer not ordered me to go, the people who visit Custer Field today would see my name on the monument.

Even more realistic is the story of the Sioux Indians who fought Custer. Their justification of their conduct is interesting. Red Cloud, a Sioux chief, says:

"Suddenly we heard firing, and we found out that the soldiers were on us. The women and children were all frightened, and started to run across the hills, and we men mounted our horses and started toward the enemy. I remember that we pushed Reno back until he had to cross the river, and go up against the bluffs, and then some of our Sioux rode around the hill to head him off, and we had him in a pocket.

"After we had killed many of Reno's men, Custer came along the ridge, and we were called off to fight Custer. We kept circling around Custer, and as his men came down the ridge we shot them down. And then the rest dismounted and gathered in a bunch, kneeling down and shooting from behind their horses. We circled round and round, firing into Custer's men, until the last man was killed.

"I did not see Custer fall, for all the Indians did not know which was Custer. One reason why we did not scalp Custer was because the Indians and the white soldiers were so mixed up that it was hard to distinguish one man from another; and another reason was because Custer was the bravest man of all and we did not want to touch him, as he made the last stand. This is also the opinion of Rain-in-the-Face.

"Regarding the cause of the Custer fight, I must say we were pursued by the soldiers, we were on the warpath and we were on the warpath with the Crows and other tribes.

"We were driven out of the Black Hills by the men seeking gold, and our game was driven off, and we started on our journey in search of game. Our children were starving and we had to have something to eat. There was buffalo in that region and we were moving, simply camping here and there and fighting our Indian enemies as we advanced, in order to get the game that was in this country. We fought this battle from day-

light until three o'clock in the afternoon, and all of the white men were killed. I think that Custer was a very brave man to fight all these Indians with his few men from daylight until the sun was almost going down."

The poetical nature of the Indian was exemplified in the words of Chief Plenty Cools, chief of all the Crow nation, in summoning other chiefs to "The Last Great Council," organized in the valley of the Little Big Horn, Montana, by the Rodman Wanamaker expedition. The Indian chieftain said in part:

"I see as in a vision the dying spark of our council fire, the ashes cold and white. I see no more the curling smoke rising from our lodge poles. I hear no longer the songs of the women as they prepare the meal. The antelope have gone; the buffalo wallows are empty. Only the wail of the coyote is heard.

"The white man's medicine is stronger than ours; his iron horse rushes over the buffalo trail. He talks to us through his 'whispering spirit.' (The Indian's name for the telegraph and telephones.) We are like birds with a broken wing. My heart is cold within me. My eyes are growing dim—I am old.

"Before our red brothers pass on to the happy hunting ground, let us bury the tomahawk. Let us break



Red Cloud.

our arrows. Let us wash off our war paint in the river. And I will instruct our medicine men to tell the women to prepare a great council lodge. I will send our hunters into the hills and pines for deer.

"I will send my runners to the lodges of the Blackfeet, where is that far north border the snow on the hills. I will send them across the fiery desert to the lodges of the Apaches in the south. I will send them east to the lodges of the Sioux, warriors, who have met us in many a hard battle. I will send them to the west, where among the mountains dwell the Cayuse and the Umatillas. I will have the outriders build smoke signals on all the high hills, calling the chiefs of all the tribes together; that we may meet here as brothers and friends in one great last council, that we may eat our bread and meat together, and smoke the council pipe, and say farewell as brothers, never to meet again."

Gaby Deslys Quite Democratic. San Jose, Cal.—After her closing performance here Gaby Deslys rode alone in a street car to the leading French restaurant of San Jose and ate a 25-cent supper consisting of ham and—a bottle of beer.

Business Men Sweep. Leeds, Eng.—Sixty business and professional men, including clergymen, swept the streets to prevent the municipality giving in to striking employes.

CHINESE AN IDEAL LANGUAGE

Sir William Ramsay Says Our Ancestors Should Have Adopted It Years Ago.

London.—Sir William Ramsay, speaking at St. Bride Institute recently on spelling reform, said it was a pity that we had not from the beginning adopted the Chinese system of writing instead of our own. The Chinese did not spell; they used symbols which conveyed ideas. The Chinese language had the great advantage that it could be read much quicker than any spelled language. It went straight from the symbol to the brain as an idea.

Although he would not support the adoption of a new alphabet on the lines of the Chinese system, he felt that it was a pity that 3,000 or 4,000 years ago our ancestors did not adopt the Chinese system.

Woman Marries Stepson. New York.—Mrs. Anna H. Hall, forty-five, a widow, married E. Holden Hall, forty-five, her stepson.

filled with sacks of potatoes, when his suspicions were aroused, and on taking out some of the supposed potatoes he found that they were packets of tobacco cleverly done up in wrappers closely imitating potato skins.

Together with two assistants M. Gernex concealed himself in the wagon and the train went on its way to Noyon. Just outside the station, as the train slackened speed, the doors of the wagon were slid back in their grooves and two men began to enter. The customs officers darted from their hiding place and caught one, the other escaping across the railway tracks.

The captive was brought to Paris, where he disclosed the name of his accomplice and admitted having been previously condemned for similar frauds. Closer examination of the contents of the sacks disclosed 6,000 packets of tobacco, bought at Mons, in Belgium, and representing a value of \$4,000.

Pateron, N. J.—Joel E. Crandall will open a correspondence school to teach undertakers how to re-assemble man's bodies.



Chief Two Moons.

of some of the Indian chiefs who fought Custer. The story of White-Man-Runs-Him, a Custer scout, is as follows:

"The Great White Father at Washington sent representatives out to our country. The Indians met them and held a council. The Sioux were hereditary enemies of the Crows. The head man sent by the Great Father said to the Crows: 'We must get together and fight and get this land from the Sioux. We must win it by conquest.'

"I stood faithfully by the soldiers. They did not know the country. I did. They wanted me for their eye; they could not see. The soldiers and I were fighting in friendship. What they said I did. What I said, they did. So I helped my tribe.

"We heard that General Custer was coming, and I and 30 soldiers went down the river in boats. I was the first one of the Crows to shake hands with Custer. He gripped me tight and said: 'You are the one I want to see, and I am glad that you are first.' I directed Custer up to No-Hip-Bone. We always traveled at

BEACHEY SETS NEW RECORD

Loops the Loop Five Consecutive Times and Outdoes Originator of Thrilling Feat.

San Francisco.—Lincoln Beachey, aviator, celebrated Christmas by breaking a world's record, "looping the loop" five consecutive times from a height of 750 feet and landing in a narrow street on the Panama-Pacific exposition grounds. Beachey turned a double loop at a height of 300 feet, which he says is a record in itself, as Pegoud, the originator of this particular freak of aviation always has performed from a great height.

SHIP TOBACCO AS POTATOES

French Frontier Customs Inspector Discovers Smuggler's Ingenious Methods.

Paris.—M. Gernex, a customs inspector at the frontier station of Feignies, was inspecting recently a freight train, one of the cars of which was

Weak Heart

Many people suffer from weak hearts. They may experience shortness of breath on exertion, pain over the heart, or dizzy feelings, oppressed breathing after meals or their eyes become blurred, the heart is not sufficiently strong to pump blood to the extremities; and they have cold hands and feet, or poor appetite because of weakened blood supply to the stomach. A heart tonic and alterative should be taken which has no bad after-effect. Such is

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

which contains no dangerous narcotics or alcohol.

It helps the human system in the constant manufacture of rich, red blood. It helps the stomach to assimilate or take up the proper elements from the food, thereby helping digestion and curing dyspepsia, heart-burn and many uncomfortable symptoms, stops excessive tissue waste in convalescence from fevers; for the run-down, anemic, thin-blooded people, the "Discovery" is refreshing and vitalizing.

In liquid or tablet form at most drug stores or send 50 one-cent stamps for trial box to Dr. Pierce's Invalid Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y.

Read Chapter VII on Circulatory Organs in the "Medical Advice"—A French cloth-bound book of 1000 pages sent on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps, address as above.

The average man's brains are useful to another man who knows just how to use them.

The Cough is what hurts, but the tickle is to blame. Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops stop the tickle—5c at good Druggists.

The Ruling Passion. American Helms—What is your favorite flower, Count Butinski? Count Butinski—Merigold.

Astonishing Tobacco Remedy—Guaranteed to instantly remove taste for cigarettes or tobacco in any form, or money cheerfully refunded. Send 5c and receive wonderful remedy by return mail. Address Box 2, Tobacco Cleanse Co., Wichita, Kansas.—L.S.

Low Comedy. Biffstick—I couldn't make them laugh tonight. Do you think my comedy is over their heads? Ravenyelp—No; under their feet.—Judge.

Well Circulated. "Do your folks take the — Magazine?" asks the solicitor who represents a periodical celebrated for the sort of stories it features. "Do we?" repeats the boy addressed. "We take four—one that father hides from mother and sister, one that mother hides from sister and father, one that sister hides from father and mother, and one copy that none of 'em know I have in my room."—Life.

Save the Faucets. Poise applied to plumbing was a "new one" to me when the friendly plumber who was replacing the worn out faucets read me a lecture on it, writes a contributor to Good Housekeeping. "Never turn your faucets on with a jerk," he enjoined. "Turn slowly and gently when turning the water on or off. The faucets will wear twice as long if you do. Nothing will wear out packing, especially on double spindle adjusted bathtub faucets so much as the habit of turning them on with sudden, sharp jerks."

Independence of Solitude. What I must do, is all that concerns me, not what the people think. This rule, equally arduous in actual and in intellectual life, may serve for the whole distinction between greatness and meanness. It is the harder, because you will always find those who think they know what is your duty better than you know it. It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.—Emerson.

FRIENDLY TIP. Restored Hope and Confidence.

After several years of indigestion and its attendant evil influence on the mind, it is not very surprising that one finally loses faith in things generally.

A N. Y. woman writes an interesting letter. She says: "Three years ago I suffered from an attack of peritonitis which left me in a most miserable condition. For over two years I suffered from nervousness, weak heart, shortness of breath, could not sleep, etc.

"My appetite was ravenous but I felt starved all the time. I had plenty of food but it did not nourish me because of intestinal indigestion. Medical treatment did not seem to help. I got discouraged, stopped medicine and did not care much whether I lived or died.

"One day a friend asked me why I didn't try Grape-Nuts food, stop drinking coffee and use Postum. I had lost faith in everything, but to please my friend I began to use both and soon became very fond of them.

"It wasn't long before I got some strength, felt a decided change in my system, hope sprang up in my heart and slowly but surely I got better. I could sleep very well, the constant craving for food ceased and I have better health now than before the attack of peritonitis.

"My husband and I are still using Grape-Nuts and Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason." Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Those who pay as they go usually find the going good.

Putnam Fadeless Dyes are the brightest and fastest. Adv.

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

Knowledge isn't always power, but it knows when to press the button.

A man is known by his lawyer and a woman is known by her doctor.

Constipation causes and aggravates many serious diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. The favorite family laxative. Adv.

