

CARRIZOZO OUTLOOK

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NEWS OF LOCAL AND PERSONAL INTEREST

Carrizozo Band Getting Busy After Having Been Idle For About Six Months. Will Enlarge Membership

SHOULD BE ENCOURAGED BY OUR BUSINESS MEN

George Clements of Corona was a county seat visitor Thursday.

"Tex" Loughrey of Oscura was here Friday morning.

WANTED:—Cattle to pasture. C. D. Mayer, White Oaks, N. M.

A. C. Wingfield, the genial proprietor of the Carrizozo Meat Market, is quite sick with grippe.

Dr. and Mrs. F. C. Smith of Fort Stanton made a flying trip to El Paso Sunday, returning Thursday.

O. W. Bamberger made a business trip to El Paso spending Saturday and Sunday there.

General B. F. Adams and daughter, Mary, drove down in their Reo Thursday evening for a couple of days in the metropolis.

Geo. A. Titworth of Capitan, the well known merchant, passed through Thursday en route to El Paso on a business trip.

County Supt. Elizabeth A. Gumm is making an inspection tour covering the east part of the county this week.

Chief electrician Slaughter of the Alto Light and Power Co. is the possessor of a fine new Overland roadster.

M. S. Crockett was in Thursday from his ranch across the malpais and reports range conditions there excellent.

Three soldier trains passed through Thursday and Friday carrying batteries of light artillery en route from the border to Fort Sill, Oklahoma.

A special train carrying General Supt. G. F. Hawks and other officials passed through Friday en route to Tucumanari.

Geo. M. Hughes is putting down a well on his ranch south of town Boge and Olsen of Oscura are doing the work.

Henry Lutz and daughter, Rose, of Lincoln, returned to that point Sunday, after a week's visit in Carrizozo.

Miles B. May and wife of Nogal were in Carrizozo the first part of the week attending to business matters.

R. A. Duran was in the first of the week attending the session of the County Commissioners. He reports business good in the Espinosa country where he is a partner in a general store.

Dr. R. T. Lucas moved this week to his new quarters in the Thompkins building just west of Ziegler Bros. store, which he has bought and remodeled for use as an office and residence.

Uncle Tom Henley has gone east to take medical treatment, and will probably spend some time in Kansas City or Indianapolis for that purpose.

Mike Doering, brother of William J. and John Doering of this city, arrived Tuesday from Evansville, Ind., and will likely remain here permanently.

Jas. O. Nabours of White Mountain came in Thursday evening on a shopping trip, and says things are looking fine in the Three Rivers country.

Mrs. W. H. Osborn and daughter, returned Wednesday from a three years' visit with relatives in Indiana. Perhaps it wasn't that long but it seems so.

I E Schaffer went to Alamo gordo Wednesday and received the Chapter degrees of Masonry there. He looks as well as could be expected, but bears some marks of the ordeal through which he passed.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Campbell entertained Messrs. John E. Bell and A. H. Harvey and wives, and Messrs. Denny and Osborn at cards last Friday evening, in their beautiful new home. Whist was played and a delightful lunch served.

LOST:—One diamond stick pin, horse shoe design, either in Doering barber shop, on street between that place and Carrizozo Eating House, around the Eating House or between that point and depot. Finder return to Outlook office and receive a liberal reward.

Ray C. Lemon of White Oaks was a visitor Thursday on business connected with the new Alto Light and Power Co., with which company he is connected at White Oaks. He states that the "juice" will probably be turned into the Carrizozo line by the middle of next week.

GETTING BUSY

The Carrizozo Band was called together by the president on Tuesday night the regular meeting night after a recess of over six months. The organization remains unchanged and the work of practicing will continue as before, Tuesday and Friday nights of each week remaining the regular meeting nights for practice.

At the meeting Tuesday night the following officers were elected to succeed the officers whose terms expired some time ago:

H. B. Humphrey, President, Ebb Jones, Secretary and Treasurer, Dewey Herron, Dispatcher.

Lewis A. Burke was elected to membership Tuesday night, having been previously elected at a special meeting to the important office of musical director for the band. Mr. Burke is a man of wide experience in band and orchestra work having had six years experience, as a drummer and trombone soloist at the Auditorium Theatre at Galesburg, Ill. one season at similar work at the Ada Meade Theatre at Lexington, Ky., three summer seasons at band orchestra work in Petosky, Mich., one season as 1st trombonist with Ringling Bros. Concert Band, and one season with Forpaugh & Sells Bros. Concert band.

Mr. Burke intends to establish a music store here in Carrizozo and will arrange to teach music, especially that of band instruments.

The band is fortunate to secure the services of a director of such wide experience, and with its sound organization there is no doubt of success resulting in a credit to the town of Carrizozo.

Applications are now in for new members who will probably be elected to membership at the next regular meeting of the band.

NEWS FROM LIVE COMMUNITIES OF COUNTY

Corona is Visited by Several Inch Snow. J. L. Jones Disposes of His Restaurant and Butcher Shop

FT. STANTON AMUSEMENT CLUB ELECT OFFICERS

A. W. Calbanch has bought Mr. Caines old Studebaker car.

The Sutlemer Bros. are in from the ranch.

Friday morning the snow began falling and when it stopped the ground was covered several inches.

J. L. Jones sold his restaurant and butcher shop to J. T. Bond and son.

M. C. Porter and Mr. Caines returned Friday from El Paso with a new Studebaker car.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Stoops has returned from a visit with Mr. Gann at Magdalena.

Joe Simpson has returned from Palomas Springs where he had been for the benefit of his health.

J. T. Tipton is in from the Omar Owens ranch where he is drilling a well.

Zeb Brooks, G. C. Clements, A. Shartzler have returned from the trial of A. W. Shartzler at Estancia, N. M.

Quite an interest was taken in the election here last Monday, there being 78 votes polled. J. L. Jones had a majority of 34 and G. C. Clements was elected without an opponent.

ANCHO

J. B. French shipped six cars of sheep from here to Kansas City Monday.

Geo. M. Wills returned from an extended trip to Iowa, where he spent the holidays with relatives and friends.

Emmett Ross has just returned to Ancho from Denver. Why is it that they all come back to this good old state?

Fred L. Brawn and C. E. Hagelberg both traveling salesmen for the Charles Illfeld Company spent Sunday in Ancho.

Mrs. J. Eve and daughter Hazel returned from Pueblo, Colorado, the latter part of the week, where they have been visiting relatives since before Christmas.

T. M. Dubois of Corona received a shipment of 180 head of nice Hereford cows at the yards here last week, and W. R. Lovelace 50 head of good calves.

P. G. Peters of the Capitan Merchandise Company was in Ancho last Sunday on his way out to the Jicarilla's where he is interested in some mining property.

The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Christian has been quite sick for several days past with a mild attack of pneumonia. At the present time he is reported some better, and we hope to see him fully recovered soon.

FORT STANTON

Dr. and Mrs. F. H. McKeon of No. 2 with their guest Mrs. Aldridge were guests of No. 4 Sunday last at dinner.

The members of the Officer's Mess are most thankful to Mrs. Aldridge for the number of high class records presented them for the No. 4 music room.

Mr. Phillip McElhone recently appointed administrator for the estate of the late Captain M. T. McCraw has just closed said estate by selling a number of articles at public sale last Saturday evening.

Dr. and Mrs. F. C. Smith left Monday morning for Carrizozo and El Paso on a special business mission. They made the trip to Carrizozo in the Sitton touring car.

The new regulation uniform to be worn by all members of the U. S. P. H. S. has been officially announced and as a consequence all the officers and attendants are busy making out their respective order blanks.

The Fort Stanton Amusement Association met in Library hall last Monday evening and transacted important business. A number of questions were discussed regarding the improvement of programs etc. Officers were elected and various committees appointed.

Mrs. J. W. Besse wife of Lieut. J. W. Besse who has been visiting her husband and friends here for the past month was called to her home in Iowa last Thursday because of the serious illness of her parents. We hope she found them improved and on road to recovery and we hope and long for Mrs. Besse's return to the Post where she is missed very much.

CHAVEZ NOW SHERIFF

Porfirio Chavez again took charge of the Sheriff's office Tuesday. The case against him for removal from office was reversed by the Supreme court which reinstates him on the office. It is believed that Mr. Chavez will be entitled to the Sheriff's salary during the time he was out. One of his first duties on re-entering the office was to catch a man who had broken into Clarence Spence's residence, which job was quickly performed and the offender lodged in the "hoose-gow". He has also made a clean up of the "Weary Willies" who were sojourning in this vicinity and put them to work on the streets and ditches of our city. We hope that he will continue to utilize this class of labor until our streets are all in first class condition. It is a good proposition in many ways, having a tendency to keep a large number of hobos away from Carrizozo, and those who do land here can easily be made to put our city in the "spotless town."

QUIETLY MARRIED

Saturday afternoon at the Methodist parsonage, David J. Vent and Lula Brooking were united in marriage by the Rev. E. D. Lewis. The wedding was a very quiet affair, only a few friends of the happy couple being in attendance. Mr. Vent is well-known in railroad circles having been a dispatcher here for the Southwestern for a number of years. The bride is a native of Lincoln County and is widely acquainted. The Outlook joins their many friends in wishing them a happy and successful married life.

MRS. MARY T. FOREMAN PASSES AWAY

Very Highly Respected and Useful Woman Dies in This City After a Very Brief Illness

WILL BE GREATLY MISSED BY FRIENDS AND RELATIVES

Mrs. Mary T. Foreman, nee Mary T. Hammonds was born in Grayson county, Texas, October 17th, 1855 died January 15th, 1915, making her 59 years of age at the time of her death. She was married on May 5th 1871, to B. G. Kelley, and to this union was born four children, two of whom, John T. Kelley, of Deming, N. M. and Mrs. L. A. McCall of Carrizozo survive her. She was married the second time, at Colorado, Texas on June 10th 1884 to Mills B. Foreman and to this union was born three children of which number, two survive, Geo. L. Foreman of El Paso, Texas and Will O. Foreman of Carrizozo. She is also survived by her husband Mills B. Foreman and one brother W. A. Hammonds of El Paso. Mrs. Foreman became a practical nurse in San Antonio, Texas in 1880, since which time her life has been devoted to that great work. She was a member of the M. E. Church

South of the Eastern Star, the Daughters of Rebekah, and the Woodmen Circle in all of which organizations she will be greatly missed.

Mrs. Foreman had a rare talent for nursing and taking care of the sick, for which she was peculiarly well fitted, having a ready sympathy for the sufferers and an intuitive knowledge of wants of any sick person of whom she had charge. She had a host of friends through out this county and vicinity. She was a good neighbor, a loyal and devoted wife and loving mother—in all and all a type of woman whose loss, when gone, is felt by everyone whose fortune it is to meet and be associated with during life.

The sympathy of all is with the bereaved relatives.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to thank the many kind friends and neighbors as well as the lodge of which our dear wife and mother was a member for their many kindnesses rendered during her recent illness and after her death.

Mills B. Foreman.
Geo. L. Foreman.
Will O. Foreman.
John T. Kelley.
Mrs. Cora McCall.

CARD OF THANKS

We desire to express our heartfelt thanks to our many friends for the sympathy and kind assistance during the illness and after the death of our dear husband and father—Mrs. John H. Cole and family.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to express our heartfelt thanks to our many friends who were so kind and sympathetic in the recent illness and death of our darling baby.—Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Reasoner.



The MAD of the FOREST

By RANDALL PARRISH
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CHAPTER I.

A Messenger From the North.
I stood alone on the banks of a small stream gaging down into the clear water, my thought centering upon the journey homeward, when the bushes opposite parted, and a man stood on the bank scarcely a dozen steps away, with only the stream between us. It was time and place for caution, for suspicion of strangers, and my rifle came forward in instant readiness, my heart throbbing with startled surprise. He held up both hands, his own weapon resting on the ground. "Not so careless, boy," he called across cheerfully. "There is no war, so far as I know, between white men." His easy tone, as well as his words, jarred on me, yet I lowered the rifle. "I am no boy," I retorted, "as you may discover before we are through our acquaintance."
"No? Well by my eyesight you look it, although in faith you are surely big enough for a grown man. Yours is the first white face I've seen since I left the Shawnee towns—a weary journey."
"The Shawnee towns!" I echoed, staring at him in fresh wonderment. "You come from beyond? From the Illinois?"
He stroked his beard.
"A longer journey than that even," he acknowledged slowly. "I am from Sandusky, by way of Vincennes."
"Alone?"
"The Indians who were with me remained at Shawnee; they lost heart. Since then I have been by myself."
"Come over," I said shortly, "where we can converse more easily."
He stepped into the cool water unhesitatingly, and waded across, a small pack at his back, and a long rifle across his shoulder. There was a reckless audacity about the fellow I could not fail to observe, and as he waded up the rather steep bank, I had a glimpse of a face far from my liking. However, ours was a rough life in those days, acquainting us to strange acquaintances, so I waited, my rifle in my hand, determined to know more of this wanderer. He was a man of middle age, with gray hair a little, and scraggly beard, and an active body, of good girth, and a dark face, deeply scarred, having an ugly scar across his right cheek, seemingly from its white center the slash of a knife. The eyes, gleaming beneath the brim of his hat, were furtive, uncanny, black as to color, and bold enough in the sneaking way of a tiger cat. Beyond these things there was little distinctive about the man, his dress merely that of the backwoods—fringed hunting shirt and leggings of leather, dirty and soiled by long use, yet exhibiting a bit of foppery in decoration which made me recall the French voyageurs of the north and their gay ribbons. At his belt dangled hunting knife and tomahawk, but these, with the rifle, constituted his whole display of weapons. Even before he had obtained the level on which I stood I had conceived a dislike for the fellow, a desire to have done with further acquaintance. With feet planted firmly on the edge of the grass he scanned me from head to foot with unwinking eyes, that sought vainly to smile.
"You are surely a big fellow," he said at last. "Some hand at rough and tumble, I make bold to guess. Let us have frankness between us. I come from the north on a mission of peace, the representative of the tribes, and of Hamilton. All I ask is fair speech, and guidance."
"You represent Hamilton, you say?"
"Aye, though I expect little will come from it. I would have word with St. Clair and Harmar. Know you either man?"
"Both, passing well. St. Clair is up the river—or was three days since—but General Harmar represents him at the settlement. How happens it, my friend, if the message be so important, Hamilton did not dispatch an officer?"
"He had no choice. None volunteered for the task, and I was the selection of the tribes. You question me as though you were Harmar himself; and more, you have the look of it. You're not a woodman, you say; then I make a guess—you're a soldier."
"I am," I returned quietly, "an ensign in the regular service."
"Name?"
"Joseph Hayward of Fort Harmar."
"The gods be praised! Now is the way made clear. You were traveling thither?"
"I am to be there tomorrow."
"In ample time for my purpose. I recall your name, Master Hayward, as spoken by the Delawares. You were at Chillicothe last spring?"

