

# CARRIZOZO OUTLOOK

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CARRIZOZO, LINCOLN COUNTY, NEW MEXICO, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1914.

PRICE \$1.50 PER YEAR

## WILD CAT COMPANY STILL ACTIVE

All Arrangements for Building Transmission Line from White Oaks to Carrizozo Almost Completed

## ZIEGLER BROS INSTALLING FIXTURES IN NEW BUILDING

In an interview with one of the Wildcat Leasing Co., this week, it was learned that all arrangements for the building of the transmission line from White Oaks to Carrizozo, which is to furnish our city with light and power, are progressing nicely. The material necessary for its construction is all on order. The contract has been let for the cutting of the poles in the mountains, and the only delay now being experienced is the writing on the Forester to mark the trees for the pole-cutting. The company have enough power now on tap at their plant to turn into the Carrizozo line, at once, if the line was now completed as the plant is not being run to its capacity during the night shift, and the use of power in this city, will of course be heaviest during that shift. The company will probably have electricians on the ground shortly to begin wiring the buildings here, so that much of the wiring will be done by the time the line is completed to this point.

Ziegler Bros, one of our most progressive firms, are rapidly completing the installation of the new fixtures in their new addition. The room is finished entirely in fumed oak, with all fixtures to match, including full-length cases for men's and ladies' clothing, which are entirely dust-proof, and make a fine appearance. The shoe department is also equipped with new cases in the same finish, and so placed that every pair of shoes in their large stock can be reached from the floor. The fixtures were built by Frank English, and finished by W. J. Doering and their appearance speaks well for the skill of these two well-known artisans. Ziegler Bros. new room will eclipse anything we have seen in this section for beauty and finish, compactness, and accessibility, and they will be placed in position to handle more efficiently than ever their growing business.

We have a number of second-hand steel traps all sizes which we are selling very reasonable—Kelley & Sons.

Brent Paden came in on No. 1 Friday from a sojourn at Hot Springs, Ark. He is looking fine and says is feeling much better.

Miss Frida M. Eckman returned Sunday from a very pleasant visit with the family of Postmaster J. A. Smith and niece Miss Nell B. Mitchell of El Paso.

**NO VACANT HOUSES IN CARRIZOZO**—If there were you could find it out by calling on Denny and Osborn.

Moving pictures at Crystal Theatre Friday and Saturday of this week at 8 p. m., followed by dance at 9 p. m.

Wm. Harris of Three Rivers, was in town Saturday accompanied by his daughter, Miss Trixie, and H. S. Scheffey.

## NOGAL

John Steward and wife, nephew and niece of Uncle Tom Henley were in Nogal Sunday. They are from Alto.

Several ladies from Fort Stanton come over to Nogal 29th inst and went to Parsons on the 30th.

A fine large baby boy made his appearance at the home of Mr and Mrs. Joda Cochran on the 24th inst. Mother and baby doing nicely and at last account Joda was convalescing.

Rev. Hoover the adventist occupied the pulpit here on the 27 inst. There appear to be quite a following of that faith in this vicinity.

Quite a lot of work is now being done in Dry Gulch preparatory to erecting the electric line to the American mine. We are rejoiced to know that these mines are going to be opened again.

Mrs Charles Warnock died in Nogal at five o'clock Sunday 27 very suddenly with apoplexy. Dr. Laws reached her bedside only a few moments before death.

When we dream of the friends of our youth,

Of those dear old friends of yore

We turn with a sigh to the days gone by

And the friends that will greet us no more

Services was held by the Rev Clem and the remains was laid to rest in the Nogal cemetery by the side of her son who passed beyond a few months ago. May she rest in peace.

## GRAND AND PETIT JURORS

Following is the list of Grand and Petit Jurors drawn for the fall term of District Court, commencing Monday, October 5th, 1914.

### GRAND JURY

Bert Stroop, Ed. Harris, W. F. Jones, Clarence Spence, George Haviland, Walter Reid, Santiago Luera, John A. Kimbrell, John Doering, John A. Orr, Melcor Marquez, J. H. McCutcheon, Joseph George, Pablo Chavez y Luna, E. H. Talbert, J. H. Jump, Felipe Gomez, Joe Long, Lorenzo Montoya, Jose Manuel Sanchez, F. W. Jones.

### TALESMEN

John Gallacher, Aurelio Sanchez, F. W. Vorwark, A. B. Zumwalt, T. J. Grafton.

### PETIT JURY

Chas. Smith, Olden Norton, Phil. Blanchard, Joe Clements, Jesus M. Luera, Celso Gonzales, Manuel Samora y Salas, Joe Beckman, J. M. Phillips, Roland Box, Oliver Jackson, Marshall C. West, Oliver Peaker, Tom Lovelace, Jose Barela, W. G. Wells, Padlino Aldas, L. M. Stubbs, E. Davenport, Aniceto Luera, Jr., Lorenz Olsen, Pearce Perry, Fred Gonzales, T. E. Kelley.

### TALESMEN

Francisco Zamora, Clay Van Schoyck, Geo. L. Ulrick, W. E. McBrayer, Jose Herrera, Eusebio Carabajal, A. J. Hurst, J. A. Coomes, Bernardo Salazar, Frank Gurney.

Grand jurors are summoned to appear at 9 a. m. Monday, Oct. 5th, and petit jurors 9 a. m. Wednesday, October 7th.

## NEWS FROM LIVE COMMUNITIES OF COUNTY

**Much Fruit is Being Shipped from Hondo Valley. Regular Shipments to Begin Soon**

## TWO CHURCHES TO BE ERECTED SOON AT CAPITAN

### HONDO

The orchardists in this valley are getting ready to pick and ship apples. The fruit is generally of a fine quality.

Knox Phillips came down from Fort Stanton Sunday to enter school at Hondo, where his sister Miss Ethel Phillips is one of the teachers in the public schools.

Hon. J. V. Tully, of Glencoe paid this section a short visit Tuesday. Jim is a genuine booster and always has a pleasant word and a smile that wont wear off.

Prospero Gonzales one of the prosperous farmers and stockmen of the Glencoe section, made a business trip to Hondo and vicinity Tuesday.

A number of loads of "Stark's Delicious" the famous Hondo valley apples have been shipped from the Sunset ranch, below Picacho, and regular shipments will soon commence.

The Ruidosa valley is now enjoying a daily mail service the carrier making connection with both the east and the west bound mail on the famous Carrizozo Roswell auto mail route.

Allie Stover and Clemente Hightower, surveyed the cemetery at Tinnie last week, and within a short time the plot will be fenced with an ornamental iron fence; a number of tomb stones and monuments will soon be erected to the memory of those whose last resting place is here.

The public schools in this valley equipped with a splendid corps of teachers this year and a most successful term may be expected. Mrs. Viola Thompson has the school at Tinnie, Mrs. Smithson as principal and Miss Ethel Phillips assistant at Hondo., Mrs. DeNisson at the Gonzales school and Prof Koonce at San Patricio compose a quintete of the best teachers of the county.

Your correspondent last week visited Martin Chaves & Sons sheep ranch on the Mesa about ten miles south of Picacho, and there saw a sight that would delight an eastern market-gardener. On a plot of ground, about one eighth of an acre in extent were growing in the great, east profusion, water melons, cantaloupes, beans, tomatoes, potatoes, corn, squashes, chili, cucumbers and onions, and all of these in amazing quantities and perfection. The only attention this garden has had was an occasional hoeing.

### CAPITAN

Born to Mr. and Mrs. L. R. York Sept. 13th a fine boy. Doctor Law of Lincoln was in attendance.

Jack frost visited our locality in the last few days and autumn is now beginning to show its colors.

J. R. York leaves the Forest Service on Oct 1st. and will establish a law office in Capitan.

The walls of the Catholic church house is nearly completed and the adobes are being fast laid for the Baptist church.

The people of Capitan got together last Friday night at the High School building and organized a literary society. A short program

High School basket-ball teams, boys and girls, are going to Carrizozo next Saturday to play the successful team of Friday's game between Carrizozo and Corona schools.

Mr. Trumbel and family who have been here for the summer left last Tuesday for Trinidad Colorado. Mr. Trumbel was here for his sons health, who was an attorney in El Paso.

The people of Capitan designated last Saturday as clean up day which resulted in the school grounds and many other places in town being cleared of weeds, tin cans etc. This is good work and should be attended to at regular intervals.

### WHITE OAKS

J. D. McAdams was on the sick list last week.

Born to Mr and Mrs. Ed Haskin Sunday the 27th, a boy. Dr. Paden in attendance.

The Misses Mildred and Robbie Taylor left Tuesday for Carrizozo where they will attend school.

Dr. R. T. Lucas and W. H. Osborn were up from Carrizozo Monday evening.

O. C. Hinton has resurrected his automobile and is now using it in the mail service between here and Carrizozo.

C. D. Mayer has purchased a new auto truck which he has placed in the freight and passenger service between here and Carrizozo.

John M. Keith left Sunday for a visit to his ranch in the Imperial valley in California. He will visit Los Angeles before returning.

Andy Driver was quite seriously injured last week by falling about fifty feet in the shaft at the North Homestead mine. He is now doing nicely and expects to be able to return to work in a few days.

Justice court was in session Friday night. As near as we could learn, the cause of the disturbance was one of the town cows which had trespassed on private property without a permit. The cow was acquitted.

Dr. F. S. Randles came in from the Capitan mountains Friday where he has been the past several months doing the annual development work on the iron claims in which he is interested.

Big dance after show Friday and Saturday nights 9 p. m.

Mrs. J. F. Kimbell took a trip to Vaughn Monday, returning the following morning.

Mrs. J. E. Swearingen is here for an extended visit with her son, A. V. Swearingen.

Dr. T. W. Watson and family returned Monday morning from a three weeks' trip through the South and East. They report a fine trip, and are all looking well, and apparently happy to get back to the windy city.

## WHAT OTHERS ARE SAYING ABOUT US

Tavern Talk, a Hotel Publication of Kansas City, Mo., has something good to say of Carrizozo.

## THINKS TOWN HAS A BRIGHT FUTURE

A friend of Tavern Talk writing from New Mexico has the following to say about one of the small cities of the state that is enjoying a prosperity commensurate with the rich resources with which it is blessed. "Carrizozo is a small city of about 2,000 inhabitants and is situated on the El Paso & Southwestern railroad about 146 miles north of El Paso and is one of the main division points on the line. Within the past few years it has enjoyed a healthy growth and the completion of a new bank building and several new store buildings are considered merely prophetic of a better future.

"The Carrizozo Eating House does an immense business owing to the many copper, gold and silver mines located near the city. It is also a popular resort for the many ranchmen who come to town at intervals to get a taste of real 'city cooking.' Mrs. Julia Gurney is the proprietress and her many years association with the Fred Harvey Eating house System have familiarized her with the many details that go to make up good service. She has incorporated these ideas into her eating house with a result that is astonishing.

"The Phelps-Dodge people have erected an elegant railroad club house which also adds to the comfort and pleasure of Carrizozo. Governor McDonald has his summer ranch house within a few miles of the city and it is one of the show places of the town."—Tavern Talk.

## INSTRUMENTS RECORDED WEEK ENDING OCT. 2, 1914

(By DENNY & OSBORN, Abstractors)

### WARRANTY DEEDS

Genaro Dables to Urbano Ramirez, north half northeast quarter, and north half northwest quarter, section 12, Township 8 south, Range 17 east—160 acres.

Notley Maddux et al, to Bloom Land & Cattle Co., east half northwest quarter, and east half southwest quarter, section 33, Township 13 south, Range 20 east—160 acres.

C. J. Shook & wife to L.R. Ladd, (both of Coryell County, Texas) northeast quarter section 17, Township 1 south, Range 13 east—160 acres.

John C. Trapp and wife to F. A. Dubois, lots 9 and 10, block 17, Corona.

### BOND AND OATH OF NOTARY PUBLIC

William H. Osborn, J. E. Koonce

### LOCATION NOTICE

Easter millsite, by W. G. Thornborrow, Canton, Ill.

### PROOF LABOR

Easter and Midnight claims, by W. G. Thornborrow, Canton, Ill.

### MARRIAGE LICENSES

Ernest Matthews and Adilee M. Calfee, both of Osage, Oneida, Pedillo and Amalie Claver of Rabenton.

### LIQUOR LICEN

J. T. Davidson, Corona

# The MYSTERY of MARY

By Grace Livingston Hill Lutz

AUTHOR OF "MARCIA SCHUYLER," "PROBE DEANE"

"DAWN OF THE MORNING" ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TRAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.

Tyron Dunham, just alighted from a train, is approached by a beautiful girl who asks his protection. She is in fear of pursuit, but declines to give the cause of her distress. Dunham takes her to his home and in the absence of his mother and sister borrows a hat and a cloak for her. He takes her to a dinner party at the home of a friend and gives her the name of Mary Kensington. Her actions alarm her as a girl of refinement and breeding. After the dinner she requests Dunham to assist her to leave the city. He supplies her on a train for Chicago and she becomes intensely interested in the girl and anxious to solve the mystery which surrounds her. Stories in the newspapers of missing girls only add to his bewilderment. Arriving in Chicago the girl buys some cheap clothing in an attempt at disguise and starts out to seek employment. She gets work as a waitress in the home of Mrs. Rhinehart. Dunham receives a package containing the borrowed hat and cloak with a note of thanks signed "Mary." Dunham goes to Chicago on legal business and exerts every effort to find "Mary." He is invited to the home of a friend for dinner. As he approaches the house he hears a man giving directions to a stably dressed individual regarding some one who goes under the name of "Mary." He recognizes in the waitress at the dinner table the much sought "Mary," and arranges for an interview with her the following day at the Y. W. C. A. He proposes to her, but before she will give her answer she insists on telling him her story. Her uncle had died leaving her his fortune. A cousin who had been disinherited had plotted to place her in an insane asylum so that he might get control of her money. She had just discovered the plot and had escaped from this cousin when she first met Dunham. She agrees to marry Dunham at once.

CHAPTER XI—Continued.

She opened the large box and read the card lying on the top.

These are my wedding gifts to you, dear. Put them on and come as soon as possible to the one who loves you better than anything else in life.

TRYON.

Her eyes shone brightly and her cheeks grew rosy red as she lifted out from its tissue paper wrappings a long, rich coat of Alaska seal, with exquisite brocade lining. She put it on and stood a moment looking at herself in the glass. She felt like one who had for a time lost her identity, and was suddenly had it restored. Such garments had been ordinary comforts of her former life. She had not been warm enough in the coarse black coat.

The other box contained a beautiful hat of fur to match the coat. It was simply trimmed with one long, beautiful black plume, and in shape and general appearance was like the hat he had borrowed for her use in the fall. She smiled happily as she set it upon her head, and then laughed outright as she remembered her shabby silk gloves. Never mind. She could take them off when she reached the church.

She packed the little black dress into the suitcase, folded the felt hat on the top with a tender pat, and, putting on her gloves, hurried down to the one who waited for her.

The matron had gone upstairs to the linen closet and left the girl with the discontented upper lip in charge in the office. The latter watched the elegant lady in the rich furs come down the hall from the elevator, and wondered who she was and why she had been upstairs. Probably to visit some poor protegee, she thought. The girl caught the levelling in the eyes of Tryon Dunham as he rose to meet his bride, and she recognized him as the same man who had been in close converse with the cheaply dressed girl in the parlor an hour before, and sneered as she wondered what the fine lady in furs would think if she knew about the other girl. Then they went out to the carriage, past the baggy, rubbered man, who shrank back suddenly behind a stone column and watched them.

As Dunham shut the door, he looked back just in time to see a slight man, with dark eyes and hair, hurry up and touch the baggy man on the shoulder. The latter pointed toward their carriage.