When a man is always telling how honest he is we begin to get suspicious.

Only One "BROMO QUININE" That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of R. W. GROVE. Cures a Cold in One Day, Cures Grip in Two Days. 5c.

Photos by Telegraph. Photographs are now regularly transmitted by telegraph and it is quite practicable to send a cinematographic series of a happening at noon in Paris so that it can be shown in a moving picture theater in Berlin the next morning. Speed in the transmitting and receiving is now the great problem.

Miles of Various Lengths. The mile, the ordinary mile, is 5,280 feet long. The geographical and the nautical mile are each 6,080 feet long. The Scotch mile is 6,029 feet long and the Irish mile, 6,720 feet long. The German mile is nearly five miles long—24,318 feet. The Dutch mile is 19,205 feet. The Danish mile is 24,876 feet. The Swiss mile is 27,459 feet. The Swedish mile is 22,023 feet.

Constipation Vanishes Forever

Prompt Relief—Permanent Cure

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

never fail. Purely vegetable—act surely but gently on the liver. Stop after dinner distress—cure indigestion, improve the complexion, brighten the eyes. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature

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THE OUTLOOK

LEE. B. 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 6, 1911, at the post office at Carrizozo, New Mexico, under the Act of March 3, 1879

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FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1914

IT HASN'T WORKED

Secretary Redfield of the federal department of commerce, has published a report on trade returns that is going to make trouble for his party in the fall campaign.

He admits that the new tariff has not "resulted in any material increase of importations of manufactured articles," but claims it has brought in supplies of food articles that have prevented further additions to prices or else reduced them.

The trouble will come because people know something about food prices themselves. They may have to take official reports to learn about imports of manufactured articles, but when it comes to household articles they feel their pocketbooks.

It is weak indeed to assert that food prices have been kept from advancing by the tariff.

The promise was that the tariff would reduce them. And food prices have gone down, as everybody realizes, only in two lines, butter and eggs, for which reduction there are other claimants than tariff farmers.

The Housewife's league believe they brought eggs lower, and experienced dealers believe that egg and butter quotations both drop regularly at this time of year when the approach of spring forces storage goods on the market.

But a dispatch comes from England coincidentally with Mr. Redfield's report that bears on the point.

The Manchester chamber of commerce held its annual meeting last week and its president discussed the omnipresent cost of living problem in his address. He told the chamber that there is little chance of decrease in food prices for their community, because he said of Canada's increased trade with the United States.

The cabled summary of his remarks quotes him to this effect: "In three short months, all the surplus cattle of Canada have been sold to American buyers. Imports of chilled meats in New York quickly became an established trade. Canadian milk and cream has been sold to such a large extent that there is practically no Canadian butter for export and the quantity of cheese for this market will rapidly diminish. New Zealand butter is also finding an outlet to America."

From which it appears that although the new tariff has not lowered prices of food articles for our people it has materially advanced prices of food articles everywhere else.

Without benefiting Americans it has enhanced the burdens of the other countries and the only persons who have profited were middle-

men who secured the difference between the former low prices elsewhere and the higher American level.

In short, the one effect of the tariff on food stuffs has been to injure many and help nobody.

And now Secretary Redfield officially informs us that there is no compensation even in manufactured articles.

The duties are off but no prices are lowered anywhere. In view of the extravagant claims the Democrats made in the last campaign and the one before it about what they would do to the cost of living with their tariff reductions the outlook is they will face a bitterly disappointed lot of voters when they come up for another chance.—New Mexican.

WOULD EMPTY OUR JAILS

Recently a remarkable convention met in Washington, D. C. One hundred delegates from the different Boy Scout Chapters in the country met under the leadership of their Chief scout, Ernest Thompson Seton, the well known naturalist, and listened to inspiring addresses by men prominent in all walks of life and were greeted by President Wilson, who gave them one of the best talks of the convention. It is a great pity that every boy scout in the country could not have been present and heard these talks and seen the wonders of Washington.

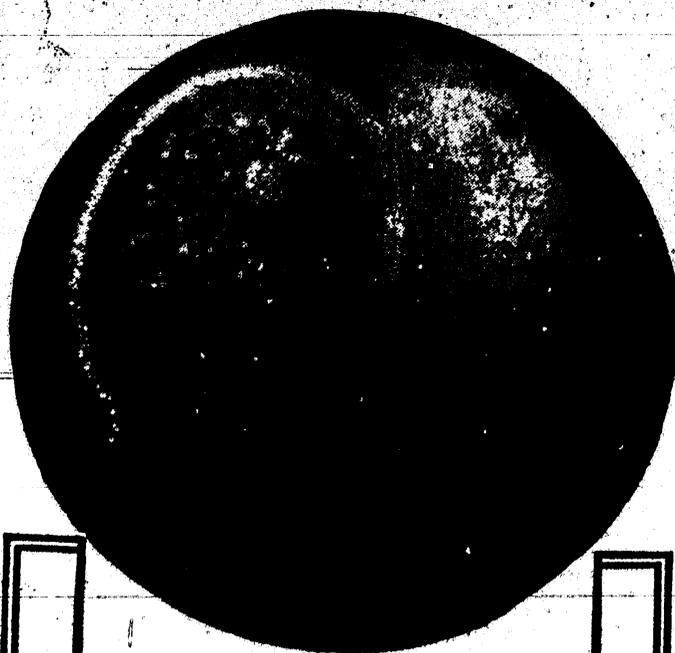
Ernest Thompson Seton, in pleading for a greater interest of the citizens in the movement, said "Give us men to lead the boys and we will carry out our work so completely that within ten years the jails will be abandoned." And "Talk of conserving our resources what resources have we to compare with our young men. The nation itself is dependent upon them." There is lots of food for reflection among fathers of boys, upon those statements.

The man who conceived the Boy Scout movement must have had a vision and imagination capable of writing a great epic—so wide and beautiful is the scope of its work and so wonderful may be made its usefulness to coming generations that only a seer, a prophet, or a poet could have dreamed such a fanciful dream of realities.

Long live Baden-Powell and Thompson Seton. May their tribes ever increase. And may they have their wishes granted in interesting more men in the movement.

And what has become of the boy scouts? Carrizozo should encourage and stimulate its boys in this work.

The ISOLATED CONTINENT



By Guido van Marvath and Donn Heard

CAN you imagine the Republics of America combined under one government as the United Republics of America with a woman as president; when airplanes travel at the speed of a thousand miles an hour with ease? Although today but a dream, they are not beyond the range of possibilities as described in the new serial we have secured.

A Remarkable Romance of the Future

This fascinating work of fiction takes you to the time when wonderful forces as yet undiscovered are utilized in international warfare and to maintain universal peace. If you want to read a story that surpassed the wildest dreams of H. G. Wells, the famous novelist, don't fail to read

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- Placer Location
- Justice Summons
- Contract for Deed
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- Notice of Contest
- Homestead Entry
- Power of Attorney
- Criminal Summons
- Bond of Replevin
- Appeal Bond, (J. P.)
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LINCOLN COUNTY NOTES

FT. STANTON NOTES

As never before was George Washington's birthday celebrated at Fort Stanton last Sunday.

At 7:30 Sunday evening, Library hall was crowded with true Americans who took advantage of the occasion to join in the celebration showing their loyalty to the flag and all it stands for.

The Chaplain opened his address by commenting on the dignity of the occasion, and one that at this age required serious study, in order that the principles as laid down by George Washington be continued, and fostered most conscientiously.

He spoke with vigor and determination, giving his audience to understand that it is high time for all true American citizens to give better example, to stand up more determinedly and demand more respect for the flag.

My friends we are assembled here to honor the man whom the nation saw fit to call the "The Father of Our Country." Fort Stanton with the millions of American born citizens is proud and honored with the blessing of partaking of the freedom as purchased for us by George Washington and his followers.

We need more real patriotism my friends; we are too lax, for where or what has become of the good old National celebration of only a few years back, let alone the days of Washington?

The farmer clears his field of rubbish, etc., before planting the crop, so did Washington clear everything that may tend to prevent his carrying out the policy of freedom. The farmer sees to it that his crop is prevented from being stunted by false growths, weeds, etc., so are we today expected to keep this land of the free clear of all rubbish of bad citizenship and weeds of sluggards, indolent beings, etc.

Through fate, one way or another, we are allowed to live in a free country, but free to do what is right is what George Washington intended and the sooner we realize this and therefore set a better example of what a true patriot means the better for us and those who are to follow in time.

I am here to say that if we stood more firmly as followers of the grand old flag of freedom, if we by our acts proved that we honored that emblem there would be far

less exhibition of nerve on the part of the outsider to decry our freedom to our very face. This proper respect for our country can be held without any combat, all that is required is more backbone on the part of the American to stand up at the right time, and by his living example show them what American citizenship really means.

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.

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

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Daily Passenger service leaving Roswell and Carrizozo at 8:00 a. m. West Bound East Bound Arrive Arrive

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THEIR BOOKKEEPER

By GERALD FINCH.

—And the doctor says he'll never be able to come to work again.

The ending of Daniel Patterson's story fell with dismal effectiveness upon the ears of Abner, his brother. Old Eph Jones, who had kept the books for the importing firm ever since its inception by Hiram Patterson, the father of the two brothers, had been disabled by old age.

Of course, he would be pensioned, but the question was, who would take his place? The Patterson business was an old-fashioned one, trading with a few wealthy, old-fashioned families. There was nothing modern about the little warehouse, tucked away in an obscure corner of the downtown section of the metropolis. A hustling young American would have been like a bull in a china shop.

As a matter of fact, the Patterson business barely paid its way. But the brothers had amassed a comfortable fortune. Daniel, the elder, was a little over fifty; Abner, his brother, who was always regarded as the reckless one, was forty-five. Both were confirmed bachelors, and if they had given up business neither would have known what to do with himself.

"We'll have to advertise for a bookkeeper," said Abner, after a consultation. "A quiet, dignified young woman."

"Woman!" yelled Daniel in horror. "Why, women make the best bookkeepers," answered Abner. "They're honest; and they attend to business where a man would be thinking all the time of sports and moving pictures and—horse racing."

This was the climax of wickedness in both the brothers' eyes. So, in the end, the experiment of a woman bookkeeper was reluctantly decided on. And thus, in due course of time, Miss Marjory Brown took her seat at the desk behind the grille and began to take financial charge of the brothers' affairs.

Both Abner and Daniel had anticipated a troublesome time in posting



"We Want You to Stay With Us For Ever."

her as to the affairs of the house, but to their delight, Miss Brown proved as intelligent as she was attractive. In fact, if either Abner or Daniel had known just how attractive Miss Brown was, it is probable that they would timorously have decided to seek elsewhere for a bookkeeper. When Miss Brown answered their advertisement her long, dark hair was tightly coiled on the top of her head, and she wore a prim tailor-made suit; but after the first week Miss Brown's hair was fashionably coiffured, and her dresses, though simple, were of that fashionable aspect which is commonly termed "stunning." And within a month Miss Marjory Brown ruled the office with a rod of iron.