"I attended the council."
"The very man, and now you can serve me well, if I may journey with you?"
"I am not overly fond of white men who turn Indian," I said coldly. "However I'll see you safe to the fort gates if you play no forest tricks on the way. And now you might tell me who it is I am to companion with."
He grinned, showing his teeth, and my eyes noted how firmly he held his gun.
"A pledge is a pledge, Master Hayward," he answered, insolently. "I am called Simon Girty."
I involuntarily took a step backward, staring into the man's face. That he was a renegade of some sort, I had realized from the first, yet it had never once occurred to me that he could be that bloody scoundrel, Girty. There flashed across my mind the stories I had heard of his atrocities: his leadership of Indians in midnight forays; his malignant cruelty; the heartlessness with which he watched victims burning at the stake; his outrages on helpless women and children; the fiendish acts of savagery with which his brutal name was connected along the border. And this was the man—this cowardly-eyed dastard, who stood there grinning into my face, evidently amused at my undisguised expression of horror. Protect, and guide him! My first inclination was to strike the man down in his tracks, kill him as I would a venomous snake. He read all this in my eyes, in the stiffening of my muscles.
"No, no, Master Hayward," he sneered, bringing his rifle forward, "don't let the name frighten you. The half you've heard of me are lies. I'm not so bad when all is told, and there is more than one borderman who can recall my mercy. Kenton escaped the stake through me, and there are white women and children awaiting ransom in Detroit because I interceded for them. Now I play fair, above board—see?" and he dropped his gun on the grass, and held out his empty hands. "It is easy to kill me, yet you will not—you are a soldier."
I stood irresolute, hesitating, half tempted still to come to blows, yet his act disarmed me. Beaten though he might be I could not kill him in cold blood; I was no murderer, yet it was a struggle to resist.
"Now listen, Simon Girty," I managed to say, at last. "There is no friendship between us, now nor at any time. I hold you a murderous renegade, a white savage, to be shown less mercy than an Indian dog. But I leave others to deal with you as you deserve. As you say, I am a soldier, and will act like one. I have pledged you my word of guidance to Fort Harmar. I will keep the pledge to the letter, but no more. Beyond the gate you proceed at your own risk, for I lift no hand to protect you from just vengeance. I despise you too much to fear you. Pick up your rifle. That is all; now we will break our fast, and go."
Convinced as I was that Girty actually desired to reach the fort, although somewhat skeptical as to his purpose, I felt no fear of treachery. I was of too great value to the fellow to warrant an attack; so, without hesitation, I led the way, permitting him to follow or not, as he pleased. I had it in my mind to question him, but refrained. What would be the use? The fellow would only lie, in all probability, and one word would lead to another. He would have to be explicit enough once he confronted Harmar, and my duty merely consisted in delivering him safely at the gates of the fort.
It was noon when we came to the clearings, littered with stumps, but yielding view of the distant river, and the scattered log houses of Marietta. Men were at work in the fields, but I avoided these as much as possible, although they paused in their labor and stared suspiciously at us as we advanced. However I was well known, my size making me notable, and as our course was toward the town, no one objected to our progress. There was no recognition of the man, who clung close to my heels, and I wasted no time in getting past, eager to be well rid of him.
In truth I felt little hope of getting through thus easily. The fellow was too widely known not to be recognized by some one. These men of the fields were settlers, newly arrived mostly, and slightly acquainted as yet with border history, but there would be idle hunters in the village, backwoodsmen from across the river, men who had ranged the northern forests, and to whom the name of Girty meant much. Let one of these look upon the man and his life would scarce be worth the snap of a finger. Not that I cared,

except as his safe passage involved my own word.
"Come along," I said harshly. "I would be done with you."
We advanced up the road to where the fort gates stood open, a single sentry standing motionless between the posts. As we drew near, a group of hunters—a half dozen maybe—suddenly emerged, their long rifles trailing, on their way to the valley. I recognized the man in advance as the Kentuckian Brady, frontiersman and Indian fighter, and recognizing me he stopped.
"Ah, back again, Master Hayward," he exclaimed good humoredly. But what is it you have here? No settler of this valley, to my remembrance."
He stared at my companion, shading his eyes with one hand, his face losing its look of cheerfulness.
"Indian trappings—hey!" he exclaimed. "Some northwest renegade! Stop! I've seen that face before!" His rifle came forward swiftly, as the truth burst upon him. "Curse you, you're Simon Girty!"
I gripped the barrel of his gun, pressing my way between him and the others behind.
"Whatever his name," I said sternly, "this is not your affair. The fellow comes with message from Hamilton, and has my pledge of safe guidance. Stand back now, and let us pass!"
"I'll not stand back," he said wrestling to break my grip on his rifle. "Not to let that devil go free. Let go of the gun-barrel, you young fool! I'm not one of your soldiers. Here Potter, Evans, do you hear? That is the bloody villain Girty—come on!"
They had hold of me instantly hurling me back in spite of my struggling. I saw the renegade throw forward his rifle, and shouted to him.
"Don't do that, you fool—run!"
Even as I cried out the order I leaped forward, seeking to get grip on Brady, hurling the others aside with a sweep of my arms. There was an instant of fierce fighting, of blows, curses, threats. I lunged over the rifle barrel, and got grip on Brady's head, only to be hauled back by a dozen hands, and flung to my knees.
"Sentry! Call the guard!"
I got the words out somehow, boring my way forth from under the huddle of forms. There was a rush of feet, the shouting of an order, the shock of contact, and then I stood alone, wiping the perspiration from my eyes.

CHAPTER II.

With General Harmar.
"That will do, sergeant," I called out, the moment I could gain breath. "Here now, don't hit that man! Surround this fellow and take him inside the stockade. Never mind me; I'll take care of myself."
The little squad tramped off, Girty in their midst, his head turned back over his shoulder watchfully. I stepped forward fronting Brady, and held out my hand.
"Sorry this happened," I said soberly, "but I promised to bring the man to the fort, and I had to defend him."
"He's a bloody savage!" he retorted, with an oath, and making no responsive movement; "he's worse than any Injun on the border."
"I know all that, Brady. I despise the fellow as much as any of you, although I may not have suffered through his acts as some of you have. But he is here in peace, not war. To injure him now might cost hundreds of lives. Let him give his message to General Harmar; after that we shall know how to deal with the skunk. At least do not hold this against me; I only did my duty."
Brady loosened his grip on his gun, and took my hand.
"I understand that, boy," he said, not unkindly. "Your fighting was square enough, and no harm done. I like the way you went at it, but I reckon you don't quite sense how we old Kentuckians feel about renegades of that stripe. 'Taint natural you should, for there ain't been no Injun war to amount to anything since you come to this country. But I've seen that greasy devil in paint an' feathers; so has Evans here, an' these year young fellows know some of the dirt he's done. He's led war parties against us, an' killed our neighbors. That skunk stood by an' let 'em burn ol' man Roddy at the stake, an' never raised a hand. It's a hellish fact, true, sir! An' he only laughed at Kenton when the redskins made him run the gamut. The ugly cur ought to be skinned alive!"
"I've heard all that," I replied when he stopped, his eyes blazing angrily. "But two wrongs never made a right, men. He came here voluntarily as a messenger. The tribes are in council at Sandusky and sent him. That is why I stood in his defense against you. We must learn what word he brings. If he were killed on such a mission every Indian in the northwest would feel called upon to avenge his death. It would mean raids and warfare the whole length of the Ohio; it would mean the murder of women and children; the burning of homes, and all the horrors of Indian warfare for years to come. There is only a fringe of white settlers on this side of the river, Brady, and a mere handful of soldiers to defend them. We cannot afford to have war, we are not ready."
"Ready? rot! I am for going in now, an' finishing the job. This new government policy of strokin' those devils on the back, makes me sick. That ain't the way we cleaned up Kentucky."
"Easier said than done, Brady. This isn't Kentucky, and the conditions are different. Those were hunters and backwoodsmen who took possession of that land to the south. They came alone, on foot, rifle in hand, fighting men every one. That was their trade. These settlers who have come in north of the Ohio are of a different breed; they have brought wives and children with them, and have come to till the land. They are not hunters and woodsmen; half of them never even saw an Indian. They would be as helpless as babes on a war trail. St. Clair and Harmar are doing the best they can under such conditions. They have got to compromise; they don't dare provoke war. The Indians and the British know this is true; Girty knows it, or he never would have ventured to come in here—what is it, Faulkner?"
The sergeant, a short, stocky fellow saluted stiffly.
"The compliments of General Harmar, sir, and would you come to his office."
"Very well, sergeant, as soon as I can slip out of these hunting clothes. Am I right, Brady?"
"Maybe so," he admitted reluctantly, "but that ain't my style o' handling Injuns. I reckon we'll hang 'round here, till we see what's comin' out o' this yer message bearin'. I'd sure like to be in any fracas war I could get a slam at that hound o' hell."
It required but a few moments for me to shift my hunting suit for a suitable uniform, and this accomplished, I hurried across the parade to the office. The orderly admitted me at once. General Harmar was alone, sitting beside a small writing table, and began questioning me the instant I appeared.
"Close the door, Mr. Hayward. Now, sir, what is it that just happened outside the gate? Fighting with some of my scouts, I understand; over a fellow you brought in with you? I presume there was some cause for this unseemly quarrel?"
"There was, General Harmar," I replied, standing cap in hand.
He leaned back in his chair, drumming with one hand on the table, his stern eyes on my face.
"Then make your report, sir."
I went over the events of the past few hours rapidly, but clearly, and there was no interruption until I ceased to speak.
"Who did you say the man was?"
"Simon Girty, sir. That was the name he gave me, and Brady recognized him at once."
"What is his mission? Did he say?"
"Not a word, sir, except that he represented the tribes, and bore a message from Hamilton."
"Think you he lied? Is his purpose to learn our strength and position?"
"No, sir, I think not," I replied soberly. "There was no necessity; beyond doubt they know that already. I do not think the fellow would dare come other than he said; he is not of that breed."
He walked back and forth across the room, his hands clasped, his head bent in thought. He was a florid-faced, heavily-built man, his step heavy on the puncheon floor. Facing the door, he stopped with sudden decision.
"Orderly," he called, "have the sergeant of the guard bring the messenger here at once. Search him for weapons first."
He turned toward me.
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Useful at the Races.
"Why did you pick Alpha to win that race? I never thought he would win."
"Alpha is the first letter of the Greek alphabet. I figured that Alpha should naturally lead."
"See what it is to have an education!"

"NERVE" MATCHED HIS PLAY

Golfer's Remarkable Luck Almost Equaled the Remark With Which He Followed It.
A member of the Washington American League team, who had always pretended to regard golf as a game for old men and crippled women, was persuaded to try his luck at the sport. Almost the whole club went to the first tee to see him drive off.
"What have I got to do, caddie?" he asked of the boy who went with him.
"You drive off from here," said the caddie, pointing to the tee, "and you're to put the ball in that little hole with the flag flying above it. I'll go on and mark your ball."
The caddie did so, and the ball player, with proper deliberation, drove off. By an extraordinary stroke of luck he drove a beautiful ball, which landed just on the edge of the green, and slowly trickled down into the hole. The caddie, wild with excitement, came dashing back, shouting: "You're down in one—the ball's in the hole!"
"Well," said the novice, nonchalantly, "I'm glad of that. At first I was afraid I might have missed it."

NOT NAMED HERE

made its author famous and earned a great fortune. William A. Pinkerton, chief of the Pinkerton National Detective Agency, says it is the greatest detective story he ever read. Soon this story will be printed in THE GREAT DIVIDE, 205 Post Building, Denver, Colorado. Send a stamp for sample copy. Write today—also say where you read this.—Adv.

Natural Proceeding.
"What do you suppose Smith will do with his windfall?"
"He'll blow it in."

So happy. Use Red Cross Bag-Blue; much better than liquid blue. Delights the laundress. All grocers. Adv.

Not the First.
Apropos of a millionaire of fifty-five who had divorced his wife after 30 years of happy wedlock in order to marry a chorus girl of eighteen, Mrs. Harvey W. Wiley, the brilliant suffrage worker, said with no little bitterness:
"He is not the first man to use his wife as a ladder and then kick the ladder away."

What New Friends Do to Us.
David Grayson, author of "Adventures in Contentment," beginning his new novel, "Hempfield," in the American Magazine, says:
"When we let new friends into our lives we become permanently enlarged and marvel that we could ever have lived in a smaller world."

Anything to Oblige.
Officer Silling in form—What's your religion?
Zealous Recruit—Well, what are you short off?

The Hero at Home.
"Did you rise to the occasion when the burglar got into your house?"
"No, but my hair did."

At the First Signs
Of falling hair get Cuticura. It works wonders. Touch spots of dandruff and itching with Cuticura Ointment, and follow next morning with a hot shampoo of Cuticura Soap. This at once arrests falling hair and promotes hair growth. For free sample each with 32-p. Skin Book, address post card: Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

International Lack.
"He took French leave."
"Where was his Dutch courage?"—Baltimore American.

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

Shameless.
"All that I have I owe to my wife."
"Well, if I were you I wouldn't brag that I had married for money."

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By Murine Eye Remedy for Red, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids; No Stinging, just Eye Comfort. Write for Book of the Eye by mail Free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

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"Why is it you are going South?"
"For my rheumatism."
"Can't you get enough of it here?"

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

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STOCKMENS STATE BANK

CORONA, NEW MEXICO

INSTRUMENTS RECORDED WEEK ENDING JAN. 22, 1915

(By DENNY & OSBORN, Abstractors) WARRANTY DEEDS

Amanda Adams et ux to Orrin C. Davis Lots 8, 9 and 12, Block 3, Town of Nogal.

Jesse A Bond to Hark B. Colbaugh, northeast quarter section 3 and northwest quarter section 2, Township 1 south, Range 14 East, 311.46 acres.

Louis Lalone and wife to Ziegler Bros., Lot 9 block 5 Town of Carrizozo.

PROOF OF LABOR

F. George Queen, "Bristol" Lode Claim, White Oaks, District.

MARRIAGE LICENSES

David J. Vent and Lula Brookling, both of Carrizozo, Juan Archuleta and Ambrosia Olguin of Lincoln Jesus Baca and Crucita Zamora of Lincoln.

MERCANTILE LICENSES

Fisher Lumber Co., Capitan.

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You know that Mr. Parrish has written some of the biggest successes ever published. There's action in every line he writes. Intense interest, excitement, and an absorbing love theme are irresistibly combined. In this new story he is at his best.

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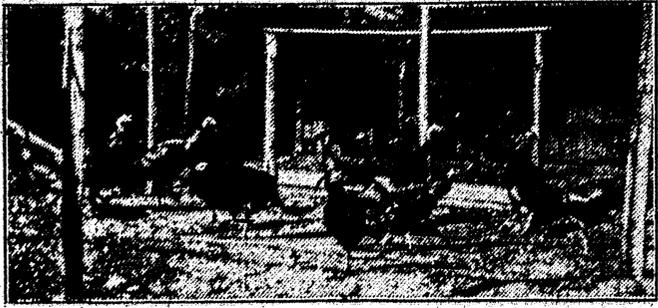
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NEAR HUMPHREYS FEED YARD

CARRIZOZO,

NEW MEXICO

GOOD TIME TO START WITH THE TURKEYS



All Gobblers but One.

(By ANNA GALIGHER.)
If the turkey business was a failure with you this year don't get discouraged and quit. Instead, use your better judgment and try again. If you have never raised turkeys now is a good time to begin.
Turkeys are difficult to raise, as we know by long experience, but with good care and the right kind of feed we have managed to raise a good percentage of those hatched.
Just now we are having some trouble with ours because of our inability to keep them out of a neighbor's rye field. Several have died, two more are sick. The rye causes a bowel trouble, which is not unlike cholera.
After we discovered the cause of the trouble we tried keeping the well turkeys in a yard. This was not a success. They began to droop and refused to eat; just as we expected, for a turkey cannot endure confinement.
The sick ones were given a little opson salts in their feed and two recovered. We tried several different remedies, but none of the others seemed to take any effect.
We do not consider rye suitable food for any kind of poultry, young or old. Green rye (not the grain) is as good for all kinds of fowls as grass, and if grown early in the fall will furnish green food for the poultry all winter. This is its only redeeming point.
Now is the time to buy the stock for next year. It is better to purchase turkeys, even at the present unheard-of prices, than to wait until next spring and depend upon eggs.
Shipped eggs seldom hatch as well

as fresh ones, and turkey eggs cost anywhere from 25 cents to \$1 each.
The Mammoth Bronze is a very large and beautiful bird of the color the name implies. We have raised the Bronze for a number of years, and find this breed possesses more good points than any one of the others we have known of.
The Bronze is more vigorous and therefore less difficult to raise than the White Holland or Narragansett.
The latter is about as large in appearance as the Bronze, but is somewhat lighter in weight.
The White Holland and Bourbon are becoming more popular than formerly, on account of their domestic habits. They are rather small in size and quite tame in habit, preferring to stay close at home.
When buying breeding stock it is best to secure the male bird from one breeder and the females from another, so that the birds will not be akin.
Turkeys selected at random from a dealer's flock may or may not be related, but it is not safe to take chances.
Inbreeding is disastrous with turkeys. Do not keep more than six hens with a gobbler, unless he is an old one.
We find that two-year-old hens with a yearling tom produce finer turkeys than young hens. Never keep young hens with an old male bird.
If the hens and gobblers are both young the eggs will seldom hatch well, and the poulters are less vigorous than if one of the other is more mature.
Turkeys should not be crossed.