"See!" said Dunham. "I believe those are the men who were hovering around the house last night."

The girl leaned forward to look, and then drew back with an exclamation of horror as the carriage started.

"Oh, that man is my cousin Richard," she cried.

"Are you sure?" he asked, and a look of determination settled into his face.

"Perfectly," she answered, looking out again. "Do you suppose he has seen me?"

"I suppose he has, but we'll soon turn the tables." He leaned out and spoke a word to the driver, who drew up around the next corner in front of a telephone pay station.

"Come with me for just a minute, dear. I'll telephone to a detective bureau where they know me and I have

that man watched. He is unsafe to have at large." He helped her out and drew her arm firmly within his own. "Don't be afraid any more. I will take care of you."

He telephoned a careful description of the two men and their whereabouts, and before he had hung up the receiver a man had started posthaste for the Y. W. C. A. building.

The minister met them at the door with a welcoming smile and handshake, and led them forward. As the music hushed for the words of the ceremony, he leaned forward to the young man and whispered:

"I neglected to ask you her name, Tryon."

"Oh, yes." The young man paused in his dilemma and looked for an instant at the sweet face of the girl beside him. But he could not let his friend see that he did not know the name of his wife-to-be, and with quick thought he answered, "Mary!"

The ceremony proceeded, and the minister's voice sounded out solemnly in the empty church: "Do you, Tryon, take this woman whom you hold by the hand to be your lawful wedded wife?"

The young man's fingers held the timid hand of the woman firmly as he answered, "I do."

"Do you, Mary, take this man?" came the next question, and the girl looked up with clear eyes and said, "I do."

Then the minister's wife, who knew and prized Tryon Dunham's friendship, said to herself: "It's all right. She loves him."

When the solemn words were spoken that bound them together through life, and they had thanked their kind friends and were once more out in the carriage, Tryon said:

"Do you know you haven't told me your real name yet?"

She laughed happily as the carriage started on its way, and answered, "Why, it is Mary!"

As the carriage rounded the first corner beyond the church, two breathless individuals hurried up from the other direction. One was short and baggy, and the sole of one rubber flopped dimly as he struggled to keep up with the alert strides of the other man, who was slim and angry. They had been detained by an altercation with the matron of the Y. W. C. A. building, and puzzled by the story of the plainly dressed girl who had taken the room, and the fine lady who had left the building in company with a gentleman, until it was settled by the elevator boy, who declared the two women to be one and the same.

A moment later a man in citizen's clothing, who had keen eyes, and who was riding a motorcycle, rounded the corner and puffed placidly along near the two. He appeared to be looking at the numbers on the other side of the street, but he heard every word



Two Breathless Individuals Hurried Up.

they said as they caught sight of the disappearing carriage and hurried after it. He had been standing in the entrance of the Y. W. C. A. building, an apparently careless observer, while the elevator boy gave his evidence.

The motorcycle shot ahead a few rods, passed the carriage, and discovered by a keen glance who were the occupants. Then it rounded the block and came almost up to the two pursuers again.

When the carriage stopped at the side entrance of a hotel the man on the motorcycle was ahead of the pur-

suers and discovered it first, long enough to see the two get out and go up the marble steps.

One glimpse the pursuers had of their prey as the elevator shot upward. They managed to evade the hotel authorities and get up the wide staircase without observation. By keeping on the alert, they discovered that the elevator had stopped at the second floor, so the people they were tracking must have apartments there. Lurking in the shadowy parts of the hall, they watched, and soon were rewarded by seeing Dunham come out of a room and hurry to the elevator. He had remembered his promise to his mother about the engravers. As soon as he was gone, they presented themselves boldly at the door.

Filled with the joy that had come to her and feeling entirely safe now in the protection of her husband, Mary Dunham opened the door. She supposed, of course, it was the bellboy with a pitcher of ice water, for which she had just rung.

"Ah, here you are at last, my pretty cousin!" It was the voice of Richard that menaced her, with all the stored-up wrath of his long baffled search.

At that moment the man from the motorcycle stepped softly up the top stair and slid unseen into the shadows of the hall.

For an instant it seemed to Mary Dunham that she was going to faint, and in one swift flash of thought she saw herself overpowered and carried into hiding before her husband should return. But with a supreme effort she controlled herself, and faced her tormentor with unflinching gaze. Though her strength had deserted her at first, every faculty was now keen and collected. As if nothing unusual were happening, she put out her cold, trembling fingers, and laid them firmly over the electric button on the wall. Then with new strength coming from the certainty that some one would soon come to her aid, she opened her lips to speak.

"What are you doing here, Richard?"

"I've come after you, my lady. A nice chase you've led me, but you shall pay for it now."

The cruelty in his face eclipsed any lines of beauty which might have been there.

"I shall never go anywhere with you," she answered steadily.

He seized her delicate wrist roughly, twisting it with the old wrench with which he had tormented her in their childhood days. None of them saw the stranger, who was quietly walking down the hall toward them.

"Will you go peacefully, or shall I have to gag and bind you?" said Richard. "Choose quickly. I'm in no mood to trifle with you any longer."

Although he hurt her wrist cruelly, she threw herself back from him and with her other hand pressed still harder against the electric button.

"Catch that other hand, Mike," commanded Richard, "and stuff this in her mouth, while I tie her hands behind her back."

It was then that Mary screamed. The man in the shadow stepped up behind and said in a low voice:

"What does all this mean?"

The two men, startled, dropped the girl's hands for the instant. Then Richard, white with anger at this interference, answered insolently: "It means that this girl's an escaped lunatic, and we're sent to take her back. She's dangerous, so you'd better keep out of the way."

Then Mary Dunham's voice, clear and penetrating, rang through the halls:

"Tryon, Tryon! Come quick! Help! Help!"

As if in answer to her call, the elevator shot up to the second floor, and Tryon Dunham stepped out in time to see the two men snatch Mary's hands again and attempt to bind them behind her back.

In an instant he had seized Richard by the collar and landed him on the hall carpet, while a well directed blow sent the flabby Irishman sprawling at the feet of the detective, who promptly sat on him and pinioned his arms behind him.

How dare you lay a finger upon this lady?" said Tryon Dunham, as he stepped to the side of his wife and put a strong arm about her, where she stood white and frightened in the doorway.

No one had noticed the bell boy had come to the head of the stairs and received a quiet order from the detective.

In sudden fear, the discomfited Richard arose and attempted to bluff the stranger who had so unwarrantably interfered just as his fingers were about to close over the golden treasure of his cousin's fortune.

"Indeed, sir, you wholly misunderstand the situation," he said to Dunham, with an air of injured innocence, "though perhaps you can scarcely be blamed. This girl is an escaped lunatic. We have been searching for her for days, and have just traced her. It is our business to take her back at once. Her friends are in great distress about her. Moreover, she is dangerous and a menace to every guest in this house. She has several times attempted to murder—"

"Stop!" roared Dunham, in a thunderous voice of righteous anger. "She

is my wife. And you are her cousin. I know all about your plot to shut her up in an insane asylum and steal her fortune. I have found you sooner than I expected, and I intend to see that the law takes its full course with you."

Two policemen now arrived on the scene, with a number of eager bell-boys and porters in their wake, ready to take part in the excitement.

Richard had turned deadly white at the words, "She is my wife!" It was the death knell of his hopes of securing the fortune for which he had not hesitated to sacrifice every particle of moral principle. When he turned and saw impending retribution in the shape of the two stalwart representatives of the law, a look of cunning came into his face, and with one swift motion he turned to flee up the staircase close at hand.

"Not much you don't," said an enterprising bellboy, flinging himself in the way and tripping up the scoundrel in his flight.

The policemen were upon him and had him handcuffed in an instant. The Irishman now began to protest that he was but an innocent tool, hired to help discover the whereabouts of an escaped lunatic, as he supposed. He was walked off to the patrol wagon without further ceremony.

It was all over in a few minutes. The elevator carried off the detective, the policemen and their two prisoners, the door closed behind Dunham and his bride, and the curious guests who had peered out, alarmed by the uproar, saw nothing but a few bellboys

standing in the hall, describing to one another the scene as they had witnessed it.

Dunham drew the trembling girl into his arms and tried to soothe her. The tears rained down the white cheeks as her head lay upon his breast, and he kissed them away.

"Oh!" she sobbed, shuddering. "If you had not come! It was terrible, terrible! I believe he would have killed me rather than have let me go again."

Gradually his tender ministrations calmed her, but she turned troubled eyes to his face.

"You do not know yet that I am all I say. You have nothing to prove it. Of course, by and by, when I can get to my guardians, and with your help perhaps make them understand, you will know, but I don't see how you can trust me till then."

For answer he brought his hand up in front of her face and turned the flashing diamond—her diamond—so that its glory caught the single ray of setting sun that filtered into the hotel window.

"See, darling," he said. "It is your ring. I have worn it ever since as an outward sign that I trusted you."

"You are taking me on trust, though, in spite of all you say, and it is beautiful."

He laid his lips against hers. "Yes," he said; "it is beautiful, and it is best."

It was very still in the room for a moment while she nestled close to him and his eyes drank in the sweetness of her face.

"See," said he, taking a tiny velvet case from his pocket and touching the spring that opened it. "I have amused myself finding a mate to your stone. I thought perhaps you would let me wear your ring always, while you wear mine."

He lifted the jewel from its white velvet bed and showed her the inscription inside: "Mary, from Tryon." Then he slipped it on her finger to guard the wedding ring he had given her at the church. His arm that encircled her clasped her left wrist, and the two diamonds flashed side by side. The last gleam of the setting sun, ere it vanished behind the tall buildings on the west, glanced in and blazed the gems into tangled beams of glory, darting out in many colored prisms to light the vision of the future of the man and the woman. He bent and kissed her again, and their eyes met like other jewels, in which gleamed the glory of their love and trust.

THE END.



It Was All Over in a Few Minutes.

## WOMEN WHO ARE ALWAYS TIRED

May Find Help in This Letter.

Swan Creek, Mich.—"I cannot speak too highly of your medicine. When



through neglect or overwork I get run down and my appetite is poor and I have that weak, languid, always tired feeling, I get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it builds me up, gives me strength, and restores me to perfect health again. It is truly a great blessing to women, and I cannot speak too highly of it. I take pleasure in recommending it to others."—Mrs. ANNIE CAMERON, R.F.D., No. 1, Swan Creek, Michigan.

Another Sufferer Relieved.

Hebron, Me.—"Before taking your remedies I was all run down, discouraged and had female weakness. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and used the Sanative Wash, and find today that I am an entirely new woman, ready and willing to do my housework now, where before taking your medicine it was a dread. I try to impress upon the minds of all ailing women I meet the benefits they can derive from your medicines."—Mrs. CHARLES ROWE, R. F. D., No. 1, Hebron, Maine.

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

Europe always did have an unparalleled display of ruins to exhibit.

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

Preferring His Suit.

Cynthia—Oh, Tom, think of coming to ask papa's consent in such shabby clothes!

Tom—That's all right—I had one suit ruined.—Judge.

YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU  
 475 Madison Ave. New York City  
 123 N. Dearborn St. Chicago  
 123 N. Dearborn St. Chicago  
 123 N. Dearborn St. Chicago

Advance Notice.

At the club the other night a member of the Seventh regiment found himself the center of a group who were discussing the likelihood of an invasion of Mexico by the National guard. Cheerful remarks about the penetrative powers of Mauser bullets peppered about him. "Everybody had kindly suggestions to make—such, for instance, as that a medal neatly adjusted over each bullet hole would make him look as good as new. The victim took it very well.

"I'd like to contribute just one remark to this discussion," he said. "If I'm reported shot in the back, remember that I may have turned around to encourage my men."—New York Call.

His War Prophecy in Bible.

While looking over books belonging to the family, George Fletcher of Gilett, near here, found written in an old Bible in the handwriting of his father, William Fletcher, 22 years ago, a prophecy which says, in part: "In the year 1914 there will be wars in every corner of the earth."

William Fletcher was a learned man, and based his prophecy on calculations made through a study of the Bible.—Towanda (Pa.) Dispatch to Philadelphia Record.

### Water Is Good Medicine

Many people who have weak kidneys fail to appreciate how much water can do for them—but while it is good to drink water freely, it must be pure water. In many sections, the lime or alkaline water starts kidney trouble of itself.

Doan's Kidney Pills are a most reliable remedy for weak kidneys. When backache or urinary disorders first appear, take Doan's and be sure to assist the kidneys by drinking plenty of pure water. Prompt treatment will assist the danger of gravel, gout, rheumatism.

Doan's Kidney Pills are successfully used all over the civilized world and publicly recommended by thousands.

A Colorado Case.

William Foster, proprietor of market and grocery, 2305 Champe St., Denver, Col., says: "My kidney disease was caused by an injury. I suffered from sharp pains through my joints and my head ached. After treatment at a hospital failed, I used Doan's Kidney Pills. They removed every symptom of the complaint."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS  
 FOSTER-McLUREN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

## SAUCE FOR A GANDER

By WILLIAM H. HAMBY.

(Copyright.)

"I'll be ding busted," snorted Ebenezer, as he trotted through the corn with a gun in one hand and a sweat-stained handkerchief in the other. "Some of 'em will get bad hurt if I do catch 'em."

It had been hard enough to guard Elvina alone, but now that he had to watch both the melon patch and the girl he was in a constant sweat of anxiety.

The melon patch was hid away in the corn field three hundred yards from the house, and so far Ebenezer's ingenuity had devised no plan by which he could watch the girl and the melons at the same time.

No sooner was he hid in a bunch of tall weeds where his shotgun commanded the patch than he began to worry about Elvina. He was sure she had seemed anxious for him to get away.

He remembered she had looked out of the kitchen window two or three times, and that he saw dust rising down the road. The more he thought of it the surer he was that she was at that very minute down by the spring talking to that "dratted Harvey."

Listen! That was their laugh. They had been laughing over getting ahead of him. But just wait.

Then Ebenezer would go trotting back to the house, gathering anger and heat, and when he found Elvina singing sweetly as she went about her sweeping and dusting, he said all the abusive things he had intended to say had he caught her in the supreme act of disobedience—talking to Harvey. He always closed with the threat:

"And if you ever do speak to that dratted Harvey as long as you live I'll wallop you within an inch of your life. I don't keer if you are grown."

No sooner was he fairly comfortable on the porch where he could be sure the premises were free from that "dratted Harvey," than he began to worry about his melons. He could see, in his imagination, three, sometimes five young "galloots" slipping in from the east side.

There was that "whelp of a Dalton," and the Riley boy, and maybe Tobe Stevens. They are in the patch now, tramping on the vines, thumping here and there, plugging the big ones, and then, plucking a big one apiece, making off through the timber.

Then he would go trotting back to the melon patch, with his shotgun in his right hand, mopping the sweat from his florid face and bald head with the left, vowing he would fill their "dagasted hides as full of holes as the top of a pepper box."

About that time a bright idea struck him. Blucher, the bulldog, was useless as a guard for Elvina, for he was her slave, and therefore on friendly terms with Harvey. But why not the melon patch? Just the thing. Blucher should guard the melon patch, and he would guard the house.

The old man drove a stake in the center of the patch and tied Blucher with a slip knot. To this knot he tied a long cord, which reached to the edge of the corn. By pulling the cord he could release the dog.

The old man experienced a feeling akin to satisfaction as he sat on the porch that evening fanning himself with a palm-leaf fan, and mopping his bald head with a big blue handkerchief. Blucher's growl could be easily heard at the house, and the dog would most certainly growl if anything went wrong with the melon patch.

That evening Elvina sat by the west window looking out across the meadows beyond the valley, and as the wind lightly blew the soft curls around her face her eyes grew large and wistful. She was thinking of him. The old man neither knew nor cared what she thought. She was in the house, where she belonged. That was sufficient.