Abner, who had acquired the habit of hazing a little too long over his lunch, would slip into the office on his return in order to avoid Miss Brown's reproachful eyes. As for Daniel, if he took a late train and turned up at ten instead of at nine fifteen, he hardly dared give Miss Brown instructions during the rest of the forenoon.

"Abner," said Daniel one day, "I withdraw what I said against women bookkeepers. Miss Brown is a—er—a—peach!"

He blazed the word at his brother and then looked at him as one who has committed a breach of decorum. But Abner only nodded his head, and then Daniel looked at him quite differently. That Abner should hold the same opinion of Miss Brown roused a curious sensation in him.

From that time onward each brother watched the other narrowly when he was talking to Miss Brown.

"Abner," said Daniel, "what would we do if she left us?" "Let us!" sobbed Abner. "Why should she leave us?"

"Well—er—she might get married, you know," suggested Daniel.

"I guess we'd better raise her salary, then," replied Abner.

So Miss Brown was duly raised from fifteen to twenty dollars a week, to lure her away from matrimonial aspirations.

But that was in the good times before the panic. Then business grew worse and worse, and, as is always the case, the trade in luxuries was the first to suffer. The business fell off to almost nothing. It became a case of closing the warehouse or selling securities at a price which would have swept away half the brothers' fortune.

"Abner," said Daniel, "Miss Brown will have to go. You give her notice." "Why don't you give her notice?" answered Abner. "You are the senior partner." He had observed that Daniel had grown much more formal with Miss Brown of late.

"But you are a man of the world, Abner," urged Daniel. "You have had—er—experience in these matters. Tell her, Abner, that we may take her back if we re-open."

"Take her back!" repeated Abner, scornfully. "Why, Daniel, she will have another position then. How could we get her back?"

"But nobody except Miss Brown could understand our system," lamented Daniel. "We should have to train a new bookkeeper, and all he would think about would be moving picture shows and horse racing. Abner, you tell Miss Brown."

So Abner, very reluctantly edged his way toward the grille.

"Miss Brown," he began, "I am very sorry to say that I—that is, the firm—I mean we are going to close down, perhaps for a long time."

As he looked at Miss Marjory Brown Abner suddenly became aware that for the first time in months he was able to do so without Daniel coming in to call him. Daniel had always hated to have him talk to the bookkeeper. And, now he came to think of it, he hated to have Daniel talk to her, too. The chance might never occur again. Miss Brown's hair had auburn tints among its shadowy tresses. Miss Brown's figure was divine. Miss Brown reminded him of somebody he had once known when he really was the reckless member of the family. And suddenly Abner was swept away into doing the most reckless thing that he had ever done.

"But we want you to stay with us for ever," he stammered. "We want you to be—er—wife."

Miss Brown's cheeks became the color of a ruddy peach.

"Whose wife did you say, Mr. Abner," she murmured, looking down at her ledger.

"My wife!" ejaculated Abner, taking the ledger brazenly away.

"I knew you couldn't mean Mr. Daniel's wife," murmured Miss Brown five minutes later.

"Why, dearest?" inquired Abner.

"Because I refused him two months ago," answered Miss Brown.

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HARD TO FIND NEW THEMES

Would Be Playwrights and Novel Writers Find They Have Some Handicap to Overcome.

"Ask any one you chance to meet on the street what he is doing and he will, in nine cases out of ten, tell you he is writing a play," said Eugene Walter, author of several successes. "Every one has joined the play-writing handicap now. I asked a motor-man on the street car the other day how his play was getting on and he said:

"I've got it all finished except the climax of the last act. That's been bothering me a great deal. Now in the second act I have the hero—"

"Forty-second street," yelled the conductor, and I had to get off the car just as I was about to hear how the hero saved the girl in the second act.

"All of which reminds me of something I heard an amateur novelist say one time in Cincinnati. I met this young newspaper man. He, like nine-tenths of all other newspaper men, was a 'bug' on fiction. He had the script of a novel tucked under his arm.

"How are you making out?" I asked him.

"Kotten," he answered.

"What's the trouble?"

"Nothing," he went on, "only the trouble is nowadays that we novelists hatch a plot, spend a lot of time writing it and then find that our plot has been used as a short story by the late O. Henry."

"And," continued Walter, "the young novelist is absolutely right."

Brought to Civilization.

The latest addition to civilization is the Watwa tribe, people who lived like frogs in the unknown swamps of Lake Bangweolo, Central Africa. These swamps were quite impenetrable, and the people would not formerly allow strangers to visit their haunts.

Now they have vacated the swamps, and live on dry land. They have become law-abiding, willingly pay their taxes, and even court government officials to their old-time houses.

GOOD ITALIAN PASTES

MAUVE WITH CHIFFON

At Least One Dish May Well Be Served at Dinner—Many Methods of Cooking Macaroni—Tomato Sauce With Spaghetti.

American housekeepers anxious to keep down the market hills have learned the advantages of serving at each dinner one dish containing some of the Italian pastes, which are low in price, nutritious and appetizing.

The American way of cooking spaghetti is to combine it with American cheese chopped, butter and a little milk beaten with eggs. The spaghetti is first cooked until it is soft; then drained of the water, and the cheese, butter and eggs already mixed are beaten lightly into the hot paste. The mixture is then baked to a golden brown in the oven. A porcelain lined baking dish is best, though some prefer the old-fashioned yellow stone ware.

Macaroni cooked and then simmered in a good meat broth until tender also mixes well with grated Gruyere cheese mixed in the baking dish in layers, finishing off the top with a thick layer of the cheese and some grated bread crumbs and butter.

Another dish is made by adding this mixture to the already cooked macaroni: One onion, a little parsley and six anchovies chopped up together. Fry this in the pan with butter for about six minutes; then add it to the paste with half a glass of good white wine and an equal amount of fish broth. Sprinkle with paprika and grated Parmesan cheese.

Here is a simple dish called tagliatelle. Make a good paste with flour and eggs, roll out thin and cut in strips half an inch wide; parboil in salted water. Cut a slice of ham in squares; mince the same amount of carrots and celery and brown them in a pan with butter. Add strained tomatoes or tomato paste and a cupful of broth. Serve on a hot dish all together, the paste seasoned with grated cheese.

The Italian method of serving spaghetti, which is most popular in this country, is in combination with tomato sauce. The Neapolitan sauce is made in many ways. A good and simple recipe calls for a quarter of an onion, half a stalk of celery, a few leaves of bay and a bunch of parsley. Cut these up fine together. Add a cup of olive oil, a pinch of salt and one of pepper, and eight tomatoes cut up without the skins. Boil this until the sauce is like a cream; then strain and pour over the spaghetti. Sprinkle grated cheese on top.

The Italian cook prepares the potato with all the state of rarer vegetables, adding cinnamon, nutmeg, saffron and herbs of all kinds. In one recipe you are told to wash half a dozen potatoes; peel off a strip of the skin; put them in a saucepan and cover with water to boil. When they are mealy peel and wash them, put them in a saucepan; add an ounce of butter and a piece of fresh bread soaked in milk. Add two tablespoonfuls of milk, three eggs beaten to a froth, yolks and whites separately; salt, pepper and a little grated nutmeg. Mix well and put in a baking dish. Pour melted butter over; sprinkle with Parmesan cheese and brown before serving.

Spanish Pork Chop.

Put two pounds of pork chops into a baking pan with a cupful of hot water. Place in a hot oven and bake one-half hour, basting often. Then take out, sprinkle with salt and pepper and cover with one pound of onions, sliced thin. Bake 15 minutes, then cover with one-half can of tomatoes and bake again for 20 minutes. Put meat and vegetables on heated platter, pour gravy around meat and serve at once.

Florida Cornbread.

Take one cup of cold boiled hominy, one scant cup of white cornmeal, one and one-half cups of milk, one egg, one tablespoonful of butter, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one rounding teaspoonful of baking powder. Beat hominy with fork until thoroughly broken, then gradually beat in the milk. Mix the salt and baking powder with the meal; add all to the hominy and milk; then add the egg well beaten and the butter melted. Pour the mixture into two buttered deep tin plates, bake in quick oven 20 minutes.

Lyonnais Tripe.

One pound of cooked tripe cut into slices, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one of grated or chopped onion, one of vinegar, and salt and pepper to taste. Put the onion and butter in the frying pan, and when the onion turns yellow add the tripe and cook five minutes. Add seasoning and let boil up once. Serve on toast.

A coat of silver enamel paint twice a year will keep your gas stove looking better, save blacking and prevent the sootling your dress.

MAUVE WITH CHIFFON

WORTH COVING BY HOUSEKEEPERS OF AMERICA.

Most Effective of the Combinations So Popular This Season—Effective Touches Give Distinction to the Model Sketched.

Satins of subdued luster with fur to give them the appearance of weight and warmth, and lace or chiffon to soften the effect, are as satisfactory for calling costumes as anything seen in the winter collection, and the sketch offers an effective suggestion.

In the original, two shades of mauve are used with chiffon in a deeper shade than the charmeuse. The charmeuse skirt is gathered slightly at the waist and then draped attractively just above the knees in front by means of what is known as "lifted drapery." In the blouse the charmeuse is only used in a five-inch band running about the lower part of the white net foundation just over the belt. This is veiled by the overblouse of chiffon, which is simply made with three-quarter-length kimono sleeves and a rounded-out neck filled in by the net yoke of the foundation.

The collar is finished with a plaited ruffling of chiffon and a narrow cravat of ermine is knotted closely in front. Bands of ermine trim the sleeve ends, and a close row of small steel ball buttons trims the left side of the blouse. A girdle of black chiffon is crushed about the waist, and the sash ends are tied in a bow at the hem of the tunic in back.

The tunic is gathered at the waist and at the lower edge and given a heading of itself as a finish. Another row of steel buttons is started from over the right hip and describes a line down that side, slanting a little toward the front.

In such a gown as this its main attraction lies in the draping. In all



Charmeuse Chiffon and Fur Make an Irresistible Combination.

modes, whether straight or draped, the "flow of line" is painstakingly preserved, so that, however complex or intricate a design may be, it retains an appearance of simplicity. Exaggerations of any sort are entirely taboo. Novelty is not only allowed, but demanded, but the line between it and eccentricity of effect is as sharply drawn as the modes of a far-gone period from the present. Graceful touches, such as the little fur cravat in this model, make for much of the success in all the new designs, and dressmakers are kept busy devising quips and traps of an exploited idea, for while the similarity of many of the new features is undeniable, the difference is just as distinctive. Too much care cannot be exercised in working out these details, for so important are they that any slightest change modifies the effect.—Washington Star.

TOY STRAP FOR THE BABY

Pretty Present That is Sure to Be Appreciated by the Recipient and His Mother.

A toy strap makes a splendid present for a tiny child, and can be carried in various ways at a trifling expense.

For a baby carriage or wheeled chair strap, I invent in a leather strap, with ends which buckle on to the sides of the seat.