DUST BOXES FOR WINTER USE

One of Most Economical and Convenient Ways of Keeping Fowls Free From All Kinds of Vermin.
The dust wallow is one of the most economical ways of ridding fowls of all kinds of vermin, especially lice. If for no other reason, this ought to be sufficient to make it worth while to have a dust box in the poultry house.
Some appear to believe that fowls kept free from lice can do without a dust wallow. In the first place there are very few flocks of poultry, if any, entirely free from vermin, and in the second place the fowls appear to enjoy taking a dust wallow. Remember it takes a comfortable hen to be a good layer.
In the spring and summer dust boxes are unnecessary because the fowls can enjoy outside dust wallows. In the winter, however, dust boxes are necessary. A small box, say three feet square, will nicely answer the purpose of a dust box for a flock of 50 or less hens. There are three common forms of dust boxes. One is an ordinary box placed in front of a south window, another is an especially constructed covered box placed on the inside of the house in front of a south window, and the third is the outside dust box, built as a lean-to on the south side of the house. A glass top makes it more pleasant. The latter is the most desirable, because it is out of the way, makes it possible to renew the dusting material from the outside, and has a greater tendency to keep the dust out of the house, although not entirely. Then, too, this form does not take up valuable room in the house which it would in case it were not placed on legs up from the floor.
Dust boxes should always be located in front of a south window. It is advisable to cover them to prevent the dust from being thrown all over the interior of the house, to keep the fowls from roosting in the same place on the same.
One of the best dusting materials is an equal mixture of fine sand, sifted coal ashes and road dust, procured during the summer from a much traveled highway. The proper depth of a dust box is about twelve inches, six inches of which should be filled with dusting material.
Line of Private Customers.
It is the easiest thing in the world to get a line of private customers in any town of 5,000 people or over for all the eggs one can produce, and these customers are always willing to pay a premium over current market prices for nice, fresh eggs.

GRADING AND SORTING EGGS

First-Class Articles Must Be Newly Laid, of Normal Size, Even Color and Smooth Shell.
Eggs are graded and sorted according to the following qualities:
Fresh egg—An egg to be accepted as a first, must be newly laid, clean, of normal size, of even color, have a strong, smooth shell and be free from cracks.
The term "checks" applies to eggs which are cracked but not leaking.
Leakers—Is a name applied to eggs which have lost a part of their contents.
Seconds—Are eggs which have deteriorated to a sufficient extent as to be rejected as firsts. They are, however, of a high enough quality to be used for human consumption. Seconds include heated, shrunken, small, dirty, watery, badly misshapen eggs and eggs containing some slight forms of foreign matter.
Spots—Are eggs in which bacteria or mold has developed locally and caused the formation of a lumpy adhesion on the inside of the shell.
Blood rings—Eggs in which the embryo has developed to a sufficient extent so that it is quickly recognized when held before the candle, are included in this class.
Rots—This is the name applied to eggs which are absolutely unfit for food. The black, white and spot rot are included in this class of eggs.
Antitoxin for Roup.
Battier, a French biologist, has been so successful in his experiments with antitoxin for roup as to again raise the question of its possible relationship with diphtheria in man.
Through this medium he claims to have been not only successful in checking the spread of the disease, but in curing the affected fowls.
Vermin Multiply Rapidly.
A hundred lice in a poultry house will multiply to a thousand in a short time, and to a million within a month, unless checked. It's much easier to kill the hundred than the million.
Size of Poultry Flock.
Do not undertake to keep too many fowls. A small flock well managed will give a larger profit than a flock that is compelled to take care of itself.
Care is Essential.
Leghorn hens are often good layers when other hens would, at the same time, be only fit for hatching out and raising chicks. But even a Leghorn will not lay without care.

BETTY IN THE CAB

By LILLIAN BENNET-THOMPSON.

(Copyright.)
"I can't, Miss Betty. It wouldn't do, you know. You remember your mother—"
The girl stamped her foot impatiently as she stood on the platform at Clayville, looking up at the young engineer who was leaning from the window of the cab, cap in hand, a perplexed expression on his face.
"I don't care," she declared mutinously. "I'm going to ride in the cab with you. You used to let me. Don't you remember? Mother won't mind. Please, Mr. Bell!"
The engineer remembered quite well; in fact, too well.
"All right," he said resignedly. "I suppose I'll have to take you, if you insist."
He reached down the gangway and helped the girl in, to the intense delight and curiosity of the few loungers on the platform. Then he took his place at the throttle, and a moment later No. 17 started on her 20-mile run to Riverdale.
No. 17 was running easily along the smooth stretch of track about a mile east of the bridge when Betty, wearied of watching the woods and sky, turned her attention to the engineer.
"What is it, Ed?" she asked.
Bell was anxiously peering ahead, striving to pierce the gloom that shut down like a mantle in front of the glaring headlight.
"Red lantern," he replied. "We're almost at the trestle. I dare say there's something wrong there. The rains we've been having for the last week have swollen the river."
The fireman came over to the right side of the cab.
"Can you make out anything?" he asked as he climbed into the cab and stood by Bell's side, touching his cap respectfully to Betty.
Bell shook his head. Betty leaned forward to look through the window, and her hat slipped from her knees. She stooped to recover it, just as the engine quivered to a panting standstill. The shock threw her forward, and losing her balance, she slipped to the floor of the cab. At the same instant two dark figures leaped from the bushes beside the track, one on each side of the locomotive.
"Hands up!" came the command, and the engine crew found themselves looking into the barrels of two very serviceable revolvers.
Bell gave an exclamation and started to rise. There were two spurts of flame from the darkness, followed by loud report. The engineer awayed slowly back and forth, and then pitched forward, his head and shoulders half out of the cab window.
"Put up your hands if you don't want the same!" snarled one of the dark figures.
The fireman's hand had gone swiftly to his hip. He drew it forth holding something that gleamed in the darkness. There was another flash and report, and he sank into a quivering heap at Betty's feet.
"Get a move on, Jim!" exclaimed one of the masked men. "Them fellows won't do no harm, and there's no time to fool."
Betty raised her head and listened intently. Save for a gasp of horror when the fireman had gone down, she had made no sound.
She realized instantly that should the highwaymen discover her presence in the cab her fate would be sealed.
They were some distance away now. She could hear their footsteps at the car door. There was a confused noise of shouting—a piercing cry—then silence.
Trembling in every limb, the girl rose to her knees and bent over the body of the fireman. He was very still. On the breast of his shirt a patch of scarlet slowly widened. She took his hand, it lay limp and powerless in her own.
Her fingers sought his pulse, but could detect no faintest flutter. A great wave of horror swept over her. He was dead! For a moment she knelt faint and sick; then she crawled to Bell's side and dragged herself to her feet.
He stirred uneasily and groaned. Thank heaven, he still lived, although he might be seriously wounded.
"Ed!" she whispered. "Ed!"
He opened his eyes and looked up at her, vacantly at first, then with a dawning light of recognition.
"Where's Phelps?" he asked weakly.
Betty shuddered and pointed to the huddled figure on the floor.
"Are you badly hurt, Ed?" she whispered.
"My left arm's broken, and I've got a crease alongside of the head; but I'll be all right. You're not hurt?"
"No. They didn't see me. They're in the express car after the money. What shall we do?"

"I don't know. My head is spinning so I couldn't walk a step to save my life. If we were only nearer the mine! We've got the pay-sack—over twenty thousand dollars—in there!"
"Can't you start up and run for it?" Betty asked anxiously.
"If I did they'd be out of the car and up here before we'd get ten yards. If Phelps was only alive, he could go back and hold them with his gun until I got her going so they couldn't jump. But—"
"I'm here," said Betty quietly. She bent over the body on the floor and fumbled for an instant. When she straightened up she held the dead man's revolver.
"You can't—" began Bell, but Betty interrupted him with a gesture.
"I can and I will," she said determinedly. "Even if you could walk, your duty is here. You can't leave the engine. If those men get clear away, there's no telling whether they'll ever be caught. I can shoot—if I have to. You watch. When you see me in the car door, start, and don't stop short of the mine."
Bell reached out his uninjured hand, and she took it in both of hers.
"God bless you," he said simply.
The girl turned away without a word, and began to make her way over the tender. The door of the express car was open on a crack.
One of the highwaymen stood with his back to it, the revolver in his hand covering the express messenger, who was backed up in a corner. The other man knelt in front of the safe, transferring notes and gold to a gunny-sack on the floor beside him.
Cautiously the girl descended the perpendicular ladder at the back of the tender and stood at last on the platform. She raised the revolver. Through the stillness her voice rang clear and steady:
"Hands up, or I'll shoot!"
Instantly the man with the gun wheeled and sent a bullet in the direction of the voice. It whistled harmlessly over the girl's shoulder, and as the report of her own revolver rang out, the man slowly doubled up and slumped down into a heap on the floor. The train started.
With an oath the man at the safe sprang forward. Then he stopped. The blue eyes of the girl in the doorway were blazing into his, the steady barrel of the revolver never wavered.
A pair of arms suddenly went around him from behind, and he was hurried backward to the door, where he struggled in the powerful grasp of the express messenger.
"Take his gun away from him, Joe, and tie him up," suggested Betty, catching up a coil of rope from the floor and moving into the car.
The train rolled over the long trestle and into the woods beyond. Through the darkness there came a rapid series of short blasts from the whistle.
The girl hesitated. Ed must want her help, but dared she go?
"Can you hold him, Joe?" she asked.
"Sure. I'm all right," was the reply.
Up the steep ladder and over the tender she climbed, steadying herself against the rock and feel of the flying train, while the whistle shrieked again and again.
On the narrow seat Bell was swaying unsteadily back and forth. His eyes were half closed, his clothes stained red with the blood that dripped from his wounded arm.
"Betty!" he murmured.
She could not hear, but in the dim light she saw the movement of his lips.
"I'm here, Ed; it's all right," she reassured him.
"I'm—I'm all in—I—" his hand fell forward on his breast. "Stop—her—at—the—" his voice trailed off into silence.
The light of the station was coming into view. On the little platform Betty could see a knot of men gathered.
Again the whistle sent its clarion warning into the night, but this time it was Betty who pulled the cord. She shut off steam and applied the brakes. As the engine came to a standstill, she tottered to the gangway. She could see the crowd surging into the express car; one or two sprang toward her. The lights of the station danced madly—grew dim, and went out altogether.
"Doing nicely—just" fright and overexertion—be all right in a day or two."
The disjointed sentences seemed to mean nothing at all; but Betty was somehow conscious that someone was talking about her. She opened her eyes and looked about. The sun was streaming brightly through the windows, and she was lying in her own bed, with her mother bending over her.
"Ed!" she whispered.
Her mother stooped and kissed her swiftly, and turned away. Someone else was standing beside the bed now—someone with a white bandage around his forehead and one arm in a sling.
"Betty—dear!" he said.
And Betty smiled a contented, happy little smile.

SUDAN GRASS FOR DRY LAND

Particularly Well Adapted for Semiarid Sections—Produces Two Cuttings of Hay in Season.
(By JAMES D. MARSHALL, Colorado Experiment Station.)
Sudan grass belongs to the sorghum family, and is considered by some authorities to be the wild, original form of the cultivated sorghums. It is a tall annual grass, being somewhat like Johnson grass in general appearance; but it lacks the root stalks of the latter, and never becomes a weed. Under favorable conditions it may attain a height of six to ten feet. Its growth is dependent to some extent upon the moisture in the soil. If sown broadcast, it does not grow so high as when planted in rows which permit of cultivation.
Sudan grass is particularly well adapted to the dry land sections, as it produces good yields of hay, and under average conditions should produce two cuttings of hay in a season. It is very drought resistant and will succeed where it is possible to grow any other sorghum.
In feeding value, Sudan grass can be compared with the millets, making a large crop of hay during the warm weather. Hay made from Sudan grass is preferable to millet hay, as it can be fed to all classes of live stock without injury. The stalks are fine and can be readily cured into hay.
The crop may be grown either drilled, in cultivated rows or broadcast. If drilled or broadcasted, from 10 to 15 pounds of seed is sown per acre, while if planted in cultivated rows, the rows being about thirty inches apart, two or three pounds of seed should be used per acre.
ADVANTAGES OF FALLOWING
Among Other Things Practice Tends to Conserve Moisture and Kills Many Noxious Plants.
Among the many advantages to the credit of the practice of summer fallowing may be mentioned: The conservation of moisture, the eradication of weeds, the preparation of the land for grain crops at a time when no other work is pressing, the availability of summer fallowed land for seeding at the earliest possible date in the spring and the minor advantages of having suitable land for the growing of pure seed, potatoes, roots and vegetables at the least cost and with the greatest chance for success, and that of being able to secure two crops of grain with little or no further cultivation.
Summer fallowing undoubtedly has some disadvantages, but so long as the growing of grain, and more particularly wheat, remains the principal industry of the province, it will be necessary to store up moisture against a possible dry season, to restrain the weeds from overrunning the land, and on account of the short seasons, to prepare at least a portion of the land to be cropped in the year previous to seeding and a well-made summer fallow is the best means to this end. Among the disadvantages are: The liability of the soil to drift, the overproduction of straw in a wet season, causing late maturity and consequent danger of damage by frost, and it is claimed, the partial exhaustion of the soil. The former two may, to a great extent, be overcome by different methods of cultivation, and if the soil can be prevented from drifting, one of the reasons for the latter contention will disappear.
Best Grass for Dry Areas.
Brome grass is probably the best of the cultivated grasses to grow in dry areas. When established it will furnish grazing early in the season, not so early as winter rye, but earlier than the native grasses. It will also furnish grazing in the autumn proportionate to the amount of the precipitation. During the entire season, therefore, it should furnish much more grazing than the native grasses.
Water Required for Crops.
It takes water to produce a crop of weeds. If that be true, and it is, the water which the weeds get is that much taken away from the crop. A garden crop between the rows in a young orchard is all right, provided there be plenty of water for both the garden and the orchard. An orchard under dry conditions needs all of the available water. Conserve as much of it as possible by maintaining a constant dust mulch between the rows.
Best Permanent Pasture.
Bluegrass makes the best permanent pasture. Dwarf Essex type can be sown as soon as the ground will work in the spring, and if sown alone five or six pounds of seed will be required per acre. Six or eight weeks after sowing it will be ready for pasture, which will last until freezing weather.
Affairs on Dry Land.
In a dry country nothing should run over or eat off alfalfa until it is well rooted at least, and then pasturing had better be lightly done, if at all.

NATION'S LABOR PROBLEM

OVER A MILLION AND A HALF WOMEN WORK AS FARM HANDS IN THE UNITED STATES.

By Peter Radford
Lecturer National Farmers' Union.

Our government never faced so tremendous a problem as that now lying dormant at the doors of congress and the legislatures, and which, when aroused, will shake this nation from center to circumference, and make civilization hide its face in shame. That problem is—women in the field. The last federal census reports show we now have 1,514,000 women working in the field, most of them south of the Mason and Dixon line. There were approximately a million negro slaves working in the fields when liberated by the emancipation proclamation. We have freed our slaves and our women have taken their places in bondage. We have broken the shackles of the negroes and welded them upon our daughters.

The Chain-Gang of Civilization. A million women in bondage in the southern fields form the chain-gang of civilization—the industrial tragedy of the age. There is no overseer quite so cruel as that of unrestrained greed, no whip that stings like the lash of suborned destiny, and no auctioneer's block quite so revolting as that of organized avarice.

The president of the United States was recently lauded by the press, and very properly so, for suggesting mediation between the engineers and railroad managers in adjusting their schedule of time and pay. The engineers threatened to strike if their wages were not increased from approximately ten to eleven dollars per day and services reduced from ten to eight hours and a similar readjustment of the overtime schedule. Our women are working in the field, many of them barefooted, for less than 50 cents per day, and their schedule is the rising sun and the evening star, and after the day's work is over they milk the cows, stomp the hogs and rock the baby to sleep. Is anyone mediating over their problems, and to whom shall they threaten a strike?

Congress has listened approvingly to those who toil at the forge and behind the counter, and many of our statesmen have smiled at the threats and have fanned the flame of unrest among industrial laborers. But women are as surely the final victims of industrial warfare as they are the burden-bearers in the war between nations, and those who arbitrate and mediate the differences between capital and labor should not forget that when the expenses of any industry are unnecessarily increased, society foots the bill by drafting a new consignment of women from the home to the field. Pinch no Crumb From Woman's Crust of Bread.

No financial award can be made without someone footing the bill, and we commend to those who accept the responsibility of the distribution of industrial justice, the still small voice of the woman in the field as she pleads for mercy, and we beg that they pinch no crumb from her crust of bread or put another patch upon her ragged garments.

