

# LINCOLN COUNTY NEWS

Successor to Carrizozo News

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NUMBER 10

## THE HOOVER CABINET

Secretary of State—Henry L. Stimson, New York.  
 Secretary of Treasury—Andrew W. Mellon, Pennsylvania.  
 Attorney General—William D. Mitchell, Minnesota.  
 Secretary of War—James W. Good, Iowa.  
 Secretary of the Navy—Charles Francis Adams, Massachusetts.  
 Postmaster General—Walter F. Brown, Ohio.  
 Secretary of the Interior—Roy Lyman Wilbur, California.  
 Secretary of Agriculture—Arthur M. Hyde, Missouri.  
 Secretary of Commerce—Robert P. Lamont, Illinois.  
 Secretary of Labor—James J. Davis, Pennsylvania.

## Cattle and Horse Growers Association

The New Mexico Cattle and Horse Growers' Association will hold its fifteenth annual convention at Roswell, March 15-16.

Hon. R. C. Dillon, governor of the state, and John W. Hall, mayor of Roswell, will welcome the cattlemen to the fifteenth annual convention, and R. H. Royall, vice president of the association, will make the response.

E. F. Mollin, secretary of the American Live Stock Association, is an addition to the program, and will address the convention from the National Association before the Ways and Means Committee at its hearings relative to tariff on beef and beef products.

Musical numbers are promised for the convention, and dancing, automobile rides, special parade by the New Mexico Military Institute Squadron, bridge parties and teas for the ladies are forms of entertainment planned for the visitors by the Chamber of Commerce and the Military Institute.

Through the courtesy of the U. S. Department of Agriculture there will be pictures shown by the Forest Service and the Department of Animal Industry. "She's Wild," "Horse and Man," and "Forest and Wealth" are the pictures to be shown.

## A Lesson In Applied Business Methods

A special communication to the Christian Science Monitor says: "Improved methods have enabled Baltimore, Maryland, to increase its collections from 79.92 per cent of its assessed taxes in 1923 to 95.79 per cent in 1928, following the organization of the Bureau of Receipts by the Efficiency and Economy Commission. "Working in conjunction with

## Annual Jamboree

Boys Scouts from twenty-two towns of the Eastern New Mexico Council will meet in Roswell Friday, April 12, for the Fifth Annual Jamboree.

The program will start at 1:00 p. m. and last through the afternoon and evening. The afternoon will be taken up with competition in archery, hatchet throwing, signaling, first aid, wall scaling, cooking, etc. At 5:00 p. m. Roswell Scouts will entertain the visiting scouts with a barbecue. The evening program will consist of a series of demonstrations by the leading troops in the area, and the awarding of several Eagle Badges.

The local troop will be represented according to Scoutmaster Rev. F. C. Rowland.

## Father's the Goat

The student today accumulates the horsehide, the pigskin, the coonskin, and by the time he has the sheepskin, father hasn't very much hide left either.

the Bureau's modernized auditing and billing department, tax collections have steadily increased through the employment of a discount allowed for prompt payment of taxes and by a gradually increased rate of interest with penalties for those who fail to pay after a reasonable length of time. The system, by making it greatly to taxpayers' advantage to pay their tax bills within the year, is in this way also helping to keep the tax rate low.

"When the Commission set out to reorganize the municipal government on a business basis, they found records of uncollected taxes to the amount of \$11,000,000.

"As soon as the Bureau of Receipts was organized and began operating, most of this money began pouring into the treasury, and a noticeable reduction in the tax rate resulted."

It should be stated that this remarkable improvement in Baltimore's governmental affairs was the result of choosing as members as the Efficiency and Economy Commission, a leading executive from each of nearly a score of the city's largest industrial, business and transportation corporations. These gentlemen were given a free hand to reorganize the city's methods of doing business and place them on a basis comparable to a well managed private corporation.

The results have been astounding and strikingly illustrate the difference between the usual political methods employed in the management of public affairs and the methods of successful private industries when applied to the same public problems.

## Hoover and Curtis Inaugurated

Washington, March 4.—The presidency of the United States passed to Herbert Hoover today in a colorful ceremony which he himself described as "a dedication and consecration under God."

The oath was administered at 1:08 p. m.

Speaking to all the world in an inaugural address delivered from the historic east steps of the capitol, the new chief executive declared disregard of law the nation's greatest peril, and appealed directly to his fellow citizens to help secure observance of the prohibition law.

With hand upraised, he had repeated the words of the official oath of office, administered by Chief Justice Taft, shortly after noon, and had kissed the Bible at a passage saying "he that keepeth the law happy is he."

A half hour earlier Charles Curtis had succeeded Charles G. Dawes as vice president in a ceremony inside the senate chamber, enlivened unexpectedly when the new and retiring second officers, making the customary brief addresses, disagreed directly on the old subject of the senate rules.

Calvin Coolidge, once more a private citizen after 30 years of government service, turned from the inaugural ceremony to begin at once his journey home to Northampton. He had seen power pass from him with whatever emotion may have been struggling within hidden behind a serene inscrutability. For the immediate future, he will devote himself to a series of magazine articles.

An inaugural parade in some respects the most ambitious in history, was the last act of the inaugural drama, including in its allotted units the great dirigible Los Angeles and a hundred circling airplanes.

## He Sold The Brooklyn Bridge

We have all heard the story of the man who sold the Brooklyn bridge to the stranger. There is at least this to say for such an individual; he had energy, enterprise and ingenuity.

What we, as citizens of Carrizozo need to do is sell Carrizozo.

First, perhaps it will be necessary to sell it to ourselves. We've got to get to a point where we believe we have a good town here. A town with possibilities and a future. A town in which it is not only a good place to live but a good place to make a living. We must sell it to ourselves before we can sell it to anyone else.

The most likely prospect is not going to be influenced by the indifferent salesman, but the enthusiastic salesman, who believes with all his heart and mind and soul that he has something to sell that is good for his customer, can speak with an earnestness and a sincerity and a conviction that will command the attention of the most indifferent prospect.

Let's sell Carrizozo. Let's get the idea that we have something to sell, and get behind it and under it and talk for it until we radiate confidence and good will for this community.

Let's all be earnest, sincere, enthusiastic salesmen, selling to the world our town.

## What We Think

By Frank Dixon

Some flappers wear their skirts so short they evidently want you to see that at least above their knock-knees they are all right.

Sugar will sweeten some things but it takes greenbacks to sweeten a honeybunch.

I see where Dr. Samuel W. Lambert, president of the New York Academy of Medicine, has urged more whiskey for the aged. Another widespread current demand is more age for the whiskey.

Muscle Shoales was not very muscular in the campaign, but there are signs that it will resume its daily dozen with the session of congress.

Jud Tunkins says a flapper's conversation is generally dumb. You stop, look, but it's a waste time to listen.

Most of us like our prejudices because they can be kept up without any physical or mental effort.

A cache of liquor was found under a dog kennel in San Francisco. All the owner has to do is to go into court and prove the dog is a booze hound.

The next war for territory probably will be between the people who want parking space and those who want golf courses.

The girls now are wearing cute little socks to protect their ankles, but the druggists will be able to keep the wolf from the door selling stuff for frost-bitten knees.

We have been cheered mightily by an economist's declaration that no good business man is ever entirely out of debt.

We never have heard of a man wanting to divorce his wife because she knew all about cooking, but had not the slightest idea about what a little slam was.

I wish my wife could learn to introduce me to women so it sounds like, "Don't you wish you had drawn a prize like this?" Instead of making the introduction in such an apologetic tone. But women are like that.

## OUTCOME OF BASKETBALL TOURNAMENT AT ARTESIA

C. H. S.

The District Basketball Tournament was held at Artesia on March 1 and 2. The Carrizozo High School boys played Lake Arthur at 10 o'clock Friday morning, and were defeated by a score of 38 to 19. All teams losing their first game had a second chance, and our boys were matched to play Dexter at 7:30 Friday evening. Carrizozo won by a score of 22 to 8. The next game for the Carrizozo team was with Artesia, to be played at 2:00 p. m. Saturday.

When the time came for the game with Artesia, our team was crippled on account of two of our boys being unable to play. Florentino Lopez had fever and the doctor's strict orders were to keep him in bed. Max Shaver had throat trouble and a wrenched ankle, but started in the game. Before the first half was up Max was replaced by Dorace Robertson, and soon after the second half started Dorace was disabled by an unavoidable collision with an Artesia player. The boys did their best but lost by a score of 32 to 12.

Fay Harkey and Tom Brown played forward in the Artesia game, Maurice Lemon and Mose Lewis played guard throughout the tournament. Captain Lemon led his players throughout the tournament, and received considerable praise for his splendid playing. Florentino Lopez also played well in the first two games, and was sorely needed in the game against Artesia.

The loss of the game with Artesia put our team out of the running, but the team remained over Saturday night in order to see the championship game.

The winners of the tournament were as follows.

Roswell—1st. place. Lake

## I'm the Boob

I'm the boob who isn't going to subscribe to this old paper any longer. Why should I spend my perfectly good money for this weekly exhaust? Anyway if I do want to read it, I can borrow the neighbor's copy. The editor don't need my dollars. Besides there is never anything in it about me, and I'm the only one I care about. Maybe I should know what others are doing—but I'll just ask 'em; that's what I'll do, cause I'm the boob.

## Junior Baptist Young Peoples' Union

Was entertained at the parsonage Friday night with a Clothespin party. Clothespin games and contests were plentiful, and delicious refreshments, consisting of fruit punch, jello and fruit, were enjoyed by the following Juniors, besides several adult visitors:

Fraunce Charles, Edith Dudrey, Ruby Leslie, Joyce Clubb, Ruth Kelley, Lalla Joyce, Yvonne Brown, Louise Shelton, Floyd Stadtman, Joby Bryan, Claud Hicks, Johnson Stearns, Lawrence Hicks, Kenneth Stadtman and Mauson Hicks.

Arthur—2nd place. Artesia—3rd place.

Lincoln received the sportsmanship cup and Dick Traylor of Capitan was selected as an all district center. Johnny Peade of Roswell was selected best individual player in the district.

Roswell and Lake Arthur will represent this district in the State tourney to be held at Albuquerque Friday and Saturday of this week.

## Crystal Theater

T. J. PITTMAN, Mgr.

Friday, Saturday and Sunday Matinee. "The Man Who Laughs," A Universal Special, with Mary Philbin and Conrad Veidt and supported by an All Star Cast. Monday and Tuesday. "Twelve Miles Out" with John Gilbert, Joan Crawford and Ernest Torrence. Wednesday and Thursday. "Spies" An imported German Production Insight into the Espionage System. Friday. "5 and 10c Annie" with Louise Fazenda and Clyde Cook. A scream.

## First National Bank

CARRIZOZO, N. M.

Since our organization we have paid \$20,306.69 taxes. 47 per cent of this has been used for the maintenance of the public school system.

Schools are supported by the savers.

Start a Savings Account

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

"Try First National Service"

## Paden's Drug Store

When in need of Pure Drugs or a Prescription give us a trial.

Phone 20

# When Should Man Retire?

B. F. A. WALKER

THE title of this article is slightly confusing let yourself be straightened out by the statement that it is to be a little talk between ourselves about a questioning letter received from a reader.