That George Harvey stopped his work and lingered in the shade while his face grew tender and thoughtful as he was thinking of her, the old man knew not. Neither did he care. Twice he had ordered Harvey off the premises, the last time positively swearing he would shoot him on sight if he ever set foot on the place again.

Ebenezer had no objection to Harvey except that Elvina seemed too fond of his company, and he had no notion of letting Elvina get married. She was entirely too useful on the farm, and nothing except giving up money hurt Ebenezer so much as giving up something that saved him work.

The plan worked as smooth as a sewing machine in the hands of an agent. Elvina went about, obedient and uncomplainingly. Harvey stayed away like the sensible young man he was, and avoided the buckshot.

Solitary and alone the bulldog reigned supreme in the melon patch. Ebenezer slept with his head by an open window, anxiously waiting the

warning growl. He flamed over in his mind the various young men and boys that were likely to steal melons, and hoped fervently that he would live to see all of them chewed up.

For several days he debated whether, when the time came, he ought to call the dog off before it killed the thief, or whether he should leave him to his chances, finally deciding on the latter.

About one o'clock Sunday morning an ominous growl awoke the old man. He jumped up and, without waiting to dress, took to the corn on a run.

By the light of a late moon he saw a man skulking along the edge of the patch, thumping a melon here and there.

With a gulp of fierce anticipation Ebenezer pulled the string that untied the dog and hissed, "Sic 'em."

But the brute did not make for the thief; instead, he turned toward the old man.

"Sic 'em, Blucher; sic 'em!" fiercely commanded Elvina's father, stepping out into the moonlight and pointing to the thief.

The dog showed his teeth, gave a vicious growl and started for Ebenezer.

There was something wrong, radically wrong, but Ebenezer did not have time to reason it out.

It was only 50 yards to the nearest tree, an old oak, but it seemed to the old man it was a Sabbath day's journey.

The vibration of his short bow legs and the whirring motion of his arms cut a swath through the corn like a mowing machine.

The nearest limb was 20 feet, and Ebenezer had not climbed a tree for 20 years, but memory worked fast and he got up, leaving behind only one mouthful of nightshirt.

Ebenezer settled himself on the limb, which creaked threateningly, and hugged the tree while he tried to recover his breath. The bulldog sat down at the foot of the tree and waited.

The morning came. The dog stuck to his post and Ebenezer to his limb. Every time he stirred the limb creaked and the dog looked up and growled.

The sun came up and still the old man hugged the tree. The public road was in plain view not fifty yards away, but luckily he was on the off side of the tree.

By nine o'clock the sun—it was dog days—shone directly on his back. The dog seemed content to stay a week.

The old man hated above all things to be laughed at, but he swallowed his pride and began to call for Elvina. The old lady, Elvina's step-mother, was away, and "drat the girl," she would not hear.

"Get out, you ding busted, confounded old cur!" he yelled at the dog. A low, significant growl was the only response.

Another hour passed. He ached from his cramped position, he was dizzy, the sun scorched, and the drops of sweat started from his forehead, trickled down the side of his nose, and finally dropped from his chin. He was holding on with both hands.

But at last hope sprang up. A buggy was coming down the road.

"Dad gash it, there is a female in it!"

While Ebenezer was not overly modest, he did feel that his habiliments were not sufficient for the occasion.

More buggies came, but they were like the first, containing ladies only.

It was one o'clock before a man came along alone. Ebenezer got him to understand, and he rescued the old man by driving off the dog with a club.

They found Blucher tied to a stump near the melon patch.

"Well, I'll be dagasted!" was the old man's only comment.

Ebenezer stayed in the corn field while the good Samaritan went for his clothes.

"Bet you can't guess what's down to the house," said the neighbor when he returned.

"Drat it, it won't be there long," said the old man, as he began to tug on his clothes.

"It's a weddin' party," continued the neighbor. "You've got the finest son-in-law in the country, and that little girl of yours looks happier than an angel with wings. There's a whole house full of 'em. Got the preacher there, and they are goin' to have a big supper. They're wonderin' where you are."

Ebenezer's jaw dropped and he stood gounded to the spot. For the first time he saw through the plot.

He finished dressing in silence, then said to the neighbor:

"You go back in about a half hour and tell 'em I'm sick, over to your house, with a slight sunstroke, but will be around for supper."

Turning, after the neighbor had gone a little ways, Ebenezer called: "Say, git that dratted Harvey out and tell him I won't say nothin' if he won't."

Government experts are investigating Sweden's alum shale deposits in the hope of obtaining an illuminating oil.

## MEXICAN REPUBLIC CONTAINS MILLION OF INDIAN RACE

Problem More Complex Than That Which Confronted U. S.

### MANY INTELLIGENT TRIBES

Some Are Still in a State of Primitive Savagery, While Others Have Followed the Ways of the White Man.

New York.—Mexico's Indians present a problem vastly more difficult and more complex than any the United States bureau of Indian affairs ever tried to handle, says a writer in the New York Sun. In the first place there are more of them.

There are now 260,000 Indians in the United States, while there are more than 5,000,000 pure blood Indians between the Rio Grande and Guatemala besides a larger number of mestizos, or mixed bloods.

According to the best figures obtainable 84 per cent of the inhabitants of Mexico (about 13,000,000 souls) are wholly or partly of Indian blood. This is 50 times as many Indians as are now living in the United States.

Moreover, the Indians of Mexico have been more conspicuous in public affairs than the Indians of the United States. Benito Juarez, the Mexican patriot who overthrew the Emperor Maximilian, was a pure Zapotec. Manuel Altamirano, the Mexican author and critic; Huerta and Dr. Urrutia are other Indians.

The prominence which things Indian have in Mexico is difficult for the New Yorker who has never traveled in that land to comprehend. The Mexicans hold an annual national festival in



Typical Indian Woman of Mexico.

honor of their aboriginal heroes, despite the fact that the dominant element in the population is the strain descended from the Spanish conquerors. The Mexicans are as proud of Montezuma and Guatemotzin as the Americans are of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

Even the national seal comes from the Aztecs, who, tradition says, were induced to settle on the marshy islets

## WHALES GOOD TO EAT

Message of Hope From North as Meat Prices Soar.

American Consul at Vancouver Declares Flesh of the Monster of Deep is Both Palatable and Wholesome—Has "Nutty" Taste.

Philadelph! —Housekeepers, take comfort! Just as the price of beef is soaring skyward, and the cost of high living is driving many to distraction, comes a message of hope that whale is good eating, that there is an unlimited supply in the ocean, and that the monster of the deep is marketable, and could be put up in cans just like salmon or sardines.

The suggestion has official sanction. It comes from R. E. Mansfield, American consul general at Vancouver, British Columbia, in a report to the

## CAPTURED BY THE AUSTRALASIANS



This is the beautiful Dwight F. Davis tennis cup emblematical of the championship of the world and just won from the Americans by the team from Australasia.

which are now the City of Mexico by a sign from their gods, an eagle perched on a prickly pear strangling a serpent.

Scholars have declared the Aztec calendar system was superior to that in vogue in Europe at the time of Cortez. The Mayas of Yucatan are held by some students to have been even further advanced than the inhabitants of the Valley of Anahuac, or Mexico.

But the intelligence of certain Indians only emphasizes the complexity of the Mexican Indian problem. One student of the languages of Mexico, which correspond pretty well with the tribal divisions, concludes there are 17 families of tongues and 180 dialects. These dialects are not slight variations, however, but present differences so great that a man knowing only one dialect probably could not understand a man speaking an allied dialect. The mountainous character of the country has kept tribes apart and emphasized their differences. Association in Mexico does not always mean the melting pot, however. One finds sometimes as many as four tribes in the same village. They live in different streets, each with its own language, customs, dress and superstitions.

In civilization the tribes run from the people of the central valleys and Yucatan, who have readily taken to the ways of the white men, to the wild cannibal Seri of Tiburon Island in the Gulf of California and the savages of lower California. The last named are among the lowest of the human race, nearly reaching the degradation of the Andaman Islanders and the African bushmen.

There are fierce Yaquils with their enormous bows and arrows. These primitive weapons are even used by irregular hands assisting the constitutionalists.

It must be remembered, too, that the punitive expeditions of Porfirio Diaz were never so extensive or effective as the expeditions undertaken in our Indian wars.

President Wilson's hope in resurrecting the Mexican Indians lies in a belief that with a restoration of their land their lost qualities will return. With his land gone the Indian has become a peon, a degraded laborer. With land, he is represented to have been a contented cottager, fairly virtuous and deeply religious.

With a restoration of his lands, how will it be with the Indian? That is the great riddle of Mexico.

To get an idea of the best that may be hoped one might turn to the pages of Diego Duran, the Spanish missionary, who wrote sixty years after the conquest:

"There was never a nation in the world where harmony, order and politeness reigned so supreme as in Chi-

heathen nation. In what country of the globe were there ever so many laws and regulations of the state at once so just and so well appointed? Where have kings ever been so feared and obeyed, their laws and orders so well observed as in this land?

"In regard indeed to their laws and ancient mode of living all is much changed or wholly lost. Nothing but a shadow remains now of that good order. Our admiration is compelled by the strict account and census which they kept of all persons in town or country, who were by this means to



Indian Child With Babe.

be called upon for help in anything they might be ordered to do. They had their presidents and chiefs and lesser authorities to look after the old, or the married, or the young about to be married, with such system and order that not even the newly born escaped their notice.

"So thorough was their superintendence of public works, that the man who labored one week was not allowed to present himself for toll the next, everybody taking his turn with much harmony and order to the end that nobody might feel aggrieved."

are separated from true fishes because they have a cartilaginous skeleton instead of a bony skeleton, which is one of the features of a true fish.

"The meat of the skate and the ray is as delicate as that of a flounder, especially the part commonly called the 'wings.' They have a pretty good sale now in New York and New Orleans, particularly among the French and the descendants of the French.

"There are a lot of things that are edible and that people are passing by as no good. But we will come to eat them in time. Among the things long thought worthless as food, but are now considered fine, is sturgeon. Thirty-five years ago the flesh of the sturgeon was not believed to be fit to eat by the majority of persons. The only part they esteemed was the caviar, or eggs. Now smoked sturgeon fish is regarded as a great delicacy, and brings a very high price in the market. It sells for 35 cents a pound, and even more at times.

"I see no reason why whale should not be marketable. The Eskimos eat it. It is not a fish. Whales are mammals and warm blooded."

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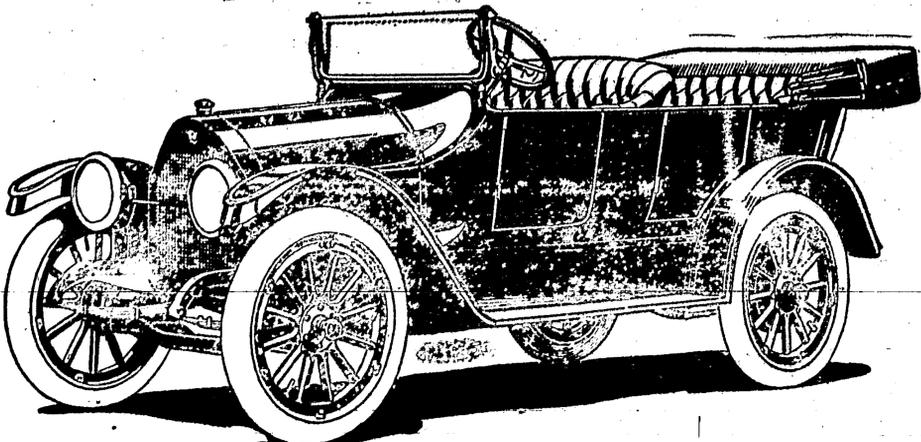
The steels we use are made to formula. Each part has vast over-capacity. The car is built slowly, with countless tests and inspections. In every detail it marks the best men know.

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We have now built tens of thousands of these cars. We have brought the cost down until the price is \$200 less than it used to be.

Now every man who buys a car in this class can afford this sturdy car.

See the latest model. See the beautiful lines and finish. Then see the countless hidden ways in which this car excels. When you do that you will want your new car built as we build this.

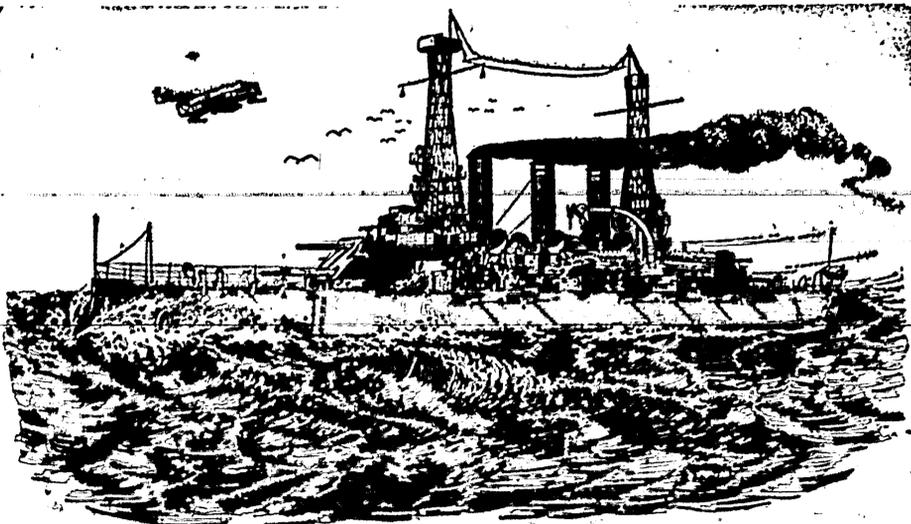
Streamline body, Electric Starter, Electric Lights, 35 Horsepower, Tires 34x4, Dimming Searchlights;



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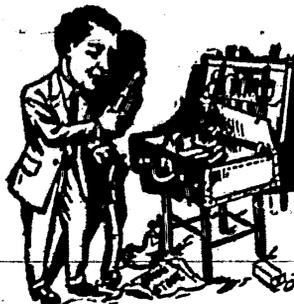
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an outfit of our toilet aids. You are not likely to get as good where you are going. We suggest shaving soap, powder, a bottle of toilet water, with the necessary brushes, etc. Don't put off getting them. Come buy them now and you'll not have that to think of again.

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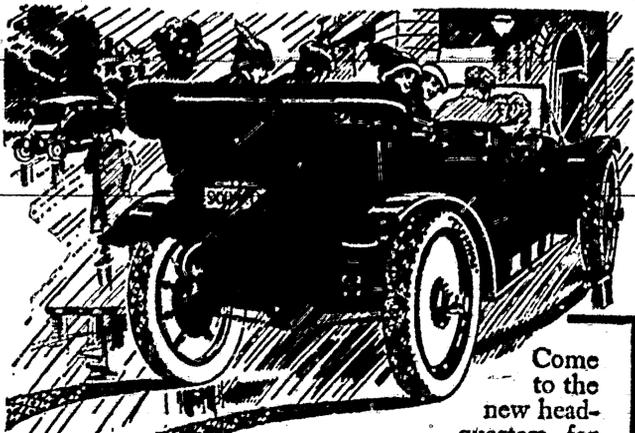
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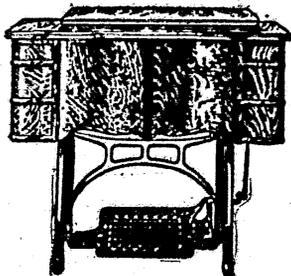
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Bargains are rare. But what a satisfaction there is in finding one. How we delight in telling our friends about it. How it tickles our vanity. Buy a—

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and you experience this same delight and satisfaction. You realize you have found a bargain.