We beg that they listen to the scream of horror from the eagle on every American dollar that is wrong from the brow of tolling women and hear the Goddess of Justice hiss at a verdict that increases the want of woman to satisfy the greed of man.

The women behind the counter and in the factory cry aloud for sympathy and the press thunders out in their defense and the pulpit pleads for mercy, but how about the woman in the field? Will not these powerful exponents of human rights turn their talent, energies and influence to her relief? Will the Goddess of Liberty enthroned at Washington hold the calloused hand and soothe the feverish brow of her sex who sows and reaps the nation's harvest or will she permit the male of the species to shove women—weak and weary—from the bread-line of industry to the back alleys of poverty?

Women and Children First. The census enumerators tell us that of the 1,514,000 women who work in the fields as farm hands 409,000 are sixteen years of age and under. What is the final destiny of a nation whose future mothers spend their girlhood days behind the plow, pitching hay and hauling manure, and what is to become of womanly culture and refinement that grace the home, charm society and entice men to leap to glory in noble achievements if our daughters are raised in the society of the ox and the companionship of the plow?

In that strata between the ages of sixteen and forty-five are 950,000 women working as farm hands and many

of them with sucking babes tugging at their breasts, as drenched in rain, they wail the woe that illustrates the character of unnecessary expenses to which we refer.

Union Opposes "Full Crew" Bill. The Texas Farmers' Union registered its opposition to this character of legislation at the last annual meeting held in Fort Worth, Tex., August 4, 1914, by resolution, which we quote, as follows:

"The matter of prime importance to the farmers of this state is an adequate and efficient marketing system; and we recognize that such a system is impossible without adequate railroad facilities, embracing the greatest amount of service at the least possible cost. We further recognize that the farmers and producers in the end pay approximately 95 per cent of the expenses of operating the railroads, and it is therefore to the interest of the producers that the expenses of the common carriers be as small as is possible, consistent with good service and safety. We, therefore, call upon our law-makers, courts and juries to bear the foregoing facts in mind when dealing with the common carriers of this state, and we do especially reaffirm the declarations of the last annual convention of our State Union, opposing the passage of the so-called 'full-crew' bill before the thirty-third legislature of Texas."

The farmers of Missouri in the last election, by an overwhelming majority, swept this law off the statute book of that state, and it should come off of all statute books where it appears and no legislature of this nation should pass such a law or similar legislation which requires unnecessary expenditures.

The same rule applies to all regulatory measures which increase the expenses of industry without giving corresponding benefits to the public. There is oftentimes a body of men assembled at legislatures—and they have a right to be there—who, in their zeal for rendering their fellow-associates a service, sometimes favor an increase in the expenses of industry without due regard for the men who bow their backs to the summer's sun to meet the payroll, but these committees, while making a record for themselves, rub the skin of the shoulders of the farmer by urging the legislature to lay another burden upon his heavy load and under the lash of "be it enacted" goad him on to pull and surge at the traces of civilization, no matter how he may sweat, foam and gall at the task. When legislatures "cut a melon" for labor they hand the farmer a lemon.

The farmers of the United States are not financially able to carry "dead heads" on their payrolls. Our own hired hands are not paid unless we have something for them to do and we are not willing to carry the hired help of dependent industries unless there is work for them. We must therefore insist upon the most rigid economy.

Legislative House-Cleaning Needed. While the war is on and there is a full in business, we want all legislative bodies to take an inventory of the statute books and wipe off all extravagant and useless laws. A good house-cleaning is needed and economies can be instituted here and there that will patch the clothes of indigent children, rest tired mothers and lift mortgages from dependent homes. Unnecessary workmen taken off and useless expenses chopped down all along the line will add to the prosperity of the farmer and encourage him in his mighty effort to feed and clothe the world.

If any of these industries have surplus employes we can use them on the farm. We have no regular schedule of wages, but we pay good farm hands on all averages of \$1.50 per day of thirteen hours when they board themselves; work usually runs about nine months of the year and the three months dead time, they can do the chores for their board. If they prefer to farm on their own account, there are more than 14,000,000 acres of idle land on the earth's surface awaiting the magic touch of the plow. The compensation is easily obtainable from Federal Agricultural Department statistics. The total average annual sales of a farm in the continental United States amount to \$516.00; the cost of operation is \$340.00; leaving the farmer \$176 per annum to live on, and educate his family.

There is no occasion for the legislatures making a position for surplus employes of industry. Let them come "back to the soil" and share with us the prosperity of the farm.

When honesty is merely a good policy it is a poor virtue.

Lazy farmers are just as useless as lead ones and take up more room.

When the soul communes with the spirit of nature the back to the farm

ELECTION PROCLAMATION

The Board of County Commissioners of Lincoln County, New Mexico, in pursuance of the requirements of Section 3, Chapter 78, Laws of 1913, hereby gives public notice that an election will be held in Precinct No. 9, of said county, the same having been by this Board, created a district for the purposes of this election, on Thursday, the 4th day of February, A. D., 1915; that the object of said election is to submit to the qualified voters of said district, the proposition For or Against Prohibition; that the polling place for said election shall be the K. of P. hall at Capitan, and that the following judges and clerks of said election have been duly appointed to conduct said election:

Judges: Francisco Duran, W. H. Fisher, Newt. Kemp.
Clerks: C. C. Merchant, G. A. Montgomery.

Signed
MELVIN FRANKS,
Chairman.

Attest:
ALBERT H. HARVEY,
Clerk.

ELECTION PROCLAMATION

The Board of County Commissioners of Lincoln County, New Mexico, in pursuance of the requirements of Section 3, Chapter 78, Laws of 1913, hereby gives public notice that an election will be held in School District No. 13, of said county, the same having been by this Board, created a district for the purposes of this election on Thursday the 4th day of February, A. D., 1915; that the object of said election is to submit to the qualified voters of said district, the proposition For or Against Prohibition; that the following Judges and Clerks of said election have been duly appointed to conduct said election.

Judges: A. W. Varney, Marshall A. Kinison, A. S. McCamont.
Clerks: T. M. DuBois, Frank Sultermeier.

Signed
MELVIN FRANKS,
Chairman.

Attest:
ALBERT H. HARVEY,
Clerk.

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE BY SPECIAL MASTER

In the District Court of the Third Judicial District of the State of New Mexico, in and for the county of Lincoln, P. G. Peters, Plaintiff

vs.
Charles Pepper, Ethel G. Pepper, A. L. Pepper and Mrs. A. L. Pepper, Defendants.
No. 2287.

Under and by virtue of an order of sale and decree of foreclosure issued out of the above entitled court in the above named cause, on the 1st day of December, 1914, wherein the above named plaintiff obtained judgment against the defendants, Charles Pepper and Ethel G. Pepper, for the sum of \$454.06, attorney fee of \$50.00 and costs of suit, and also a decree of foreclosure and order of sale in the event that neither of the defendants or any of them paid or caused to be paid to this plaintiff above named the amount of such judgment and attorney fee and costs within 90 days from the date of rendition of said judgment and decree of foreclosure and sale, whereas, I, the undersigned, was by said decree appointed special master in the above entitled cause to advertise and sell the mortgaged premises hereinafter described in compliance with the instructions recited in the said above-mentioned decree and order of foreclosure and sale.

Public notice is hereby given that I, the undersigned special master heretofore appointed by the said court in the above named cause to sell the mortgaged premises mentioned in the said decree and described as follows, to-wit: Lots 1 to 16 Block 87 and lots 15 to 16, Block 76, as shown by the plats of the townsite of Capitan in said county and state, will on Tuesday the 2d day of March, 1915, at the front door of the house located on said lots in the town of Capitan, and county of Lincoln and State of New Mexico at the hour of 10 o'clock of the forenoon of said day, offer for sale and sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash the said property described above

Under and by virtue of the power and authority in me vested by the above-mentioned decree in the event that the said premises are not redeemed by the defendants or anyone claiming under or through them.

C. C. MERCHANT,
Special Master,
Capitan, N. M.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION
025433
027426

Department of the Interior,
U. S. Land Office at Roswell, N. M.

Jan. 6, 1915.
Notice is hereby given that Robert E. Sidham, of Carrizozo, N. M., who, on Nov. 27, 1911, made Hd. E. Serial No. 025433, for S181, Sec. 31, T. 7-S, and NE1/4NW1/4 Sec. 6, T. 8-S, R. 11-E; and on June 30, 1913, made add'l entry, Serial No. 027426, for the NE1/4NE1/4, Sec. 1, T. 8-S, R. 10, N. M. P. M., has filed notice of intention to make Final three year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before William H. Osborn, U. S. Commissioner, in his office, at Carrizozo, N. M., on Feb. 17, 1915.

Claimant names as witnesses:
W. Henry West, Henry E. Pine, Walter C. Miller, Augustus C. Wingfield, all of Carrizozo, N. M.

EMMETT PATTON,
Register.

Jan, 15 Feb 12

PATENTS

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303 Seventh St., Washington, D. C.

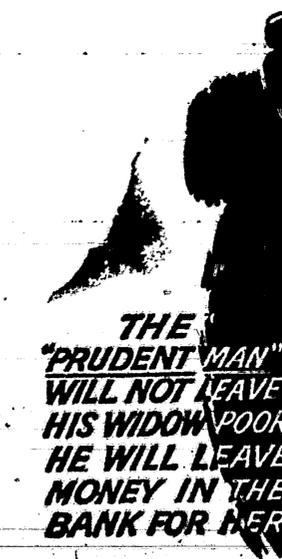
FINE RANCH FOR SALE OR TRADE

Two hundred acres under good ditch, 400 acres grazing land, all under fence, two dwelling houses, corrals, barn, etc two miles river front for watering stock, one well at house, seven acres good bearing orchard, good roads, on daily mail line, half mile to good school. Can put up 500 tons alfalfa on place. Will sell or trade for strictly cattle ranch proposition. For price and terms see DENNY & OSBORN.

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

Prices are cut below wholesale during the big sale now in progress at the Carrizozo Trading Co.

THE "PRUDENT MAN" WILL NOT LEAVE HIS WIDOW POOR HE WILL LEAVE MONEY IN THE BANK FOR HER



Husbands:
Just look at this picture and THINK:
Then you will deposit money REGULARLY in our bank.
Make OUR bank YOUR bank
We pay four per cent interest on Certificates of Deposits.

EXCHANGE BANK

CARRIZOZO, NEW MEXICO

Advertise

IF YOU
Want a Cook
Want a Clerk
Want a Farmer
Want a Situation
Want a Servant Girl
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Want to Sell a Carriage
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Want to Sell Your Groceries
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Want Customers for Anything
Advertise Weekly in This Paper.
Advertising is the Way to Success
Advertising Brings Customers
Advertising Keeps Customers
Advertising Insures Success
Advertising Shows Energy
Advertising is "Fix"
Advertise or Bust
Advertise Long
Advertise Well
ADVERTISE
At Once

In This Paper

FOR QUICK SALE:—Fine ranch near Lincoln, 110 acres, of which about 50 acres is under cultivation, three undivided water rights in Rio Bonito, good orchard, some alfalfa, good house and outbuildings. Ranch will handle 200 or 300 head of cattle including the range it controls. Must be sold within sixty days. Big Snap. DENNY & OSBORN.

WISE, ALL RIGHT



Mr. Wise—Where is the man that struck my wife—where is he?
Bystander—What'll you do if you find him?
Mr. Wise—Introduce him to my mother-in-law

NOTICIAS DE LA ULTIMA SEMANA

Western Newspaper Union News Service.

Oeste.
Roumania entró en el campo de adquisiciones de municiones de guerra en América, según informaciones llegadas a mercaderes de Chicago.

Charles B. Reynolds, un abogado, recibió un tiro y fue casi instantáneamente matado en una pelea con revolver con un ladrón en su casa en Atlanta, Ga.

Henry Grifediek, hijo, de sesenta, retrado del trabajo activo, uno de los más notables fabricantes de cerveza del país, murió de apoplejía en San Louis.

William David Cantillon, hasta el mes de mayo pasado director general del ferrocarril Chicago & Northwestern, murió en Chicago de achaques del corazón.

Una persona entre diez en Chicago recibe ayuda del servicio de caridad pública, según informe del presidente que se retira del consejo de comisionados de condado.

Un telegrama de Chicago dice que el ferrocarril de Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé firmó un contrato por \$2,000,000 de carriles de acero para uso en la primavera que viene.

Las tarifas de flete oceánico sobre el algodón enviado a Europa aumentaron hasta la marca más alta registrada en Galveston, Tex. Por ciento libras son: Bremen, \$3; Havre, Genoa y Barcelona, \$1.15; Liverpool, \$1.

Extranjero.

Un telegrama de Berlín dice que la ciudad de Bruselas y su vecindad han decidido pagar los 45,000,000 marks.

Los mensajes privados de Vienna anuncian la muerte en casa de William M. McCrary, fundador y presidente de la Compañía Austriaca de Petróleo. Murió en su septuagésimo-primer cumpleaños.

Sean \$11,250,000 de impuesto de guerra forzada sobre la ciudad por Alemania, por medio de tasaciones especiales pagaderas hasta el 15 de Junio, 1916.

La determinación que tomó la Casa de Comunes de no tener sesión hasta el segundo de febrero, excitó gran crítica y la decisión de la Casa de Lorea de reunirse el 6 de enero está abada por los críticos.

Sport.

Mike Gibbons, el "fantasma de San Pablo" venció a Willie Brennan de Buffalo en una partida de diez vueltas en Buffalo, N. Y.

Las recetas netas de la Asociación Atlética de pelota de la Universidad de Pennsylvania fueron de \$43,000 y \$300 de la pelota de balón para la estación terminando el primero de septiembre, 1914, según el informe del tesorero.

Un secreto es conocido—Jack Coffey, nuevo director de los Grizzlies, está casado. Coffey llegó a Denver, pero dejó a la Señora en casa. No proclamó su estado casado, siendo hombre modesto, pero algunos hablaron de él. Jack se casó hace una semana con la Señorita Jepsen de Scott Bluff, Neb.

General.

Un incendio en Birmingham, Ala., destruyó un edificio de cinco pisos, causando una pérdida de \$400,000.

Un pedido por el valor de \$800,000 de balas de acero, cajas de shrapnel y otras municiones de guerra fue recibido por una manufactura de esta clase de Filadelfia.

Se obtuvo información evidente que Watkins Lewis, un negro de mucha edad, fue quemado en el palo por 200 hombres blancos en el paradero de Sylvester, cerca de Shreveport, La.

El funeral de Soreno Elisha Payne, un jefe veterano republicano de la Cámara de Diputados, se hizo con servicios de gran simplicidad en la Primera Iglesia Bautista de Auburn, N. Y.

James G. Walker, ex-asociado en negocios del Senador W. A. Clark de Montana, y un colector muy conocido de reliquias de arqueología, murió en su casa en San Francisco, a la edad de setenta y siete.

Washington.

El costo de manutención del ejército americano desde la declaración de la guerra europea ha aumentado tanto que se estima en \$130,000 el exceso de los gastos de este año sobre el pasado.

Para presionar un botón que dará la señal de apertura de la exhibición de San Diego, Cal., el primero del año, el Presidente Wilson estará despertado antes de las tres de la mañana el primero del año. Tocará el botón a las doce, hora de la costa pacífica, que corresponde a las 3 a. m. en Washington.

Colorado.

La Señora Margaret Smith, viuda del difunto Thomas Smith, uno de los primeros habitantes de Pueblo, murió en casa de la Familia en Pueblo.

La cantidad menor que un juicio haya jamás concedido en el condado de Pueblo fue la que recibió C. W. Shaver contra Lee Coats, 40 centavos.

La Señora Anne Valliant Burnett Johnson, esposa de Charles A. Johnson de Denver, quien murió el 2 de diciembre, dejó una propiedad del valor de \$170,000.

El Gobernador elegido Carlson establecerá su casa en Denver en la calle Downing 1119, anteriormente la del juez Lewis de la corte de distrito de los Estados Unidos.

Un ladrón muy astuto se robó \$420 de John Covonikos y \$13 de su compañero, George Bascos, mientras los dos durmían en su cuarto en la calle de Larimer, 1722 en Denver.

Archibald McIntyre, de 72 años, el primer Comisionado del condado de Lincoln y vice-presidente del Primer Banco Nacional de Hugo, murió en su rancho al suroeste de Hugo.