He asks, "When should a man retire? I am forty-one years old, have been reasonably successful and can live comfortably, supporting my family of three up to their usual habits. I do not do any more work. Do you think that a man under such circumstances is doing right to retire from active work?"

The quickest and shortest answer is "No."

No man has a right to discontinue being productive so long as it is possible for him to be a producer.

The great trouble with the world right now is that too many men have "retired."

They have stopped giving themselves and other people the full measure of their abilities to contribute to the wealth and happiness and good of the world.

A good many of them, the great majority, are not rich. They work perhaps, but they fall far short of their capabilities.

I read the other day an article on the bricklaying trade and the comparative cost of that part of house construction which consists of putting together bricks and mortar.

In the records of a construction company were found figures showing that twenty or so years ago a day's work for a mason and his helper consisted in laying 1,500 bricks in eight hours.

The day's result at the present time is just one-third of that amount, 600 bricks, although the pay

for the eight hours of labor is far more than the old pay.

It is not difficult to see where the bricklayer is cheating himself as well as the rest of the world.

He is not producing all that he might and therefore he is not getting as much for his efforts as he might well get if he did his work as efficiently as he might.

And, he along with other workmen in the building trades by their lack of production make construction so expensive that many who would build homes if they could do so at reasonable prices continue without them.

What the bricklayers do with their hands and tools, the writer of the letter wants to do with all his capabilities and all his energies.

He wants to cut his production down to the vanishing point and be a drone for the rest of his life.

The ownership of wealth does not entitle a man to be a loafer either physically or mentally.

No man has a right at the age of forty-one to forewear all the possibilities that he has to do the world and his neighbor service by his efforts.

If he has money enough, let him quit adding to his fortune and let him devote what he can earn to bettering mankind and its condition.

Let him do anything but be a human being with a brain of whom other people can truthfully say: "There goes a man who, except for spending his money, does nothing in the world that is useful or helpful."

Don't quit on the job of life. Don't say: "I'm through because I've got my share."

Keep producing until the last revolution of the wheels, till the last throb of the engine.

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

# Desserts the Family Will Like

By NELLIE MAXWELL

"O, hemlock tree! O, hemlock tree! how faithful are thy branches. Green not alone in summer time, But in the winter's frost and rime."

PRUNES are considered one of our wholesome fruits and they are especially recommended for the children. Served simply as stewed fruit with a dash of orange juice they are best. Prune whip is also good for the older members as well as the children of the family.

### Prune Whip With Custard.

Pick over and wash twenty-four prunes, cover with cold water and let stand over night. In the morning cook without draining until tender, then remove the stones and rub through a sieve. To the pulp add one-half cupful of sugar, two table-spoonfuls of lemon juice, a grating of lemon rind and one-third of a teaspoonful of salt, then fold in the whites of six eggs. Turn the mixture into a buttered baking dish, set

into a granite baking dish of water and bake one-half hour. Serve with a boiled custard.

### Nougat Ice Cream.

Mix four cupfuls of thin cream, three cupfuls of heavy cream, one cupful of milk. Boil one and one-half cupfuls of sugar and one-half cupful of water two minutes, cool and add to the cream. Add one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of vanilla and one-half teaspoonful of almond extract. Mix one-half cupful each of chopped walnuts or butternuts, add to the mixture and freeze. Pack in a mold and freeze. Let stand three to four hours to ripen.

### Cracker Custard Pudding.

Soak three-fourths of a cupful of cracker crumbs in one quart of scalded milk, add one-third of a cupful of sugar, one-fourth cupful of butter, two eggs slightly beaten, one-half teaspoonful of vanilla and the same of lemon extract with salt to taste.

Bake slowly one hour in a moderate oven. Spread with a meringue and serve with orange sauce.

(© 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)

# For the Goose and the Gander

By Viola Brothers Shore

FOR THE GOOSE—SCRATCH a vamp and you'll find a sleepin' mother. Scratch a mother and you'll find a sleepin' vamp.

Everybody knows the saying—Sweets to the Fat.

Poverty is no bar to love. But it certainly ain't exactly a drawin' card.

FOR THE GANDER—A lotta guys has really believed they was marryin' a girl to save her from a worse fate.

A violinist makes a lot less noise than a boiler maker and gets a lot more money for it.

(Copyright.)



# A Sour Stomach

In the same time it takes a dose of soda to bring a little temporary relief of gas and sour stomach, Phillips Milk of Magnesia has acidity completely checked, and the digestive organs all tranquilized. Once you have tried this form of relief you will cease to worry about your diet and experience a new freedom in eating.

This pleasant preparation is just as good for children, too. Use it whenever coated tongue or fetid breath signals need of a sweetener. Physicians will tell you that every spoonful of Phillips Milk of Magnesia neutralizes many times its volume in acid. Get the genuine, the name Phillips is important. Imitations do not act the same!

# PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

Film

"Here's a long list of collaborators, title writers, cameramen and what not."

"Yeh, they ought to limit that stuff to one reel."

# What Will you do



# When your Children Cry for It

There is hardly a household that hasn't heard of Castoria! At least five million homes are never without it. If there are children in your family, there's almost daily need of its comfort. And any night may find you very thankful there's a bottle in the house. Just a few drops, and that colic or constipation is relieved; or diarrhea checked. A vegetable product; a baby remedy meant for young folks. Castoria is about the only thing you have ever heard doctors advise giving to infants. Stronger medicines are dangerous to a tiny baby, however harmless they may be to grown-ups. Good old Castoria! Remember the name, and remember to buy it. It may spare you a sleepless, anxious night. It is always ready, always safe to use; in emergencies, or for everyday ailments. Any hour of the day or night that Baby becomes fretful, or restless, Castoria was never more popular with mothers than it is today. Every druggist has it.

# Fletcher's CASTORIA

Cheaper.

Highbrow—Does a certain sublimated and objective altruism ever move you?

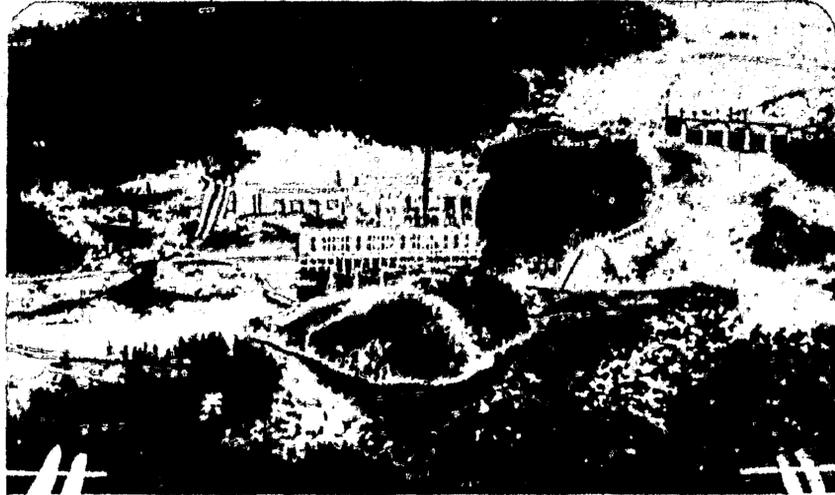
Lowbrow—No, I usually hire a truck.—Pathfinder.

# FIND "FRIEND IN NEED"

# Mother and Daughter Praise Vegetable Compound

Johnson City, N. Y. —"My daughter was only 20 years old, but for two years she worked in misery. She was all run-down, nervous, had aches and pains and no appetite. I was taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound with good results so she decided to try it. Before she had taken two bottles her appetite was better, she was more cheerful and was able to work. I cannot praise your medicine too highly. It is wonderful for mothers and for daughters. It's surely a 'Friend in Need'."—Mrs. L. E. Hall, 222 Floral Avenue, Johnson City, N. Y.

# View of One of the Largest Hydro-Electric Stations



An excellent air view of the new hydro-electric plant of the Gatineau Power company, near Pagan, Quebec—one of the largest hydro-electric stations on the continent. The power house is designed for 272,000 horse power in eight generators of 34,000 horse power each. The main dam is 917 feet long, backing up the river 30 miles and creating a head of 150 feet. Eventually the station will deliver 1,250,000,000 kilowatt hours a year.

# GIRLIGAGOS



"The fact that beauty is only skin deep," says Meditative Meg, "doesn't put any premium on a thick skin."

# Children's Story About Dogs

"ANIMALS have so many sensible ways which people haven't at all," said Bruce, the dog.

"Not long ago a little girl came to see my mistress. She had been brought up abroad and she could not speak English.

"Now my mistress and she looked at each other and tried to talk, each in her own way, but neither of them could understand the way of the other.

"It was different with the dog. This little girl had a pet dog and the dog and I understood each other at once." Billie Brownie chuckled with amusement.

"But even though I am amused," he said, "I do think you have very sensible ways, you animals."

"Yes," continued Bruce, "I think so, too. The dog and I had a beautiful time. We talked in our dog way and then we each asked the other about games we liked to play.

"We had a splendid frolic and lots of fun.

"When we were given goodies to eat and a fine bone piece we thanked by wagging our tails and each of the little girls could understand us and our talk!

"When they tried to say anything like that they couldn't understand each other. And the more I thought of it the more it seemed to me so sensible that we animals can understand the language each other talks.

"All dogs understand the language of dogs. Dog language is what might be called a universal language, meaning that it can be understood all over the universe or world or country. Of

when spoken to in either language. "A dog can understand dog talk anywhere, though, as I have said several times. If a dog started to go traveling his friends would not say:

"Now can you make yourself understood in that foreign talk the dogs you meet will speak? Do you know enough words to get along?"

"No, they do not have to say such things to us. Wherever we go it will be all right.

"Wherever cats go it is the same way. They can meow in one land and can be understood as well as in another.

"It is the same with all the different creatures save humans. Ah, poor, poor humans!"

"They'd be glad to know they have your sympathy," Billie Brownie said. "I'll have to tell them about it."

"Do," said Bruce, "if you think it will be any comfort to them.

"And now I must be off, Billie Brownie. I have an engagement down at the Dogs' Luncheon Bone club at noon. It is almost that now.

"We all make speeches and say that we think there is no other place like ours and yet we say we must keep on and make it the finest town for dogs in any place around.

"Ah yes, we do things besides being interested in our bones! We think of how we can improve our fine hometown and that's a splendid thing to do.

"But do tell the humans, if you think it will comfort them, that we do feel sorry for them when we think how many languages there are for them to know if they want to speak to people from other lands.

"And tell the children how sorry we are for them that they must study different languages instead of knowing one language as we dogs do—ah yes, tell them we send them our sympathy and an affectionate tail wagging."

So Billie Brownie went off with his messages and Bruce, the dog, went to his Dogs' Luncheon Bone club.

(Copyright.)



"Quite All Right," said Billie Brownie. "You Needn't Apologize."

course you mustn't mind if I don't put my words in the right order. Dogs aren't overly particular and I trust Brownie's the same way.

"Quite all right," said Billie Brownie. "You needn't apologize."

"Thanks," said Bruce, "for I hate to apologize if the truth must be known."