You get a range with more up-to-date conveniences and economies in it than any other moderate priced range on the market. You get Cole's Hot Blast System of combustion that cuts your coal bill in half by burning the gases wasted by other ranges. You get the use of all six lids—anyone hot enough to boil or fry. You get a one piece oven that can not warp or buckle.

Thin, quick heating lids that will not crack or break. A ventilated fire back that lasts for months. A range of neat design—doing credit to your good judgment and a constant economizer of your fuel and food.

It is known the country over as a money saver and invites your inspection. Burns any fuel.

See the name "Cole's Down Draft"—on the high closet door—none genuine without it

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### CORONA

Geo. Spence Jr. was in town Saturday.

Pick Warden of Ancho was in town last Saturday.

Ernest Johnson of Hope, who is interested in sheep has been in Corona for the past week.

Dr. Ottegon of Willard visited friends in Corona last week

Houston Penix has been absent from school for the past week.

A little daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Richard Sultemeier Saturday night.

Mrs. Haskew from Kansas City, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Killingworth.

Mr. Walter of Roswell who is interested in sheep has been in Corona for the past five weeks.

Rev. La Britton of Alamogordo has renewed his appointment and will preach on the second and fourth Sundays.

Mrs. A. M. Brown and daughter Annabelle who have been visiting relatives and friends in Lockney Texas, returned last Wednesday.

THERE ARE ALWAYS  
NEW RULINGS AND DECISIONS  
OF THE GENERAL LAND OFFICE

For the latest information as to Homestead and Desert land laws see

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Regular Communications for 1914



F. A. English, W. W.

S. F. Miller, Sec.

July 4; August 1; August 29; October 3d  
October 31; November 28; December 26.

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In Bank Building. Phone No. 10  
CARRIZO, NEW MEXICO



**A TOUGH OUTLOOK.**

"Waiter, take this infernal steak away and bring me another."  
 "Excuse me, sir, but I'm afraid dat's impossible."  
 "Impossible?"  
 "Yes, sir. We only have 'leven steaks in stock dis mornin'. We had 12, but a hungry drummer got away with one day befo' yistiddy. All de 'leven is engaged dis mornin', sir, but maybe I could make an exchange with one of de other guests. Dat's de bes' I can do."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**Tact—and Economy.**

Mrs. Jellus (to prospective parlor maid)—I am afraid you won't do. You see you are—er—very good looking, and my husband, being an artist, is a great admirer of female beauty and—  
 Parlor Maid (interposing)—Yes, ma'am, anyone can see that by his marrying you.

Mrs. Jellus—Er—well, anyway, I will give you a month's trial.—London Tatler.

**Encouragement.**

"But she says she has never given you any encouragement."  
 "Did she say that?"  
 "She certainly did."  
 "She told me that her uncle was going to leave her a fortune and that he had one foot in the grave. If that is not encouragement I'd like to know what you call it."

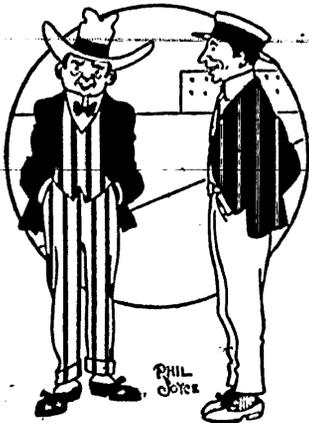
**The Rest Cure.**

First Bridge Fiend—Caroline is suffering from nervous breakdown. The physicians say she must positively rest more.

Second Bridge Fiend—Is she doing so?

First Bridge Fiend—Yes, she no longer watches the game when she's dummy.—Puck.

**HADN'T BEEN MISSED.**



"Hello, Bosh! Where are you going this summer?"  
 "Going? Why, I've been."

**Choice.**

I used to think I'd like to get a great amount of money. But now I'd rather smile than fret and know my life is sunny.

**Minutely Accurate.**

"I have resolved," said the man of emotional impulses, "to be absolutely truthful. I'm going to cut out all forms of evasion or equivocation."

"When are you going to begin?"  
 "Right now. I'm going to write a letter to my tailor, and, instead of 'Dear Sir,' I'm going to say 'Expensive Sir.'"

**If They Lived Today.**

"Socrates was a street loafer and would today be pulled in as a vagrant," says a Boston law professor. And we presume Diogenes, snoring about in the daytime with a lantern, would be hustled into a home for nuts."

**Sleepy Town.**

First Moving Picture Man—Say, Bill, did you get a reel of some of the geeks for Village Life in that burg over yonder.

Second Moving Picture Man—I should say not—couldn't find anybody in town in motion.

**Money Talks.**

"So you are engaged? How ever did Anderson manage it? He is the most silent man I have ever met!"  
 "Nonsense, my dear! He has nearly a million."

**Always.**

"When do you think a wife is justified in taking money from her husband's pocket?"  
 "Whenever she finds any there."

**AND STILL WAITING.**



"Will you kindly tell your sister I have been waiting fully three-quarters of an hour for her?"  
 "I know a feller what's been waiting three years for her."

**No Freedom.**

The wireless telephone, I swear, is apt to play the deuce. Wife can locate me anywhere. When it comes into use.

**Fate's Instrument.**

"Watch me," he said. He took his hands from the steering wheel and let the heavy car run itself down the smooth roadway. Then came the instrument of fate. It was a June bug. It clawed the daring driver on the nose and he awoke in the hospital. Moral: In a June-bug neighborhood hang onto the wheel.

**Hallowed Spot.**

"Why doesn't somebody build on this vacant lot? You seem to be short on civic enterprise."  
 "Quite the contrary, stranger. The man who owns that lot has too much public spirit to build on it."  
 "How do you make that out?"  
 "That's where the circus shows when it comes to town."

**Choice of Voices.**

"It's Mr. Boreleigh. I think I'll send him word I'm out."  
 "Won't the still, small voice reproach you?"  
 "Oh, yes; but I'd rather listen to the still small voice than to Mr. Boreleigh's."

**Misanthropic Statesman.**

"When you prove that a man is a grafter, people will regard him with aversion."  
 "Some will," replied Senator Sorghum; "but unfortunately, a lot of them will be slightly envious of him."

**Tactless Truth.**

"I shall speak the exact truth to everybody at all times," said the severe person.  
 "Don't," replied Miss Cayenne. "You'll become just about as popular as a thermometer on a hot day."

**For the Dog Days.**

"Why are you calling these days so persistently on Miss Buppe? She is anything but attractive."  
 "Yes, I know, but she has such delightfully freezing manners."

**The Final Result.**

"The public insists on having teeth put in these trust laws."  
 "Well, if they have teeth in them, it is likely they will be gold-filled."

**THE GARDEN'S BENEFIT.**



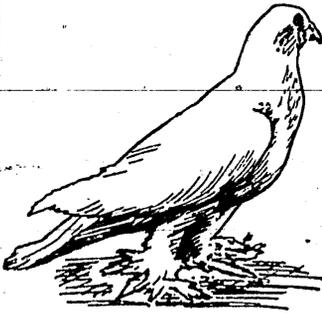
"Your garden must be a source of great pleasure."  
 "Well, it makes me more calm and philosophical. When I see how hard it is to grow things I don't feel so indignant at the prices charged by the store."

**SQUABS REQUIRE CARE**

HOUSES MUST BE KEPT CLEAN AND BIRDS FED DAILY.

To Make Success of Industry Person Must Know There Are None But Working Pairs in Loft—Guard Against Vermin.

The amount of information that has been published, showing what wonderful profits are to be made in the squab business by professional dealers in squab breeders has been enormous. While much of it has been in the main correct, many misleading statements have, however, been made, statements that probably would cause a business man to study the subject more carefully, but which the average person, to whom this literature has been sent, has read eagerly and quoted as gospel. The result has been that many a widow has placed



White Duchess Cock.

her thousand-dollar life insurance in squab breeders and equipment, expecting at least a thousand dollars in dividends within a few months, since the greater portion of this literature says, "They will pay for their feed from the start (of course, being properly mated)." As a rule the investment not only has failed to produce the dividend expected, or even to pay for the feed that has been eaten, but also has given a considerable amount of work, and the stock would be hard to change into cash at a loss of seventy-five cents on the dollar.

Some advertisers claim that pigeons require little or no care. This statement is not correct. Not only must the houses be kept clean, but the birds must be fed and watered regularly twice each day. To rear squabs successfully a person must know his birds, must know that there are none but working pairs in the loft, must keep them free from vermin, and be in position to notice anything irregular that may be going on in the loft. This requires constant care and attention, and a loft of two hundred pairs should have at least two hours' work per day, besides one day a week for killing the youngsters and cleaning up in general.

It should not be understood from this that money cannot be made from the squab industry; but it is doubtful if any person can take up the squab industry as a business and pay expenses, especially during the first year or two, unless he has had training or previous experience, as would be required in any other industry to make it a success.

The selection of foundation stock will determine largely their ultimate success or failure. Many leading breeders advise beginners to purchase guaranteed mated pairs, or what we term "working mates." As a rule, such birds as these cannot be purchased for less than \$2 a pair, and it is often hard to get them at that figure. Some strongly advocate purchasing young birds from six to eight weeks old and letting them fly together until they begin to mate, then selecting the mated pairs for another loft. In this way working mates often can be secured much more cheaply and the purchaser will know the age of his stock.

**BIG DIVERSITY OF PACKAGES**

Smaller Packs for Tomatoes Are in Favor in the Season When Prices Are Rather High.

A great diversity of packages is employed in marketing tomatoes. The smaller packs are in favor in the season when prices are high. Later half-bushel and bushel baskets and crates are used on all markets. It is doubtful whether baskets or crates holding a bushel should ever be used. Ripe tomatoes cannot possibly carry well in transit when packed in such large bulk. A low crate or basket, such as the half-bushel chip basket, is excellent for local markets and it provides a cheap gift package and does not upset easily in the wagon.

**Proves a Poor Policy.**

Experiments at the Iowa station indicate clearly that hogging down ripe small grain is poor policy, owing to the waste. Sometimes not more than 15 cents a bushel is got for small grain handled in this way. With corn it is different, for the hogging down of corn pays well.

**TREAT HARD ALFALFA SEED**

Unyielding Coats Prevent Them From Taking Up Water Readily, Delaying Germination.

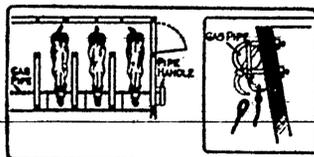
In testing alfalfa seed for germination, it will be noticed that some seeds will not germinate, although they are healthy in appearance and not decayed at the end of the test. These are termed "hard seeds." They have unusually hard seed coats, which prevent them from taking up water readily. These seeds germinate readily when the seed coats are scratched. In former years it was thought that hard seeds in alfalfa and clover were as so much inert matter. It is reasonable, however, to believe that many of the seeds become sufficiently scratched during seeding operations that they will grow at once, while others will grow later. Experimental work is being done along this line and it is hoped that soon the hard seeds in alfalfa will be found nearly as useful as the others. It is found that alfalfa seed from the various states differs greatly as to the percentage of hard seeds.

The Minnesota seed laboratory, in its enforcement of the new seed law, has made a regulation regarding the hard seeds in alfalfa and the clovers as follows: That, in placing the germination test on the label when seed is sold one-half the percentage of hard seed may be added to the percentage of seeds that germinated.

**UNHITCH ANIMALS IN HURRY**

Device Installed in Barn at Pennsylvania Colliery Which Means of Saving Many Mules.

When a barn catches fire the matter of saving the horses and mules is a most serious problem. Rapidity of the blaze, the panic of the animals and the confusion make the release difficult, sometimes impossible, says Popular Mechanics. A device has been installed in the barn at a colliery in Pennsylvania which was the means of saving the lives of 43 mules in a recent fire. A wrought-iron gas pipe, 1 1/2-inch in diameter, was passed through all the stalls, from one end of the barn to the other and supported on the front of the stalls. In each stall a seven-eighths-inch rod passes through the pipe, its lower end being bent to a hook with the point resting in a slight depression in the manger.



Plan of Instantaneous Un hitching Device.

The halter-strap ring is hooked over this. A quarter turn of a handle at either end of the pipe turns the hooks back and the rings drop off, releasing all the animals in the barn simultaneously.

**USE CLOVER AS SILAGE CROP**

Has Objectionable Odor, Necessitating Particular Care in Feeding to Avoid Tainting Milk.

Clover can be used successfully as a silage crop yielding a palatable product high in protein, but it is preferable to make it into hay, for the silage made from clover, as from other legumes, has an objectionable odor, necessitating particular care in feeding to avoid tainting the milk. It does not pack so well as corn, so great care should be exercised in the tramping of the silage at the time of filling, and the depth of the silo should also receive particular attention. Clover should be chopped before silaging as a matter of convenience in feeding and also to secure more thorough packing.

**Don't Delay Plowing.**

Don't delay fall plowing any longer than you can possibly avoid. Every weed in the stubble that produces ripe seed will make you a lot of extra work next year. The soil may not be in condition for the best of plowing. If this is the case, have the plow sharpened a little oftener and put an extra horse in the team. You can do this work and it should be done.

**Corn Is Principal Silo Crop.**

In all parts of the United States where the silo has come into general use the principal silage crop is corn. One reason for this is that ordinarily corn will produce more food material to the acre than any other crop which can be grown. It is more easily harvested and put into the silo than any of the hay crops, such as clover, cowpeas or alfalfa.

**Building a Butter Trade.**

In building up a butter trade, one should study the market. If customers like plenty of salt in it, prepare it for their tastes and they will be willing to pay a premium price for it.

**MOTHER OF SCHOOL GIRL**

Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored Her Daughter's Health.

Plover, Iowa.—"From a small child my 18 year old daughter had female weakness. I spoke to three doctors about it and they did not help her any. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had been of great benefit to me, so I decided to have her give it a trial. She has taken five bottles of the Vegetable Compound according to directions on the bottle and she is cured of this trouble. She was all run down when she started taking the Compound and her periods did not come right. She was so poorly and weak that I often had to help her dress herself, but now she is regular and is growing strong and healthy."—Mrs. MARTIN HELVIG, Plover, Iowa.

Hundreds of such letters expressing gratitude for the good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has accomplished are constantly being received, proving the reliability of this grand old remedy.

If you are ill do not drag along and continue to suffer day in and day out but at once take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a woman's remedy for woman's ills.

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

**Entertaining Company.**

"How was your tour of Egypt?"  
 "I enjoyed it immensely."  
 "I guess you saw the pyramids, the sphinx, and all the other sights?"  
 "Well, yes, but they didn't make much of an impression on me. I fell in with an old gentleman from Pine Bluff, Ark., who could tell such funny stories that I hardly knew whether I was touring Egypt or Arkansas."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

**Teaching by Example.**

Farmer (to country boarders).—Sorry that you young folks got stung. How'd it happen?

Spokesman—Well, you see we were standing beside the beehive wondering how the bees made honey. I guess they must have overheard us, for they came out and gave us a few points.

**Left Out.**

Honest Agriculturist—We don't need you women to help us run things. Didn't we men pass the compensation law, protecting everybody except farm hands and domestic servants?  
 His Wife—Yes; and I'm both.—Puck.

Every man who has money knows at least a hundred who haven't any who are willing to give him pointers on how to enjoy it.

A poetic genius is one who is able to convert his stuff into real money.

A widow says that one husband on earth is worth two in the other place.

**Summer Days**

Call for a dainty, wholesome food—such as

**Post Toasties**

with cream.

There's little work, and much satisfaction in every package of these crisp bits of perfectly cooked and toasted Indian Corn.

Appetizing flavour, substantial nourishment and convenience of serving are all found in Post Toasties.