Los Judíos de Colorado Springs ofrecieron una tertulia a la Señora Fels, viuda de José Fels, el defensor del impuesto sobre los solteros, en la sinagoga de los Hijos de Israel.

Los dos primeros niños blancos que nacieron en Denver presenciaron el banquete anual vigésimo-tercero y el baile ofrecidos por la Sociedad de Ayuda de Señoras Descubridoras en Denver.

El cuerpo de John Nordstrom, un acétero del bote N° 1 de la Tonopah Placer Company, quien se ahogó en el estanque de la draga, fue enterrado en Brackenridge en el cementerio de Valley Brook.

J. J. Cogan, anteriormente un muchacho mensajero al servicio del ferrocarril de la Cripple Creek Short Line, fué nombrado superintendente general, reemplazando a Jesse H. Waters, difunto presidente.

"Colorado's Family Reunion," esto es el título oficial de la recepción y del baile ofrecidos en honor de la nueva administración de estado en el Auditorium de Denver la noche de enero 12 por los Hijos de Colorado.

Un dedo cortado condujo al descubrimiento de John Hancock y a su arresto, también a Louis McCloud, respectivamente de 22 y 23 años, acusados de robar un furgón del Denver & Rio Grande en Swallows, al oeste de Pueblo.

Se expidió un furgón de la mejor harina del molino y Elevador de La Junta a Denver para que se transporte a los que padecen de hambre en Bélgica. Esa harina es el regalo común de los ciudadanos de La Junta y Rocky Ford.

La quinta convención anual de la Asociación de Buenas Rutas de Colorado se celebrará en Denver los 21 y 20 de enero, inmediatamente después del mitin de la Asociación de Estado de Comisionados de Condado, que estará en sesión los 18 y 19.

Cuando se cierran los libros de herencia de estado para el período 1913-1914, el estimador Hubbard habrá colectado más de \$150,000 arriba de la suma jamás reunida por cualquier otro estimador en el período de dos años. El total será casi de \$536,000.

Manchado por un polleco de la fuerza secreta, el Dr. R. J. Mason llegó a Denver y fué encarcelado en la prisión de la ciudad, en donde le guardarán mientras se instruye su caso en conexión con la muerte de Ruth Merriweather, con quien él se habría comprometido en matrimonio.

El funeral de la Señora D. B. Eagan, que murió en el hospital de San José de Denver, fué oficiado en la Iglesia de San Patrick. Ella era una de las más grandes mujeres de Denver pesando casi 400 libras. Se hizo un atadé especial para ella y se necesitaron ocho dolientes para llevarla a su última morada.

Sin medios de manutención en Denver, en donde declara ella encontró a su marido, Alfred H. Brown, después de haberle buscado cerca de dos años con el fin de realizar una reconciliación. La Señora Alberta Brown entabló juicio en la corte de condado esperando así obtener una manutención separada.

El Gobernador Ammons expresó la opinión que la decisión proclamada por el Juez Lewis en la Corte Federal de Distrito en el caso de la Pioneer Irrigation Company es solamente uno de los menores incidentes que incluyen el plan entero de conservación federal, calculado con el fin de robar Colorado y otros estados del oeste de su poder soberano.

Bobbie Thirlaway, el muchacho de ocho años, que entró en la oficina de correo de Louisville y robó \$25, probablemente irá a la escuela industrial de reforma. Nada se puede hacer contra él por las autoridades de corrección judicial del condado, pues en conformidad con la ley de estado, un muchacho de menos de diez años no puede estar considerado ni delincuente ni criminal.

NOTICIAS DEL SUROESTE

Western Newspaper Union News Service. Nuevo México.

Steven Minerick, de 22, murió en la mina de Navajo cerca de Gallup.

Mil ovejas, hembras para la cría, fueron expedidas a Santa Fé de Fort Sumner.

Cuesta \$10,000 al año para distribuir al correo entre Silver City y Mogollón.

David Harrington de Guam vendió un grupo de 250 cabezas de ganado de su rancho cerca de ese punto.

Cierto número de alcandoras destruyeron las malas hierbas y las hojas el día de limpieza en Artesia.

Un servicio de correo de cada otro día se va a establecer entre Roswell, Tatum, McDonald, Plainview y King.

Melrose pudo expedir esta estación 100 furgones de trigo, 100 de maiz, 89 de maiz de escoba y otros productos.

En Fort Sumner se empieza de nuevo el movimiento, de los nuevos colonos hacia los homesteads ofertos.

Nuevo México tiene 910 edificios de escuela poseidos por el público y 294 que están arrendados o regalados.

Según las informaciones que se conocen, el valle de Estancia el año pasado produjo 242,300 libras de frijoles.

El Departamento de Educación reservó sus locales para Nuevo México en la convención Educacional de Oakland, Calif.

Santa Fé presentará una subasta para el entretenimiento de la Asociación Nacional Educacional el mes de junio próximo.

Una enorme batata, pesando más de once libras, fué exhibida en Artesia por J. L. Taylor, cerca de Hobbs. Se cultivó sin regadio.

Phil H. LeNolr, hace poco secretario de la Y. M. C. A., fué elegido secretario del Club Comercial de East Las Vegas, al salario de \$125 por mes.

Los cultivadores de maiz de escoba del distrito de Frost cargaron un furgón en Rock Island. El promedio recibido sería entre \$47 y \$50 la tonelada.

El ferrocarril del Santa Fé hará desaparecer una montaña volcánica con dinamita para poder encontrar el camino directo a ciertos puntos de su línea.

Nick Leavich, un minero de Gallup, de casi 25 años de edad, fué matado por una gran masa de roca que se destacó de la pared del cuarto en que trabajaba.

El profesor J. W. Rigney, experto agrícola del condado, en Roswell, declara que el clima del valle de Pecos es lo mejor del mundo para la cría del ganado.

Con una reducción en las tarifas de expedición de frijoles se calcula una buena diferencia de diez y ocho a seis duros en favor de los cultivadores de este artículo.

J. O. Shutts de Lambert, Okla, estuvo al rancho Gallegos cerca de Logan, en donde compró 2,400 corderos que expedirá a Oklahoma para criarlos sobre pasturaje de trigo.

El informe del tesorero de estado muestra que la renta total del estado es como sigue: Recetas durante el año fiscal, \$1,814,582.27; pagos, \$1,566,020.61. Balance, \$248,561.66.

J. W. Phillips de Deming compró 1,400 cabezas de ganado de 1, 2 y 3 años de la propiedad de G. O. S., pagando para ellas el precio más alto que jamás se pagó en esa sección.

Hablando literalmente, sería imposible "coger la cabra de naddle" en el condado de Curry, pues no se encontraría ni siquiera una sola cabra en las hómimas de tasaciones del condado.

La Asociación Educacional de Nuevo México, recientemente en sesión en Albuquerque, adoptó una resolución aconsejando una enmienda de prohibición de estado a la constitución.

El Ayudante-Procurador General Harry S. Clancy en una carta al Dr. J. F. Hutchinson, declara que los bomberos voluntarios son exentados de capitación y del impuesto de caminos. La opinión refiere los interesados a las secciones 1761 y 1764 de las leyes compiladas de 1897.

Se dice que J. Jones de Vaughn tiene un grupo de gatitos pardos recién nacidos, ahora de casi cinco semanas, cuatro de los cuales vinieron a luz con solo tres patas. A tres de los animalitos les falta una pata anterior, mientras que el cuarto tiene una pata posterior muy corta. La madre de esa familia no tiene sino tres patas, siendo el cuarto pie atrofiado en la rodilla, a pesar de esas aparentes entarascadas, la madre es buena raterona, y su dueño la aprecia mucho. Los gatitos están muy gallardos y siempre dispuestos a jugar, sin que les estorbe su deformidad.



PLAYED BOTH WAYS.

Down at a southern racecourse, which I shall designate no more than to say that it's a place where you can lose your money in the winter time, I took a young lady out to the track and she insisted on placing a bet on a horse. She wouldn't even let me help her do it. The horse did worse than to come in last. He turned around and ran the other way. I said: "Well, you lose your bet. The horse you had your money on is running the wrong way!" She gurgled with satisfied gleb. "Shows that a woman's instinct can't go wrong," she answered triumphantly. "I played him both ways!" —Cincinnati Plain Dealer.

Exceptional.

Mr. Bore—I don't see why people keep diaries, do you? Miss Lenore—Why, to write down their thoughts, keep a record of their affairs and— Mr. Bore (interrupting her)—But that's all foolishness. I can keep those in my head. Miss Lenore—That's a very good way; but, then, not everybody has the room!—Judge.

None Needed.

"What do you mean," said an irate guest at a Kansas hotel, "by sending me to a room with no curtains on the windows facing the streets?" "Dot 'vas all right," replied the landlora, "der glass vas so dirty dat no gurtains vare needed."

Suffering Certain.

The heroes of the European conflict are as nothing now to what they will be when the cold European winter sets in. "Do you mean to tell me those Highlanders dress that way in the winter, too?"

LEAVES HIM SOMETHING.



Mrs. A—Do you go through your husband's pockets every night? Mrs. B—No; about one night a week I fool him.

Political Uncertainty.

The statesman takes exceeding care To keep his fences in repair; For though he has a great renown, He can't tell when they'll tumble down.

Anxious Solitude.

"My uncle you met the other day at our house is an anthropologist." "You don't say! Is he taking treatment for it?"

Paw Knows Everything.

Willie—Paw, what is an open question? Paw—"Who has a corkcree?" my son.

Blow to a Landlubber.

"He asked me to go for a trip in his yacht." "Yes?" "I had visions of champagne to drink, the best of food and sumptuous surroundings." "Yes?" "And I discovered that the darned little tub didn't even have a roof on it!"

Newly Discovered Talents.

"Of course, I shrieked when I thought there was a burglar in the house," said young Mrs. Torkins. "What did your husband do?" "Charley looked at me with deep reproach and asked why I couldn't holler that way once in a while when the home team needed a boost."

What Jarred Him.

Mrs. Clayton (at the opera)—The opera seems to be boring you terribly, Paul. Why, you look absolutely disgusted!

Mr. Clayton (an efficiency expert)—The opera's all right, Emma, but that fool conductor is making hundreds of unnecessary motions!—Puck.

TIME WILL TELL.



First Farmer—I tell you, Hiram Skinnem had a lot of summer boarders down tery his place this year. Were they rich? Second Farmer—Well, they was afore they came to board with Hiram.

A Happy Crew.

The gods upon Olympus Were always feeling prime And never knew the sadness—Of working overtime.

A Muffled Disappointment.

"Darling," whispered the ardent suitor, "I lay my fortune at your feet." "Your fortune?" she replied in surprise, "I didn't know you had one." "Well, it isn't much of a fortune, but it will look large beside those tiny feet."

Average Small Town.

City Man—What makes rents so high here? Villager—This is an incorporated town. "Things don't look very metropolitan." "No-o, but the taxes are."

That Would Interest Them.

"I hardly know what sort of a speech to make before an audience of woman voters," declared the portly statesman. "Better arrange to illustrate a few new-tango steps," suggested his adviser.

'Twas Ever Thus.

Wife—I can read you like I can this book, Adolphus. Husband—Why don't you, then? You skip what you don't like in a book and linger over it in me.—Puck.

Sad Memories.

Guest in Northern Hotel—Here, waiter, take away that mint sauce! Another at Adjoining Table—What's the matter with that fellow? Third—I guess he's from Virginia.

Prepared.

"My dear boy, I think the rate at which you drive your motor car is shocking!" "That's all right, auntie; I always use a shock absorber."

Progress.

Hicks—Did you get that raise of salary you asked for? Wicks—No, but I have got something now to refer back to the next time I ask.

"On With the Dance."

"I hear you have taken up the dancing craze." "Yes, I got so worried I kept walking the floor anyhow and I thought I might as well do it to music."

VERY MUCH SO.



Visitor—So this town is strongly opposed to corporal punishment? Walter—Yes, sir. Why, mister, dey don't even let us serve whipped cream.

A Hint.

While you are stirring with success And making plans to nab it, Some other chap, who fusses less, May rush right up and grab it.

FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE

GOOD ADVICE FOR THE BOYS

Two Paragraphs Could Well Become a Part of Equipment of Every Employee of Every Organization.

"Always be courteous and willing to do all you can for everyone, whether a member or not. If he is not a member, show him the spirit of the organization; if he is a member, let him keep the opinion you gave him when he was not a member.

"Learn as much as you can about the job just ahead of you, and show the fellow just behind as much about yours as you can."

We had an office boy. He came up from Norfolk, Va. He had never done a stroke of work in his life, and so we undertook to train him. In three months he was advanced to a position of telephone operator. He learned to run the typewriter and did neat work. He learned to run the files. He called up committees. He was wanted to do a thousand things a day. Every man was his boss, and with it all he was invariably courteous, cheerful, smiling and efficient. He never spent any time fooling around, he didn't play practical jokes, he didn't esteem himself to be the office comedian, and when he found it necessary to go back home, he left with our very best wishes and honest regrets.

We asked him to set down certain things for the use of his successor, and among them we found two paragraphs quoted above. They are both gems, and they apply not only to this chamber of commerce, but to all businesses and to all men. We are glad, of course, that an office boy perceives the spirit of the chamber of commerce. We are pleased that we have had a hand in training that boy because wherever he goes, he is going to be well thought of, and we feel that the members of the chamber should know some of the things that were going on in that boy's mind. The two paragraphs quoted above could well become a part of the equipment of every employee of every organization, and would advantage both the employee and the employer.—Official Bulletin, Rochester Chamber of Commerce.

PROTECTION FOR THE BIRDS

Blue Jay Devours Many Grasshoppers, Caterpillars, Bugs, Weevils, Cut-Worms and Other Insects.

Some of our sweet song and insectivorous birds threatened with extinction have at last found sanctuaries in God's acres, in the City of Brotherly Love, through the untiring efforts of the Liberty Bell Bird club of the

Farm Journal, which has arranged to install bird houses, feeding baskets and bird baths in West Laurel Hill cemetery in Philadelphia. These will be constructed after models most approved by bird families and arranged in an artistic manner to beautify the grounds. The richly colored plumage of the happy songsters will add a bit of brightness to the place of peace, and it is hoped, their songs of thanksgiving will uplift the heavy heart that comes to mourn.

Mr. and Mrs. Bird are very particular tenants, according to the reports of the many members of the Farm Journal Liberty Bell Bird club who have been putting up houses for them to occupy. Complaints are daily received at the headquarters of the club in Philadelphia, that Mr. Robin greatly prefers a house of his own structure, while Mrs. Wren, or the Martins, will look in upon a new bird house built with much care and decide not to take it at all, or if they move in, they will stay a little while, then suddenly leave without notice or apparent reason.

Some older members of the club who are patient bird lovers and students, have found out that bird residents like individuals, have decided tastes in the matter of homes, which must be catered to. It has been discovered that the blue jay, who has established her independent, economic status by the number of grasshoppers, caterpillars, bugs, beetles, cutworms, weevils, ticks and plant lice she consumes is a fierce little militant who demands a separate establishment far



Blue Jay.

removed from any neighbors, with which she refuses to associate. On the other hand, the beautiful purple martin maintains a dove-like disposition in spite of a steady wasp and other aggressive insect diet, and must have company or she will move. She is happiest in a co-operative establishment of some thirty or more apartments. She lives up to the non-resistance theory to such an extent if not protected she is easily driven away by the quarrelsome English sparrow.

Adam's Longest Day.

Why was the first day of Adam's life the longest?
*Ans.—Because he had no Eve.

SHOW MONEY MAKERS

Loafers Spotted and Eliminated When Cow Test Is Used.

No Dairyman Can Afford to Spend His Time and Money on Animals Which Do Not Pay for Their Board—Value of Silo Is Shown.

(By G. R. INGALLS, Wisconsin Experiment Station.)

Cow testing shows the money makers. The best cows in many Wisconsin herds are returning a profit of \$100 or more every year. It is possible to have every cow kept do as well.

The loafers, the cows that consume more than they return, are quickly spotted and eliminated when the cow test is used. No successful merchant handles a line of goods on which he loses money; likewise, no progressive dairyman will milk a cow on which he does not make a profit. The milking



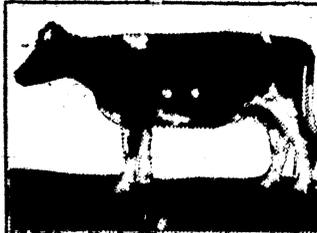
A Good Milking Type.

of cows is a straight business proposition and no farmer can afford to spend his own time or pay high-priced labor to milk cows which do not pay for their board. Let's make the \$100 return per cow our standard:

To build up a profitable herd the cow test is indispensable. It enables the dairyman to quickly get a high producing herd by selecting heifers from only the best cows. In this connection the sire that are capable of transmitting dairy quality and temperament to their offspring can be proven. The very general practice of sending mature bulls to the block when they are just in their prime for breeding purposes is detrimental to our dairy industry and should be stopped.