"It doesn't have to be known in this case," said Billie Brownie, "but I am glad to know it just the same."

"Ah yes, dog talk can be understood everywhere by other dogs and dogs, too, can understand the language of grown-ups in whatever country they happen to be living in," continued Bruce.

"True, if they live in one country they understand what the grown-ups of that country talk, but if the grown-ups speak more than one language the dogs can understand it, too.

"I knew a little girl who has a mother who speaks more than one tongue, and her dog can understand



(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

# COMMUNION

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

TOO tired to rest, too weary now to sleep, Across the west I watch the shadows creep, Too sad to weep.

Who has not had this moment in the years, A time too sad to be a time for tears, Too dark for fears?

There comes a day when human hearts conceal Too much to say, too much to quite reveal How much we feel.

Speech is the balm of those who suffer least, There is a calm a thousandfold increased When words have ceased.

There is a power that lifts our souls again, There is an hour we stand apart from men— Not near God then.

(© 1929 Douglas Malloch.)

# Self Hate Most Always the Worst Kind of Hate

By M. K. THOMSON, Ph. D.

SELF hate is not only possible; it is the worst kind of hate. We hate in general when we fear the loss of some cherished possession. The degree of hate that we feel depends on how strongly we have attached ourselves to the thing that is taken from us or the degree of difference it makes in our life. The hate is directed toward the person or object responsible for our loss.

The function of hate is to kill and destroy or otherwise get rid of the cause for our misfortune and anguish of soul. Human beings react in this manner to objects as well as to persons; witness the common practice of kicking the door that one runs in to in the dark.

In self hate we blame ourselves for robbing ourselves. The true self within, the one we really care for

rises up and condemns the lower nature or that part of us which is keeping the real self from realizing his aims.

We hate ourselves when we have no one else to blame for our folly. Actual self hate is of course very extreme and means the complete break down of morale and self respect. The result is suicide or at least some form of the inferiority complex.

Ordinarily we save ourselves from this fate by shifting the blame of our failure to hard luck or unfavorable circumstances or to some other person, anything or anyone but ourselves.

An ancient fable describes a man who was hard put to it for something to eat so he sold his clothes to buy food until he had disposed of everything except the undergarments and his overcoat. He chanced to see a bird of spring singing gaily and concluded that spring had come so he went and sold his overcoat. The next day it turned bitter cold. The unfortunate man went to see the bird of spring and found him on the ground dead and frozen stiff. He began to scold the poor bird, saying, "You are the cause of all my misfortune."

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

### Control Your Weight

Now, ladies and gentlemen, you can be thin or fat as you desire. But you must do your part. If you want to reduce eat more of your food in the morning. And if you want to increase your weight eat heavily in the evening. These are the conclusions of Frederick Banting, eminent worker in the physiological laboratories of the University of Chicago.

# HAS ARK READY FOR THE NEXT FLOOD



This is the "Ark" which William Greenwood of Olympia, Wash., (known in jest) has built for his own personal use in the flood which he says will soon devastate the entire Pacific coast because of the widespread prevailing theory. It will carry no animals. The Ark is 20 feet long, 20 feet wide and 20 feet deep. It has no steering gear for Greenwood says "the good Lord will steer it."

# THEN AND THERE

History told as it would be written today

By IRVIN S. COBB

## How a King Died Like a King

As a monarch, Louis XVI of France was a signal failure. His character was soft, his mentality feeble. His own diary reveals that he neither tried to understand nor cared to undertake the duties of being a king. He preferred hunting to the business of statecraft; he rather would spend his leisure hours at making locks or at amateur masonry than in considering the problems of his ministerial advisers or the woes of his oppressed people. Only in his religious principles and in his devotion to his family—a rare trait among rulers of his day—was he steadfast and determined. In coping with the popular discontent which was to culminate in the revolution and the terror, he was alternately feeble in his policies and deceitful in his promises. Largely by his own weakness he involved the fate which was to engulf him, his court, his dynasty and his heir—the so-called Leto Dauphin. Under the blade of the guillotine, along with countless thousands of his fellow-countrymen and countrywomen—nobles, aristocrats, commoners—he paid the price of all penalties for his own weakness.

It was in the concluding hours of his mortal span—during his trial and in his death-cold and on the scaffold—that Louis XVI rose to heights of manliness and dignity to which none who knew him in his royal days would have dreamed him capable. Next only to his wife, Marie Antoinette, he was the most conspicuous victim of the great uprising; certainly he was one of the most gallant-behaving among all the multitude who lost their heads in the Place de la Revolution.

These two men who were constantly with him, during his last night and his last morning on earth—Clery, a faithful valet, and the Abbe Henry Edgeworth de Firmat, an Irish-born priest—left behind them most graphic accounts of the scenes which preceded and marked the execution. Both of these related destruction for themselves by their devotion to the fallen king, but both weathered the terror and bequeathed to posterity moving stories of Louis' dying gallantry.

By reading what they wrote we may get a graphic picture of this outstanding tragedy.

**I**F LOUIS THE SIXTEENTH uttered his last words in resolution during the last few troubled years of his reign, at least he met his fate in kingly fashion—with courtesy for those beneath him in rank, with compassionate and grateful thoughts to those who served him at the end, with Christian forgiveness for his oppressors. Indeed, all his dying thoughts appeared to be for others rather than for himself.

Those who attended him during his final night on earth—Clery, the devoted servant, and Father Edgeworth, the heroic priest—bore abundant testimony in their memoirs to their royal master's fortitude and gentleness. Following his condemnation he was permitted a farewell meeting with his family. Of this affecting scene Clery wrote:

"At half past eight the door opened. The queen came first, leading her son by the hand; Madame Royale and Madame Elizabeth followed. They all threw themselves into the arms of the king. A melancholy silence prevailed for some minutes; and it was only broken by sighs and sobs. . . . The king sat down; the queen was on his left hand, Madame Elizabeth on his right, Madame Royale nearly opposite, and the young prince stood between his legs; all were leaning on the king, and often pressed him in their embraces. This scene of sorrow lasted an hour and three quarters, during which it was impossible to hear anything. (Clery was a witness through the glass in a closed door.) It could, however, be seen that after every sentence uttered by the king the agitation of the queen and princesses increased. . . . It was plain from their gestures that they received from himself the first intelligence of his condemnation.

### A Monarch's Last Farewell

"At a quarter past ten the king rose first, they all followed. I opened the door. The queen held the king by his right arm; their majesties gave each a hand to the dauphin. Madame Royale, on the king's left, had her arms round his body; and behind her Madame Elizabeth, on the same side had taken his arm. They advanced some steps towards the entry door, breaking out into the most agonizing lamentations. 'I assure you,' said the king, 'that I will see you again tomorrow morning at eight o'clock.'—'You promise?' said they all together.—'Yes, I promise.'—'Why not at seven o'clock?' said the queen.—'Well! yes, at seven,' replied the king; 'farewell!' He pronounced 'farewell' in so impressive a manner that their sobs were renewed, and Madame Royale fainted at the feet of the king, round whom she had clung. I raised her and assisted Madame Elizabeth to support her. The king, willing to put an end to this agonizing scene, once more embraced them all most tenderly and had the resolution to tear himself from their arms. 'Farewell! farewell!' said he, and went into his chamber."

After he had become calmer, the doomed man repaired to a turret in the tower where his confessor, Father Edgeworth, awaited him. The latter takes up the narrative:

"I determined to procure the means of administering the sacrament to his majesty, at any risk to myself, since he had been so long deprived of the opportunity of receiving it. I should have brought the elements in secret with me as we were obliged to do to all good Christians, who were detained in their own houses; but the search it was necessary to submit to in coming to the Temple, and the profanation which would infallibly have followed, were motives more than sufficient to have prevented me. There remained no other resource than for me to say mass in the king's chamber if I could find the means. I proposed it to him, but though he desired it most ardently, he seemed afraid of compromising my safety.

"I entreated him to give me his consent, promising that I would conduct myself with prudence and discretion. He at length yielded."

### Consideration for His Valet

After long delay the commissioners of the prison granted reluctant consent that the king in his extremity might have the consolation of the religion which they had abjured. Father Edgeworth, at the risk of his own life, told them that he was a clergyman. Eventually it was pronounced that before dawn on the following morning he might say a mass and hear the confession of Louis.

At half an hour past midnight the king re-entered his bedchamber. Clery goes on to describe what next ensued:

"I undressed the king; and, as I was going to roll his hair, he said, 'It does not signify.' Afterwards, when he was in bed, as I was drawing his curtains, 'Clery, you will call me at five o'clock.'"

"He was scarcely in bed before he fell into a profound sleep which lasted without interruption till five. Father Edgeworth, whom his majesty had persuaded to take some rest, threw himself upon my bed; and I passed the night on a chair in the king's chamber, praying God to support his strength and his courage.

"On hearing five o'clock strike I began to light the fire. The noise I made awoke the king, who, drawing his curtains, asked if it had struck five. I said it had. 'I have slept soundly,' said his majesty; 'I stood in need of it; yesterday was a fatiguing day to me. Where is M. Edgeworth?' I answered, 'On my bed.'—'And where were you all night?'—'On this chair.'—'I am sorry for it,' said the king.—'Oh! sire,' replied I, 'can I think of myself at this moment?' He gave me his hand and tenderly pressed mine."

The priest bears testimony that the king heard mass while kneeling on the floor with no cushion beneath him and afterwards prayed. His air was calm, his face was composed, he did not once tremble. At eight o'clock came the escort of soldiers who were to lead him forth to death. Of them he asked first that the valet and the priest should not be punished for their services to him, and that the former should be permitted to attend his son, the Dauphin.

"His majesty (says Clery) had his will in his hand and, addressing a municipal officer named Jacques Roux, a former priest who happened to stand before the others, said, 'I beg you to give this paper to the queen—to my wife.'—'It is no business of mine,' replied he, refusing to take it. 'I am come here to conduct you to the scaffold.' His majesty then turned to Gobeau, another municipal officer. 'I beg,' said he, 'that you will give this paper to my wife; you may read it.' . . . On the top of the stairs he met Mathey, the warden of the tower, to whom he said, 'I spoke with some little quickness to you the day before yesterday; do not take it ill.' Mathey made no answer and even affected to turn from the king while he was speaking."

### Citizens Lins Path to Death

Father Edgeworth was permitted to ride with Louis in the carriage which bore him to the place of execution; soldiers rode with them. Of that dreadful journey the priest set down this account:

"The king, finding himself where he could neither speak to me nor be spoken to without witness, kept a profound silence. I presented him with my Breviary, the only book I had with me, and he seemed to accept it with pleasure; he appeared anxious that I should point out to him the psalms that were most suited to his situation, and he recited them attentively with me. The procession lasted almost two hours. The streets were lined with citizens, all armed, some with pikes and some with guns, and the carriage was surrounded by a body of troops, formed of the most desperate people of Paris. As another precaution, they had placed before the horses a great number of drums, intended to drown any noise or murmur in favor of the king.