Sold by Grocers

NOTICIAS DE LA ULTIMA SEMANA

Western Newspaper Union News Service. Oeste.

El transporte de ejército Buford recibíen San Francisco la orden del Departamento de la guerra de ir a Galveston, Tex., por vía del canal de Panamá, tan pronto como el buque esté listo.

H. G. Dubose, jefe del servicio de inmigración de los Estados Unidos en Brownsville, Texas, y J. G. Shoeborn, un agente de paradero de ferrocarril en Alice, Texas, fueron matados en una querrela con armas de fuego que se produjo en un hotel y cuya causa no está todavía determinada.

Más de 1,600 pasajeros, en mayor parte Americanos, que salieron de Europa al momento en que se declaró la guerra, llegaron en Nueva York a bordo del vapor Laconia de la línea Cunard de Liverpool. Había 543 pasajeros de primera clase, 477 de segunda y 648 de tercera. En la tercera clase había sesenta personas de fortuna pero que no podían venir de ningún otro medio.

Extranjero.

Al llegar en Londres de América la Duquesa de Malborough principió a trabajar para ayudar a las familias de soldados y marineros. Otras mujeres americanas la están ayudando.

La Embajada Rusa en Londres acaba de recibir una comunicación del estado mayor en San Petersburgo diciendo que ya está completada la movilización y que once miembros de la familia Imperial Rusa están en la guerra.

Considerando que la mejor manera de ayudar Francia es de asegurar su vida económica, la Cámara de Comercio Americana ha dado una orden industrial de \$60,000,000 para que anden durante la guerra las industrias textiles que emplean mujeres.

Sport.

Se circula en Chicago el informe que Mordecai Drown, director de los Feds de San Louis, estará transferido con los Feds de Chicago al día en que esté reemplazado por Fielder Jones.

El marino Carroll, peso grande de San Francisco, puso en la imposibilidad de continuar al fogonero Harris de Trinidad en la séptima vuelta de una lucha de quince vueltas en Ramona, Colo.

Roy Wolfe de la partida de Pittsfield de la Asociación del oeste se fue con los White Sox de Chicago en Boston y se le darán ensayo en el campo. Wolfe dio .300 con el Club de Pittsfield este año.

General.

La Señorita Cornelia E. Bryce, hija de Lloyd Stevens-Bryce, ex-ministro diplomático a los Países Bajos, y Gifford Pinchot, ex-jefe de las selvas de los Estados Unidos, fueron casados en la Iglesia Episcopal de Roslyn, L. I.

Los cargamentos de café comprado en Brazil antes de la guerra están gradualmente llegando en Nueva York, y aunque las casas de importación mostrasen un aumento considerable la semana pasada, la cantidad visible perdió solamente 30,000 sacos por el período, siendo ahora 1,448,490 sacos contra 1,559,925 el año pasado.

Una moción para simplificar los procedimientos del gobierno, una instancia por sanidad en la reforma, un ataque sobre la infletiva, el referendun, la revocación, y una revista de la conducta general del partido Democrático con la declaración que "la empresa para, porque desconfía y teme al partido," fueron los puntos esenciales del discurso del Senador Elihu Root ante la convención Republicana en Syracuse, N. Y.

Washington.

El Procurador general McReynolds fue nombrado por el Presidente al puesto vacante de la Corte Suprema.

Una indicación del efecto de la guerra europea sobre las entradas de aduana de los Estados Unidos fue dada por las declaraciones del tesoro público, que muestra que las recetas este mes de \$11,118,643 son \$4,400,000 debajo de las recetas del mismo período el año pasado.

Una nueva avenida de salida para los Americanos perdidos en Europa fue abierta cuando el gobierno Alemán ofreció de poner a la disposición de los Estados Unidos un vapor de la línea Hamburg-American que viajaría bajo protección de la bandera americana para repatriar a los refugiados.

El Maestro General de Correos Burleson ordenó que se entable juicio contra la United States Beet Sugar Industry para cobrar \$37,600, suma que se dice hubiera debido ser pagada en sellos sobre una publicación circulada bajo el franco del Senador Lodge cuando el proyecto de ley de la tarifa de Underwood estaba ante el Congreso.

Colorado.

Johnston tendrá la luz eléctrica en el mes de septiembre.

Las ferias de Del Norte se celebrarán los 10, 11 y 12 de septiembre.

Los trabajos del nuevo sistema de telefonos de Brush han comenzado.

En Grand Junction se ha establecido una oficina de empleos de estado.

John Kimmons de Fort Collins fué matado por patadas en el parque del Norte.

La sesion de otoño de las escuelas públicas de Denver abrirá el 31 de agosto.

Algunas nuevas máquinas fueron instaladas en la planta de condensación de leche en Johnston.

La granja de Virginia Dale tendrá una partida de campo en el rancho de Moen el 26 de Agosto.

La feria anual de condado de Crowley se celebrará en Sugar City los 9, 10 y 11 de septiembre.

El "Día de Madre" de la Asociación de patios de recreo de Denver fué observado en Dally Park.

La cosecha de melones en la vicinid de Swink es la más grande y la mejor que se haya cultivado allí.

Los trabajos relativos a la empresa de acortar la distancia entre Johnston y Milliken están ya empezados.

La asamblea de oficios y trabajo de Pueblo está considerando la posibilidad de erigir un templo de trabajo.

La Asociación de exploradores del condado de Montezuma celebrará su reunión anual en Dolores, el 4 septiembre.

Una compañía de Chicago ha hecho una proposición tendiendo a establecer una lechería y fábrica de mantequilla en Brush.

Emma B. Rupp fué nombrada maestra de correos en Duckingham, condado de Weld. Ella toma el puesto de Edna A. McKee, que se retira.

Los judios notables de Denver no creen el informe segun cual el Czar de Rusia había, por proclamación, otorgado a los judios de Rusia plenos derechos políticos en el imperio.

El mitin de campo y la conferencia del séptimo día de los miembros religiosos del adlvento en el oeste de Colorado se formará en Montrose y durará desde el 15 al 22 de septiembre.

Según Elder R. L. Denton de la Iglesia del Adventista del Séptimo Día, quien está predicando en Montrose, son evidentes la segunda venida del Cristo y el comienzo del millenium.

La Señorita Marjorie Reed y Joseph Reed, hijos de Vernon Z. Reed, y la Señora Townsend Burden están con la gente de Denver que han tenido el honor de una audliencia privada con el Papa.

Aquellos en la seccion de Moffat que labraron y plantaron en la primavera pasada están ahora contemplando los resultados de sus trabajos en unos de los mejores cultivos que se hayan visto en ese condado.

El perdón que se le ha prometido por haber desertado el ejército francés, hace dos años, ha determinado a Marcel Berth cocinero de Denver, a retornar a Francia en contestación a la llamada de voluntarios.

El Dr. August Bourquin, cónsul del gobierno francés en Denver, dió notificación oficial de la llamada a la bandera de todos los franceses en este país de las clases de 1887 a 1914 incluida. Esas clases incluyen a todos los franceses nacidos entre los años 1867 y 1894.

La guerra en Europa causa un aumento de depósitos en los bancos de ahorro postales, en Denver, a lo menos. El banco postal tiene la preferencia entre los extranjeros que no conocen bien el sistema bancario del país. Muchos de ellos aún depositan en esos bancos la reserva que tenían en su país en Europa.

Encabezados por el alcalde Charles L. McKesson de Colorado Sprgs. y el alcalde M. A. Nicholson de Leadville, un grupo de automóviles representando ocho estados salieron de Colorado Sprgs. para la corrida "Reliability-Sociability" sobre la región de Pike's Peak y de Océano a océano por la ruta de Salt Lake City.

Es prácticamente cierto que la guerra en Europa pronto tendrá el resultado de fomentar la producción de Spiegeleisen en Colorado y si la guerra continúa algún tiempo la producción podrá volverse una industria de importancia, según la opinión de notables operadores de minas que han estado examinando el asunto.

En coincidencia con la abertura local de la investigación federal sobre el aumento de precios de víveres en Chicago, se anuncia que la carne en las carnicerías al por mayor bajó de 25 a 30 centavos por ciento libras. Esta disminución significa que la carne se venderá un centavo menos al por menor. Se dice que esta diferencia de precio es debida a una entrada de puercos y ganado doble de lo que era la semana pasada.

NOTICIAS DEL SUROESTE

Western Newspaper Union News Service. Nuevo México.

La Cámara de Comercio de Santa Fé fué incorporada.

Varios carros de manzanas se explotieron de Hagarman.

Habrà casi 100,000 bushels de trigo cargado en Mills este año.

Una gran actividad de construcción se está notando en Deming.

Estancia ha hecho los arreglos relativos a la excavación de un pozo artesiano.

La oficina de correos de Deming fué amueblada con nuevos muebles y nuevo cofre-fuerte.

Se están ya aplicando los planes para otra corrida de automóviles entre Silver City y Deming.

La planta del periódico de Magdalena, el News, fué destruida por un incendio de origen misterioso.

El Banco Primero de Estado de Tularosa construirá un edificio de 25 por 50 pies, con frente de vidrio.

Las casas de negocio de Alamogordo han inaugurando una vacación de medio día por el resto del verano.

H. J. McGrath de Lordsburgh, compró los ranchos y el ganado de la Señora Sarah C. Harper por \$25,000.

Los graduados de las escuelas públicas de Tucumcari están haciendo progresos, según dice el superintendente J. S. Hofer.

La Señora Blanche Douglas, de East Raton, murió en el hospital de los médicos de heridas que, se dice, ella recibió de su marido.

La Señora Jemmie M. Haley, esposa de John A. Haley, maestro de correos y editor del Carrizozo News, murió en su casa en Carrizozo.

Los cultivos en Wagon Mound están en buena condición. Un agricultor tiene noventa y ocho acres de trigo que se estima en 50 bushels al acre.

El presidente nombró a los siguientes maestros de correo de Nuevo México: G. U. McCrary, Artesia; William D. Wason, Estancia; E. R. Gesler, Columbus.

La convención Democrática de estado fué celebrada en Santa Fé. La mayoría de los condados del estado designaron sus delegados para el Representante Ferguson.

El consejo de Educacion de estado probablemente dejará a la legislatura el cuidado de elegir una flor de estado. Los niños de escuelas votaron en favor del cacto.

En la seccion de Maxwell este año se esperan cosechas de granos de abundancia sin precedente. Felizmente éstas cosechas no fueron afectadas por las lluvias desastrosas recientes.

Los distribuidores del valle de Pecos han expedido setenta furgones de melones de Roswell desde la abertura de la estación. Ahora ellos están cargando sobre la base de diez carros al día.

Con el propósito de atraer el mayor número de editores a su mitin anual en Albuquerque el 17 de agosto, estos fueron representados en las casas de cinematógrafo en la exposición de San Diego.

Los Demócratas de Albuquerque votaron resoluciones al efecto que \$2,500 debería ser un salario suficiente para cualquiera alto empleado de condado y en oposición a las enmiendas constitucionales.

Simon Cox, el más joven de los tres muchachos de Cox, de Taos, mató un hermoso espécimen de oso de la variedad cinnamon cerca de su aserradero arriba en el cañon de Taos. El animal pesaba, limpiado, 125 libras.

Diversiones de cowboy y una gran barbacoa divertirán a la gente de Orange en una feria de dos días, de septiembre 13 a 16.

Dos caballos de trabajo de valor perteneciendo a D. W. Garrett recibieron tiros. Uno de ellos murió poco después del tiro, y el otro, solamente herido sin gravedad, se restableció. El disparo, se produjo cerca del lago 20.

"Ya estamos disparando nuestros cañones de publicidad para la convención de estado de la Asociación de Educacion de Nuevo México, que se abre el 21 de noviembre en Albuquerque," dijo el presidente C. C. Hill del condado de Chavez, que estaba en el capitulo presenciando la conferencia sobre la educación.

La Gran Bretaña, la Francia y Rusia, por medio de los embajadores americanos a esos países, han formalmente aceptado la oferta de la Cruz Roja Americana de enviar cirujanos, enfermeras, instrumentos de cirugía y enseres de hospital, según se anuncia en las oficinas generales de la Asociación en Washington. Las aceptaciones fueron acompañadas con expresiones de gracias y gratitud.

Coca-Cola advertisement featuring a woman drinking and the text 'Drink Coca-Cola And feel your thirst slip away You'll finish refreshed, cooled, satisfied.'

HE FOLLOWED THE CROWD

Uncle Billy Idea Was All Right, But as it Turned Out it Spoiled His Visit to Fair.

Uncle Billy walked into the village store about the middle of the afternoon, and the storekeeper, waking from his nap, said: "Thought you'd gone to the state fair."

"I did," was the brief reply, as Uncle Billy helped himself to a chair. "Didn't you like it?"

Uncle Billy looked round cautiously. The other village loafers were having a game of "horseshoes" in front of the blacksmith shop; so lowering his voice, he said, confidentially, "I'll tell you how it happened. I hadn't been to the state fair for 20 years, so I wasn't on to it very well. I decided I'd keep an eye on the crowds, and follow where they seemed the thickest. Well, it worked pretty well. I went around to a good many fine displays and shows and things. About noon, I saw a lot of fine-dressed folks goin' all in one direction, so I took after 'em. They all pushed and jammed to get through an archway, and I pushed, too. Well, what d'you guess it was?"

"Give it up," the storekeeper said, eager for the climax. "Well, they were all city folks, goin' home to dinner, and there I stood on the outside. I wasn't goin' to pay no 50 cents to get back in, so I lit out for home. I thought I'd stop in here for a spell, to keep the fam'ly from askin' questions about my gettin' home so early." Youth's Companion.

FACE FULL OF PIMPLES 4240 So. California Ave., Chicago, Ill. "About a year ago my face was full of pimples and red spots. To sleep one night without itching was almost impossible. Some of the pimples would get big and red and if I touched them they would pain, while others would get white heads on them and when they broke open some matter came out. They would burn and itch and I scratched them so that sometimes they would break and bleed. That always caused them to be worse. I bought all kinds of salves and creams and I found out that they did me no good. I noticed the Cuticura Soap and Ointment advertisement and I sent for a free sample. I went to the drug store and bought a cake of Cuticura Soap and some Cuticura Ointment and I found the pimples were drying out. In two months I was well." (Signed) Chas. J. Peck, May 7, 1914.

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.

His Bait. "They told me to use a live frog for bait," said the stranger, "but I've been here all day and haven't had a bite yet."

"I reckon not, sub," said the old Georgia darkey. "De frog hez swimmid ter a log wid yo' hook an' line, an' is settin' cross-leg on de log a-lookin' at you!"—Atlanta Constitution.

If you wish beautiful, clear white clothes, use Red Cross Bag Blue. At all good grocers. Adv.

Stages of a Career. Knicker—What luck has Smith had since he graduated from college? Becker—He severed a connection, resigned a position, and got fired.

Serious Minded. "Want you to meet a young friend of mine. The most serious-minded man I know." "I haven't any time to waste on married men."

New York has turned an east side street over to children as a playground from three to six o'clock afternoons.

A bachelor would rather hold a 15-pound girl than a ten-pound baby.

Throw Away

your complexion troubles with your powder puff — no need of either when you use pure, harmless

Zona Face Pomade "The ALL DAY BEAUTY POWDER"

At all dealers or by mail 50c. Zona Co., Wichita, Kansas.

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

SETTING THE CAPTAIN RIGHT

Wife Astonished That Husband Didn't Know That Osteopath Was Not a Fish.

When Mark Twain was at York Harbor, Me., an old fisherman, named Captain Brooks, because one of the humorists' best friends. One day Mark dropped in on the old tar and said: "Captain Brooks, do you know whether there is an osteopath at the harbor?"

"Wal," said the old captain, "the' mebbe, but I ain't never ketchid one yet, and I've been fishin' here nigh onto forty years."