Cow testing also pays because surplus stock of both sexes sells for higher prices when buyers can see what the ancestors of these animals have done in the line of milk and butter fat production.

When using the test farmers may know their cows as individuals and feed so as to get the greatest return for every dollar's worth of feed pro-



A Poor Milker.

vided. The value of the silo in supplying fresh summer succulence during the winter months and in helping out when pastures dry up in the summer is also shown best when cows are under test.

Farm Lumber Shed.

Every well-appointed farm should include in its equipment a storage place for lumber. Much time is wasted annually by farmers, who never keep an extra board or a timber on their places, with the result that every time they wish to do a little repairing they have to journey to town for lumber.

Rye Hay for Horses.

While rye does not make a first-class hay for horses, and the beards will cause sore mouths, especially in young horses, it can be successfully used as horse hay where necessary. It is, however, about the least desirable kind of hay for this purpose. Where grown with vetch the combination makes very much better hay for horses if properly cured. It should be cut as soon as practical after the vetch commences to bloom.

Ancient and Modern Farming.

Farming at the present time is entirely different from what characterized the farming of our forefathers. Brawn is no longer at a premium on the farm. It is skill in the art and science of the farm that wins instead of hard labor. Of course the farm will always demand labor from the farmer, but it is the labor from the skilled hand directed by the trained mind that will best succeed.

Popular Insecticide.

Arsenate of lead is growing in popularity as an insecticide, as it is superior in many respects to Paris green.

DISEASE OF THE POTATOES

If Fungus Is in Seed Scab Will Appear, No Matter What Kind of Fertilizer Is Used in Growing.

Some farmers have the idea, firmly fixed in their minds that stable manure ought not to be used in growing potatoes, the claim being that it causes the scab which is so destructive. This is not correct, for if the fungus is in the seed potato, the scab will appear, no matter what sort of fertilizer is used in growing the crop. The only way at all certain of avoiding scab in the potato crop is to treat the seed tubers used, and this should always be done regardless of where the seed comes from. You may contemplate using seed that you feel certain is free from the germ of the scab, but it will be safer to treat the seed.

Buy some commercial formalin and to each one-half pint of it add fifteen gallons of water. Then soak the seed tubers in the mixture for two or even three hours. Do this before planting and you will be reasonably sure of having the crop free from scab.

WINTER WORK ON THE FARM

Get in Ample Supply of Firewood—Repair Machines and Overhaul Wagons—Lay Plans for Spring.

(By L. M. BENNINGTON.)

On days when the weather will permit we may press the work of getting up the wood for another year. He is a very poor farmer who does not attend to this part of his farm work, but waits till the wood is needed from day to day.

Hay riggings may be put in shape for the coming season. Other farm



Good Way to Spend Spare Time.

machines may be repaired if they need it. Wagons may be overhauled, and if not too cold, new paint may be put on.

If any new buildings are planned for the coming year, lumber may be put on the ground. Often the earth is not frozen so hard that we cannot plow and scrape out the basements for cellars or excavate for house cellars.

The stock calls for careful attention now. The first and last work of the successful farmer for the day must be done at the barn, feeding and otherwise caring for cattle.

Take out the old solid board windows of the cow stables and put in their place sash glass. This will add to the health and comfort of the stock.

It is often possible to press the fall plowing well into the winter. This places the farmer at a decided advantage over the one who waits for spring to begin before he does any plowing.

Stormy days may be used for reading, writing, and laying plans for days to come.

GENERAL FARM NOTES

Sprouts sap the life of the tree.

Nearly every weed seed will grow if given time.

Plow up the full crop of weeds, and save work next year.

Don't strip off the leaves—they are the lungs of the plant.

Thin overloaded grapevines by plucking the poorest bunches. Tie the young shoots to the trellis.

Keep the bung out of the vinegar barrel, but have a bit of wire screen over the opening to guard against things that may fall.

There are some of those roosters left yet, in spite of everything. Get them out and sell them right off. They are eating their heads off and you will never get half your money back.

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MIGHT HAVE BY THE SCENT

Englishman's Answer to Inquiry Might Have Been Termed Personal by Some People.

A certain English humorist, visiting America, was spending the week in a town on Cape Cod. One afternoon he boarded a trolley car and found the only available seat next to a roughly dressed and hearty down-Easterner. Englishman's jaunty cane and neat outing clothes evidently attracted and amused the workman, and with a quick look at his friend across the car, he touched a finger to his cap.

"Excuse me, sir," he inquired, "but don't you come from Manchester-by-the-Sea?"

The Englishman adjusted the well-known monocle, exaggerated his stare, and replied: "Bab Jove! How did you surmise it? And am I wrong in thinking that you are from Gloucester-by-the-smell?"

ARE YOU THINKING OF THE NEW COUNTRY?

The State of Colorado wishes, if you are in earnest to procure a home, say of 320 acres, to help and promote you, barring speculators and investors. THE GREAT DIVIDE, published 43 Post Building, Denver, Colorado, is anxious to tell you all about it. Send stamp for sample copy today. Also say what paper you read this in.—Adv.

"Watchful Waiting."

"What are ye to do for fashions if the war in France continues?"

"Wear as little as we can, and wait."

If you can't look a man in the eye when you talk to him, use a phone.

Don't Persecute Your Bowels

Cut out cathartics and purgatives. They are brutal, harsh, unnecessary. Try CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Purely vegetable. Act gently on the liver, eliminate bile, and soothe the delicate membrane of the bowels. Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Sick Headache and Indigestion, as millions know. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

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SECURE A SUPPLY OF WOOD FOR WINTER



Boys Pulling Stumps—Nothing Makes a Brighter Fire in the Grate Than Old Stumps.

There is no better way of interesting the boys in farm life than to get them started in some part of the work. Let them form clubs of different kinds. Clubs for the protection of birds; clubs for growing pigs, corn and other products. It should not be difficult to get them interested in a club for the purpose of securing an ample supply of wood for the winter. The illustration shows a boys' club in Pennsylvania, actively engaged in pulling stumps. There is nothing more cheery than a bright fire in the grate on a cold winter's night and the old stumps scattered around the average

farm are excellent for that purpose. It is a good thing to get up the supply of wood for the winter, before the deep snow comes on. Skid the logs out and haul them down to the house. Roll them in good sized snags piles handy to the sawmill, if you have one, or to the skidway, if you cut them up with a cross-cut saw. It's nice to have the log-way near the woodhouse, so you can throw the blocks in and split them up in there. If the house is behind the barn or some other building, it will help to keep off the hard winds while you are at work.

OSCURO

(Too late for last week)

Elias G. Rafferty is enlarging one of his reservoirs on his claim near here.

Clark Host who is ranching at the old Mayes place was in town this week.

The concrete bungalow which was built by W. H. Corwin for Chas F. Grey, has been completed.

Earl Black is building a cement addition to his mother's homestead house which is already quite comfortable.

The geology men's geological survey crew is still located here doing topographical mapping work.

The Justice of the peace election Monday brought out more votes than the general election for congressmen last fall. No candidates were seeking the office although the result was very close. G. Kaniger received 14 votes for Justice of the Peace. H. Thornton received 15 votes and was declared elected. W. P. Loughrey was elected without opposition as constable.

On Saturday night Chas. Sippel a transient, was arrested by W. P. Loughrey and Jesse Roberts, charged with the burglary of the Boyd warehouse and also entering the dwelling of Ray Stoddard, near where he was apprehended after several shots had been fired. Preliminary hearing was had Monday, before Justice Ranniger at which time the defendant was bound over to await action of the next grand jury under \$1500 bail. Sippel pleaded guilty to entering the dwelling house. A number of tools were found on his person.

MEET AND ORGANIZE

The stock grazing permittees of the White Oaks district of the Lincoln National Forest Reserve recently met in White Oaks and formed themselves into an organization to be known as the "White Oaks Cattle Growers Association." The meeting was largely attended, nearly all cattlemen of the district being present. Officers chosen were Samuel Wells, President; H. S. Hanner, Secretary.

The objects and purposes of the organization are as follows: To promote the cattle interest of all cattle growers in the White Oaks grazing district; to secure a cordial friendship among the cattle growers and instill sound and correct principles of the breeding and growing of cattle; to assist at all times in securing the enactment of good wholesome laws for the protection and encouragement of the cattle growers interest, in combating diseases and the selling of cattle in a body, thereby reaching the top market price for them.

The next regular meeting of the Association will be held in the Jicarilla school house, Jicarilla, New Mexico, Monday, February 1-1915.

This action on the part of the cattle growers of the White Oaks district is sure to result in great benefits to all concerned and the cattlemen of other districts of the county would, no doubt, do well to follow their example.—Con.

FINE RANCH FOR SALE OR TRADE

Two hundred acres under good ditch, 400 acres grazing land, all under fence, two dwelling houses, corrals, barn, etc two miles river front for watering stock, one well at house, seven acres good bearing orchard, good roads, on daily mail line, half mile to good school. Can put up 500 tons alfalfa on place. Will sell or trade for strictly cattle ranch proposition. For price and terms see DENNY & OSBORN.



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See our new and complete line of electrical supplies of all kinds. We are sole agents for the famous Mazda Lamps, the kind that saves you money and gives more light.—Kelley & Sons.

Walkover shoes are sold exclusively by the Carrizozo Trading Co. Price \$3.50 to \$5.00. Don't pay more.

For auto robes, horse blankets, etc., see Kelley & Sons.

Prepare for the coming of the electric lights. We have a complete line of bulbs, and other supplies which you will need. Sole agents for the Mazda Lamp, the kind that uses less current and gives more light.—Kelley & Sons.

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FOR SALE—Good black Gramma hay, Call on J. G. Textor Carrizozo.

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BRAVE WOMEN OF EAST PRUSSIA



Undaunted by their misfortune in being driven from their homes in East Prussia by the czar's forces, these German peasant women, who are compelled to make their homes in temporary shelters thrown up in the fields, are busily engaged knitting woolen socks and mittens for their men folk, who are fighting with the kaiser's forces.

SINGS TO SOLDIERS

Breton Bard Inspires Spirit of French Armies.

Under Orders of Minister of War He Travels From Camp to Camp Entertaining Men With Stirring Ballads.

Paris.—The role that the minstrel Taillefer played at Hastings, that Roland took at Roncevaux and Blondel filled when he found the imprisoned Richard Coeur de Lion in an Austrian castle is being played in the present war by Theodore Botrel, the Breton poet, who has been sent to the fighting line by M. Millerand, the minister of war, to sing and recite patriotic and warlike chansons to the French soldiers, to inspire them to mighty deeds.

For the last month or more the picturesque Breton singer, with his sleek hair, his wide hat brim, his flying ribbon and voluminous velvet breeches, looking for all the world like the painted figure on a piece of Breton pottery, has been traveling, staff in hand, from camp to camp, entertaining the fighting men of France with stirring ballads. Botrel's work smacks of ancient warfare and its customs more even than the breastplates, hand grenades and spears which have proved their value on several occasions.

The soldiers are gathered together in a big hall, an impromptu and generally insecure platform is rigged up and Botrel stands forth to recite his songs, some in the Breton dialect, others in French, but all touched with the lyric flame that carries simple words and simple thoughts straight to the hearts of the hearers.

Botrel's inspiration is not of the kind that soars high and far, but here, face to face with the troops who are bearing themselves so gallantly in the east, he has found again the fire of his earlier days and the flame of patriotism burns bright and strong in these metrical chants which he utters with a touching simplicity and childlike earnestness.

The war bard is filling a useful role; he helps to promote cheerfulness and optimism, and does much to relieve the monotony of life in a fort. He cannot complain of monotony. Since August 30, when he set forth on this novel mission to a defensive army Botrel has seldom slept in a bed and perhaps never twice in the same place.

But as he himself remarks, he fares no worse than the soldiers to whom he is sent, and he travels and tramps as best he can, arriving always in good spirits, and exuding cheerfulness at every pore, however weary he may be.

He is adored wherever he passes naturally, and indefatigably he travels on. Good-night here; good-morrow there.

It sounds strange, the presence of this middle aged bard with the fighting forces of the land, in the fortresses and garrisons of a modern fighting machine. Yet a singer of patriotic songs could nowhere get better inspiration than with the colors, and one almost wonders that a poet laureate is not always to be found in camp, as near as possible to the place where the battle may be raging.

There, at all events, the French forces have theirs. Botrel has set the example. There are many poets serving with the colors, of course; poetry does not exempt a Frenchman from his military services, and some of them find time occasionally to send a sonnet or a strophe home from the trenches.

Only Botrel has gone out with the bard's mission, and he is earning his medal in his way. When the war is over, and the country has time to think of recompenses, and prizes, and medals, the French academy will perhaps award one to the Breton Bard.

SPY CAUSES DEATH OF 500

Signaled to German Guns, Which Destroyed the Church They Slept In.

London.—How 500 French troops were betrayed by a spy is told in dispatches from Dunkirk. The French soldiers were sleeping in a church at Lampernisse. A spy in some way gained access to the belfry and displayed lights which notified the German artillery of the presence of the troops.

A bombardment immediately followed, and the exact range being known to the enemy, the sleeping men, before they could make their escape, were cut to pieces by exploding shells, which also set fire to the straw on which they had been lying.

DEPICT RUSSIAN LIFE



New York society crowded the ballroom of the Biltmore recently on the occasion of the Russian festival arranged by Miss Barbara Rutherford, daughter of Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt. The proceeds of the festival go to aid Russian war sufferers.

CALMLY FACE DEATH

Wounded, Torn With Pain, Suffer Without a Groan.

Corpse-like Silence of the Still Living Paralyzes One With the Icy Horror of a Hideous Nightmare.

By J. H. PHILLIPS.

(Chicago Evening Post.)
Montreau, Northern France.—It is the unearthly silence of the wounded which appalls one!

The ambulance trains—strings of rough box cars—pull in from the front. And there on the floor, amid the straw, lie the bandaged men, voiceless and motionless.

If only the nondescript lumps of human flesh writhed about and moaned, the ghastly spectacle could not be so hideous as is this corpse-like silence of still living men! It paralyzes one with the icy horror of a nightmare. Charnel trains, not hospital trains, those convoys might be called.

Two cars stand sidetracked at the station of Montreau, where there is situated a hospital base organized by Dr. L. Haden Guest, the famous English surgeon, and his wife, in co-operation with the French Red Cross.

In one of the cars several nurses spend every night; in the other, two doctors. For they must be promptly on hand when the hospital trains come in. I stayed with the doctors one night.

About two in the morning—it was black outside and bitterly cold—we heard a commotion on the adjacent track—whistles and the creaking of brakes. And before the incoming train of wounded had jerked itself painfully to a standstill our head doctor was hurrying up the rails, a flickering lantern in hand.

"How many?" he called in French to the guard.

"About two hundred, monsieur," came the reply from a dim silhouette, fumbling at the door of a car. "The worst cases are in here, monsieur. Some of 'em's dead, I guess, by now."

The doctor clambered into the car and pecked his way among the men with his lantern. The nurses and a number of bearers with stretchers had already gathered about the door.

The worst cases were taken out to an ill-smelling freight shed across the tracks—the emergency hospital, where the nurses, kneeling on the ground, dressed the wounds. A hundred others were sent uptown to the main Montreau hospital—a china factory donated to the Red Cross by the proprietors. The half-dozen new dead were laid in grimly contorted positions on the station platform to be disposed of later, and then the train, still laden with scores of sufferers so racked with pain as to be utterly exhausted and indifferent to the torture of this endless trip, moved onward again, its destination the great hospitals at Fontainebleau.

This is a scene of almost every night. It is a scene which is being enacted not only here at Montreau but at scores of other hospitals.

Mrs. Guest, wife of the doctor in charge, told me of one French soldier who lay in bed with both legs and one arm amputated.

"He had the face of a saint," she said. "And the only words we ever heard from the poor boy were apologies for all the trouble he was giving us! 'If I only had another arm I might play cards with that fellow next me,' he would say. That would take his mind off his sufferings."