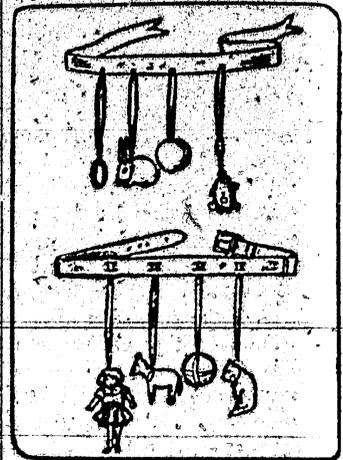
I pierce a set of eight slits, each one and one-half inch long, arranged in sets of

two, one above the other, and a couple of inches apart across the front of the strap. Then I get four small toys and tie each one round the middle with a 10-inch long strip of narrow colored ribbon.

The other end of each ribbon is passed through one of the double slits in the strap, so that the toys dangle in front of baby, ready for him to play with while he is out.

If the ribbons are secured with a wee bow the playthings can be untied and fresh ones substituted at will, and half a dozen extra toys, each one fitted with a ribbon, string, might accompany the strap.

The same idea can be satisfactorily carried out for a baby's cradle by substituting a length of pink or blue ribbon.



bon for the strap, and getting woolly toys to dangle from blue baby ribbon strings within reach of the tiny fingers, a small woolen rattle, a very bright-hued ball, a fluffy rabbit, and a bone ring for-biting, the narrow ribbons from which the toys are suspended being sewn, at short distances apart, onto the wider ribbon, which must be provided with long enough ends to allow of their being tied to either side of the cradle.—Exchange.

BEAUTY GOES WITH HEALTH

One is Impossible Without the Other, According to Expert Who Should Know.

If a woman does not know how to regulate her life so as to live intelligently, to the end that her youth will be preserved, and her strength retained, she should exhaust every effort to secure such knowledge. This is a problem that every woman must solve for herself. If she does not, she will grow old before her time—there is no escape.

When women write to me regarding the removal of wrinkles and the filling out of hollows, and ask how to obtain a good complexion, I give them the best advice possible—advice which has stood years of test.

If it were only possible to make all women and girls understand that if they will only learn to fill the lungs with pure air properly for about a half hour every day and learn to breathe properly, I will be able to help them correct ill health, to overcome ungainly angles, to do away with hollows, and to restore their beauty and youth.

Why will so many women continually ask the question, "Must the treatment or exercise be continued?" If told it must, they usually get tired of it or they say they haven't the time. And that is just where a woman is cheating herself out of what is required for her health. She must take time to dress, to eat, to work, to seek pleasure, and to live. Then why not live properly? When once you breathe correctly and your lungs are filled regularly with pure fresh air you will feel different. You will wonder how you lived and felt half as good as you did while the lungs were starving for pure air.—Mrs. Armand.

Take Place of Knitted Muffer.

The age of the ugly, knitted muffer is gone, thank fortune. There are many delightful substitutes for it. There is, for one thing, the little shield-like chest protector made of quilted satin and edged daintily at the top with fur. There is the velvet or satin scarf to wrap about the throat, and sometimes this sort of scarf is edged with fur that makes it doubly warm and attractive. There are the attractive Angora and silk scarfs, to match the sweaters, called "cache-nez" in France, where they came from. And there are many other suitable neck and chest protectors that are as good looking as they are warm.

FANCIES OF FASHION

Muffs are quite large or of medium size.

The butterfly bow in millinery holds its own.

There is an absence of revers on the new coats.

There are many black moire hats trimmed with straw.

Corsetry takes stylish gowns for dressy morning wear.

WEATHER STATION ON PANAMA CANAL



One of the stations along the Panama canal where an automatic record is made of the wind velocity, wind direction and rainfall. The height of the water in the canal is also recorded automatically by a register installed in the concrete tower. The rainfall and water supply are important factors in the success of the canal.

SEAMEN EAT MONKEY

Sacrifice of Ship's Pet Saves Starving Crew of Eight.

British Schooner Stanley Suffered by Gale for Three Weeks in Sora Straits When Tank Steamer Comes to Her Rescue.

New York.—The three-masted British schooner Stanley labored through heavy seas to Nova Scotia.

Death visited the schooner but the only member of the company that suffered was the ship's monkey, Garibaldi. His tail in the captain's locker is all that is left of the ship's pet now.

The tank steamer Cymbeline, out of Bordeaux, brought the story of Garibaldi's demise, for she met the Stanley in latitude 40.42, longitude 76.5, with her flag union down.

It was a story of grim tragedy and grimmer comedy mingled.

After three weeks buffeting by high seas and winds the Stanley from Turk's Island, found her rigging mostly carried away, her seams taking water, and provisions low.

Then a gale broke that carried away the water casks and ruined what food remained.

Captain Lohnes and his crew of seven, exhausted already, found themselves facing starvation.

The last morsel of food was eaten, and there was only part of a cask

of water in the galley when the others went overboard.

Garibaldi belonged to a sailor. The others began to look hungrily at him. Two were already partly delirious.

Captain Lohnes asked Garibaldi's owner if they might kill the monkey. He refused. Another day passed.

Then, when most of the crew were too weak to man the pumps, the captain ordered the monkey killed. Captain Lohnes had to execute Garibaldi himself, and then the cook made him into stew.

Garibaldi's tail, saved by Captain Lohnes as a souvenir, was in the cabin locker when the Cymbeline was sighted. She reprovisioned the schooner, and gave her material for repairs to the rigging.

Captain Lohnes said Garibaldi had saved the eight lives on the Stanley.

STRYCHNINE PILLS TO BABY

Little Girl Gives Infant Two Dozen Pellets, Which Cause Spasms and Death.

San Jose.—Pills containing strychnine were fed to the eleven-month-old son of Silvio Del Poite, a carpenter, by the child's sister, three years older, and two hours later the baby died in spasms. Dr. C. E. Hablutzel, hastily summoned, worked over the child, but could not save its life.

The two children were playing in a room adjoining one in which neighbors were visiting with the Del Poite family.

The pills were harmless in small doses. Nearly two dozen were eaten by the child.

WHALE RUBBED AGAINST KEEL

Story From Gulf of Big Shook to Fishing Boat When Homeward Bound.

Pensacola, Fla.—The crew of the fishing schooner Lottie G. Howard received a fright out in the gulf when homeward bound. The vessel ran onto a whale almost twice the length of the boat, and the monster proceeded to scratch its back on the keel of the vessel.

When the Howard arrived here the members of the crew told their story. En route to Pensacola from Campeche snapper banks the Howard recently encountered a school of four whales, not one of which was less than a hundred feet in length. According to Captain Rappette, the first intimation of the presence of the monsters in the vicinity of the smack was when one of them endeavored to pass underneath the vessel and in doing so, came in contact with the keel.

It was exactly at the noon hour and Captain Rappette was in his cabin recording the time. When the vessel was

struck by the whale he felt a succession of jars, and his first impression was that the smack must have struck an uncharted bank or that the rigging was falling down. He made for the deck on the run and from members of the crew learned that the smack had run across the whale. So great was the jar resulting from the smack's contact with the whale that dishes in the galley were dashed to the floor.

Captain Rappette believed that the shock had sprung some of the seams in the vessel, and it was not until he had sailed many miles that he was satisfied there was no danger of a leak. Captain Rappette stated that his smack was making about nine miles an hour at the time, and he is confident that the whale suffered severe injuries.

Barcelona.—A youth named Deusto, disguised as a woman, entered a convent here so that he might be near his sweetheart, whose parents had sent her to the convent school to stop Deusto's wooing. After several hours the youth was discovered and arrested.

HAVE SPECIAL STUDY

Separate Treatment for "Mentally Unusual" Children.

United States Bureau of Education Publishes Conclusions of Dr. Arnold Gesell of Yale University on the Subject.

Washington.—That 15 out of every 100 pupils at the threshold of the public schools are "mentally unusual" and need special treatment, if possible apart from other children, is the conclusion reached by Dr. Arnold Gesell of Yale University, in a publication just issued by the United States bureau of education.

"Take an ordinary kindergarten and first grade, with a combined enrollment of 100 pupils," says Doctor Gesell. "Among this number we may expect to find at least one child feeble-minded; one child who stutters; two or three who seriously flap; another extremely anemic; a badly spoiled child; another babyish—a year or two retarded in mental or moral growth; and still another morally weak. There will be one 'negative' child—passive, colorless, one over-sensitive, nervous child; one superficially precocious child; another distinctly superior—eager, ardent, imaginative, sociable.

"For some of these children there is no better disposition than prompt assignment to a special class, the special class method having been put into successful operation for 13 different types of children. But even the special classes—particularly the so-called ungraded classes for backward children that have been established in our large cities—are greatly in need of inventory.

"The diversity of the ungraded class membership is often pathetically picturesque. Here is the roll call for one such class in a large eastern city: Twenty-four boys, 16 girls; nationalities, Norwegian, French, Irish, Armenian, Italian, Austrian, American, Chinese; names range from James Moriarty and Ong Yung to Arcangelo Christiano and Nishan Kalehacharian; ages range from six to eighteen; mentality, from giggling imbecility to ambitious intelligence; morality, from truancy, cigarette smoking, and thieving to good behavior; parentage, noted in special cases, includes a drunken mother, an insane father, and in three instances, gypsies; physical condition, from partial blindness and deafness, and spinal trouble and anemia, to vigorous physical health. Think of the problem before this teacher, who may not even have a working definition of feeble-mindedness in her consciousness to aid her in classification and instruction!"

In the opinion of Doctor Gesell, the time is coming when all our large municipal school systems, and perhaps county educational systems as well, will have the equivalent of a department of child classification and special classes. "Child classification is the basis of child hygiene," he declares, "but it is more. The primary school may develop into a sociological clearing agency for the discovery and registration of all children who, when adults, may prove socially dependent, defective, or dangerous. Child classification thus becomes a part of the task of social hygiene as well."

Accidentally Shot and Killed.

Baltimore.—Byron Hutchinson, eighteen, was accidentally shot and killed by another hunter. Thanksgiving day three years ago Hutchinson's elder brother was killed by a train.

Wife Kept Him Awake Nights.

Yonkers, N. Y.—Unable to sleep because his wife kept him awake to talk each night, James Cleary asked the police to lock him up that he might get the necessary rest.

MEXICAN LEADER WAS BANDIT

Gen. Pancho Villa, Whose Ferocity Has Stirred the United States, is Picturesque Character.

New York.—General Villa, whose treatment of non-combatant Spaniards has aroused United States protest, is one of the most picturesque of the leaders that have sprung up in Mexico during the present hostilities. Before the insurrection he was a bandit, and while he apparently has made some effort to curb his tendencies, the ferocity of certain of his acts have inspired those who may come under his displeasure with the utmost fear.

What This Jury Did.

Santa Monica, Cal.—A jury of club women convicted Frank Sealey of beating his wife, and then recommended leniency, because the beating left her uninjured.