"Well," said Mark, "I guess I'll go and inquire at the drug store." That evening when Captain Brooks reached home, he told his wife about it, and she said: "You're a bright one, Jed Brooks; that ain't no fish; it's a bird."

Important to Mothers

Examining carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

The Reason. Parson—How is it I haven't seen you at church lately? Hodge—I ain't been.

Red Cross Bag Blue makes the laundress happy, makes clothes whiter than snow. All good grocers. Adv.

Lots of people are thoroughly satisfied with themselves because they don't know any better.

Sore Granulated Eyelids, Eyes inflamed by exposure to Sun, Wind and Wind quickly relieved by Marine Eye Remedy. No Smarting, just Eye Comfort. At Your Druggist's 50c per Bottle. Marine Eye Salve in Tubes 25c. For Book of the Eye Free ask Druggists or Marine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

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

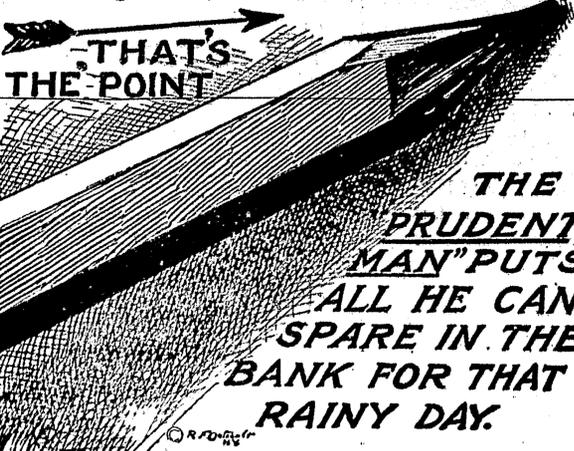


Signature of Dr. J. C. Wood

PARKER'S HAIR BALM A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 25c. and 50c. at Druggists.

W. N. U., DENVER, NO. 35-1914.

How much do you save?



THE PRUDENT MAN PUTS ALL HE CAN SPARE IN THE BANK FOR THAT RAINY DAY.

The NET RESULT of a year's work is what counts. If one man earns \$10,000 a year and spends it all, he does not really, make as much as the man who earns \$6,000 and has \$2,000 in our bank at the end of the year.

Put your money in our bank and let it STAY there; this is the one SURE way to get ahead.

Make OUR bank YOUR bank  
We pay four per cent interest on Certificates of Deposits.

**EXCHANGE BANK**

CARRIZOZO, NEW MEXICO

**WIN IN FEDERAL COURT**

Santa Fe, Sept.—Hal H. Major the Alamogordo attorney, and his son, A. Mitchell Major, won a decided victory in the federal court when Judge W. H. Pope sustained a demurrer to the answer of the defendant in the suit of the two Majors against the New York Life Insurance company, to collect \$10,000 insurance on the life of H. Eudora Major, daughter of Hal. H. Major, and sister of A. Mitchell Major.

Says the court: "The alleged motive governing the plaintiff, H. H. Major, in taking out the policy of insurance running to himself and to his two minor children can only be imputed to them so as to destroy the right of one of them to recover under the provisions of the policy that the two survivors are to 'share alike.' This intention, if entertained by H. H. Major, of course, destroyed his right of recovery but could not affect that of another party to the policy who was no party to his alleged intention. Neither upon principles of agency, can the right of A. Mitchell Major be thus defeated. H. H. Major manifestly did not entertain the alleged corrupt purpose as agent for either of the children. An intention to kill one of the children could certainly not be imputed to the intended victim upon principles of agency, nor could the intention to defraud the other as alleged in the amended answer be imputed to one against whom this design was entertained."

The motion of H. H. Major to strike out the amended answer was sustained and the defendant was given leave to file a further amended answer within fifteen days. As will be remembered, Eudora Major and her mother died under symptoms alleged to be those of arsenical poisoning.

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**NOTICE OF APPOINTMENT OF ADMINISTRATOR**

In the Probate Court of Lincoln County, New Mexico.

In the matter of the Estate of Willie Fritz, deceased  
TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:  
Notice is hereby given that I, the undersigned John M. Penfield, was on the 2nd, day of March A. D., 1914 at a regular term of the Probate Court, within and for Lincoln County, New Mexico, appointed Administrator of the estate of Willie Fritz deceased.

Now therefore, you and each of you are hereby notified that any and all persons having claims against the estate of Willie Fritz deceased, are hereby required to present the same to the undersigned for approval or file the same with the clerk of the Probate Court of Lincoln County, New Mexico, within the time required by the law or the same will be barred.

Dated at Carrizozo, New Mexico, September 11th 1914.

JOHN M. PENFIELD,

Administrator of the estate of Willie Fritz, deceased.

**NOTICE**

Notice is hereby given that J. S. Lea, Administrator of the estate of William Crockett Lea, Deceased has filed his final report of his acts and transactions, as administrator of said estate, and the Hon. Doroteo Lucero, Probate Judge of Lincoln County, New Mexico, has set the second day of November, A. D. 1914, the same being the first day of the regular November 1914 term of the Probate Court within and for aforesaid County, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. at his office in the court house at Carrizozo, New Mexico, as the time and place for hearing any objections to the same. Therefore any person or persons wishing to object to said final report may do so by filing their objections on or before the above named date.

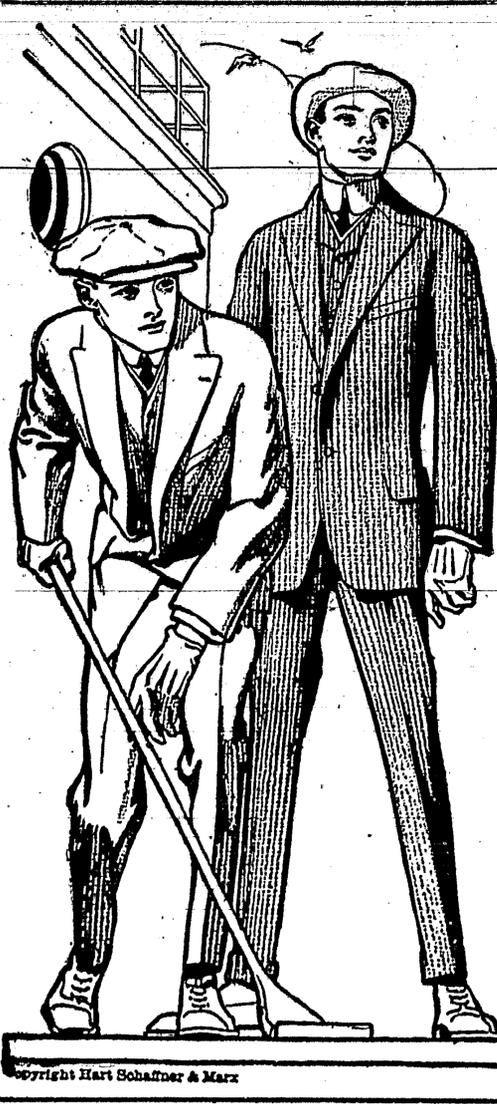
ALBERT H HARVEY,  
County Clerk.

Posted September 11th, A. D., 1914.

**REVISED TIME CARD**

No. 1—West Bound  
Leaves Carrizozo at 2:30 a. m.  
No. 2—East Bound  
Leaves Carrizozo at 3:45 a. m.  
No. 3—West Bound  
Leaves Carrizozo at 9:57 a. m.  
No. 4—East Bound  
Leaves Carrizozo at 7:10 p. m.  
No. 1 and 2 make all stops.  
Capitan branch: Train leaves Carrizozo at 7 a. m., Tuesdays and Fridays.

Let US PRINT your SALE BILLS



WATCH THIS SPACE FOR NOTICE OF OUR FALL OPENING

On account of the completion of our store we are compelled to postpone our Fall Opening.

Our stock of Fall Clothing is complete in Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing goods of all kinds.

**ZIEGLER BROTHERS**

"THE HOME OF STANDARD MERCHANDISE."

**WELCH & TITSWORTH**

FRUIT JARS  
JAR CAPS AND RUBBERS  
SEED WHEAT  
HAY BALERS  
MOWING MACHINES  
HAY RAKES  
BALE TIES  
DRY BATTERIES

DYNAMITE  
BLASTING CAPS  
FUSE  
WAGONS  
HACKS  
BUGGIES  
LIME  
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**WELCH & TITSWORTH**

CAPITAN N. M.

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Buying Cow Hides, Sheep and Goat Pelts and selling Dry Goods and Groceries.

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FEED CORRAL

**JOHN H. BOYD**

OSCURO, NEW MEXICO

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We extend to all, the advantages of an up-to-date institution. Call and see us.

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J. G. TEXTOR, Proprietor

General Transfer and Drayage business. Freight Baggage, and Express delivered to all parts of the city.

HEADQUARTERS AT KELLEY & SONS

Prompt Service

Courteous Treatment

Billiard and Pool Parlor in connection.

**The Capitan Bar**

CHOICE LIQUORS, BRANDIES & WINES

Capitan, N.M.

FRANK GRAY

ERVIN GRAY

**STAG SALOON**

GRAY BROS., Props.

Fine Wines, Pure Whiskies, Choice Cigars. Pool Room in Connection.

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CARRIZOZO, : : NEW MEXICO

PHONE 16

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**HUMPHREY BROTHERS**

Wholesale and Retail

Hay, Grain, Flour and Feed

WOOD AND COAL

Carrizozo

**LEADS FATHER TO PRISON**

Many stories of physical heroism on the battlefields of Torreon, San Pedro and Zacatecas have come out of Mexico, out for a splendid moral as well as physical courage, few have equalled the tale of Capt. P. Gonzales, a young officer attached to Gen. Fidel Avilla's staff in Chihuahua City. Constitutionalist officers from Chihuahua brought the story to the border this week. Here it is:

Last week Gen. Avila, military governor of Chihuahua, sent a detachment of constitutionalist soldiers under the command of capt. Gonzales to the Cusihiuiriachic mining district, west of the state Capital. Gonzales had orders to capture a small band of filibusters, members of the group of federal guerillas led by the Quevedo brothers, who harassed the western Chihuahua settlements some months ago. Remnants of the band still lingered in the mountains of the district and were preying on the inhabitants.

The flying column of constitutionalist cavalry lost no time. Ten days ago they encountered the free booters near Cusi and captured nine of them. The captain's dreams of promotion for the successful ending of his mission were changed suddenly to horror when he found that among the nine prisoners was his father. The death penalty, he knew faced all the captives and he was placed in a terrible predicament of leading his own father to execution.

Loyal to his duty, however, he escorted the prisoners to Chihuahua City, where they were placed in the penitentiary to wait until they should be courtmartialled. Capt. Gonzales went to Gen. Avilla's headquarters, the state palace in Chihuahua, and reported his task completed.

Then he told Gen. Avila that his father was among the prisoners he had brought to the capital. He did not say that had he cared to forget his duty, he could have "accidentally" lost his father on the road and given him an opportunity to escape: According to the officers, who tell the story, then made this request of General Avila:

"I know the punishment my father will receive and he is brave enough to face it. I could not see him executed - I should feel that I were his murderer. If you order his execution, I ask you this favor:

"When you place my father against the wall before a firing squad, please let me stand directly behind him, so that the bullets which take his life will also take mine." Then he saluted and left the room:

Villa was not in Chihuahua at the time, but Gen. Avila got in touch with him immediately by telegraph and laid the story before him. The northern leader answered the young officer's request by pardoning his father and enlisting him on the northern division. Captain Gonzales will soon be wearing a major's stripes, it is said.—The Belen News

**THERE ARE ALWAYS NEW RULINGS AND DECISIONS OF THE GENERAL LAND OFFICE**

For the latest information as to Homestead and Desert land laws see

**DENNY & OSBORN**  
CARRIZOZO, : : NEW MEXICO

**WARNING**

No one can legally close any well established road or put gates upon same, or in any way obstruct or change roads, without permission from the road board. Citizens in localities where gates, fences or other obstructions are placed in or across the roads, without legal permission having been granted by the road board, have a perfect right to remove same without appealing to the board.

H. ORME JOHNSON

BUICK AGENTS

E. A. ORME JOHNSON

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Headquarters for Roswell Automobile Mail Line  
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CARRIZOZO,

NEW MEXICO



**IT MAY SEEM A LITTLE**

Primitive and old-fashioned not to use these new-fangled preservatives to make people think they are getting Fresh Meat when they are not, but we believe it is better for the health to be old-fashioned and give our customers just what they pay for.

**Carrizozo Meat Market**

A. C. WINGFIELD, PROP.

Carrizozo,

New Mexico

**N. B. Taylor & Sons**

**Blacksmithing and Hardware**

Tinware, Oils, Glass, Harness and Ammunition

We carry in stock a full line of Cooking and Heating stoves which we are selling at low prices.

Agents for Sampson Windmills and Gasoline Engines. Pumps of all kinds. Wire Fencing.

EVERYTHING GUARANTEED

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

**Best Accommodations for All the People All the Time**

**Carrizozo Eating House**

Table Supplied with the Best the Market Affords

**AUGUST LANTZ GENERAL BLACKSMITH**

WOOD and IRON WORK IRON FORGING  
FULL LINE OF EQUIPMENT

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GIVE US A TRIAL

NEAR HUMPHREYS' FEED YARD

CARRIZOZO,

NEW MEXICO

## "QUALITY OF MERCY"

By HAZEL W. NELSON.

(Copyright.)

It was hot—and very still—in the court room. From without came a distant rumble of life, a faint clanging of trolley-car bells, or the roll of heavy trucks over the cobbles of the thoroughfare blocks away; but this was a quiet side street. In the intense heat of mid-afternoon in July the rows of wooden houses, pretentious enough in the early part of the century, were now little used and falling to decay; the overgrown yards, the wide street with its few old trees, stretched sunny and deserted.

Inside the court room there was also a stillness, not of desolation, but of high tension. The lawyer for the defense was pleading.

The jury, one by one, had tucked their handkerchiefs inside their wilted collars, then had stripped off their coats, and now sat, a study in blue, red, plaid shirtsleeves, all inwardly cursing the fate that called them to jury duty in such intolerable weather. A cool, fair-minded jury, indeed!

But there was one person in the court room that cared neither for the heavy silence nor the oppressive heat. The defendant was a young man, under thirty; the whiteness of his clean-cut face was intensified by dark lines of dissipation under his eyes. He held his head high, scorning to feel the disgrace of his position or to ask any mercy. Even the crankiest member of the jury felt vaguely that he was not just like the other timorous, or sullen, wretches who had come before them during that term of court.

He himself could hardly account for the strange exhilaration, the wonderful hope, that possessed him. Even the witnesses against him, who in turn had come to the stand and testified as one man concerning his evident guilt, smiled at him as they stepped down.

His eye lighted in contempt on the jaded little clerk bending over his writing; how old and weary and dried-up and humdrum he looked. And he himself was so overflowing with life, with the splendid joy of living and with the thoughts of that new and higher life now being unfolded to him.

"Joy!" he told himself, "there are so many big things a fellow can do—such a satisfaction working day and night toward some one end—"

To be sure he hadn't worked very much yet, but he had always meant to—always dreamed of great things he would do for the world some time.

His face grew dark as one memory after another crowded upon him; one of a more lad eagerly pleading forgiveness from his father for some thoughtless prank, but the stern rigidity of the old gentleman did not soften; of a young man, with a face grown harder and more sullen, suspended from college without a fair hearing because he would not "peach" on his chum—and a thousand others. The lines of bitterness around his mouth deepened; then came his lawyer's words:

"How well we remember our own young days, when perhaps we, too, sowed a pretty good sized crop of wild oats. Gentlemen of the jury, what is this so-called crime but a boyish trick, carried, perhaps, too far? And always—"

The defendant's face cleared, and he smiled. It seemed as if the harum-scarum lad, that young daredevil, were another person entirely; he himself was so changed now. Of course, people would make allowances for the wildness of a young man; they were always ready to forgive the scrapes of mischievous boys, especially the good-looking ones.