"We would have had to amputate the boy's other arm also, but death forestalled us," said Mrs. Guest.

Imagine a human head with the entire face gone save for a portion of the covering of the jaw!

"That is what you would see under that great bloody bandage," whispered Doctor Guest to me, pointing to a motionless figure. "The vocal cords were visible when we took off the field dressings!"

And in the next cot a cheerful Ten-ton was sitting up joking with an attendant about the "eats." He insisted that he had been served no meal for half an hour and was famished.

"That man's case is simply marvelous," said Doctor Guest. "He had half a dozen bullets in his head, yet after a terrible operation he has been gaining strength so fast we can hardly keep him in bed."

"Last night we had an eerie experience. We were suddenly awakened by a deep bass voice calling piteously: 'Mother, mother!' An English Tommy, shot in the head, had become insane and was literally an infant crying in the night." He died in the course of an hour. His mother will never know how her brave son called upon her for help at the last. His was just an ordinary death. We have had as many as seven such deaths out of twenty-five beds in one night!"

DECEIT OF DEVLIN

By FRANK CONDON.

(Copyright.)

The marriage of Mr. Lawrence Devlin to Miss Ernestine Childs occurred promptly at eight o'clock in the evening at St. Bartholomew's church, and a small number of close friends attended the pleasing ceremony.

The usual remarks were made by the clergyman, and the still more usual ones by the spectators, after which the newly joined pair went happily away.

At eight o'clock in the morning of the same day, young Mr. Devlin was what the newspapers would term "a prominent young millionaire," meaning that he possessed large quantities of money.

When Wall street and the banks closed in mid-afternoon, Mr. Devlin was worth, approximately, the cost of the suit of clothes he wore. A trust company had sunk with all hands on board, carrying with it the Devlin fortune.

In the cab which carried them from the church, Lawrence looked sadly and thoughtfully at his beaming bride. She knew nothing of the financial crash. His friends knew nothing. To all outward appearances he was still the "prominent young millionaire."

"Dearest," Lawrence said, taking his bride's hand tenderly in his own, "we are going to be very happy, are we not?"

"Yes, Lawrence," replied Ernestine, pressing his hand.

"And to contribute to our supreme happiness; to provide for us an unusual and unique experience, I have thought out a plan in which I am sure you will concur. We have been accustomed to the good things of life; to luxuries in every form; to servants, automobiles, theaters, and all the thousand little extravagances that make life easy. But we have never had an opportunity to try the other sort of life—the life exactly opposed to our own—the life of the poor. What would be a finer thing than to pretend we were very poor; to live as the poor live; to deny ourselves the things to which we have been accustomed?"

"I am sure it would be delightful," his bride responded.

"We could take a small flat in the poor part of New York," Lawrence continued, his enthusiasm growing.

"We could pretend we had scarcely any money, buy plain but good food, do our own housework, and study the lives of those poverty-stricken people."

"Lawrence dear," said Ernestine, "I will gladly go any place you go. I will do anything you do, and share your life, no matter what happens."

"Then it is agreed," her husband said.

With that decision as a broad foundation, there arose far in the eastern portion of the city a small flat. An installment furniture company filled it with the usual "hundred-dollar set" at ten dollars down and two a month.

Each morning the beautiful young bride arose and prepared a frugal meal. With her own fair hands she washed the dishes, dusted the imitation oak furniture, and scrubbed the floor. Lawrence sometimes helped her. Coming home, he carried wood up the four flights and deposited it by the stove.

At nine o'clock Lawrence would go out and buy ten cents' worth of cheese and a box of crackers and a pint of beer. They would then feast together, laughing over the absurdity of the whole thing. Lawrence had said:

"My dear girl, much as I dislike to be away from your side for even a brief moment, there are certain weighty financial matters requiring my presence downtown. Tomorrow I shall have to be downtown very early. Shall we have breakfast at seven?"

"My love," Ernestine answered fondly, "I will prepare your breakfast at six if you wish it."

So Mr. Devlin left the flat at half past seven in the morning and spent the day looking for a job. He clipped a column from the morning newspaper and hunted tirelessly. In the evening he appeared for supper.

"You look drawn and weary, dear one," said his bride.

"We had it hard today," said Lawrence. "The market was panicky. They've been trying to shoot holes in my railroad, but I refused to let 'em. What have we to eat?"

"Tripe, Lawrence, dear," replied Ernestine.

Promptly every morning as the whistles blew, young Mr. Devlin hurried away from the east side flat to guard his mythical millions. Promptly at six each night he returned. Ernestine was trying to run the flat on seven dollars a week, and was delighted with her success.

The scene changes.

At noon Ernestine hung the dish-

rag over the clothes line in the kitchen, yawned a weary yawn, and let down her hair. A rapid afternoon stared her in the face.

"I think," she said to herself musingly, "that I shall go to a matinee today."

She dressed leisurely in garments long unused, selected a popular musical comedy, and went gayly forth.

At five o'clock in the afternoon Broadway was jammed with traffic. Hundreds of motor cars drew up before the theaters and waited for their owners.

At the entrance to the Knickerbocker a liveried attendant shouted the numbers.

Mrs. Ernestine Devlin came forth with the handsomely dressed throng of women and children and, held up her hand. The attendant gave ear to her request and shouted a mysterious signal, whereupon a pink taxicab darted through the seemingly impenetrable welter of traffic and halted at the curb before Mrs. Devlin.

She glanced at the man on the chauffeur's seat and stifled a gasp.

It was her husband!

Lawrence looked back at her stonily.

"Where to, madam?" he asked.

He was dressed in a leather coat, with leather leggings, and a chauffeur's cap adorned with a license tag.

Ernestine stumbled into the cab.

"Home!" she said huskily.

When the cab had cleared the thick of the traffic, Ernestine leaned forward.

"Lawrence Devlin," she asked, "what is the meaning of this joke?"

"Sweetheart," replied her husband, skillfully avoiding a two-foot child carrying a rag doll, "this is no joke. This is taxicab Number 20709 N. Y., owned and operated by the Pink Taxicab company, and I am the official chauffeur. I belong to the chauffeurs' union. For driving this car ten hours a day I receive twenty-five dollars a week and all the tips I can collect. You have found me out. I must make a clean breast of it."

"Do you mean," Ernestine asked in a trembling voice, "that you have lost your money?"

"Precisely," Lawrence answered without turning in his seat. "I haven't a cent in the world except what I earn this way."

"You brave boy," his wife whispered tearfully.

On the drive home Ernestine became thoughtful. Lawrence proceeded with speed and skill, and in the course of time drew up before the doorway of his modest flat.

He flicked open the door and turned down the red flag on the meter.

"It will be four dollars and forty cents, dear one," he said jocosely.

"It will be nothing of the kind," Ernestine retorted, stepping daintily to the curb.

"You refuse to pay me?" Lawrence inquired.

"I certainly do," answered his wife.

"Then I shall have to take you to the nearest police station. I have done that several times to trouble-some fares."

"When I ride in a taxicab I never pay money," Ernestine answered.

"You will get me into trouble with the Pink Taxicab company, Ernestine dear. I must demand payment," said Lawrence.

"It has been my custom to taxicab with the Pink company, Lawrence, because of the fact that I ride on a pass."

"A pass?" Lawrence inquired.

"Because," Ernestine continued, patting her husband's arm, "as the president and owner of the Pink Taxicab company, I would be foolish to pay. We move back to civilization tonight!" she said, going up the steps to the little flat.

Why Indians Are Red.

A German doctor has evolved a queer theory about the coloring of the human race—that the tint of the skin is determined by the food eaten.

Originally, he declares, the human species was black, because our primitive forefathers subsisted on fruits and roots containing manganese. The American redskins owe their color to the consumption of raw flesh. The Mongols are yellow because of their descent from a tribe which consumed great quantities of herbs rich in chloride, and the Caucasians have to thank the salt, for which they have no great a liking, for their dainty pink and white or delicate brunette complexions.—Philadelphia Record.

Interested at Once.

"My dear, you ought to pass up frivolous things and take an interest in deep subjects. Take history, for instance. Gessler, the tyrant, put up a hat for the Swiss to salute." The lady was a trifle interested. "How was it trimmed?" she inquired.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Land Lost Through Erosion.

The amount of erosion going on in this world is something astonishing. The Mississippi has stolen by erosion from the different states through which it runs enough territory to make of itself a small state.

THE OUTLOOK

DENNY & OSBORN, Publishers

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

LARGEST CIRCULATION IN THE COUNTY

Entered as second-class matter January 6, 1911, at the post office at Carrizozo, New Mexico, under the Act of March 3, 1879

Advertising forms close Wednesday at noon. News columns close Thursday night. All you do not receive your paper regularly, please notify the Publisher. Advertising rates on application.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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

FRIDAY JANUARY 22, 1915

TOO MANY LAWS TO ENFORCE

This nation as a whole, and almost every state in it—this one not excepted—suffers from too much law making. Senator Root told the American Bar Association that in five years from 1909 to 1913 inclusive, Congress and the State Legislatures passed 62,014 laws. No one knows how many thousands of laws were in force before 1909, but the 62,014 new ones repealed many of those previously in force, and amended many more, with no end of resulting confusion. Relatively few of the laws are vicious enough to work direct harm, but hundreds of them are harmful in directly, for they are unnecessary, non-existent, and impossible to enforce.

THINK THIS OVER

When a newspaper gives you a lot of free advertising in order to boost its concert or entertainment in which you are interested, keep track of the lines that are printed week by week and multiply that number by the regular advertising rates of the paper. Compare the results with the actual money value of any favor that you get from any other business concern. Then take into consideration the fact that advertising and circulation are the only two things that a newspaper has to sell. Now, in these days of higher prices, how much do you think it ought to give away?

BREVITY

Brevity may or may not be the "soul of wit," but there is no question in regard to brevity being the soul of conversation nowadays. The aim of the up-to-the-second conversationalist is to cut all corners and get there in the shortest possible time.

In days of yore a man was polite under all circumstances, no matter how much time it consumed. Then he would say "My dear sir, I desire that you understand thoroughly that I comprehend fully and in all details the information you are endeavoring to impart to me."

Now he says "Gotcha!"

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 7 a. m., Tuesdays and Fridays.



THE CHURCH AS A SOCIAL CENTER

A Broader Sphere for Religion—New Field for the Rural Church.

By Peter Radford

Lecturer National Farmers' Union.

The social duty of the rural church is as much a part of its obligations as its spiritual side. In expressing its social interest, the modern rural church does not hesitate to claim that it is expressing a true religious instinct and the old-time idea that the social instincts should be starved while the spiritual nature was overfed with solid theological food, is fast giving way to a broader interpretation of the functions of true religion. We take our place in the succession of those who have sought to make the world a fit habitation for the children of man when we seek to study and understand the social duty of the rural church. The true Christian religion is essentially social—its tenets of faith being love and brotherhood and fellowship. While following after righteousness, the church must challenge and seek to reform that social order in which moral life is expressed. While cherishing ideals of service, the rural church which obtains the fullest measure of success is that which enriches as many lives as it can touch, and in no way can the church come in as close contact with its members as through the avenue of social functions.

The country town and the rural community need a social center. The church need offer no apology for its ambition to fill this need in the community, if an understanding of its mission brings this purpose into clear consciousness. The structure of a rural community is exceedingly complex; it contains many social groups, each of which has its own center, but there are many localities which have but one church and although such a church cannot command the interest of all the people, it is relieved from the embarrassment of religiously divided communities.

Social Needs Imperative.

The average country boy and girl have very little opportunity for real enjoyment, and have, as a rule, a vague conception of the meaning of pleasure and recreation. It is to fill this void in the lives of country youth that the rural church has risen to the necessity of providing entertainment, as well as instruction, to its membership among the young. The children and young people of the church should meet when religion is not even mentioned. It has been found safest for them to meet frequently under the direction and care of the church. To send them into the world with no social training exposes them to grave peril and to try to keep them out of the world with no social privileges is sheer folly. There is a social nature, to both old and young, but the social requirements of the young are imperative. The church must provide directly or indirectly some modern equivalent for the husking bee, the quilting bee and the singing schools of the old days. In one way or another the social instincts of our young people must have opportunity for expression, which may take the form of clubs, parties, picnics or other forms of amusement. One thing is certain, and that is that the church cannot take away the dance, the card party and the theatre unless it can offer in its place a satisfying substitute in the form of more pleasing recreation.

Universal Instinct for Play.

In providing for enjoyment the church uses one of the greatest methods by which human society has developed. Association is never secure until it is pleasurable; in play the instinctive aversion of one person for another is overcome and the social mood is fostered. Play is the chief educational agency in rural communities and in the play-day of human childhood social sympathy and social habits are evolved. As individuals come together in social gatherings, their viewpoint is broadened, their ideas are lifted and finally they constitute a cultured and refined society. It is plain, therefore, that the church which aims at a perfected society must use in a refined and exalted way the essential factors in social evolution and must avail itself of the universal instinct for play. If the church surrounds itself with social functions which appeal to the young among its membership, it will fill a large part of the lamentable gap in rural pleasures.

Say, You!



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ALAMOGORDO MARBLE WORKS
FRANK FALCONE, Prop.
ALAMOGORDO, NEW MEXICO

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Miss Chance—Oh, Tom, papa has failed.
Mr. Nocoyno—Well, you might know he'd do all he could to keep us from getting married.

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CARRIZOZO, NEW MEXICO

WELL PLACED AND ARRANGED

Four-room Bungalow Embodying Most Popular Constructive Features.

IS ARTISTIC IN ITS EFFECT

Architecturally, This Is of the Type That Probably Has More Admirers Than Any Other—Veranda Designed Especially for Summer Comfort.

By WILLIAM A. RADFORD.

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 1837 Prairie Avenue, Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

The prettiest bungalow with the best possible arrangement of rooms is the demand that architects are called upon to fill.

This design illustrates a four-room bungalow which embodies the most popular features of bungalow construction. In the first place, the appearance either from the front or from the chimney end is artistic in effect and correct according to the most approved architectural construction.

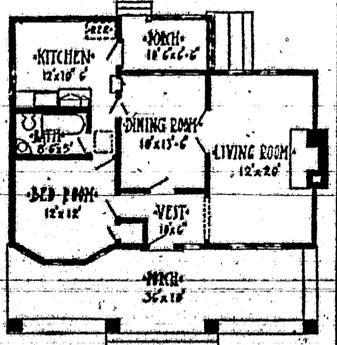
The large chimney is built of rough-finished brick, the dark color of which is relieved by the fillings of white mortar. At the top of the fireplace, where the chimney is drawn in, terra-cotta shoulder blocks are inserted. The top of the chimney also is finished with a terra-cotta cap, which projects all around for effect as well as for protection against storm.

The veranda is 36 by 10 feet in size, designed especially for summer comfort. Bungalow verandas like this are furnished with artistic reed, rattan or willow lounging or reading chairs.



Usually the floor is partially covered with a mat to correspond with the furniture in color. If not in material, some of these outdoor mats are very artistic, because of the peculiar manner in which they are woven. Some are reasonable in cost, while others are, of course, quite expensive, depending on the material. The effect of some of the cheaper ones may be as interesting as the more expensive weaves, so much depends on the selection and matching up of rugs and furniture.

On this particular veranda the swinging seat should be placed down in the shady end in front of the bay



Floor Plan.

window, leaving the wider end of the veranda free for the artistic arrangement of movable summer parlor furniture.

The roof over this splendid veranda is an extension of the main roof. Such a wide expanse of roof requires the relief of a good-sized dormer window. This dormer is not entirely useless, because it admits light into the attic, which is required for storage purposes.

It will be noticed that the cornice projection is wider than in ordinary house construction. There is something about the construction of a bungalow that requires a wide projection of roof. In fact, the little house is principally roof, as you see it from a distance, indicating a sort of overhanging protection against the weather that is both inviting and suggestive of pleasant associations. In fact, you feel the approaching welcome in a bungalow of this kind, even before you enter the front door. It offers a sort of invitation to snuggle down into one of the big upholstered chairs and make yourself at home.

The plan of this little home is as interesting as the exterior. The main room, of course, is the large living room, 12 by 20 feet in size. Such splendid rooms a few years ago were considered impossible in a house of this size. But large, airy, comfortable living rooms have now become so popular that houses of any standing in the community positively must possess at least one room that offers ease, comfort and luxury by wholesale measurement.