And it sometimes happens that after a man has made his mark in the world his wife makes him too it.

THE TRESPASSERS

BY LESLIE TRENT.

"Remember, Dorothy, that I am most particular about trespassers on the place," admonished Miss Priscilla Fenn as she climbed into the station bus. "I leave the place in your care and I do hope that when I come home I won't find a whole posse of fishermen sitting by my trout stream. Good-bye, dear, and send me word at once if you are ill or anything happens—Martha will take care of you—and, yes, Mr. Fenny, I'm ready—good-bye, Dorothy, goodbye!"

Miss Priscilla waved a silk-gloved hand as the big white horses plunged forward with the long omnibus and rolled toward the railroad station. Miss Fenn was merely going to Tuftonville, ten miles away, but her elaborate preparations for the two days' visit and her endless admonitions to her grandniece whom she had left at home, one might have thought Miss Priscilla was setting forth on a trip around the world.

It happened that the brown brook was most tempting where it rippled through the Fenn place. Up above it was but a narrow thread broken by many rapids and tiny waterfalls; below the Fenn place it ran through carefully preserved property belonging to the Whittakers, and after serving the Whittakers the trout stream widened into a pond.

So Miss Priscilla was greatly annoyed by lawless fishermen who thrashed her stream in the early morning hours when she was still sleeping.

Now Miss Fenn had gone away and the safety of the trout rested solely upon Dorothy Fenn, who was visiting her favorite aunt, for Martha, the stout maid-of-all-work, had refused to do sentry duty. As for Dorothy she did not much care for she loved the deep woods and the brown brook was a favorite retreat of hers.

"Now, Miss Dorothy, you ain't ever going down to that nasty brook this morning!" protested Martha with the familiarity of an old and privileged servant. "Them trout ain't biting every day—why, I've heard tell that Mr. Whittaker himself has been known to fish for three days without catching a bite even; but he's a dreadful crank at it. So 'tain't likely them boys will ketch anything if they do fish."

"I dare say you're right, Martha, but I promised Aunt Priscilla I would keep watch and you know she is very particular about it. Suppose you ring the big bell for me when luncheon is ready—then I will be sure to hear it."

"Very well, Miss Dorothy, but look here—" Martha went to a chimney cupboard and took from it an ancient and rusted pistol of enormous size. "I never go into the deep woods without this weapon and you take it in case anybody scares you. Law, it ain't loaded—I wouldn't carry it if it was! But, you can show it and frighten 'em off. There, I'll put it in this little basket with some pears and cookies—run along now."

"Oh, Martha, you are the funniest old dear!" laughed Dorothy. "If you hear a tremendous explosion you will know that this old cannon has gone off and frightened all the trout to death. 'Ho, hum, if they only would depart to other streams we wouldn't have to do sentry-go, eh, Martha?" She waived her hand and departed through the orchard toward the tall woods.

Established under an oak whose shining green leaves overhung the dancing stream, Dorothy tossed aside her hat and allowed the vagrant breeze to ruffle her red-gold hair.

After awhile Dorothy got up and walked along the bank of the stream, following a striped chipmunk darting through the underbrush. The chipmunk disappeared in his hole, and a flock of chickadees performed antics on the branches of a dogwood tree.

There was a splash—a sharp exclamation and the whirring of a reel Dorothy forgot everything save that there was a trespasser nearby.

Silently she went back to her basket and was astonished to find that she had wandered so far—why, she had even crossed the brook on the stepping stones in her chase of the chipmunk who was a venturesome mite—and she hid the pistol in the blouse of her sailor suit and went back across the stepping stones to that spot beyond the alders where she had heard the sound of a fisherman's reel splashing out.

At last she could see him—a sun-browned, hairless youth clad in old clothes, with a pipe between his teeth, and his blue eyes bright with excitement as he played a splendid trout in and out of the deeps and shallows of the stream. At last he whopped exultantly and landed the speckled beauty on the mossy bank.

"What are you doing here?" asked Dorothy sternly as she broke through the alders and stood before him, a slender, white-clad girl with accusing brown eyes below a serious forehead.

"Why—ah—you can see!" he explained, removing his pipe and showing splendid white teeth in a pleasant smile.

"I should think you'd be ashamed of yourself," went on Dorothy contemptuously.

He flushed. "You mean fishing out of season? Well, I suppose I should, but the fish didn't come for luncheon and I promised Antonio that I would get him one down here."

"It is too bad that Antonio will be disappointed for, of course, you cannot take the fish away," said Dorothy.

"Indeed?" he asked coolly. "Why not, please?"

"Because it belongs to my aunt, Miss Fenn. There are signs plainly reading, 'No trespassing,' and yet you have trespassed on her property. Please throw it back in the stream."

"Pardon me, but it is my own," he said with a puzzled stare at her, with which was mingled reluctant admiration.

"Then I will throw it back," said Dorothy bravely, for if there was one thing more than another that she loathed to touch it was the cold body of a fish.

It flopped wildly. Dorothy jumped back. Her foot slipped on the muddy bank and she fell into the arms of the shabby fisherman whose pipe went to destruction on the stones below.

"Not hurt, I hope?" said the fisherman not unkindly for the brief instant Dorothy had lain in his arms had kindled an unquenchable spark in his breast. There was a strange light in his eyes, and Dorothy's cheeks were like twin roses as he quickly released her.

"No, I am not hurt," began Dorothy strongly inclined to cry because of her varied feelings; at that instant her eyes lighted on the great pistol which had fallen unheeded from her blouse.

The strange fisherman spled it at the same instant.

"Is that yours?" he asked.

"Yes—at least it's Martha's—I brought it along for protection," said Dorothy with what dignity she could summon.

He actually picked it up and did not smile as he restored the ancient weapon to her.

"I hope you will have no occasion to use it," he said, and Dorothy loved him at once because the smile that twitched his lips never materialized.

She took the pistol and held it rather gingerly. "You will go—and you will put the fish back before it dies!" she asked almost pleadingly.

"Yes, I will go, if you desire it; and I will put the fish back into the stream—but you don't know Antonio; he can swear in three languages!" The youth grasped the trout and deftly whisked him into the brook where he struggled for a moment before blinking slowly down with gently moving fins until he was out of sight in the dark pool.

"There!" breathed Dorothy with relief. "Thank you so much."

The young man looked at her hesitatingly; then, as if arriving at some decision he picked up his rod and empty reel and made as if to leave the spot.

"I wonder why you think I should leave my own property," he said with a whimsical smile.

"Your own property?" echoed Dorothy. "Why this is part of Miss Fenn's place."

He shook his head in dissent. "Pardon me, but you are mistaken. This is the Whittaker land—you see Miss Fenn's property is divided from ours by that brushwood hedge on the other side of the brook." He pointed back along the way she had come. "But on this side of the brook the dividing line is that stone post half covered with cat-brier, and you evidently crossed the boundary on to our land without knowing it."

Dorothy was rosy with mortification. "Then I am a trespasser, not you!" she cried ruefully.

"Never a trespasser on Whittaker land," he smiled gallantly.

"Thank you—and the fish—why, it was your own!"

"Never mind—I expect he's thanking you for his life."

"And your horrid Antonio who swears in three languages?"

He laughed gaily.

"Oh, there are other cooks if Antonio leaves me, but there are not many—pleasant adventurers."

"I must go now," said Dorothy hastily. "I hear the luncheon bell."

"If you are stopping with Miss Fenn we may meet again," said the youth eagerly. "I am John Whittaker, and Miss Priscilla and I used to be great pals. She always kept a pot of ginger cookies for me—but I have been away from the old place for many years, and she probably has forgotten me."

"I don't believe so, for I know the cookie pot is always filled—and you better come and see, anyway," said Dorothy over her shoulder.

"Thank you, I will," he said, and after she had gone he stared at the spot where she had disappeared for a long time.

"I believe I'll call on Miss Priscilla this evening," he mused. "I feel an appetite for ginger cookies." (Copyright, 1911, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

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BROOKLYN TABERNACLE

SEVENTY MINISTERS ORDAINED.

Luke 10:1-24—Jan. 11.
"It is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father which speaketh in you."—Matt. 10:20.

MINISTERIAL ordination has for centuries been a bone of contention. Indirectly it has led to bloody persecutions. Thank God, those days are gone, so far as the majority of Christians are concerned. And yet, because the masses do not clearly understand the subject of ordination, there is always danger of a recurrence of persecution along this line. All denominations have shared in persecutions based upon misconceptions of ministerial ordination.

Ordination does not relate to a ceremony, or form, as many suppose. It signifies an authorization, a commission, to preach. Baptists, Presbyterians, Lutherans, Methodists, etc., so commission those who agree with their creeds. But Roman Catholics and Episcopalians claim an ordination from God—that all bishops are successors to the Apostles and armed with Apostolic authority; hence that any not ordained by their bishops have no right to preach, but are heretics. From their standpoint, all other Protestants are preaching without authority.



But the spirit of tolerance is growing. Within the last two years Episcopalians have lifted the embargo on other Protestants to the extent that their ministers may exchange pulpits with those of other denominations.

The right thought of ordination is presented in today's Study. Jesus had already appointed twelve to be His special Apostles; and now He ordained, or appointed, seventy more, not to be Apostles, but to be missionaries. There was no ceremony connected with their appointment, or ordination, so far as the record shows. Jesus simply sent them out, telling them what to say.

Strictly speaking, the Apostles had not yet received the Holy Spirit directly. The Father's Spirit had been imparted to the Son, who shared that Spirit with those sent to preach in His name. The Father did not directly recognize, authorize, or ordain any of the Church to preach, until Pentecost.

The forty years which closed the Jewish Age, ending A. D. 70 with the destruction of Jerusalem, was the harvest period for typical Israel. It witnessed the gathering into the Gospel garner of all the true wheat and the setting aside of the chaff in a time of trouble, symbolically called fire. The Lord (Matthew 13) intimates that in the end of this Age there will be a similar harvest. Many believe that it began in 1874 and will end in 1914.

The Lord's faithful ones at the close of the Jewish Age were to recognize the great privilege of engaging in the Harvest; and this must be true now. Jesus compared them to inoffensive lambs, while the selfish, unregenerate world He pictured as wolves. He would not have them beg from house to house, but inquire for the most worthy in every village, and, if received, remain there until they had witnessed in that village. They were to depend wholly upon the Lord for their wants. Later, He sent forth His disciples, telling them to provide to the best of their ability—implying that their first experience had been a special one, to teach them reliance upon Power Divine.

The Master's Spirit was given them in such measure that they could heal the sick, cast out devils, etc. We are not to understand that there is such an authorization of the Lord's people today. Conditions have changed. The healing of spiritual sickness, blindness and deafness—greater works than these—is today the privilege of the Lord's people.

The disciples' one message was that God's Kingdom had come nigh. God's Kingdom had been awaited by Israel for centuries. But when it was presented, only a small number were ready to receive it. Thereafter the Kingdom offer was taken from them, and since has been given throughout the world, gathering the Elect, to be Messiah's Bride and Joint-heir.