"The carriage proceeded thus in silence to the Place de Louis XV, and stopped in the middle of a large square that had been left round the scaffold. This space was surrounded with cannon, and beyond, an armed multitude extended as far as the eye could reach. As soon as the king perceived that the carriage stopped he turned and whispered to me, 'We are arrived. If I mistake not.' My silence answered that we were. One of the guards came to open the carriage door, and the gendarmes would have jumped out; but the king stopped them and leaning his arms on my knee, 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'with the tone of regal majesty, I recommend to you this good man; take care that after my death no insult be offered to him—I charge you to prevent it.'"

"As soon as the king had left the carriage three guards surrounded

him and would have taken off his clothes, but he repulsed them with haughtiness; he undressed himself, unfastened his neckcloth, opened his shirt and arranged it himself. The guards surrounded him again and would have seized his hands. 'What are you attempting?' said the king, drawing back his hands. 'To bind you,' answered the wretches. 'To bind me?' said the king with an indignant air, 'No! I shall never consent to that; do what you have been ordered, but you shall never bind me.' The guards insisted; they raised their voices and seemed to wish to call on others to assist them. . . . Last Words a Prayer for France.

"Perhaps this was the most terrible moment of this most dreadful morning; another instant and the heat of kings would have received from his rebellious subjects indignities too horrid to mention—indignities that would have been to him more insupportable than death. Such was the feeling expressed on his countenance. Turning towards me he looked at me steadily, as if to ask my advice. I replied, 'Sire, in this new insult I only see another trait of resemblance between your majesty and the Savior who is about to recompense you.' At these words he raised his eyes to heaven with an expression that can never be described.

"You are right," said he; 'nothing less than His example should make me submit to such a degradation.' Then turning to the guards, 'Do what you will; I will drink of the cup, even to the dregs.'

"The path leading to the scaffold was extremely rough and difficult to pass; the king was obliged to lean on my arm and, from the slowness with which he proceeded, I feared for a moment that his courage might fail; but what was my astonishment when, arrived at the last step, I felt that he suddenly let go my arm, and I saw him cross with a firm foot the breadth of the whole scaffold; he stepped by his look alone, fifteen or twenty drums that were placed opposite to him; and in a voice so loud that it must have been heard at the Pont Tourment, I heard him pronounce distinctly these memorable words:

"I die innocent of all the crimes laid to my charge; I pardon those who have occasioned my death; and I pray to God that the blood you are now going to shed may never be visited on France!"

"He was proceeding, when a man on horseback, in the national uniform, waved his sword and with a ferocious cry ordered the drums to beat. Many voices were at the same time heard encouraging the executioners. They seemed reanimated themselves and, seizing with violence the most virtuous of kings, they dragged him under the ax-of the guillotine which with one stroke severed his head from his body. All this passed in a moment. The youngest of the guards, who seemed about eighteen, immediately seized the head and showed it to the people as he walked round the scaffold. He accompanied this monstrous ceremony with the most atrocious and indecent gestures. At first an awful silence prevailed; at length some cries of 'Vive la Republique' were heard. By degrees the voices multiplied, and in less than ten minutes this cry, a thousand times repeated, became the universal shout of the multitude, and every hat was in the air." (By the Hall Syndicate, Inc.)

### Kick Is Only Weapon Nature Gave Ostrich

The full-grown ostrich sometimes weighs more than 300 pounds and is as much as nine feet high. His most marked characteristic is the fact that he has only two toes—the third and fourth—on each foot.

In South America there is another large bird—the rheu—which is also called an ostrich. This bird can be distinguished from the true ostrich by its having three toes instead of two. According to the biologists the ostrich ostrich had five toes. However, the modern bird can probably run faster with the two it has now than could his ancestors with five.

Abraham legend has it that the ostrich is the result of union between the camel and a dodo bird. Certainly it inherited some of the worst characteristics of both. Its awkward shape, the uselessness of its wings, its seeming-lack of pleasure in life, all indicate that it is one of nature's errors.

The one offensive weapon at the command of the ostrich is its foot. The terrific downward stroke of its huge toe driven by a muscular thigh the thickness of a leg of mutton is easily the equal of the kick of a full-grown horse. A blow from it will break a rib or the backbone of an ordinary animal. In addition to the force of the blow, the sharp claw can tear skin and flesh like a military sabre.

When the bird is plucked the plucker usually leans on him from behind, since no ostrich can kick to the rear. The philosophy of the ostrich seems to be on a too-proud-to-fight basis, as I have never seen them attack one another. But no doubt beasts of prey are wary of that vicious downward blow, as I have never seen signs of an ostrich having been killed by another animal.—Martin Johnson in the Saturday Evening Post.

## MY FAVORITE STORIES

By IRVIN S. COBB

### The Oriental Viewpoint

THIS story, it seems to me, is more or less illustrative of a cardinal point of difference between the Oriental philosophy and the Occidental viewpoint as it is reflected in some of the larger American cities. Moreover it has the added advantage of being the recital of an actual occurrence.

A distinguished Japanese sociologist, who spoke good English, was touring the country a few years ago with a view to studying our ways and institutions. He reached New York, bringing letters of introduction to a well-known native scientist. The New Yorker arranged a day of sightseeing for the distinguished visitor.

The latter was quite anxious to study traffic conditions. He had heard of the Brooklyn bridge rush. So the American began the forenoon by taking his guest to Park row, where the Jap spent an interested half-hour observing the jam of humanity. The next event on the program was to be a study of uptown congestion.

When the two observers were ready to leave the bridge no taxicab was available, so the guide steered the Japanese aboard a subway local at City Hall station. At the Bridge station he hurried the foreigner out of the car, dragged him through the crush on the platform, and jammed him forcibly aboard a northbound express.

At Grand Central the same thing was repeated. The Oriental was hurried across another platform, led at a trot through a long and winding tunnel, up one flight of stairs and down another and shoved in at the door of a second train from which, eventually, they emerged and climbed to the street.

The American led the way to the lobby of a nearby hotel where, by appointment, the two of them were to meet an official of the police department who had agreed to escort them through Fifth avenue and upper Broadway. They sat down to await his arrival. He was not due for perhaps a half-hour yet.

The Japanese, like most of his countrymen, was a small man. In the journey he had been sorely buffeted about. A careless elbow had jammed his hat down over his eyes, his morning coat was crumpled and his slender toes had been trodden upon. As he rearranged his disordered wardrobe, he said to his companion:

"Would it not have been possible for us to have made the entire journey from where we started to this point where we are now by remaining upon the train which we originally boarded?"

"Oh, yes," said the American, "but you see, by changing from the first local to the express and then back again to another local, we saved three minutes."

"Ah," said the Japanese, "and now what are you going to do with the 'three minutes'?"

**Practically No Reason for It**  
THERE once was a clerk of the hotel in a small Maine town who had a unique way of keeping a diary. Each evening he wrote on the bottom lines of the page of the register for the current date a brief account of the principal daily doings in the community, usually coupled with a summary of his own personal reactions to them. Sometimes his phraseology was unusual but always it was amply descriptive.

A friend of mine was stopping at the hotel, having come up to Maine on a fishing trip. He fell into the habit of glancing through the back pages of the register, more from the enjoyment he got from the quaint language of the entries than because he was interested in bygone neighborhood history.

On succeeding pages of the book for a week of the early spring of the year previous he found these progressive records of a local tragedy:  
Tuesday—"While fishing through the ice yesterday, Henry Whippet fell in the Sac river up to his neck. He was drawn out and took home."  
Wednesday—"Henry Whippet is in bed with a powerful bad cold. His folks are flunking some about calling 'a doctor.'"  
Thursday—"Henry Whippet rapidly continuing to get no better. It now looks like he is fixing to break out with the pneumonia."  
Friday—"Henry Whippet is sinking rapidly."  
Saturday—"At nine o'clock this morning our esteemed fellow-citizen, Henry J. Whippet, Esq., went to his Maker, entirely unrelieved for."  
(By the McManis Syndicate, Inc.)

### Transportation Costs

The cost of receiving, checking, weighing and handling all cargo at terminals, together with the maintenance of covered terminals and the loading and discharging of a ship totals more than 50 per cent of the cost of water transportation.

### Mostly Wheels

Uncle Ez remarks: "Some folks talks about delr train of thought when it ain't nothin' mo' dan a handcar."—Boston Transcript.

**To Suit the Customer**  
Bulldozer—This is the house in the Tudor style, sir.  
Prospective Buyer—I don't care for the Tudor style.  
Bulldozer—Soon after that, sir. Bill, just bring a pail of water and wash out these oak beams.

### To Put On

needed flesh—to enrich the blood—take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. By restoring the normal action of the stomach and other deranged organs and functions, it builds the flesh up to a safe and healthy standard—promptly, pleasantly and naturally. The weak, emaciated, thin, pale and puny, are made strong, plump, round, rosy and robust, also pimples and blotches are driven away. All druggists, liquid and tablets.

Read this comment: "I had gastric stomach trouble and would be scribly distressed. There were only just certain foods I could eat without having one of these bad spells. I was weak and never felt good. But Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery helped me. I can eat almost anything without distress. Mrs. Mary Dalton, 1115 Keweenaw Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich. Send 10c for trial pkg. to Dr. Pierce's Invalids Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y."

### Helpless Bob

Betty—Bobby Smith kissed me.  
Mother—Why, Betty, what did he do that for?  
Betty—Well—I'm not sure—but I think I have the stronger will.—American Legion Monthly.

## Quart of Water Cleans Kidneys

Take a Little Salts if Your Back Hurts, or Bladder is Troubling You

No man or woman can make a mistake by flushing the kidneys occasionally, says a well-known authority. Eating too much rich food creates acids, which excite the kidneys. They become overworked from the strain, get sluggish and fail to filter the waste and poisons from the blood. Then we get sick. Rheumatism, headaches, liver trouble, nervousness, dizziness, sleeplessness and urinary disorders often come from sluggish kidneys.

The moment you feel a dull ache in the kidneys, or your back hurts, or if the urine is cloudy, offensive, full of sediment, irregular of passage or attended by a sensation of scalding, begin drinking a quart of water each day, also get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast and in a few days your kidneys may act fine.

This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for years to flush and stimulate the kidneys; also to help neutralize the acids in the system, so they no longer cause irritation, thus often relieving bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which everyone should take now and then to help keep the kidneys clean and active and the blood pure, thereby often avoiding serious kidney complications.

"Including" Is the Word  
"Reggie has nothing to talk about except himself."  
"Why the exception?"

The man who is aware of his imperfections is almost perfect.



**SAME PRESCRIPTION HE WROTE IN 1892**

When Dr. Caldwell started to practice medicine, back in 1875, the needs for a laxative were not as great as today. People lived normal lives, ate plain, wholesome food, and got plenty of fresh air. But even then, early there were drastic physical and purgative for the relief of constipation which Dr. Caldwell did not believe were good for human beings. The prescription for constipation that he used early in his practice, and which he put in drug stores in 1892 under the name of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, is a liquid vegetable remedy, intended for women, children and elderly people, and they need just such a mild, safe bowel stimulant.

This prescription has proven its worth and is now the largest selling liquid laxative. It has won the confidence of people who needed it to get relief from headaches, biliousness, flatulence, indigestion, loss of appetite and sleep, bad breath, dyspepsia, colds, croup. At your druggist, or write "Syrup Pepsin," Dept. Bb, Monticello, Illinois, for free trial bottle.