Large modern furniture has had a great influence in shaping sentiment in favor of large living rooms. The immense tufted davenports, large upholstered chairs, baby grand pianos, cabinet music boxes and other cabinets for holding records, together with handsome book shelves, all appeal to the housewife and daughters when the house is being furnished. Such furniture in turn demands place enough to tax the limitations of the largest modern living rooms.

The arrangement of the dining-room, kitchen and back porch introduces a combination which produces a domestic workshop that renders housekeeping a pleasure. The rear porch is intended as a sort of annex to the kitchen—a screened outdoor workroom.

The kitchen is fitted with built-in cupboards along one side to take the place of the stereotyped pantry.

The bathroom is properly placed to be easy of access from any part of the house. This little bathroom is finished in white enamel with white hexagon tile floor blocks set in cement. The wainscoting is made of white tile, and the walls and ceiling are coated with white enamel paint. No other finish is quite as suitable for a bathroom as pure white. The bathtub and washstand also are of white enamel finish.

The manner of placing a bungalow on the ground has a good deal to do

with its artistic appearance. Bungalows are low down. A real bungalow sits down close to the ground and snuggles comfortably in amongst the shrubbery. To obtain this effect, however, it is not necessary that a bungalow should be damp. The effect is produced by the grading up of the ground. The foundation, to begin with, is built as high as for a two-story house, but the ground is so graded up and the shrubbery so placed as to give the low-down bungalow effect.

Another truly bungalow feature is the wide front steps. Some parts of a bungalow may be contracted into small space, but not the front steps. They must have liberal dimensions in length of step and width of tread. The risers are low and the treads are made for No. 12 shoes.

The Dried Apple.
An eastern paper the other day remarked that "dried apples of the kind that used to hang from the rafters in the freight are about to swell the volume of export trade," buyers from Norway and Sweden being in the United States market for large supplies of the product. Well—don't you believe it. The dried apple that hung from the rafter in the freight's glow when you were a boy sitting beside the blazing log in the cabin fireplace went out long years ago as a commercial product. The "evaporated apple" of the trade is a whiter, cleaner, different product. Only here and there in isolated places where the tradition of doing and making things for oneself survives is the old-fashioned dried apple to be found—and it isn't dried in the freight's glow. For the glow and the crackle are but memories of a vanished yesteryear, since the coal stove came to the farmhouse. And yesteryears are all bygone, to return no more, taking everything with them, their thoughts and customs and deeds, and leaving only a few whitening heads to remember them.—Detroit Free Press.

FOR OLD-FASHIONED CAKE

Recipe That Has Not Been Improved on Since Our Grandmothers Used to Make It.

Fruit for this should be prepared in advance as follows: Six cupfuls of currants, washed, dried and picked. Three cupfuls sultana raisins, three cupfuls of citron cut in fine strips, one-half cupful candied lemon peel, two cupfuls of almonds blanched and cut in shreds. In a warm-bowl mix four cupfuls of butter and four cupfuls of sugar, granulated or confectioner's, beat these together until very light. Break ten eggs into another bowl, do not beat them.

Cover a waiter with a big sheet of paper; sift four pints of flour over this, add the fruit and the following spices: two teaspoonfuls each of nutmeg, mace and cinnamon, one tablespoonful each of cloves and allspice. Mix these together and stand aside ready for use. Have ready in a little pitcher one-half pint best brandy. Select a deep cake tin and grease with butter, line it inside with white paper and on the outside and bottom with four or five thicknesses of very thick wrapping paper which you must tie on. Have your oven hot and the fire banked so it will not burn out quickly. Now beat the butter and sugar once more, add the eggs two at a time, beating the mixture after each addition. When the eggs are all used, turn in the flour and fruit with brandy, mix thoroughly, pour into the prepared cake tin, cover with several thicknesses of brown paper, and bake eight hours, keeping the oven steady and clear.

Removed from the oven and allow it to stand on tin sheet until quite cold. Ice with a thin coat of white icing top and sides and stand in a cool oven to dry, then give it a second coat of thick icing and ornament according to fancy. An icing made of white egg, a few drops of cold water and confectioner's sugar is the best for the thick icing.

BEFORE THE HEAVY COURSE

Some Delicious Appetizers That Are Not at All Hard to Acquire or Prepare.

The hors d'oeuvre is not much used by private families in America, but a dish of any of the things used will admirably set off a modest meal. For oysters or clams, cooked or raw, two hours before serving chop two or three shallots very fine and put them in a saucedish with salt, pepper, vinegar and oil. Pass this around with the shellfish, supplying small plates for holding the sauce. Another excellent hors d'oeuvre can be made of one green pepper, several slices of Bermuda onion, and one firm, fresh tomato. Peel the tomato and denude the pepper of seeds. Then cut the last in fine shreds, putting these on top of a slice of onion laid in turn on a slice of tomato. But do this individual arrangement after the vegetables have marinated in a dressing of olive oil, lemon juice or vinegar and salt and pepper. Anchovies, preserved in oil, are famous appetizers, and they are served as they come or a little dish with hard-boiled eggs chopped fine, capers and minced parsley.

The Turkey Toothsome.
If the turkey is roasted with a larding of thin fat pork over his plump bosom his flavor will be improved tenfold.

Three very thin slices of pork are enough, and, of course, the good work of basting must be continued to the last moment to carry the hint of the pork through all the bird.

New Silver Polish.
Common lump starch, powdered, makes a very good silver polish. Rub it on with a wet cloth, leaving it until dry, then polish with a chamolis.

Lemon and Orange Tart.
Grated rind and juice of one lemon, one-half cupful of butter, scant cupful of sugar, two eggs. Cook in double boiler till thickened, bake in puff paste shells without boiling over.

Orange Tartlets.—Grate the peel of one, add the juice of two oranges, one-half to three-quarters cupful of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, one cupful of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, one tablespoonful of cornstarch wet with one tablespoonful of lemon or raspberry juice, one egg. Beat well and bake in puff paste.

Sugared Popcorn.
Make a sirup by boiling together two teacupfuls of water. Boil until the sirup strings from the spoon or hardens when dropped into cold water. Pour over six quarts of freshly popped corn and stir well.

Fried Turnip.
Peel white turnips, cut them into cubes about one-half inch square, let stand in cold water one-half hour, then boil in salted water until tender. Drain and fry in butter until a golden brown on both sides.

SHOULD MATCH SKIRT

SEASON'S BLOUSE CALLS FOR DEEP CONSIDERATION.

Changing Styles Have Caused Many Points to Enter into Final Decision Made—Simulated Basque Received With Favor.

That garment which goes with the coat and suit is never easy to choose, and it is especially difficult this season for several reasons, chief of which is the fashion for one-piece frocks and the consequent desire of most women to have their blouses appear as a continuation of the skirt and serve for all manner of occasions when the coat must be lifted.

It has long been a fashion to retain the coat in a room where one is calling or lunching—except in a private house at a formal meal—and this gave rise to some carelessness concerning the kind of a blouse beneath, the main object being to secure good neckwear, which was much in evidence because the jacket was loosened. Now the wheel has turned. The incoming of the top



Green Brocade Dancing Frock. A Jeweled Sash and Straps of Black Tulle Over the Shoulders Complete the Effect.

coat, which is removed in the dressing room, and the fashion for the one-piece frock have resulted in a demand for a blouse that carries out the component parts of the skirt or, at least, strongly suggests it in color and in design.

This does not mean that the wash white blouse is forsaken. On the contrary, it has developed strength through the cotton crusade and such a popular factor in separate blouses. First, georgette crepe took the place of the chiffon, then women went back to their first love, which is the simple blouse of a washable white material not overburdened because of this verdict, the over-trimmed thin waists in nonwashable materials seem to be out of keeping with the season. The shops show them plentifully, and yet one knows that they are not in first style.

Even the muslin ones are plain, tucks or hemstitching constituting the chief handwork, and now that the high collar is really established, there is no excuse for lace there, unless one uses a good quality of valenciennes or filet. Any kind of lace is preferable to the starched muslin band about the neck, which demands veritable beauty for its setting.

Decidedly the new movement in separate waists, however, is the simulated basque. It was worn in Paris as far back as last March, and it was adopted here in a modified form that was not quite as artistic as it might have been. This season the shops have found such blouses immensely popular especially in sand color, which goes admirably with many strong colors in suits.

These waists have loose sleeves and extended shoulder lines, however, which is not in keeping with the period of our suits and frocks, and there is little doubt but that the almost tight basque, buttoned straight up the front with fabric buttons, with regulation armholes, set-in sleeves and high or low collar, is already the smart separate waist to use.

If the plain fronts are not becoming then one can adopt lengthwise wide puffs divided by silk cording which belonged to the 1870 period, a style which looks quite modern as some women wear it.

A blouse cut after this shape, made in satin or soft grosgrain silk fastened with velvet buttons in the same color, and finished at the neck with a turnover collar of lace or a high collar of the satin, contributes wonderfully well to the appearance of a cloth suit.

Seal brown is a fashionable color. Grays are coming in again.

CONSIDER NOW THE NECKTIE

Important in Scheme of Costume is This Adornment, Now in Such Great Variety.

High, straight fur neckties of the "tour de cou" order are again very fashionable for girls. These ties are charming when made of ermine and finished off at one side with a bunch of black tails. Similar ties are made of skunk and fastened with a dark crimson rose, yet others are carried out in mink and dark brown chiffon.

A velvet epidemic is here. There was no foreshadowing of it in the French styles shown in August, which goes to prove that we like to dress as our neighbors dress, for the day that a few smart women indulged in velvet gowns the mass followed suit.

An ingenious way of keeping the sash at the desired low waist line was seen on another model trimmed in military style. Straps of braid held at both ends with little silver buttons were placed at intervals, forming a prescribed track for the black satin girdle.

The girdle is often the only detail of a costume that attracts attention. This fact should be made the most of by women obliged to plan a winter outfit on a limited dress allowance, as a few adjustable girdles and sashes will not only furnish variety but also provide the easiest means to bring last year's dresses up to the present-day styles.

Probably we are tired of the plaited tunic, and, not quite accepting the ripping skirt, made in one line from waist to shoe top, have adopted the flounced skirt, which gives three lines stretching around the figure.

FOR THE BEST APPEARANCE

Beauty "Don'ts," Apparently Simple in Themselves, Yet Mean a Great Deal.

Don't frown. Your forehead will soon show permanent wrinkles if you make frowning a habit.

Don't bolt your food. Take your time over eating and masticate your food very carefully, if you want to keep your health and your looks.

Don't adopt a style of hairdressing that doesn't suit you, however smart it may be.

Don't take too much tea or coffee. Both should be taken in moderation only.

Don't eat starchy foods if you are inclined to be stout. Remember—that lemon juice and all acids have remarkably thinning properties.

Don't go out on a windy day without first rubbing a little face cream well into the skin and dusting the face lightly over with powder afterward.

Don't wear tight shoes or shoes with ultra high heels if you wish to cultivate a graceful walk.

Don't wear white if you have a sal-low skin, unless you can relieve it with a bright touch of color.

BROADCLOTH COSTUME



Frock of sand-colored broadcloth with ball collar of white lawn and row of buttons down front of blouse and skirt. Girdle of black satin.

Silver sequins are used upon white net in evening gowns.

METHODIST CHURCH

REV. E. D. LEWIS, Pastor

Smith and Jones meet at the corner of the street. It is Sunday morning, the church bells are ringing out the hour of worship. "Good-morning, Jones." "Good-morning, Smith." "Coming to church today?" "No I've some work to do in the office." Jones goes to church, Smith goes to work. They meet again. It is Monday morning. "How is my neighbor Smith today?" greets Jones. "I am simply tired out. I am all in" is Smith's dejected reply. "I hope you do not feel as I do?" earnestly inquired Smith. "No I am feeling fresh I went to church yesterday, heard a good sermon, laid aside my business troubles and I feel like taking a new hold this morning, and try to push my business with renewed interest and vim." "Sorry you don't feel yourself?" "I wish I had gone to church" said Smith to himself after Jones had passed on.

Come to the Methodist Church Sunday morning and evening and see if you will not have the experience of Jones.

BAPTIST CHURCH

REV. R. L. DAY, Pastor

Next Sunday morning at 11:00 our song service begins, and preaching at 11:25, sharp. B. Y. P. U. at 6:30 p. m. Evening song service begins at 7:15, preaching at 7:40. Be on hand for the song service. Come praying for a spiritual uplift, for that alone makes worship Christ said "The true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth; for the Father seeketh such to worship him. God is a spirit; and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." - John 4: 23-24. Without spirituality no church service is worth the time of an honest man. So, come not for mere entertainment, curiosity, pleasure, rest etc. but come to worship the Lord "in spirit and in truth".

CHEWING THE RAG

By Theo. W. Hervey, Nogal, N. M.

Some people think this world all wrong.

Because they are not a millionaire, They blame the rich in a doleful song, Chewing the rag of despair.

Our statesmen are all to blame And all high prices they nag, They think our government lame Since they began chewing the rag

Their ideas are all populistic No matter how the world wags And they find nothing realistic Except chewing the same old rag

Sometimes we call them knockers On account of their peculiar traits But truly speaking they're mockers For chewing the rags of fate.

Many of them are so d—m foolish That they won't never sleep at home

They mope around looking mulish Still chewing the old rag some.

They are found both in the town and country, And you may know them by their swag,

Teaching and preaching a plenty Chewing the same old rag

Moral: Stopalittlewhilewon'tyou

FINE RANCH FOR SALE OR TRADE

Two hundred acres under good ditch, 400 acres grazing land, all under fence, two dwelling houses, corrals, barn, etc. two miles river front for watering stock, one well at house, seven acres good bearing orchard, good roads, on daily mail line, half mile to good school. Can put up 500 tons alfalfa on place. Will sell or trade for strictly cattle ranch proposition. For price and terms see DENNY & OSBORN.

ELECTION PROCLAMATION

In accordance with the Statute in such case made and provided, we, the undersigned Board of County Commissioners, within and for the County of Lincoln and State of New Mexico, do hereby proclaim and give notice that an election will be held in Precincts Nos. 9 and 10 of said County, the object and purpose of which is to elect one Constable for Precinct No. 9, by the voters of said Precinct No. 9, and for one Justice of the Peace and one Constable for Precinct No. 10, by the voters of said Precinct No. 10, on the second day of February, A. D., 1915, there having been a tie between the candidates for said offices in said Precincts at the election held on the 11th day of January, A. D., 1915; that the judges appointed by said Board for conducting aforesaid election and the voting places of same are as follows: Precinct No. 9:

- L. R. York
- C. C. Merchant
- Julian Serna

- Precinct No. 10: L. F. Avant
Frank E. Armera
Rafael Sanchez.

(Signed)

- Melvin Franks, Chairman
- R. A. Duran
- W. M. Ferguson

Attest:

Albert H. Harvey, Clerk

The El Paso Herald and the Woman's Home Companion, both publications for one year \$7.00
The El Paso Herald and the Metropolitan Magazine, both publications for one year \$7.00. The El Paso Herald and the Sunset Magazine, both publications for one year \$7.00
The El Paso Herald and the American Magazine, both publications for one year \$7.00. The El Paso Herald and the Santa Fe New Mexican, both publications for one year \$7.00.

The above combinations at the remarkable low prices are good temporarily only. Therefore, if you intend to take advantage of any of these offers, kindly send your check or money order to the El Paso Herald, and indicate which one of the offers you desire.

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 7 a. m., Tuesdays and Fridays.

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MEN'S SUITS \$25.00 and \$22.50 VALUES at \$13.95 and \$16.95

This is a sale which could not have been arranged in any season of usual business conditions. Not a single Suit would ordinarily sell for less than \$22.50. The fabrics are some of the most exceptional. All the tailor work is of the Kuppenheimer standard.



MEN'S UNDERWEAR

Men's Worsted Underwear of the popular "Cooper" brand, prices at and below wholesale cost. Special \$1.85 for Union Suits worth \$3.00 and 3.50

"When they make better Hats than ours for the money we'll have them."

Stetson and Worth Hats, new spring Blocks, all the newest shades. Priced from \$3.00 to \$7.00.

WALKOVER SHOES STILL IN THE LEAD

Be sure your next pair are Walkovers. They cost less and wear better. Every pair carry the Union Label. Prices range from \$3.50 to \$5.00.

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JERE R. DENNY, ABSTRACTOR

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