And then like a flash came a picture of a day long ago, when he was a boy off in the country; a picture of the old, weather-beaten court house at Pleasant Mountain, overgrown with woodbine, and a great weeping willow almost in front of the door. That day he and Bud Wilkins and Andy Blake had been to the circus at Upton—Upton was twelve miles from his father's farm; it was such a large, flourishing town, with a brick walk down Main street, and the circus always came there; and that exciting day he and Andy and Bud had been to the circus, and then—oh, joy! had happened in upon a real live trial at the court house.

Bud and Andy had shinned up the willow tree and peeped in the window, but he had on his Sunday pants and frowned upon shinning; so he had shoved and ducked in through the crowd of farmers.

He could see now, after all these years, the drawn, haggard face of the prisoner at the bar, and feel again the pity with which he had eyed the poor prisoner. And yet—

With a start he realized that now he, that same little boy, was the prisoner. It surprised him to notice how the thought stung him. But then that man had been tried for murder, the murder of a lifelong enemy, in a passion of rage, and had been sentenced

to death. And though his crime was not so monstrous, the penalty loomed unutterably worse.

He saw himself, in a convict's suit, and with close shaven head, pounding stone on the public road, marching in automatic lock-step, or sitting, a solitary figure, in a dim cell, the monotony of the prison life added to the never-ceasing cruelty of his thoughts, slowly eating away his sanity; and then, to go out into the world, to run across old friends again, with the brand of a jailbird ever upon him! His fingers clutched fiercely at the arm of his chair; it had all passed through his mind in one brief instant—and again the sweetly persuasive tones of the lawyer:

"Gentlemen, we are not yet so old or so hardened that we cannot smile with condescension upon the indiscretions of the young. Surely you have not forgotten your own college days. Perhaps, as I draw for you the scene of the—the—er—unfortunate escapade of these thoughtless young men, some similar scene from your own experience will rise before you and move you to pity.

"It is a very dark night, no moon, only a few stars. Several young men in a huge Packard are returning from a midnight revel, rendered perhaps rather—er—irresponsible—you get my meaning, gentlemen, by long reveling and much champagne.

"One of the young fellows is in rather low spirits because of large losses at cards early in the evening—very hard luck he had had that night—and the crowd devises a crazy scheme of hiding at a corner and—er—picking somebody's pocket. And so they draw up in a dark side street leading from the park, and the one young gentleman gets out—and waits not many minutes before footsteps are heard—and you know the rest, gentlemen.

"In the excitement of the moment no doubt he struck harder than was intended—and the old gentleman was not strong—but surely to jurymen of your discrimination the affair will not be regarded as serious, especially as the old gentleman is reported out of danger. The law is a punisher—not an avenger, and when we administer law without mercy we oppress the people!"

In an unconscious way he heard the lawyer's voice going on, but his head teemed with a surge of thoughts:

Yes, if this were the old, dogmatic, narrow-minded system of law, he agreed, an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, why, he, who had done a criminal's deed (he could face the cold facts now), would have to pay the corresponding penalty.

But the defendant had no fears. That old, narrow law was out of date. He could trust these modern, intelligent jurymen to discern between a cold-blooded crime and a sad mistake. How kind and broadminded they looked; how ready to listen to reason and be convinced. He thought that he had never seen such a benevolent face at the judge's. It recalled a verse from some old book, "Charity suffereth long, and is kind." Yes, that was the judge's face exactly.

What a splendid thing this American system of law is, thought the accused. No hanging a man by a crazy mob, swayed for an instant by a blind fury against some poor wretch. No tyranny of a headstrong king, banishing a noble to the Tower for a momentary dislike or the whim of a favorite. What a difference now—nothing rash or emotional—all coolness and keen judgment, justice and mercy!

How alert his every sense was! Now his lawyer had finished the appeal, had taken his seat amid a burst of applause, and the jurymen adjourned to the next room. He watched them until the door shut.

There was no look in a single one of the faces, of that hard relentlessness that he had been used to; the very broadness of their comfortable backs seemed tolerant with that charity for a human being that was stirring all humanity.

The jurymen were not out of the room ten minutes. The facts of the case were quite clear to them; they were in a hurry to get home, and this was but a trifle; the murder trial on for tomorrow promised some excitement. One must have held back, voting against the decision of the others, but the outer room and its furnace breath had overcome his slight reluctance.

In the court room the accused sat with his head in his hands; his thoughts were still running riot, he had to exert a supreme effort of will to hold himself in the chair. His pulses were tingling fiercely, with the love of mere living.

"Thank heaven! I'm not an old man yet. Really, I'm awfully young!" He almost laughed aloud in joyous realization of the long, free life still before him—

An expectant hush, following the restless stir of the room warned him that the jury had returned. He turned with a half smile on his lips to hear the verdict as the little clerk asked:

"Guilty or not guilty?"

And the answer was—

"Guilty!"

## PIONEER WAR CORRESPONDENT

T  
★

His first war to be completely reported in the daily press was the conflict of 1846 and 1847, which was fought in the valley of the Rio Grande and among the mountains of the central part of Mexico. The first

war correspondents of the modern type were George Wilkins Kendall and the other American newspaper men who rode with Zachary Taylor and Winfield Scott 60 years ago. These facts have not heretofore been recognized by students of the history of journalism.

Usually Sir William Howard Russell is called the inventor of war correspondence, and the first professional reporter of wars he certainly was. But what is said in the biography of the famous editor of the London Times, John Thaddeus Delane, that when Russell was sent to the Crimea the "idea of having a special correspondent with the army, moving with the troops and describing in detail every action and incident of the camp was an entirely new feature in journalism" is not quite accurate, for precisely that thing was done eight years previously in the war between the United States and Mexico. In America the fact has been almost forgotten, and in England it has never perhaps been known.

The few writers who have had occasion to refer cursorily to the development of the art of war correspondence have mentioned the work done by Crabbe Robinson, in 1807 and 1808, and referred to the mission of Charles Lewis Grunison to Spain in 1837, and then they have leaped to Russell and the Crimean letters in 1854 and the following years. Crabbe Robinson made it no part of his business to see a battle. Nine years before the war between Mexico and the United States began the Morning Post sent Grunison to watch the Carlist campaign; he was attached to the headquarters of Don Carlos and he saw fighting, but the days of strenuous exertion to get the news home had not yet arrived, and there was no competitive struggle to be first in London with dispatches from the field.

Grunison was the first definitely commissioned war reporter, but it was not until the United States went to war with Mexico in 1846 that newspaper men began to show, in a land destitute of the railway and the telegraph, the same qualities of resourcefulness and enterprise in obtaining the news and getting it over land and sea to their papers that Archibald Forbes displayed in France in 1870. Kendall and his fellow workers organized a courier service very similar to that used by MacGahan, Millet and Forbes in the Russo-Turkish war 30 years later, and by the occasional employment of special steamships, fitted up as composing rooms with type cases and compositors, these reporters of 70 years ago scored their scoops and outsped the government dispatch bearers.

The style of some of the dispatches sent out from the camps of Scott and Taylor glittered with gowags and in some there is palpable intention to flatter certain commanders. Few of these reporters were competent military critics. Their letters are in the main a chronicle of "thrilling achievements" by "our gallant troops."

When that new enterprise challenged American journalism a new implement for the collection and distribution of news was just coming into use. Over a wire 40 miles long, a year and a half before the first shots were fired, the telegraph had demonstrated its utility as a bearer of news. As the fighting began on the Rio Grande only about 1,200 miles of telegraph were in operation, and the wires stretched almost entirely north from the city of Washington into the populous middle and eastern states.

The city of New Orleans, near the mouth of the Mississippi, 1,000 miles from Washington, was the center for the news of the war. To the southern metropolis the tidings were brought by steamboat and sailing vessels from Point Isabel, from Tampico and from Vera Cruz. And to the ships the news was brought by the daring couriers, the express riders who had to run the gauntlet of the guerrillas who infested the dry plains of northern Mexico and the difficult mountain region between the capital and the city of Vera Cruz, whence Scott started on his march inland.

There was fierce rivalry among the New Orleans papers to be the first on the street with the news which the couriers and the ships brought to the city. From New Orleans the news was sent up the Mississippi river by steamboat, but the most strenuous exertions were made to send it on to Washington in the shortest possible time.

By steamboat and pony express the



George Wilkins Kendall

copies of the papers and the packets of letters were hurled across the southern states. Once in Washington, the new Morse service was at the service of the government and the press and there were between 2,000 and 3,000 miles of railroad in operation. But over vast areas of the North neither wire nor rail were available for the transmission of news.

New Orleans was the focal point to which all the lines converged in the Mexican war time and from which they diverged again to all parts of the United States. In that romantic and cosmopolitan city George Wilkins Kendall, a New Hampshire Yankee, and Francis A. Lumsden established the Pica-yune, the first cheap paper which the city possessed, in 1837. Kendall became one of the most brilliant and enterprising journalists of his generation and a father of the art of war correspondence.

Born in 1809, developing a fondness for jocosities while in newspaper work in New York, and landing in New Orleans at the age of twenty-five, he issued with Lumsden the first number of the Pica-yune.

After a few years Kendall embarked upon an adventure which took him to Mexico for the first time. This was the Santa Fe expedition, the history of which is contained in the graphic narrative written by the editor of the Pica-yune. The members of the "invading party" were seized near Santa Fe and marched to the City of Mexico. Several were shot and all were imprisoned.

Gen. Waddy Thompson was sent to Mexico to investigate the rumors which came to the United States of the fate of the members of what was after all a filibustering expedition, and he found Kendall among the lepers in a hospital. His release secured after some time, the writer returned to New Orleans to find himself a popular hero in the city where he long before had been accepted as a wit.

The necessity of the war with Mexico was steadily maintained in the columns of his paper, and no sooner did the conflict actually begin than Kendall was away for the Rio Grande. Through the summer of 1846 he was much of the time with the Rangers of Capt. Benjamin McCulloch.

Before the battle of Buena Vista was fought Taylor's veterans were ordered to Tampico to become a part of the army to be mobilized for service under General Scott. As the central part of Mexico was now to become the scene of the most important operations, Kendall made his way to Tampico, and his partner, Lumsden, also established himself there.

Thus Kendall missed the battle which gave Taylor his greatest fame and which made him president. But the Pica-yune scored a great feat on the news nevertheless. That battle was fought on February 23, 1847, but the result was not known for a month, although the country was filled with disheartening rumors.

At last the Pica-yune got the facts from a messenger, who left Monterey on March 9, sailed from the Brazos aboard a schooner on March 14, and 50 miles below the city took passage in a towboat, which landed him in New Orleans at three on the morning of March 24. The copies of the Pica-yune containing the joyful tidings reached Baltimore and Washington at the very time when a fierce political debate was going on as to the responsibility for "the weakening of

the army of Taylor to such an extent that Santa Anna had been able to wreck it." The official dispatches arrived a day later.

Meantime Scott had been organizing the army with which he was to march to the capital of Mexico. The investment of Vera Cruz was begun by General Worth, with whom throughout the campaign Kendall was closely associated. In 14 days the Americans were in the city. Kendall's pen was very busy. Thirteen-inch shells from the castle of San Juan de Ulloa were bursting near him as he wrote his message. He sent with his messages topographical sketches of the defenses and the lines of investment, and forwarded them by schooner and cutter, sending duplicates by any vessel that might be leaving port.

The fighting resumed, Scott was able after two severe actions to enter the city. At the cluster of some buildings once used as a foundry Worth fought the battle of Molino del Rey, and in his dispatches he mentions Kendall:

"I have to acknowledge my obligations to the gentlemen of my staff, who performed their duties with accustomed intelligence and bravery. G. W. Kendall, Esq., of Louisiana, Captain Wyse and Mr. Hargous, army agent, who came upon the field, volunteered their acceptable services, and conducted themselves in the transmission of orders with conspicuous gallantry."

Five days later the steep and rocky hill with the heavy stone walled fortress of Chapultepec was stormed, an action in which Worth had a part, with Kendall again on his staff. The following day Scott made his formal entry into the capital. Just before fighting ceased Kendall for the first time was wounded. He was struck in the knee by a bullet, and again Worth mentioned him in his formal report, saying:

"Major Borland and G. W. Kendall, volunteer aides-de-camp, the latter wounded, each exhibited habitual gallantry and intelligence and devotion."

What has been said indicates the difficulties which newspaper men had to overcome to reach their journals with their packets of news. From three to five days was the ordinary time between Point Isabel or Brazos de Santiago and New Orleans, with the news from the army of General Taylor; from five to seven days was the time of the passage between Vera Cruz and New Orleans with the tidings from Scott.

Other newspaper men served with great credit in that war.

Returning to America this pioneer war correspondent removed to Texas and established himself upon a large ranch in the county which now bears his name. He died in 1867.

Saved by a Bet.

Few men have had such luck as that which befell Raphael Lassare when, by a turn of the wheel of fortune, he won \$1,000 which enabled him to avoid prison for embezzlement.

Lassare is an ex-non-commissioned officer of the colonial infantry, with 18 campaigns to his credit. He was employed in an insurance office. Last week he received \$800 to pay out, but he lost \$600 of it at the Longchamps races. He went to the St. Owen races next day with the remaining \$200 and plunged for a double event.

# SMILES



## ANOTHER WORM-TURN.

"Shave, sir?"  
 "Course! If I'd wanted a haircut I'd 'a' said so."  
 The barber adjusted the chair at the proper angle.  
 "Hot or cold lather, sir?" he asked.  
 "What do y' want to know that for?"  
 "Well, some customers like it hot and some like it cold. All the same t' me, sir."  
 "Then 'spose you go right ahead and 'tend to your business. If I don't like what you're doing I'll kick."  
 "Very good, sir; you can kick right now. Next!" vociferated the barber, bringing the chair to an upright position with a jerk that dumped the customer out. "Bill, hand the gentleman his duds an' hold the door open for him."

It may be well to remember that the tonorial professor in charge of the first chair sometimes owns the shop.

## Better Than Nothing.

A Boston man tells how, at a railway station, a number of wives were starting for the seashore and bidding their respective husbands adieu, he heard one really charming young matron say, as she kissed her hubby good-by:

"Au revoir, dearie. Don't forget to write."

"Oh, I'll write often," protested her husband.

"Do, dearie," continued the wife, "do—if it's only a check."

## Man, the Brute.

"You can't go to the concert in that hat," said the husband.

The wife, agreeably surprised, answered with a note of joyful expectancy in her voice: "How good of you to think of it!"

"I thought of it so much," continued he, "that I only booked one seat!"

## CARVING A GOOD WORD.



Katherine—Is he making money as a surgeon?  
 Kidder—Yes; he's rapidly carving his way to fortune.

## Very Responsible.

"I never heard a greater compliment to my art," declared the contractor.

"Who paid it?"  
 "The stout gentleman yonder. He went to sleep when I sung a lullaby and jumped up in alarm when I swung into that battle song."

## Fine Chance for Publicity.

"How did Puffkins, the press agent, happen to lose his job?"

"Why, six of the leading lady's former husbands attended a performance one night and sat in the same box. That was the night of all others that Puffkins got soused and failed to show up."

## Conscientious Scruples.

"Why don't you want to serve?"

"I have conscientious scruples against capital punishment."

"I don't understand such foolishness," snapped the attorney, roughly.

"No," replied the other, serenely; "I didn't suppose a lawyer would."