Man waits on science for the permanent shave.

## Neal's Mother Has Right Idea



Within a few months there will be no more feverish, bilious, headachy, constipated, pale and puny children. That prophecy would surely come true if every mother could see for herself how quickly, easily, and harmlessly the bowels of babies and children are cleansed, regulated, given tone and strength by a product which has proved its merit and reliability to do what is claimed for it to millions of mothers in over fifty years of steadily increasing use.

As mothers find out from using it how children respond to the gentle influence of California Fig Syrup by growing stronger, sturdier and more active daily they simply have to tell other mothers about it. That's one of the reasons for its overwhelming sales of over four million bottles a year.

A Western mother, Mrs. Neal M. Todd, 1701 West 27th St., Oklahoma City, Okla., says: "When my son, Neal, was three years old he began having constipation. I decided to give him California Fig Syrup and in a few days he was all right and looked fine again. This pleased me so much that I have used Fig Syrup ever since for all his colds or little upset spells. It always stops his trouble quick, strengthens him, makes him eat."

Always ask for California Fig Syrup by the full name and see that the carton bears the word "California." Then you'll get the genuine.

Caps the climax—the high-hatter.

## ACHING JOINTS



**I**f you ever have rheumatism, lumbago or other pains that penetrate to the very bones and joints, Bayer Aspirin offers quick relief, and such complete comfort that it's folly to suffer. Keep these tablets handy in the house; and carry them in your pocket. Then you need never suffer long from any attack of neuralgia, neuritis, rheumatism, or even from a bad headache. Bayer Aspirin is a marvelous antidote for all pain and has no effect on the heart. Proven directions for many valuable uses in every box of genuine Bayer Aspirin. All druggists.



Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacturing Co. International of Elberfeld

**Lincoln County News**

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H. A. HALEY Editor and Publisher

FRIDAY, MAR. 8, 1929

**The Test of a Man**

The place to take the true measure of a man is not in the forum, or in the field, not in the market place nor in the Amen corner, but at his own fireside. There he lays aside mask and you may judge whether he is imp or angel, king or cur, hero or humbug. I care not what the world says of him; whether it crowns him with bay or pellets him with bad eggs; I care never a copper what his reputation or religion may be; if his babies dread his home coming and his better half has to swallow her heart every time she has to ask for a five dollar bill, he is a fraud of the first water, even though he prays night and morn till he's black in the face, and howls hallelujah till he shakes the eternal hills. But if his children rush to the front gate to greet him, and love's own sunshine illuminates the face of his wife when she hears his footfall, you may take it for granted that he is true gold, for his home's a heaven and the humbug never gets that near the great white throne of God. I can forgive much in that fellow mortal who would rather make men swear than women weep; who would rather have the hate of the whole he-world than the contempt of his wife; who would rather call anger to the eyes of a king than fear to the face of a child.—Wm. Cowper Brann.

**Tobacco Sales**

**Tax Permanent**

(Roswell Dispatch)

The house has passed the tobacco sales tax, and if it is passed by the senate and signed by the governor, it will become a permanent part of the state excise system. Owing to the pressure for the keeping of campaign pledges, even if they are wrong, the measure will probably go thru. If anybody has an idea that it is a temporary expedient, they might as well get over the idea. The money will go to buy school books for pupils up to and including the fourth grade, and the dominant 80 per cent, who have the votes, will see that it is never repealed. Perhaps a couple of years from now the soundness of the sales tax will have been so thoroughly demonstrated it will be extended to everything else. In which event, it will all have been worth while, tho it begins with discrimination between classes, and ends with a burden on a commodity already over-taxed. However, there is at least this merit about the bill. It is less painful than any other form of governmental extortion, and bears upon all users of tobacco alike. The average user will care about it for a while and then forget all about it. Incidentally, a photograph is dealt of any dealer who fails to pass the tax on to the consumer, and of anybody who doubts its constitutionality.

**A Community House**

The building formerly occupied by Attorney George B. Barber is being converted into a Community House. It will be open to the public Saturday, March 9th. The ladies of the Missionary Society are making the necessary preparations, and the room will be open to visitors as a place of rest and recreation.



**\$25<sup>45</sup> to Los Angeles**

**\$30 to San Francisco**

Special Coach fares in effect March 15 to April 30. Good on all trains carrying coaches. Warm, clean, comfortable coaches. Plain unfripped transportation that saves you money.

**Southern Pacific**



C. P. HUPPERTZ  
Agent



**The Livestock Situation**

There seems to be quite a general opinion that pork is not as popular a meat food in Southern California as in some of the colder climates and there is an inclination to offer this as a reason for limited hog production in the Western states. However, such is not the case, by any means. Last year, meat packers and distributors in Los Angeles county slaughtered 697,000 hogs, virtually all of which was converted into fresh meat trade. The product from at least half that number of hogs was shipped into Southern California in the form of hams and bacon, smoked and in brine. This would make an equivalent of more than 1,000,000 hogs, out of which comes something like 136,000,000 pounds of pork, figuring the average pork carcass to weigh 136 pounds. The population served by these packers numbers something less than 2,000,000, making a per capita pork consumption in Los Angeles county last year of around 68 pounds. This compares with the national per capita consumption of pork in 1928 of 73.9 pounds and the 1927 per capita consumption of 68 5 pounds.

In California as a whole, it is estimated that about 300,000,000 pounds of pork is consumed, which would make the per capita consumption in this state just slightly less than over the country as a whole. Of the 2,250,000 hogs needed to appease the pork appetite of Californians, it is safe to assume that less than 50 per cent are produced in California, Arizona, Nevada, Utah and Idaho, the states which now supply practically the entire beef, lamb and mutton requirements for California markets. Instead, California spends many millions of dollars annually for hogs which are produced in Nebraska, Colorado, Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, New Mexico and as far east as

**Study of Tires**

One of the problems which demanded most careful study and exhaustive experimenting in the building and equipping of the new Model A Ford car was that of tires.

The new Ford was an entirely new new car in its class, with power, speed and acceleration that were also new to the field of light, moderate priced cars.

To begin with, the tires with which all Model A Fords are equipped, while designated as

Iowa and Missouri.

It must be borne in mind that California is strictly on an import basis so far as the hog business is concerned. There are now 50 per cent fewer hogs in the state than in 1920 and in the meantime, the state's population has doubled.

There is no danger of oversupplying the California market with home-produced hogs and we should keep in mind the big export market for pork and lard, which might well be centered from Pacific Coast ports. Last year's exports of lard and pork, mostly in the form of hams and bacon, from the United States amounted to 801 million pounds, or the equivalent of 8,500,000 hogs at Chicago average weights. Of these 800 million pounds, 30 million pounds went to Alaska, Hawaii and Porto Rico, all reached at less transportation cost from Pacific Coast ports. Lard and pork also is popular in Mexico and the export demand from the Orient and South America could easily be enlarged were a Pacific Coast supply available.

Over-production of many of the staple Western crops, such as deciduous fruits, grapes, raisins, peaches, pears, some nuts and a world of other products, is giving Western agriculturists something to worry over. Yet this same land could well be made to profitably produce some crop, which are greatly underproduced namely, alfalfa, feeds and pork. It would certainly seem worth while for the educational and economic agencies in the Western states to give very serious thought to making a complete survey of the hog and pork situation, including such items as cost of production, available feeds, present and future domestic and export markets, and practically, the types quality and weight of hog needed for Pacific Coast requirements.

30 x 4.50 in size, actually give an effect equal to that of tires measuring 30 x 4.75, when fitted to the special drop center steel spoke wheels of the car.

The designers of the Model A Ford realized that this car would go into many parts of the world and find many varied road conditions. So the tires with which the first models of the new car were equipped were subjected to every possible type of service and from these tests Ford engineers were able to determine specifications that would produce a truly

**NOTICE OF SUIT**

State of New Mexico } In the Third  
County of Lincoln } as Judicial  
District Court

Mrs. T. L. Underwood,  
Plaintiff,  
VS.

Zella Summers, Impleaded with the following named defendants, against whom substituted service, is hereby sought to be obtained, to-wit: Robert D. Lowrance, and the Heirs and Devisees and Unknown Heirs of W. J. Lowrance, Deceased, Defendants.

No. 3776

State of New Mexico to the above named defendants, Greeting:

Notice is hereby given to you, and each of you, the above named defendants, that the above entitled suit is now pending in the District Court in and for the County of Lincoln, State of New Mexico, the general nature and object of which are to obtain a decree of foreclosure of a certain mortgage deed executed by W. J. Lowrance to the above named plaintiff, under date of May 10, 1927, and which is recorded in Book A-10 of the mortgage records of Lincoln County, New Mexico, at Page 242, said mortgage having been given to secure a certain promissory note dated May 10, 1927, for the sum of \$2300.00, made and delivered by said W. J. Lowrance, now deceased, to plaintiff, which said mortgage, conveyed to the above named plaintiff, as security for the payment of said note, the following described real estate, situate in the County of Lincoln, State of New Mexico, described as follows, to-wit:

Lots one, two, three, four and east half of west half, and east half of section eighteen; south half of section seventeen; north-east quarter of southeast quarter of section twenty; northwest quarter of southwest quarter, section twenty-one; and southwest quarter of northwest quarter of section twenty-eight, township six south, range fourteen east, N. M. P. M., and southeast quarter of northeast quarter, and east half of southeast quarter, section thirteen, township six south, range thirteen east, N. M. P. M.

Together with all and singular the lands, tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereto belonging or in anywise appertaining, and the rents, issues and profits thereof.

That a sale of the property covered by said mortgage is demanded under the terms thereof, and the amount to be realized from said property are \$2500.00, represented by the principal of the note, together with interest thereon at the rate of six per cent per annum from May 10, 1927, until paid, and all costs of this suit.

You are hereby further notified that unless you enter an appearance in this cause on or before the 9th day of April, 1929, an order of default will be entered against you, and this cause will proceed to final decree of foreclosure of sale of this property upon the evidence of the plaintiff.

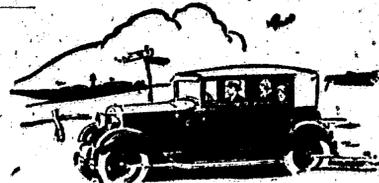
You are further notified that plaintiff's attorney is A. H. Hadspeith, whose postoffice address is Carrizozo, New Mexico.

(Seal) M. E. Greisen,  
15-41 Clerk.

modern balloon tire with all the excellence of design, workmanship and material to insure its giving a service on a par with that of the Model A car itself.

Tires for the Model A Ford are made by several of the best manufacturers of the country, but every tire must meet those specifications. The rubber which goes into each of these tires must be of the finest grade, new, live rubber that has been properly cured. Just so much of this rubber, to within a fraction of an ounce and no less must be used. The cotton from which the cord is manufactured must be of the fine, long-fibre variety, tough and durable. In testing sample tires from lots delivered to the assembly lines, the Ford Motor Company subjects them in many instances to treatment they will never receive at the hands of the average owner. One of the testing devices drops the tire down from a height of several feet, under a weight equivalent to that of a fully loaded car, upon a sec-

**Tires for the new Ford are specially made to give long wear**



WHEN the new Ford was designed, it was immediately apparent that a new tire would have to be made to match the car's performance. It was distinctly a new problem, for here was a car with quicker acceleration, greater speed and more braking efficiency than any car of similar size or weight.