The Master referred to His mighty works in Capernaum, Bethsaida and Chorazin. These cities were figuratively said to have been exalted to Heaven in point of privilege; and having rejected the Lord's favors, they would be cast down to the grave. Examples were given of Sodom and Tyre, both of which were in ruins—brought down to Hades.

Jesus Ordaining (Send- ing Forth) Disc- iples.

Messiah's Bride and Joint-heir.

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BROOKLYN TABERNACLE

BIBLE STUDY ON
CONSIDER ONE ANOTHER.

Romans 14:7-21—Nov. 9.
"It is good not to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor to do anything whereby the brother stumbleth."—Romans 14:21—Diaglott.

THIS lesson makes, perhaps, the strongest appeal of anything in the Bible in favor of total abstinence from intoxicating liquors. True, it is addressed only to Christians, as is the entire New Testament. Nevertheless, many can appreciate the argument; and to such it will appeal along the lines of the Golden Rule.

The rule for Christian living, as taught and exemplified by the Master, is far more exacting than the Golden Rule, which is applicable to all men. Christ's followers are, of course, subject to the Golden Rule, but they voluntarily place themselves under a far more stringent rule. Their Covenant with the Lord is that, in doing His will—in going righteously—they will not stand ready to sacrifice, even life itself. This is what the Apostle meant when he declared that Christ pleased not Himself, but pleased the Father.

"None of us liveth to himself."
As for the world, they both live and die to themselves. Their own personal interests stand first with them.

Only to Christ and the Church could these words apply: for none others have entered into such a Covenant of self-renunciation, giving up present interests in exchange for a promise of a spiritual life hereafter, in the resurrection.

These are to live to the Lord—to do His will and not their own, to serve Him and not self, to lay down their lives in fighting against sin. When these die, they die unto the Lord in the sense that every member of the Body of Christ must die to the flesh before the entire Body can be glorified.

The Apostle proceeds to show that all judgment is vested in the Redeemer. Each member of the Church must ultimately stand the inspection of the Head of the Church. Loyalty to the Head of the Church will eventually bring membership in the glorious Church beyond the veil.

Let us, then, Judge Ourselves. The Apostle's argument is, that, instead of judging fellow-members of the consecrated Body of Christ, we should be full of sympathy for them. We do not know thoroughly their trials and difficulties. Our keen sense of justice should find its principal exercise in self-criticism and in watchfulness not to do anything that would stumble a brother or discourage him or cause him to fall away from the faith.

How many find it easy to excuse self, while they are very critical respecting other's shortcomings! Our Lord warned His people against such an attitude, saying, "With what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged." If you are hypercritical and wish to measure others up to the full standard of perfection, the Lord will properly measure you by that high standard.

The Lord does not wish His people to think lightly of weaknesses and failings. He is, on the contrary, setting a high standard of love, sympathy and kindness. Love is the principal thing, in God's sight.

"Nothing Unclean of Itself."
While the Jew was forbidden the use of swine, rabbits, oysters, etc., these restrictions were tests of his obedience to God; just as the forbidden fruit was thereafter unclean to Adam and Eve. The Apostle's argument is that to the Jew who died to all hope of attaining eternal life through the Law Covenant and who became united to Christ, the restrictions of the Law Covenant would no longer be binding. And, of course, to the Gentile, who never was under the Law Covenant, its restrictions would have no application when he accepted Christ.

But if any man's reasoning faculties were so twisted that he thought himself under obligations, he would be responsible according to his judgment. To violate his conscience would mean that he had willingly committed sin; for he would be wrong in doing what he thought to be wrong, however harmless the matter might be in itself.

The brother who is strong mentally, morally and physically, should gladly abstain from whatever would stumble another. Should we not be glad to lay down our lives for the brethren?

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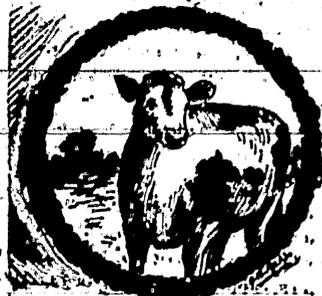
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IT was that blazing hot first day of July, 1898. Shafter's little army was tearing its way through the tropic jungle and up the heights toward where lay the Spanish riflemen defending Santiago de Cuba. At what since came to be known as "Bloody Bend" in the path of the American advance there was a break in the foliage. Directly in the line of the Spanish fire it lay. And so thick was the jungle that the advancing troops had to cross this open space.



Brig. General A.L. Mills

Untrained in warfare, many untrained even in what is now regarded as primary principles of combat, brave but untaught and unprepared as Americans ever have been in the earlier stages of their wars, the new enlisted men from New York and Michigan and Oklahoma and Arizona and all the union met here the supreme test.

Scores fell before the enemy's fire. What was needed most was intelligent leadership, and skilled leaders were woefully few. The sacrifice of life went on, for lack of knowledge to cope with an unexpected military situation.

There came on the scene First Lieut. Albert L. Mills, First United States Cavalry, holding rank as captain and assistant adjutant general of volunteers, and attached to the staff of General Shafter. Four years at West Point and 19 years as a subaltern officer of cavalry serving in the far west—hard, studious, working years—united with natural capacity and fitness, had made him a cool, resourceful, skillful, trained military leader. He knew the business of war.

At once he began to bring order out of chaos. He showed the men how to take cover. He directed a return fire. The advance, temporarily checked, was resumed.

Then a Spanish bullet crashed through his head. It tore away one eye and temporarily blinded the other. But he refused to leave the spot where he was so urgently needed. Sightless, a bloody bandage wound about his brow, he remained and continued this work of directing the troops as they came along.

The scene has been perpetuated in picture and in written description. It stands out as one of the most vivid and splendid incidents of the war of 1898.

"For distinguished gallantry in action near Santiago de Cuba, July 1, 1898, in encouraging those near him by his bravery and coolness after being shot through the head and entirely without sight." That is the notation on the record in the war department in explanation of the award of the congressional medal of honor to this officer.

Was he any more brave than scores and hundreds of others who participated in the operations at Santiago? Probably not, but he, better than so many others, knew how to do the job which the American forces had set out to accomplish on that day. It was his knowledge, his military skill, quite as much as his coolness and his disregard of his own sufferings, that brought him distinction.

The government at Washington, these lessons fresh in its mind, concluded that the man who had done what Mills had done at Bloody Bend was the sort of man needed to train future army officers. So, advancing him to the rank of colonel, the war department in the autumn of 1898, when his one remaining eye had healed, sent him to West Point as superintendent of the finest military academy in the world. There he remained for eight years.

In 1904 he was advanced to the grade of brigadier general. Now, after two years of departmental command in the Philippines and three years of like duty in the department of the gulf, general Mills is back at his old occupation of supervising the training of young Americans in the business of war.

But it is in a larger field. Instead of directing the intensive training of several hundred prospective officers of the regular army he is in charge of the federal activities that assist the National Guards of the various states in attaining military proficiency. Approximately 120,000 National Guardsmen are the material with which he is working. It is a larger force than the regular army.

Something ingrained in the fiber of English-speaking peoples makes them opposed to the maintenance of large standing armies. They ever have preferred to put their dependence in a citizen soldiery. But modern condi-

tions, the invention of intricate and powerful new engines of war; the need, as revealed by studies and experience of military sanitation; the development of new and swift methods of transportation—all these have changed the character of the soldier's business. He must know more today than he ever knew before. The idea of the soldier as mere "food for powder" long ago became obsolete. A higher training is required.

Our little standing army, therefore, is today regarded more as a training school and a model for the larger military force that will be necessary in our next war than as the country's chief land defense dependence. From the citizens must come the big fighting force.

In our every war we have sent untrained citizens into the field at the beginning. The resulting loss of life, largely because of the ignorance of how to live under military field conditions, has been shocking. The financial loss in prolongation of the war, in temporary setbacks, in expense of improvising field armies from nothing, in pension rolls, has been stupendous. Lack of preparedness was the cause.

Preparedness, then, is the aim and purpose of the military authorities of the United States. They are trying, so far as congress and public opinion will permit, to profit by the awful lessons of the past. They are trying to make the regular army a perfect military force and to make the National Guard, otherwise the organized militia, just as well trained as any body of citizen soldiers can be trained. Results are being achieved.

There has been an organized militia of sorts ever since this became a constitutional republic. The organizing of it ever has been in the hands of the states, however, and the states have had varying ideas of what sort of a military force should be maintained in the guise of organized militia.

The war of 1898 showed up the defects of our military system in a glaring fashion. This resulted in the passage of the new militia law of 1903, known as the Dick bill, really organizing the militia force. By this act larger federal assistance was given to the militia of the states and a larger measure of military efficiency required of those forces in return for that aid.

In 1908 the law was amended and improved. A national militia board, consisting of militia officers appointed by the secretary of war, was authorized to advise with the war department on militia affairs. And also the division of militia affairs in the war department was created to handle the subject.

It is this division which Brig. Gen. Albert L. Mills now heads.

Federal aid is now extended to the organized militia or National Guards of the various states to the extent of about \$5,000,000 a year. Of this about \$2,500,000 is expended for arms, equipment, camp purposes and maneuvers, about \$500,000 for the promotion of rifle practice, something like \$300,000 for ammunition and more than \$1,000,000 for supplies.

The result of the new laws has been to bring the National Guard force into closer and more intimate relation with the regular army, to make it more uniform in organization, discipline and equipment and to establish standards of efficiency, to which all elements are working.

General Mills himself, in his erect carriage, grizzled hair, stiff, gray, military mustache, firm jaw and strongly lined mouth, is the ideal soldier. In speech he is careful and deliberate, in action sure, determined, rapid. "A strong character" is the estimate of the observer. It is a correct estimate. One knows, without the study of his life and habit of thought that demonstrates the correctness of the theory, that he is a man of high ideals, spotless life and simple creed of right and wrong.

"Why do we have an organized militia?" was the question put to General Mills one afternoon in his office.

"As viewed from the standpoint of the national government, we have an organized militia to take part with the army as the first line of defense in case of any national emergency," replied the general.

"To maintain ourselves," he continued, "until the great mass of volunteers which is certain to be needed to carry on any war with a foreign power can be enlisted, organized, equipped and trained."

"The organized militia is to be distinguished from the unorganized militia. The latter embraces the manhood of the country. Since 1792 every male citizen of the United States between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, who is physically sound, has been a member of the unorganized militia.

"The organized militia includes the National Guards of the several states. Its reported strength is 120,000. The law of 1903 makes this a more formidable arm than its prototype ever was before. The war department recognizes it as a potent force which, with proper support by congress, can be made a real national military asset. Only those elements of the National Guard which participate in the federal appropriations and conform in organization, armament and equipment with what is prescribed for the regular army are recognized by the war department as part of the organized militia. This takes in, however, almost all the so-called National Guard organizations in the country.