## If She'd Said "Yes."

Casey—Did yez know Pat Ryan who's just died?

O'Brien—O! did! Shure, he was a near relation av mine; he wance proposed to me sister Kate.

## How It Was.

"Where ja get all the scratches on yer face?" asked the Thin Man.

"Auto turned turtle," replied the Fat Man.

"Loose tire?" asked the Thin Man.

"Tight chauffeur," replied the Fat Man.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## "Highbrow" Portraiture.

The Sitter—But surely my eyebrow is not blue?

The Futurist Portrait Painter—That's not your eyebrow; that's your character!

## MISUNDERSTOOD.



The Policeman—Move on, move on. The Melancholy-Looking Man—Not me. My wife's moved three times already this month.

## The Main Question.

"Clarence," said the American heiress hesitatingly, "I think that you should be told at once how my father made his money. Our business men in this country have methods which to one of your pure soul, whose motto is 'Noblesse oblige,' cannot but—"

"Cease, Mamie, cease," said the young lord reassuringly, "tell me no more. However he made his millions I can forgive, for your sake. Byt—er—has he still got them all right?"—Brooklyn Eagle.

## Exciting Voters.

"Your constituents seem anxious to hear from you."

"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum. "My work isn't going to be as easy as I once found it. There was a time when I would hire a brass band and give 'em a concert that would leave 'em perfectly satisfied. Now I've got to throw in a carefully prepared lecture free of charge."

## Provisions Made.

"What! You call this a summer hotel and there are only two hammocks on the place?"

"It's true that we have only two hammocks here," said the proprietor, "but there are a number of benches scattered about the grounds and shielded by shrubbery that will accommodate but two persons."

## Full of Surprises.

"I never saw a man get so much pleasure out of his motor car as Pilkin does. It seems a never-failing source of delight to him."

"That's true. Pilkin says what he enjoys most about his motor car is the unexpectedness of the thing. It keeps him always wondering what it's going to do next."

## Not Looking for Trouble.

"Do you see that ugly looking man over there?"

"I certainly do."

"He'll fight at the drop of a hat."

"Let's move from under this electric fan."

"What's wrong?"

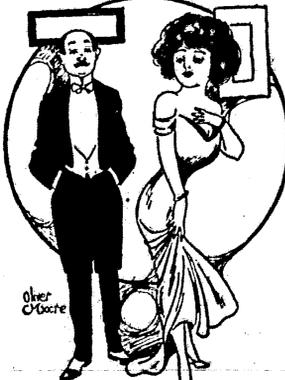
"It might blow my Panama off."

## Different Methods.

"I trust my husband fully. Whenever anything unusual happens in his office I can depend on Dick to phone."

"Huh! Whenever anything unusual happens in my husband's consultation room I, too, can depend on dictaphone."

## EASY.



He—It's hard to get rid of a habit of years' standing.  
 She—Oh! no. I haven't had a birthday for the last five years.

## Shrinkage.

Oh, Mabel's bathing suit was grand. It made you catch your breath. She fell into the ocean and it choked her half to death.

# Tires at Before-War Prices

## Goodyear Prices

It is Folly Today to Pay More

30 x 3 Plain Tread	\$11.70
30 x 3½ " "	15.75
34 x 4 " "	24.35
36 x 4½ " "	35.00
37 x 5 " "	41.95

There exists now a new, compelling reason for buying Goodyear tires. It results from War conditions.

These leading tires—built of extra-fine rubber, in the same way as always—are selling today at June prices.

You will find today a very wide difference between most tire prices and Goodyears.

## Due to Quick Action

Early in August—when war began—the world's rubber markets seemed closed to us. Rubber prices doubled almost overnight.

Men could see no way to pay for rubber abroad, and no way to bring it in. We, like others—in that panic—were forced to higher prices. But we have since gone back to prices we charged before the war, and this is how we did it:

We had men in London and Singapore when the war broke out. The larger part of the world's rubber supply comes through there. We cabled them to buy up the pick of the rubber. They bought—before the advance—1,500,000 pounds of the finest rubber there.

Nearly all this is now on the way to us. And it means practically all of the extra-grade rubber obtainable abroad.

Today we have our own men in Colombo, Singapore and Para. Those are the world's chief sources of rubber. So we are pretty well assured of a constant supply, and our pick of the best that's produced.

We were first on the ground. We were quickest in action. As a result, we shall soon have in

storage an almost record supply of this extra grade of rubber.

And we paid about June prices.

## Now Inferior Grades Cost Double

About the only crude rubber available now for many makers is inferior. In ordinary times, the best tire makers refuse it. Much of it had been rejected. But that "off rubber" now sells for much more than we paid for the best.

The results are these:

Tire prices in general are far in advance of Goodyears. And many tire makers, short of supplies, will be forced to use second-grade rubber.

## Be Careful Now

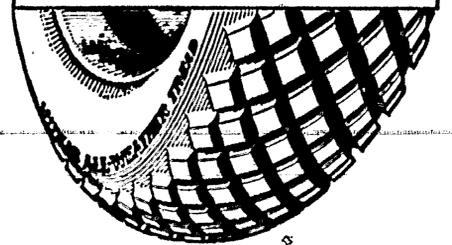
In Goodyears we pledge you the same grade tire as always. And that grade won for Goodyears the top place in Tiredom—the largest sale in the world.

And, for the time being, our prices are the same as before the war. We shall try to keep them there.

We accept no excessive orders, but dealers will be kept supplied. And we charge them, until further notice, only ante-bellum prices.

That means that Goodyears—the best tires built—are selling way below other tires.

**GOOD YEAR**  
 AKRON, OHIO  
**No-Rim-Cut Tires**  
 With All-Weather Treads or Smooth



## ARRESTED SA A SPY

### James A. Patten Tells of His Escape From Europe.

Chicagoan and His Wife Suffered Hardships in Their Thrilling Flight From Carlsbad Through Belgium.

New York.—James A. Patten, the former wheat operator of Chicago, who was one of the American refugees returning by the Red Star liner Finland, told a thrilling story of his escape from Germany after war had been declared. With Mrs. Patten he left Carlsbad on August 2 and traveled via Herbenthal and Liege, where they arrived just as hostilities had begun.

"We left Carlsbad for Nuremberg by train, as the authorities took my automobile," said Mr. Patten. "We did not know the war had broken out then as no news of the situation was given out in Carlsbad."

"Trouble began as soon as we struck the German border. We reached Nuremberg at 4 p. m. and were promptly turned out of the train and

arrested as spies. My wife and I were taken to the police station and cross-examined. I showed what credentials I had, but it was not until the American consul there showed up that we were released, two hours later. A great crowd which had gathered outside, expecting possibly to see us executed, hoisted us as we left the station.

"We were able to get a train to Cologne, however, into which city thousands of troops were pouring when we arrived. We got a train supposedly for Ostend, but we were stopped at Herbenthal on the Belgian border. We had to get out of the train at 10 p. m. It was raining and we had nothing to eat and no place to go.

"There was no chance to get another train, but about one o'clock the next morning I managed to get hold of a one-horse cart driven by a peasant, who said he would take us to Verviers, where he thought we could get a train for Liege." He gave us some crusts of bread which was the first we had to eat for 18 hours.

On the road we passed the most pitiful procession of German refugees fleeing from Belgium. Some were in vehicles, but the majority were trudging in the dust, pushing or pulling their baggage in carts. Women with babies at the breast were walking in the noonday sun.

"From Verviers we proceeded by another cart toward Liege. We had not progressed three miles when we came upon a party of Belgian engineers mining the road. They had great piles of dynamite stacked there ready to plant in the ditches they were digging across the roadway.

"They advised us to go to Liege by another road; we hastened to do so.

"Two hours later another party of Americans were halted at that very spot by a skirmish between the Belgians and uhlans. They were forced to lie in a ditch while the Belgians fired over them. Next day 3,000 Germans were killed by the same mines we had seen the engineers planting.

"Soon after we got a train for Ostend. We did not see any of the fighting at Liege, but could hear the firing."

## One Argument.

"Is your car a good one?"  
 "Discriminating people choose them," said the glib automobile salesman. "More of our cars stolen than any other make."

## Choice in Divorce.

Maud—Would you recommend the lawyer who got you your last divorce?  
 Beatrix—Well, his charges are reasonable, but I've enjoyed more notoriety with others.—Life.

## AMERICAN REFUGEES FLEEING FROM WAR ZONE



American refugees, with their baggage, on a hay wagon making their way along the highroad above Avricourt, a French village near Luneville. This party, which was without food from early in the morning of August 1 until August 3, reached the railway at Embermenil half an hour before all train service was suspended.

**CARRIZOZO NOTES**

Car of Corn Chops and Bran just arrived at the Trading Company. Let them quote you prices.

Fine Gramma Hay, Corn, Chops and Bran at the lowest possible prices at the Carrizozo Trading Co.

Walkover Shoes, Wilson Bros Furnishings and Cooper's Underwear are exclusive lines at the Carrizozo Trading Co.

**GOT ANY PROPERTY TO TRADE?** Come in and list it with us, we can handle it for you. Denny & Osborn

Throw away your hammer and buy a horn. The Carrizozo Trading Co. have a complete line of Wilson Bros Gents Furnishings

Milo maize, Kaffir and Cane, a few tons for sale at reasonable price. Inquire A. F. Roselle's Jewelry store. 9 25 3t

A handsome school bag given away free with every pair of Village School Shoes for boys and girls Carrizozo Trading Co.

The Carrizozo Trading Co., are now handling Buick automobiles by the carload, as well as all sizes of tires and auto supplies. See their ad in another column.

A mule makes no progress while he is kicking—neither does a man. Buy a pair of Walkovers, the right shoes for you. Exclusive with the Carrizozo Trading Co.

**WE DRAW UP** any kind of legal instrument in the proper form while you wait. Notary public and U. S. Commissioner in office. Denny & Osborn.

I am now prepared to come to Carrizozo and do all kinds of Painting, Paper Hanging, Decorating, Tinting, Sign Painting and Auto Painting. Leave orders at Outlook office.—C. E. Wheeler 9 25 4

**TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE OTHER FELLOW'S NECESSITY** We have a snap in a business of that will make a good investment for you. Come and talk over with Danny & Osborn.

The instant that you make up your mind that everything is coming your way, that minute things will stop coming your way—Buy a Kuppenheimer suit today—The Carrizozo Trading Co.

**PUBLIC LANDS BEING RAPIDLY TAKEN UP.** More has been taken up this year than ever before. If you intend homesteading or buying, you'll have to get busy. See Denny & Osborn.

Extra show at Crystal Friday night this week account Field Day. Regular show Saturday night. Complete change of program each night.

**BAPTIST CHURCH**

(Herbert Haywood, Pastor)  
Sunday will be a special day at the Baptist church. Rev. J. L. Rupard, of Missouri, will assist the pastor, especially in a Sunday School and Young People's Rally. In the morning at 11, and at night 7:30, Rev. Rupard will preach. Special singing, including duets by Mrs. Watson and Mrs. Haywood, and solos by the latter, will be one feature of these services, and Bro. Rupard is well known for his enjoyable and profitable addresses. A hearty invitation is extended to you, and we trust you will come and derive benefit from the occasion.

Midweek service on Wednesday nights at 7:30, and the Woman's Missionary Union at 8 on Wednesday afternoons.

**OSCURO**

Norman Riggs was a visitor from Three Rivers Monday and Tuesday.

Mrs. L. Black is suffering from blood poison in one hand.

Mrs. Adolph Gachwind is recovering from typhoid fever.

John Boyd was a visitor in Carrizozo Monday.

A community dance is announced for Friday evening Oct. 2 at the school house.

Dr. Guido Ranniger is disposing of his large crop of fine Flaming Toky grapes at very good prices.

Considerable development work will start here in a very short time most of the obstacles having been removed.

Elias G. Raffety, Chas. F. Gray, Captain D. W. Roberts and Lee B. Chase were Carrizozo visitors Monday.

Road supervisor R. E. Blaney of Carrizozo has had a few local parties out improving the roads near here.

Chas. Thornton and family are hosts to E. Thorntons father and mother and also his brother and family, all residing in and near Chicago.

A very pleasant dance was given at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Ranniger in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Jones who are visiting relatives here. Their home is in Indiana.

Alex. Mills and family, Tom McDonald and family, Andy Mayes and family and Sayers Crockett and family have moved in from their ranches for the school season.

Ray Stoddard left Tuesday with the government surveying corps who passed thru enroute to Ancho where they will survey two townships before returning here. The crew is in charge of Leo H. Miller.

The State Road Crew is now camped at Oscurio and are working from this place toward Three Rivers. The sand at North, which is midway between Oscurio and Three Rivers is proving a very difficult problem and other means than the large power grader may have to be employed. Assistant State Engineer Hooker is temporarily in Santa Fe, taking up the proposition with the officials there.

**NOGAL**

(Too late for last week)  
Mrs. Grumbles and daughter Mrs. Lena Gallacher was at Uncle Tom's last Sunday.

From present indications there will not be any vacant land left in a very short time.

Ben L. Davis sold his ranch to Mr. Prude but did not learn the price.

Negotiations for the purchase of Hokrada ranch in Nogal canyon are under way. The purchaser is from El Paso Texas.

Our Deputy post Mistress is visiting on the Mesa again. Well, we were all young one time in our life. J. C. Bender is at work on the public road from Nogal to the mine and expects to get electric power from the company to work his mine that joins the American mine.

Jeremiah Dalton passed through this vicinity Sunday last on his way to Roswell for another load of melons, honey etc.

James Gatewood has sold to Mr. Prude his ranch in the Baron Gap and all of his cattle except five cows and calves. We heard that the price for the cattle was forty dollars a round.

**The Carrizozo Trading Co.**

Announce

**AN OPEN HOUSE**

To all visitors during the Field Days

COME IN, GET ACQUAINTED



Complete line of Dry Goods and Ladies' Ready-to-wear. Kuppenheimer Clothing for Men and Young Men

**EXTRA SPECIAL**

(Grocery Department)

Potatoes, Fancy Stock, per hundred \$2 35

Sugar " " 8.00

Flour, Extra High Patent " " 3.05

**CARRIZOZO TRADING CO.**

O. W. BAMBERGER, Manager

"Quality First, Then Price."

**CARLILE & OBANNON**

(OLD POST OFFICE BLD'G.)

CARRIZOZO, NEW MEXICO

AGENTS FOR J. L. TAYLOR, Chicago Tailors

Cleaning and Pressing at Reasonable Rates

**REGISTER REGISTER**

The registration board will open the books to voters of this precinct on Oct. 17, 18 and 19 in the vacant room between the Trading company's store and Anderson's barber shop. Thereafter the books will be open at the same place each Saturday, the last opportunity to register being on the Saturday ten days or longer, prior to election day.

**JAIL BREAK**

W. C. Earp who has been confined in the county bastille for the past sixty days made his escape sometime during Wednesday night. Earp, who was a trusty and was doing the cooking for the jail secured a poker and a steel and prying out a few bricks took French leave. And at time of going to press is still at large. He was held under charges of horse stealing.

**WHITE MOUNTAIN**

Miss Cora Crews, of Oscurio, is visiting Miss Trixie Harris.

Norman Riggs was a visitor to Oscurio this week.

Miss Trixie Harris and H. S. Sheffey were visitors to the county seat Saturday.

Mrs. J. O. Nabours, spent several days visiting Mrs. Wm. Bohling in Carrizozo, the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Corn and two small children, who reside on a ranch above Carrizozo, spent the week visiting at the home of Fred Neighbauer.

Mr. Funk, the school teacher of White Mountain, made a trip to Alamogordo Saturday, and returned Sunday with a bride, formerly Miss Anderson of that city. The couple are residing in the old home of Mr. Jack Fall.