So that every Ford owner might be assured of maximum tire mileage at the lowest cost, the Ford Motor Company devoted many months to research and experiment in conjunction with the leading tire manufacturers.

As a result, certain definite specifications were developed for tires for the new Ford. These specify cords of certain strength and texture, a large volume of tread and side-wall rubber, sturdy non-skid design, and reinforced plies for protection against bruise breaks—all the strong features of construction formerly considered for only the largest tires.

Great care also was taken to secure the best riding qualities in connection with the transverse springs and the Houdaille shock absorbers.

Though the Ford tires are designated as 30 x 4.50, they have the resiliency and air space of much larger tires because of the drop center rim of the steel-spoke wheels.

For best results, the tires on the new Ford should be kept inflated to an air pressure of 35 pounds and checked regularly to insure this pressure all the time. This is important. Low inflation breaks down the side-walls of a tire. By causing overheating, it also destroys the rubber that acts as an insulation, with consequent separation of the cord.

At the end of each 5000 miles, when you have the front wheels packed with grease, it is a good plan to have the wheel alignment checked. This will prevent premature wear.

When punctures come, as they will with any tire, you will find the Ford dealer particularly well-equipped to make repairs quickly and at small cost. See him, too, for replacements. Then you will be sure of getting tires built specially for the Ford car according to definite Ford specifications.

**FORD MOTOR COMPANY**

**ROOMS FOR RENT**

Clean, Comfortable and Rates Reasonable . . .

NEXT DOOR TO CITY GARAGE

MRS. MARY FORSYTH.



Thousands of prescriptions for this remarkable formula were filed by druggists last year, over 20,000 physicians, dentists and welfare workers recommend and endorse AVOL as a harmless, safe, rapid relief for pain, depression, fever, cold, flu.

Contains No Aspirin or Other Heart Depressants.

Headaches! Colds! Neuralgia! Dental Pain!

Patronize the **CARRIZOZO EATING HOUSE**

E. H. SWEET, Manager

Open Day and Night.

Dinner Parties Our Specialties.

Business Men's Lunch, 11.45 to 2.00 o'clock.

Fifty Cents.

tion of steel rail similar to those at a railroad crossing. Tires are also placed on test cars and operated over rough roads at below normal pressures, over gravel, crushed stone and through sand and mud.

**Piling it On**

"By George, that's what I call rubbing it in," declared the poet. "What do you mean?" asked his friend. "I sent this magazine 2 poems and they sent me back 3."

**ADDITIONAL LOCAL**

Mrs. A. C. Hines and boys spent last week-end in El Paso. Mr. and Mrs. R. E. R. Warden were here yesterday from Ancho.

Mrs. Sarah C. Gray returned Saturday from a month's stay east.

Dr. R. R. Green, the well known Corona physician, was here Tuesday.

Several home owners are busy setting out trees in front of their premises.

The beautiful days we are having at present leads one to think that spring is near—or is only around the corner.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Hagee, of the VV ranch country, are the happy parents of a baby girl, born yesterday morning.

Clarence, little son of Mrs. Tom Ward, White Oaks, is in the Johnson hospital with pneumonia. He is much better today.

Mrs. S. H. Nickels leaves today for El Paso to place her little daughter in Hotel Dieu. The little girl will be operated on for appendicitis.

Mrs. Alice M. French, county school superintendent, visited the schools at Ancho and Bogle this week, and went to Oscura this morning for a visit to the school there.

There will be a hot tamale and enchilada supper—served at the home of Mrs. Maggie Chavez tomorrow evening. If you like something hot, Mrs. Chavez can suit you.

Quite a number of merchants and others are busy these days on their income tax returns. These returns must reach the Albuquerque Internal Revenue office by next Friday, March 15.

Little Ruth Andrews, daughter of Mrs. Ruth Andrews, Captain, underwent an operation at the Johnson hospital Monday. A section of rib was removed and over a quart of pus drained from the lung.

Joe R. Adams opened his pool room to the public Tuesday, after interior repairs had been under way for the past two weeks. The room is brilliantly lighted, presents a most attractive appearance and would be a credit to any of the larger cities.

Comet Chapter, O. E. S., held its regular monthly meeting in Masonic Temple last night. A number of members from out of town were in attendance. Refreshments were served in the banquet room, at the conclusion of the chapter work.

The office of the Village Clerk has been moved to the Dr. Shaver building near Rolland's Drug Store, and Water bills and other Village business will be taken care of at the new location.

W. W. Stadman,  
2t Village Clerk.

Frank W. Gurney arrived on No. 1 Wednesday morning from Elk City, Kansas, and after an over-night stop went on to El Paso to look after business matters. He expects to return next week and spend several days with friends here, before returning to his home. Frank, Jr., is in the Military Institute at Boonville, Missouri, and finishes his course there this year.

**Catholic Church**

**SUNDAYS**

8:30 a.m.—First Mass (Sermon in English).  
10:00 a.m.—Second Mass (Sermon in Spanish).

**Dahlia Bulbs for Sale**  
"BLALOCK"  
DURAN, N. M.

**Lincoln News Items**

Mrs. John Bell has been confined to her home the past week on account of a severe cold, but her many friends are glad to know she is greatly improved.

Mesdames Rice, Tompkins, Star and Penfield were dinner guests of Mrs. G. A. Tiltworth in Capitán on Tuesday of this week. Miss Nellie Shaver accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Lemon of Carrizozo to Artesia last Friday where they attended the basket ball tournament. On Sunday the party motored to Carlsbad and visited Carlsbad Cavern.

Miss Charlotte Kell went to Artesia last Thursday to attend the Basket ball tournament and root for the home team.

Mr. Burton, representing Bankers Reserve Life Insurance Co., was in our community a few days last week seeing after business matters.

On Monday evening Mrs. E. H. Ramey, Miss Nellie Shaver and Mrs. C. L. Gylling entertained at dinner in honor of the basket ball team. The table was beautifully decorated in the school colors of green and white, the place cards were basket ball back stops and the favors the bull dog heads, team emblems (These the work of Miss Anna Kell). Talks were made by George Dow, Captain of the team, Mr. Hubbard, Coach, and Mr. Gylling. A toast was given Mr. Hubbard and all honor given him for building up a team of which Lincoln is justly proud. Those enjoying the dinner and evening's entertainment were: George Dow, Captain; Gilbert Dow, Richard Kimbrell, Joe Zamora, Giles Ramey, Roy Ramey, George Bryan, Campbell Freeland, Coach Hubbard, Felix Ramey, Mr. Ramey and Mr. Gylling.

Eight basket ball players, accompanied by Coach Hubbard, left Lincoln last Thursday morning for Artesia—not bound to win but to do their best. They returned Saturday evening to report defeat in all the games they played. On Monday morning, however, things were different. Miss Shaver, who had remained in Artesia until after the awards were announced, presented to the team the beautiful cup awarded for sportsmanship.

The award of this cup carries with it a distinctive honor—one that places its recipients upon the highest plane—gentlemanly and considerate conduct. Not even those victorious in the games, though exhibiting greater skill, in the possession of their evidences of victory, have a trophy that carries a more lasting and honorable distinction than that cherished by our team in the award of this cup for sportsmanship. To the team in general, and each and every member thereof, our hats are off; and to Mr. Hubbard, the coach, whose patience, knowledge and consistent discipline encouraged a spirit of manliness in the team, we extend hearty congratulations; for it is largely through his efforts that we enjoy this honor. And the members of the team are in harmony in according him that consideration.

*On the door  
is the only place  
a knocker  
is any good*

**FULLER PEP**



**B. & B. SERVICE STATION**

CARRIZOZO, NEW MEX.

SERVICE WITH A SMILE

General Cord Tires

TEXAS AND SINCLAIR GASOLINE

MIKE BARNETT, PROP.

W. H. BROADDUS

OPTOMETRIST  
CARRIZOZO

Fourth Monday and Tuesday of Each Month at the office of DR. SHAVER  
Practice Limited to fitting Glasses

FRANK J. SAGER

U. S. COMMISSIONER  
Homestead Filings and Proofs  
NOTARY PUBLIC  
Office at Residence  
Carrizozo N. M.

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**LADIES**  
*Always*  
**WELCOME**

Any woman motorist may drive to our store with perfect confidence.

Because we take especial pains to maintain our establishment so that this invitation may be extended confidently.

Our store is always neat and clean. Every employe is courteous. Specially trained. Skilled in tire care. Anxious to please.

Whatever she may require in tire needs, we have in stock. New tires—Goodyears—the best by the choice of more motorists than any other kind. Good service—our own Goodyear standard.

**CITY GARAGE,  
Carrizozo, N. M.**

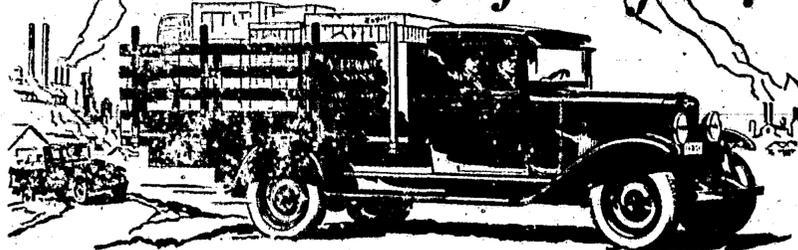
**A dangerous Wound**

L. A. Jolly, proprietor of the Model Tailoring and Pressing establishment, was found last Saturday morning about 10:30 o'clock, by Tennis Bigelow, sitting in a chair with a bullet hole in his breast. Notice of the shooting quickly spread and in a very short time the wounded man was conveyed to the Johnson hospital and immediate aid administered. The doctor's report is to the effect that the bullet entered the left breast, passing just above the heart and lodging in the lung, where it remained imbedded, the patient's condition being such that its removal was not justified.

Contrary to general belief, the wounded man has improved slightly and it is believed he has a chance for recovery. The manner of the shooting seems somewhat shrouded in mystery, yet reports were plentiful that the wound was self-inflicted, by accident or design, while broad hints were thrown out that there might have been foul play. At any rate the patient has talked little, as was to be expected, when considering the nature and location of the wound, and the public has been left to reach its own conclusions.

The father, who was at Hot Springs, and a brother at Corona, came when notified of what had befallen the son and brother and await results and hope, with all friends of the suffering man, that time, the great healer, will restore him to health.

*now-*  
**Six Cylinder Trucks**  
*with the economy of the four!*



Crowded traffic conditions today demand six-cylinder performance—with its greater flexibility, greater reserve power, higher speed and swifter acceleration. And now—for the first time in commercial car history—this desirable six-cylinder performance has been made available with the economy of the four. For the new six-cylinder Chevrolet trucks are not only offered in the price range of the four—but they are as economical to operate as their famous four-cylinder predecessors! Both the Light Delivery and the 1½ Ton Utility Chassis are available with an unusually wide selection of body types—and among them is one exactly suited to your requirements. Come in today. We'll gladly arrange a trial load demonstration—load the truck as you would load it, and drive it over the roads your truck must travel in a regular day's work.