"The policy of the war department is to make the organized militia an efficient force for national military purposes. The department is without authority to increase the strength of the organized militia, it being within the provinces of each state, under the constitution, to determine what sized force it shall have." The purpose of the department is to seek to make effective the intention of congress, as expressed in existing laws, and assist the states in so organizing, arming, equipping and training their National Guards that these independent forces, when needed, can pass, without reorganization, smoothly and easily into the federal service.

"The division of militia affairs is the machinery through which the war department exercises its supervision over and discharges its responsibilities to the organized militia. The division is one of the four co-ordinate branches of the office of the chief of staff of the army. Its duties are comprehensive. They fall naturally into two classes. One is administrative and the other instructional.

"Administrative embraces all the details connected with the supervision of disbursements of federal funds, the organization of the National Guard in the various states, and their equipment with arms, ammunition, uniforms and camp equipage generally.

"The aim of the instructional efforts is to assist the states in securing a trained and efficient field force. Under the constitution the authority for training the militia is in the hands of the states, but it must be of the kind that is prescribed by congress for the army.

"With this in view, there are assigned to each state specially qualified and selected officers to do duty as inspector-instructors, assisting the states in this practical way, and enabling them in the matter of training to keep in touch with the most modern methods pursued in the army.

"The result of federal assistance afforded the organized militia is that it has greatly increased the efficiency of the force. It is progressing so well along these lines that, with continued assistance by congress and a recognition of that assistance by the states, the nation will have a dependable field force, certainly one infinitely better than any new organization, filled up with untrained citizens, could be expected to be."

MAKING USE OF WATER

Requirements Reduced by Thorough Cultivation of Soil.

Deep and Frequent Plowing So That Weathering of Winter May be Felt to Great Depth and Strongly is of Importance.

(By W. C. PALMER, North Dakota Agricultural College.)

One of the limiting factors in crop production in the dry farming region is water. How to make it go as far as possible is fully as important as getting it into the soil and keeping it there. Dr. Widtsoe of Utah prepared a paper for the Dry Farming Congress entitled, "How to Reduce the Water Requirements of Plants." It was in one sense epoch making. He opened with the statement that it required from 300 to 3000 pounds of water to produce one pound of dry matter. He quoted the experiment of Pagnous of France who found that on poor soil it required 1193 pounds of water to produce one pound of dry matter, while on fertile soil it required but 574. Experiments in Utah brought out similar results—for instance corn grown on a naturally fertile piece of land required 908 pounds of water to produce one pound of dry matter. When manured it required but 612, adding some sodium nitrate in addition to the manure reduced it to 585. In another experiment corn grown on sandy loam not cultivated required 603 pounds of water. When cultivated it was reduced to 252. On clay loam not cultivated 535 pounds were required. Cultivating reduced it to 428. On clay soil not cultivated 753 pounds was the requirement—when cultivated this was reduced to 582.

The significance of these figures is not easy to estimate. In most sections even in humid and irrigated ones but especially in the dry farming regions water is the limiting factor in crop production. By having the soil well provided with available plant food the plant can make more growth with a given amount of water—just as one would have to eat more soup if it were thin than if thick to supply a given amount of food. Manuring by putting more plant food in the soil increases production without increasing the moisture requirements. Cultivating by keeping the moisture from evaporating makes ideal conditions for germs to work on the inert plant food, making it available and so a larger plant growth. Part of the value of the summer-fallow comes from the plant food made available and not alone from saving up moisture.

He sums up as follows: "At the present time the only means possessed by the farmer for controlling transpiration and making possible maximum crops with the minimum amount of water in a properly tilled soil is to keep the soil as fertile as possible. In the light of this principle the practice usually recommended for the storing of water and for the prevention of the direct evaporation of water from the soil are emphasized. Deep and frequent plowing, preferably in the fall, so that the weathering of the winter may be felt to great depths and strongly, is of the first importance in liberating plant food. Cultivation which has been recommended for the prevention of the direct evaporation of water is of itself an effective factor, in setting free plant food and thus in reducing the amount of water required by plants.

The experiments at the Utah station referred to bring out most strikingly the value of cultivation in reducing transpiration.

Sheep on Short Pastures.
Sheep eat more closely than cattle and can do well on shorter pasture. Where the grazing is plentiful sheep can feed upon what is most palatable to them, and the cattle eat what they relish most.

Disinfectants Necessary.
In no other place on the farm are disinfectants so necessary as in the hog houses and yards. Whitewash should be used about the house at least once during the year. Every two or three weeks the houses, feeding floors and troughs should be sprayed with a disinfectant. The tar disinfectants are the most convenient to employ. These should be used in not less than two per cent. water solutions. An occasional spraying or dipping of the hogs in a one per cent. water solution should be practiced.

Clipping Fowls' Wings.
Some poultrymen do not believe in cutting a fowl's wings by clipping off the quills, as it makes them look unsightly. Instead they spread out the wing and cut the feather portion from the quill. This leaves bare quills, and when the wing is closed, it rarely shows that the wing has been tampered with. Only the one wing is thus cut.

Seville, Spain, annually harvests more than 50,000 tons of oranges.

Better Biscuits Baked

With You never tasted daintier, lighter, fluffier biscuits than those baked with Calumet. They're always good—delicious. For Calumet insures perfect baking.



At a Five o'Clock Tea. "What a scornful expression Kitty's poodle has." "Yes; one might call it pooh pooh die."

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—just that—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.

It's all right to have plenty of good, but staying qualities should not be overlooked.



FROM SHEER HABIT.

Miss Muffitt had recently joined the "Band of Sisters for Befriending Burglars," and was being shown over a prison for the first time.

One prisoner, evidently a man of education, interested her more than the others. He rose and bowed to her when she entered his cell, apologizing for the poorness of his apartments.

Miss Muffitt could not help wondering how this refined man came within the clutches of the law. In fact, as she was leaving the cell, she said:

"May I ask why you are in this distressing place?"

"Madam," he replied, "I am here for robbery at a seaside hotel."

"How very interesting!" said Miss Muffitt. "Were you—the proprietor?"—Answers.

His Calling Gone.

Beck—See that tattered looking chap over there?

Call—Uh huh!

"Well, he used to be one of the most prosperous cartoonists in the land."

"What happened to him? Lost his talent?"

"No, but his specialty was making grotesque drawings of women's fashions, and now the styles have surpassed his pictures."

A Sensible Patient.

The Doctor—From the looks of you, my good fellow, I'm afraid you have appendicitis. Let me have your pulse. The operation will cost you—let me see—let me see—

The Patient—Hold up a minute, Doc. Get the pulse first and tell me the damages afterward. I'm the fellow to be operated upon in this particular case, and I want the diagnosis to be attended with as little excitement as possible.

MUST BE.



"Most old maids are usually thin."

"Well, a woman with sharp elbows can make her way through the world without the assistance of a man."

Maybe You Know a Few.

Some men, too, are up and doing, with no heart for any fate; still achieving, still pursuing, cause they labor—and don't wait!

Forebodings.

"Dat boy," said Uncle Rasbury, "is so lazy that he ain't never g'inter get to heaven."

"Why, he doesn't seem to be doing any harm."

"No. But he'll never climb no golden stairs. He'll jes' sit around an' wait for an elevator an' finally start de other way 'cause de goin's easier."

A Fault.

"These rooms," said the visitor, looking around at the badly streaked walls, "would never suit my wife, who is very proper."

"What's the matter they wouldn't suit a proper person?" indignantly demanded the janitor.

"Because I notice they are rather off color."

Unsafe.

"I am just wondering whether it would be safe to propose to that girl I have been going with?"

"I don't think it would."

"What makes you think she would turn me down?"

"I don't. I think she would snap you up."

Something He Can't Talk About.

"Has the count committed himself yet, daughter?"

"No, father, but he has looked unutterable things."

"Umph! If that's the case, his debts must be plying on his mind more than I thought they did."

NO PEACE.



Visitor—You seem to be always having trouble in this town.

Native—Why, friend, there's no brand of trouble that we haven't had at one time or another in this town.

Strange.

I've never known a sailor bold who didn't seem to be so fresh you'd think he'd never sailed upon the salty sea.

Blissful Ignorance.

A story in the Berliner Illustrirte Zeitung describes another instance where "ignorance is bliss."

A man went to a judge and asked whether he could bring suit for slander against a man who had called him a rhinoceros.

"Why, certainly," said the judge. "When did he call you that?"

"About three years ago."

"Three years ago! And you only start suit today!"

"But, your honor, yesterday I saw a rhinoceros for the first time."

Cause and Effect.

"It is very curious to me," said Siliters, "what a musical voice Mrs. Brighteyes has, and yet whenever she speaks in French it is hard and rasping—almost metallic."

"Oh, that's only natural!" said Bingo. "You see, Mrs. Brighteyes learned French by phonograph, and she has mistaken the imperfections of the records for accent."—Judge.

Critical.

"The natural refinement of the feminine character cannot be wholly subdued," said one London policeman.

"Quite so," replied the other. "What has happened now?"

"A militant suffragette has turned a bomb into police headquarters. It was a perfectly good bomb, but she didn't approve of the hand-painted decorations."

Always in It.

Mr. Fuss (furlously)—It's mighty strange you can't look after things a little better! Here I want to shave and there isn't a drop of hot water here.

Mrs. Fuss (jolly)—It is strange! Why, that's the one thing I've never been out of since I married you!—Judge.

The Only Way.

"That artist who went into the Maine woods naked, and proved that modern man was the equal of primitive man, by living there for two months, must at least have saved money."

"If he wanted to save money he should have sent his family into the woods."

TRUE PHILANTHROPY.



"Say, pop, what is philanthropy?"

"The feeling which we sometimes have when we see some one very badly off that prompts us to ask some one else to relieve the unfortunate one's distress."

RAISING BEEF CATTLE

Decrease of Supply East of Missouri Is Vital Problem.

Farmers of Corn Belt Have Been Prone to Look to West and South-West for Feeders—Situation Is Growing More Acute.

(By R. G. WEATHERSTONE.)

We quite agree with the statement by a Chicago man who has kept in close touch with the cattle owners of the country for the past 20 years that decreasing beef cattle supplies on the farms east of the Missouri river is the most vital problem facing the live stock industry today, and one which must be remedied by greater effort toward replenishment if the prosperity of the land owners is to be



Excellent Beef Type.

continued and, too, if the beef-eating public is to secure its regular quota at prices below prohibitive levels.

The nation has in recent years drawn too heavily upon the source of fat beef output, without due regard to the future of the supply. Farmers of the corn belt have been prone to look to the west and southwest for their supplies of feeding cattle, not realizing that the increasing population is constantly calling for greater home production of fat beef.

Time has arrived when the west, a few years back the breeding ground for the corn belt feeders, is no longer able to supply feeding cattle to the farmers of Missouri, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana and Ohio except at almost fat steer prices. The situation is growing more acute each year. Within the past two years the effect of home production of beef steers in the states of the middle west has been a relatively shorter supply of beef than consumptive capacity required, and the results have been higher average prices for fat steers than realized in thirty years past. But instead of general prosperity it has been prosperity for the few, because cattle raising and feeding has declined.