Sedan Delivery, \$595; Light Delivery Chassis, \$400; 1½ Ton Chassis, \$545; 1½ Ton Chassis with Cab, \$650. All prices f. o. b. factory, Flint, Mich.

**CITY GARAGE, V. REIL, Prop.  
CARRIZOZO, NEW MEXICO**

A SIX IN THE PRICE RANGE OF THE FOUR

**Sustained Construction**

Assurance that Chevrolet's position as "world's largest builder of automobiles" will be sustained again this year, is contained in official production figures which give 106,914 passenger car and truck units as output for the first 45 days production on the new sixes. This figure not only eclipses all previous records of manufacturers of six cylinder cars, but actually exceeds the entire year's output of any other manufacturer during the first year.

The figures, as revealed by W. S. Knudsen, president of the company, date from December 15 to February 1. January production was 86,178, meaning that 20,736 units were produced the last two weeks of December.

A highlight of this remarkable 45 day production record was the manufacture, January 31, of 6,729 cars. This was peak for any day during the period and can be regarded as an indication that February would find all Chevrolet's mammoth productive facilities geared to meet maximum quotas. Chevrolet's peak day as a producer of sixes does not compare unfavorably with the company's all time record for a single day, which occurred May 28, 1928, when 7,075 four cylinder units were produced.

Further comparison with last year shows that production this January is only 5,406 units less than January 1928, despite numerous handicaps incident to a changeover as huge as Chevrolet effected successfully last fall. And it is 12,502 in excess of January, 1927, when 73,676 four cylinder units were turned out. Last fall's turnover involved 20 widely scattered plants, and called for an entirely new set of machine tools, patterns and dies. Replacement began while the company still was engaged in-

tensively in volume production of last year's four cylinder car-achievements, which for speed and efficiency, has never been surpassed in the industry.

Some interesting statistics relative to the turnover were recalled last week by Mr. Knudsen, who declared that the Flint Motor plant manufactured 12,000 motors, an average of better than 1,000 per working day, between November 15, when the six cylinder announcement was made, and December 1. During December, he related, 60,000 motors were produced, an average of better than 2,000 a day.

All of which would seem to indicate that Chevrolet was well fortified when it made and kept its promise of deliveries January 1, six weeks from the time the time the new car was announced.

Production this year calls tentatively for 1,250,000 units. Several important expansions, completed during the past 12 months, have increased the company's annual capacity by 250,000. Last year Chevrolet outlined a production program calling for 1,000,000 cars, and actually surpassed this quota by 200,000 in a little more than 10 months time.

Highest prices paid for hides and pelts—Ziegler Bros.

**Call for Postoffice Bids**

Notices were posted this week for bids to lease quarters for the post office. The new bids may be made for five or ten years. Specifications for building and equipment may be had at the post office.

**Methodist Church**

(Rev. T. V. Ledlow, Pastor)  
Sunday School 9:45 a.m.  
Preaching 11:00 a.m. Epworth League 6:30 p.m. Evening service 7:45.

**Lincoln County Baptist Services**

Rev. F. C. Rowland, Pastor  
Corona—First Sunday.  
Carrizozo—Second and Fourth Sundays.  
Preaching service 11:00 a. m.  
Evening service 7. 30 p. m.  
Everybody Welcome.

**Male Help Wanted**

MAN WANTED—To run McNees business in Lincoln county, \$7 to \$12 daily—year around work—experience unnecessary; unusual offer. Write at once, FURST & THOMAS, Dept T, Freeport, Ill.

**SUBSCRIBE**

FOR

**Lincoln County News**

\$2.00 per year

The Marked Man

A Romance of the Great Lakes

By KARL W. DETZER

Copyright by The Radio-Motion Picture Corp., N. Y. U. S. Series

CHAPTER IX—Continued

-12-

A sad submission covered his face; Norman recognized that it was and pitied him.

"We will pray the good God there are no more dams," the old man grunted.

"Mr. James Delong," Julie answered, "yes, the very one."

"Come, father! Will you not let a man in when he is hurt? Ed! You are not Christian!"

Germaine scowled. Then shrugged. After all, what difference?

"Fix another chair, mamma," he directed. "Quick, get this man dry by the stove. Somebody else is inside here, wet. A girl, Julie."

Delong limped ahead into the Richard kitchen. Norman heard Sue Stocking cry out in a high startled voice.

"Who is it?" she asked. "Who is the girl?"

"Susan Stocking," Norman answered, "from the lighthouse."

A motor car had mired down in the muddy lane. A man in blue overalls was hurrying toward the Richard house.

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Mel Pierce? That Miss Jennie Price, she's like to get wet."

"Here she comes!"

"It is a flood!"

"My G—d, there it be!"

Like ants in a halliroom, the men of Madrid Bay fled aimlessly, an undisciplined, leaderless rout.

They stared unbelievably at an unbelievable thing. The river! It would be different if it were the lake. They'd know how to act.

The lip of the flood, pushing broken sticks, trees, plants, drowned sheep ahead of it, rounded the river bend. It moved slowly. Amos Short bobbed out of his store.

"Gustaf!" he shouted. "Run!"

"Aye, Amos." Gustaf Erickson pointed at his neighbors. "They're a poor crew. Who's helpin' old Miss Jennie?"

He grew very tall suddenly; his shoulders straightened. He walked like a man half his years. Amos Short glanced apprehensively up the river.

"Hurry, Gus!" he warned.

"Beat be after Miss Jennie." Gustaf grumbled.

The two men entered a small ramshackle house. Miss Jennie Price, a thin old woman, sat by a window, calmly watching the river rise.

"It is high water all at once," Gustaf told her. "Goin' to get you out. We'd best hurry, Miss Jennie. Ye ain't very hefty. Amos, take the other arm of her chair."

Water spread across the road to the mesger line of stores. The Tamarack was dammed by the county bridge, that caught the wreckage and piled it up like a wall, diverting the river beyond its low gravelly banks.

Small waves forced across the main street.

The height of the flood had passed when Sue Stocking and the younger Delong arrived. Just beyond the breakwater, the Blind Man's Point lifeboat, kicking up a white wake, was speeding into the harbor.

The car slid down the last grade into the town. Delong had said little. He could not, for thought of his brother. He trod through the mud to Captain Parish.

"Well, I'll be sunk ashore!" the coast guard commander said violently. He stood by an overturned wagon.

"That devil river! Give me the lake every time. You, Delong? It was your dam!"

"My dam," Delong answered.

"Humph!" commented Parish. He called to his crew. "Hil . . . Anderson . . . Shay . . . Baker . . . get some speed on!"

The townsmen came silently, without words to express their thoughts. The Tamarack river . . . any river . . . attacking them, who invaded the lake. They whispered when they recognized Delong.

James Delong returned to Susan. Talking rapidly, he gave her instructions.

"That's a church!" he pointed up the hill. "Find the key, open it. There'll be folks hunting a dry place to sleep tonight. Get some blankets. And have some one make coffee."

Women from the neighborhood were helping Sue when Delong limped into the church an hour later. Driving his car recklessly on the road east of town, he had found a telephone line intact and summoned Doctor McCarthy of Copperhead.

Three hours later, just before sundown, while Madrid Bay still complained miserably of its catastrophe, Julie Richard and Norman Erickson staggered into town.

Norman's back ached with exertion. His eyes burned. He dreaded to face Madrid. He had thought with quickening heart of Gustaf since leaving Germaine Richard's house. He wanted very much to see him, to see the fierce brown face, listen to the blustery voice.

He and Julie circled a hill and came out above the town.

"Look!" Julie cried. "Look at the bridge!"

Norman gazed a long, long minute. He understood what had happened. The bridge had ruined the town. It had caught the flood and prevented it from escaping to the lake.

At the door of the church Julie hung back shyly. She never had been inside this building.

"I want some coffee," Norman said determinedly.

He let Julie step ahead of him into the room. At a table near the door, Sue Stocking, in a blue apron much too large for her, was cutting loaves of bread. She put down the knife slowly and came toward him.

"Norman!" she called.

Julie flushed and drew back. Sue's voice was affectionate.

"Sit down somewhere," she directed Julie. "I must talk to him alone."

Norman waited inquiringly. An uneasy surprised expression came over his long face. Julie, watching across her shoulder, sat down suddenly with her back to the door. For she had seen Sue's arm about Norman's shoulder, had seen Sue's lips close to Norman's ear. And all Madrid Bay looking on. Well, what of it? What did it matter?

"Have you seen my father?" Norman demanded. He stopped shortly. He had not meant to ask this just yet. Sue nodded. They were alone now, out on the sand.

"Norman," she whispered, "let me have your hand . . . you're awfully cold! Norman, your father . . . drowned."

CHAPTER XI

A Sailor's Death

Gustaf Erickson died, as his father had died before him, off the coast of Iceland, and his grandfather before that, "for days out of Chris-

Hana. He had died heroically in the act of rescue. He had died swearing, abusing the fates that in his heart he loved. He had died fighting. He had died a man's death.

He had died still believing his son to be a coward.

Anderson of the coast guard found the body on the beach, back of Gustaf's own fish shanty, after the flood had passed. And it was into his own fishing smack that men carried his body, laid it upon the floor and left it dripping. They found Miss Jennie drowned in her chair against the apple tree behind the house.

Jim Nelson found Norman Erickson near the stove where Sue Stocking had put him. There was an attitude of an old man about him, sitting with his shoulders hunched. He looked at Nelson dully.

"I been balling your father's boat, Norman," the fisherman said. "He wouldn't want anything to happen to that boat. Gustaf wouldn't. You take her, Norman. How else you get home?"

"Thanks, Jim," Norman answered. He covered his face with his hands. Nelson limped away bow-leggedly, saying no more, either of blame or

He pulled shut the door when he heard footsteps, and snapped a hasp and padlock. Norman was glad for the sound. He had not yet seen his father, who lay there on the floor. Tomorrow would be better; his head might not burn so. He turned on the beam of the flash that Delong had lent him.

"You," Nelson said. His voice was low and tired. "I thought I'd help you off, Norman. I already run the boat out there. I'll help you start her. The engine, she be kind of tricky."

He piloted them down the dock to the squat gasoline boat with its broad-roofed cabin. The motor turned over, choked, and began its slow cadence. Nelson climbed out wearily, with the air of another duty not neglected. Sue found a place quietly on the stern deck. Norman searched for the tiller with his feet, caught it familiarly between his shoes.

"I'll cast ye off," Nelson offered, wiping his mouth on the back of his hand. "Mebbe you'll be comin' back up tomorrow, Norman? They's arrangements and things . . ."

"Before noon," Norman answered. "Thanks, Jim."

"You're welcome. He was my friend, your father. I know him better than you do, Norman. He had a hard tongue, you think. Yes, that's true. Folks he liked best, he quarreled with. You, me, your mother . . . still, he was a good shipmate, Gustaf was."

"I know it, Jim."

"Good night, Norman."

The fish boat pointed her nose toward the open lake. A fresh wind with a keen edge on its tail, cut out of the west. Spray stung the face of Jim and the girl, leaning close together.