Profitable Blackberry.

The Early Harvest Blackberry was very profitable this year in many localities. It always did well for us, but that does not prove that it ever will for you. Along this line a friend of ours who is a large grower of all the small fruit, particularly raspberries, says: "Cumberland is an absolute failure with me." He knows his business but lives in Marion county, located in the Black swamp region of Ohio. Soil makes the difference.

Rations for Cows.

Cows should not be kept too long on one particular ration, good though it may be, and the feed should consist of a variety of materials rather than any single one. A sufficient ration must be given for the maintenance of body and the production of milk. It is false economy to allow a cow to produce milk at the expense of her own body.

Horse Requires Exercise.

No horse should be allowed to stand for even a day without exercise, if the health of the animal is valued by the owner, and it is just because those two most important adjuncts to health, "careful feeding and regular exercise," are not properly attended to that we have so much sickness among farm horses, especially in the winter months.

Best Milk Pail.

The best milking pail is the one so constructed as to reduce to a minimum the amount of dirt falling into the milk during the process of milking. The small top pail may have some objections but its advantages are so in evidence that it is rapidly being adopted by most of our prominent dairymen.

Good Storage Conditions.

The conditions most favorable to good home storage of vegetables in winter are protection from frost, cool enough to prevent rapid decay, moist enough to prevent excessive evaporation, but not moist enough to favor decay.

PROPER ATTENTION TO EWES

Severe Losses Result From Attempting to Handle Early Lambs Without Accommodations.

The flock owner who breeds his ewes to lamb during the late winter and early spring months should provide favorable conditions at the right time. Severe losses result from attempting to handle early lambs without having adequate accommodations to provide comfort for the flock, writes L. J. Merideth in Homestead.

The first essential to success in handling early lambs is a comfortable and well arranged sheep barn. It should be well lighted, dry and properly ventilated, and there must be plenty of pens and facilities for caring for each ewe as soon as she shows evidence of lambing.

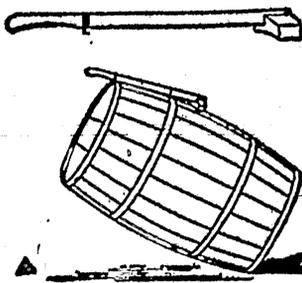
We have found it desirable to keep on hand an adequate supply of light partitions and mangers for constructing pens for the ewes as fast as needed. In this way the flock can have the run of the whole sheep barn or it can be quickly subdivided as the occasion may demand. It will be found very convenient to have a light manger that can be made fast to the corner of each pen, so that roughage may be fed regularly without being trampled under foot and made unpalatable.

Ewes should have plenty of good, nutritious food during the winter, not only to maintain a good flesh condition, but to nourish the unborn lambs. Roughage alone is not enough. A light ration of grain should be fed regularly. A proper mixture of oats, barley, corn and peas will give good results. For roughage, clover or alfalfa hay and ensilage will furnish about the right proportions of bulk and succulence.

EASY WAY TO LIFT BARRELS

Simple Device Shown in Illustration Herewith Will Be Found to Be Quite Convenient.

Where many barrels are to be lifted the following simple device will prove of great value: Including the six-inch hand grips, the handle is about two feet long. Just below the hand grip a metal hook an inch wide is fastened. This fits over the rim of the barrel. At the lower end of the handle is a wooden cross piece hollowed on the inner side so as to fit the curvature of the barrel. If very



Lifting Barrel.

heavy barrels are to be lifted the handle should be from six to twelve inches longer, so as to get extra leverage when lifting.

Keep Field Edges in Trim.

The only way to keep the edges of fields looking as if some one lived on the farm is to trim them every few years. The supply of wood must be cut somewhere, and it should be cut along the sides of the fields, where the removal of the timber will do some good. Fall and winter is a good time to do this work.

Intelligent Diversification.

Diversified farming does not mean diversification for the sake of variety. It requires that there be a place and a purpose for every crop grown, and that the crop be adapted to the purpose for which it is grown. This is intelligent diversification.

Poor Economist.

The poorest economist is the grudging feeder. If you want to get anything out of your farm stock you must first put something in. Give the farm animals suitable raw material, and they will quickly turn out a finished product.

Eggs for Incubator.

Eggs from the best hens should not be eaten. When a fowl reaches the 200-egg mark in a season it is evidence of qualities which ought to be perpetuated. Eggs from this kind of stock should go into the incubator.

Feeding for Eggs.

The first purpose to which food is devoted is to supply tissues and support for the body. All over that amount goes to the manufacture of eggs, providing the food is not of such a nature as to cause fat.

Move Bees in Spring.

It is advisable to move bees in the spring. It is best to move them once in a while, as bees get tired of their homes, the same as people, and desire a change of location.

WOMAN IN BAD CONDITION

Restored To Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Montpelier, Vt.—"We have great faith in your remedies. I was very irregular and was tired and sleepy all the time, would have cold chills, and my hands and feet would blot. My stomach bothered me, I had pain in my side and a bad headache most of the time. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done me lots of good and I now feel fine. I am regular, my stomach is better and my pains have all left me. You can use my name if you like. I am proud of what your remedies have done for me."—Mrs. MARY GAURNER, 21 Ridge St., Montpelier, Vt.



An Honest Dependable Medicine

It must be admitted by every fair-minded, intelligent person, that a medicine could not live and grow in popularity for nearly forty years, and to-day hold a record for thousands upon thousands of actual cures, as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, without possessing great virtue and actual worth. Such medicines must be looked upon and termed both standard and dependable by every thinking person.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

Newark Joke.

"I know now why they are called department stores," said a stout bald citizen.

"Why are they called department stores?" asked the special policeman.

"Because a man departs from them as soon as he can."

Putting on his coat, the stout, bald citizen moved further away.—Newark News.

"CASCARETS" FOR LIVER; BOWELS

No 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.

Would Do Just as Well.

An orchestra leader was working over a new musical play at rehearsal with Charles Frohman, the theatrical manager. "That's too loud," interrupted Mr. Frohman. "I can't help it, Mr. Frohman," returned the leader; "it calls for forte." "All the same," answered the manager, "make it 35."—Sphere.

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher* In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

In for Speeding.

Dix—It's pretty hard for a man to find work after he's been in jail.

Dix—Yes, unless he's a chauffeur.

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

One Exception.

"After all, talk is cheap."

"Not when we have to pay congress for doing it for us."

Save Money

While Our 25 Per Cent Reduction Sale Lasts

DO
NOT
FORGET
YOUR
TRADE
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 appreciates news items called to our attention. Call 24, or drop into office."

- J. F. Dalton of Oscura was a visitor here on Saturday.
- Expert watch, clock, and jewelry repairing done at Roselle's.
- Phone 40 for Willow Springs coal, \$8.50 per ton.
- Good alarm clocks for \$1.00 at Roselle's.
- Born to Mr. and Mrs. Porter of this place, a baby boy on Feb. 20th.
- Take advantages of the low prices on china at Roselle's.
- Willow Springs coal at \$8.50 per ton. Best in New Mexico. Phone 40.
- Beautiful china plates at Roselle's. Prices 20 cents, 25 cents and 35 cents.
- Have you seen those bargains in jewelry that are to be found at Roselle's Jewelry Store?
- Born to Mr. and Mrs. U. S. Hardcastle of Coyote, a baby girl, on February 23d.
- Seth F. Crews of Oscura with Chas. F. Grey were visitors in town on Tuesday, coming up in the Raffety Ford.
- Eugene F. Jones of Oscura transacted business here Monday, returning the same evening.
- The floods in California which have tied up the trains there, have forced the Southwestern to run stub trains out of El Paso this week.
- Frank J. Sager is one of the latest purchasers of a Ford car from the local agent Dr. T. W. Watson. The Ford car is becoming very prominent in the county.
- Harry J. Little formerly of this place but now located in Mills Canyon near Angus was in the city for a couple of days this week transacting business. Mr. Little owns Mountain View Addition to the town.
- O. T. Nye came in Sunday from an extended trip in the lower part of the county where he has been completing the 1914 schedule. He left again Wednesday for Ruidosa while Wm. Barnett will keep the office and assess the balance of Carrizozo. Oscura will be completed later.

GARRETT RECITAL A SUCCESS

It is generally considered difficult for Carrizozo to have a good lyceum course; or any entertainment of a high order. All Miss Garrett's work is of this type, and the goodly audience seemed to heartily enjoy the program rendered by this popular singer and musician. A seating capacity was arranged for about three hundred persons, but there was room for quite a number of others, who, had they but turned out, would undoubtedly have said that it was one of the best musicals they ever enjoyed.

Miss Garrett is now en route to White Oaks, Capitan Roswell and the Post before returning to her home in Las Cruces.

We so thoroughly enjoyed the recital here that we invited her to return sometime during the following winter.—Con.

BAPTIST CHURCH

(Herbert Haywood Pastor)

Bible school at 10:00 a. m.
Young People's Union at 6:45 p. m.

Subject of morning sermon at 11:00, "The Triumphs of Truth." Special singing, including a solo by Mrs. Haywood.

At 7:45 the pastor will preach on "The Conquests of Calvary." The music program will consist of general hymns, a quartette, and a solo by the pastor's wife. You are cordially invited to the services.

The Woman's Missionary Union meets with Mrs. H. S. Campbell at 2:30 on Wednesday afternoon, and at 7:30 p. m. of the same day will be the regular mid-week service.

PREACHING AT CAPITAN

On Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday nights, March 3d to 5th, there will be preaching services in the Baptist Hall at 7:30. All are cordially invited to attend.

Sunday school and Young People's meetings on the regular days. Miss Harris, field worker of the State convention, will be in town for the above three days, to address the ladies' meetings.

METHODIST CHURCH

(J. W. Hendrix, Pastor)

Preaching both morning and evening by the pastor. Theme, morning, "The Privilege of Forgiveness." Theme, evening, "Christ's Estimate of Mankind." Special music both morning and evening by the choir.

Come one and all, we will promise you an interesting service.

NOW IS THE GREATEST PURCHASING SEASON OF THE YEAR

A time when winter goods are still in season and at our store you can buy them at wonderful bargains.

We still have a number of winter and medium weight Suits, Overcoats, Sweaters and heavy Underwear to offer our customers at very low prices.

So now is the time to save money on these articles. Come to our store and be convinced.

We are also receiving our spring goods daily, and now is the time to get first choice of the newest styles in spring merchandise.

We have received a shipment of Hart Schaffner & Marx clothing also the latest and noblest line of Thoroughbred Hats for men and boys.

For ladies we are receiving all the newest styles in everything, too numerous to mention.

For winter or spring goods at the lowest prices and of the most up-to-date styles come to

ZIEGLER BROS.

"THE HOME OF STANDARD MERCHANDISE."