"Norman," Sue whispered softly. In a dim reflection of stars and northern lights, he watched her face. He watched her lips, trembling ever so little, and her eyes, which seemed very large and not so steady as usual. "I know, Norman, there's nothing I can say. But you know how sorry I am."

"For . . . for everything, Norman. You were fine this morning. You did a good job of rescue." Another silence. "So that's where you visit in the hills."

"Where?"

"At the Richards'. She's a very fine girl."

He was peering straight ahead at the punctual unwavering glow in the lantern of Blind Man's Eye. He disregarded her remark.

A wave splashed along the boat, struck at their faces and splattered their soggy shoes. Another followed it, and then a third.

"I best look for some slickies," Norman said.

Already his shoulders were drenched. Sue must be soaked through. He remembered the yellow slicker she had worn that morning, and asked her about it.

"Turn to please," she answered. His eyes sought Blind Man's light. They were halfway across the bay now.

"There must be slickies, Sue. I'll look. You steady the tiller . . . that's it. Thanks."

He drew the flashlight from his pocket and bent his head to slip into the trap to the engine compartment. Fumbling, he directed the flash ahead of him.

With a surprised cry, he dropped the lamp on the wet rolling deck. He had seen a man just inside the cabin. A short fellow with a flat face. Wearing the blue sweater of the coast guard. Ed Baker, moving aft from the bow easy as a cat! His large mouth was smiling. In his hand twirled the favorite weapon of the fishing coast, a long broad-bladed scaling knife.

Gustaf Erickson's fish boat slid un-piloted up the side of a black wave. There was a hush on deck after Sue Stocking's first hysterical cry. Softly, the scaling knife in his big right hand, Ed Baker crept out of the cabin, still smiling. Norman threw off Germaine's sweater; for the second time in his life he must fight Ed Baker . . . Ed had beaten him before. . . .

"I got you where I want you, Erickson!" Baker challenged.

Again Sue Stocking screamed. The surman swung about. He had not seen her or heard her until that minute. A new rage overwhelmed him when he recognized her. It had been because of Sue that he gave up a prosperous fishing partnership and enlisted in the coast guard. And so sooner had he arrived at Blind Man station than she turned her back upon him.

And now, when he had schemed to meet Norman Erickson alone, to fight it out with only the disinterested stars for witnesses . . . here she was, in the way. In the way as Norman had been in his way before. He could not flash Erickson in the manner he planned. Not with Sue looking on. Purposely he dropped the fish knife.

Norman moved ever so slightly toward the banging tiller. Baker sprang in his way. Sue edged to the low iron

fall. She gave another short cry as the two men met.

"Stop it, Ed Baker!" she screamed. He paid no attention . . . too late to pay attention if he wished. The deck was small for a man-sized fight, less than eight feet square, and pitching insanely; the tiller slammed left and right.

"I got you where I want you!" Baker cried again through his teeth. He swung headlong at Norman. The two clinched. They thrashed down, Baker atop. Norman's hands, sweeping the darkness before him, clamped upon the other's left shoulder. It squirmed away easily. Baker kicked. A quick chilly sensation ran up Norman's spine. He rolled over, grappled and again the two floundered on the slippery deck. They gripped tight, chest to chest, cheek to cheek.

Baker pushed forward. Norman felt himself grow very tired. He was out-matched, he realized, and the pluck gone from his bones. Baker was on top again, striking, pounding, swearing in a hoarse, vicious monotone. The sound of his voice was broken by a command from Sue Stocking.

"Fight him, Norman! Fight him!" Then in five seconds: "I'll help!"

"Never mind . . . I . . . got him!"

Baker's grip weakened for a moment. Norman squirmed. He was on his left side now, his right hand was free. It swung up, bent. Again it lifted. Again it fell. This time it missed the pliability of Baker's body. Under its blow the scaling knife rattled. Norman gripped its handle, saw its blade gleam in the light of the stars, held it an uncertain moment, and flung it overboard.

The neglected boat wallowed in a series of narrow troughs. Norman sild to one knee. He was blind, now, and deaf, and the sense of his fingers had left him.

"Fight!" he ordered himself grimly. "Fight!" he commanded. "Fight . . . like . . . an Erickson . . . I tell you, fight!"

Some of Gustaf's stubborn will came into his knees. He pushed Baker offward. With a great heave both men stood up, Norman pommeling. Then he bent; Baker slid over his shoulder; he lifted, jabbed and a heavy body blundered across the low rail.

Norman grabbed the iron rail atop the deckhouse and caught the tiller between his heels.

"All right, Sue?" he panted. His feet worked to port. The tiller turned with them. The boat steered in a circle.

"I'm right enough. Norman, what are you doing?"

"Find the flashlight . . . it's somewhere there on deck. Hold it over-side."

The boat swung in a wide erratic arc. The beam of the flash lamp played through the darkness. Norman doubted like a jack-knife and rose into the air. A voice cried from the water. Then Norman came up, panting and clutched for the side. He held Baker's collar in his left hand. He yanked himself up with a convulsive struggle, pulled the other man after him.

Norman dropped down exhausted. Baker lay quiet against the cabin.

"Norman, Norman," Sue leaned over him. "Brace yourself . . . one side a little. That's better. I'll take her in."

Norman's lungs were bursting; there must be an anchor stop them. What was it about her voice? That funny twist to it? He never had heard Sue speak like that before. Like his father's voice, wasn't it? No . . . not his father. His father was dead. He closed his eyes.

"Can you give me a hand?" Sue asked at length.

"Sure." Norman raised on one elbow. Blind Man's Eye cast a friendly and welcoming radiance across the uneasy countenance of the water. Blind Man's Eye! Home! He felt the boat bump against the piling of the lighthouse dock. Funny his knees wouldn't stand. He reached out for the cabin and pulled himself upright. A short, bareheaded man puffed down the planks.

"By the toky poky. Sue . . . are you there, daughter? Heaven above be praised! And me boy Norman, is he there? Such a day off! You'll be taking us more of them! Why'd you stay so late?"

The keeper took the stern line and made two half-hitches about a cedar pole.

"Sorry about your father, boy," this to Norman. "Parish told me. Sakes above, what's that? Sue . . . what's that head-a-hangin' overside? Are ye bringin' home a dead man?"

"That's Ed Baker," Sue told him. "he's no dead."

As the boat ceased its slitting, Baker lifted to his elbows and dropped back mattering.

"He's playing dead," Norman grunted. "Here, Captain Stocking, help me with this tamox. No, he isn't much hurt. Not so much as he might be."

He pulled Baker heavily to the dock. Captain Stocking, grumbling, asking heaven with every breath what the world was coming to, lifted the surman's right shoulder. Norman his left. The light of Blind Man's Eye shone down mistily on the procession. Once in the parlor, Norman released his hold on Baker and dropped into Captain Stocking's chair.

"And what might be the means of such carry-on as this?" the keeper demanded of his daughter. "Susan Stocking, what's happened?"

He jumped at Norman. "Erickson, have you been fighting again?"

Norman arose slowly to his feet. "Yes, sir, I've been fighting again."

Sue interrupted. "Norman, go to bed."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Toad's Eggs Hatched on Back of Mother

Among the 88 species of toads known there is one, the water toad of Central America, which presents many curious and interesting features.

These toads display a strange way of hatching their eggs. Most species lay their eggs in the creek or ponds and leave them there until they are hatched. The pipe of Central America lay theirs in the water the same as the other species, but as soon as they are laid, the father lifts them up and literally plants them in the back

of the mother toad. There they remain until they hatch. The skin of the mother toad becomes unusually thick and soft at this season of the year. Each egg occupies a separate round pool, chamber, which later, by the pressure of each cell against the other, takes the shape of a honeycomb cell. Eighty-two days elapse before the hatching of the eggs. They remain in the back of the mother toad during this entire period. When they begin to hatch, they pass through the

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**LOCAL AND PERSONAL**

The editor and wife spent a pleasant week-end at the Finley ranch home.

M. H. Price, an old-timer of the Jicarilla country, was a visitor Wednesday.

Robert Leslie, Jr., returned Wednesday from a trip to the northern part of the state.

William J. Langston finished his building work at Capitan and returned to his own fireside this week.

P. H. Wrye, of the Sanitary Dairy, returned Monday from a two weeks business trip to Dallas and Abilene.

Mayor G. T. McQuillen and Trustee T. E. Kelley made a trip to Roswell Wednesday in the interest of city affairs.

Rev. F. C. Rowland preached in the Baptist church at Corona last Sunday, that being the regular appointment.

Les Harmon is spending the week with his family here. He is employed on the Lovelace sheep ranch above Ancho.

R. E. P. Warden was in town Tuesday from his ranch west of Ancho. Pick has reentered the sheep business. He sold his cattle last year.

A light snow fall in the mountains Sunday was about the only weather disturbance for the week. Sunshiny, balmy, spring days have been the rule.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry S. Comrey were here Wednesday from their Ancho home. They had spent the night before at Nogal with their brother Ed, while awaiting repairs on their car.

T. A. Spencer returned the early part of the week from Columbia, Missouri. He left Mrs. Spencer greatly improved following a recent operation, and with the assurance that she soon would be enjoying her accustomed good health.

A. H. Norton came down from Jicarilla Wednesday enroute to Hot Springs. Mr. Norton spent some time at this famous resort earlier in the season and returned much improved, but his old enemy struck him again and he goes back to the Springs for another trial.

A. R. Jones, who had a leg broken in a train accident last week writes from a hospital in El Paso that he is still flat of his back, but steadily gaining. However, it will be a couple of weeks before he can leave his bed, and a much longer time than that ere he is able to return to work.

**The Brigham Recital**

Under the auspices of the High School Orchestra, of which J. C. Burkett is director, Edward Brigham, the noted bass singer and dramatic reader, appeared in recital before a good audience in the High School Auditorium Tuesday night. In song and recitation he maintained fully the reputation that preceded him. He played his own accompaniments and proved a most accomplished pianist. His selections, both musical and literary, were mostly of a solemn and impressive nature, but he introduced little bits in both that kept the audience laughing throughout the recital. It was an innovation to the people of Carrizozo and its environs to be privileged to hear such an accomplished artist, and the High School Orchestra is to be highly commended in a most successful effort at entertainment.

**Ft. Stanton News**

Mrs. M. Cavanaugh has been very ill with pneumonia, but we are glad to say, she is now well on the way to recovery.

Mr. J. Sellers is in the hospital with pleurisy, but is improving slowly, and we soon hope to see him in our midst again.

Mr. John Gow, Mr. Herting's smiling assistant has left for Los Angeles, California.

Mr. T. Cooper, the headwaiter, has left for Denver, Col.

Miss C. Shoff one of our most popular nurses, has been transferred to Memphis, Tenn. Miss Shoff left on Sunday's train, we all wish her well, and everyone will surely miss her.

Dr. Johnson has completed his test on the dairy herd, and has recommended, that the herd be accredited with the State Sanitary Board.

Mr. Hobbs and family are the proud owners of a new Whippet car.

Mr. and Mrs. Merrill and family attended the grand opera in El Paso.

Mr. and Mrs. Boyd accompanied Dr. and Mrs. Murdock as far as El Paso, our genial post surgeon being on his way to Nogales, Arizona his new station. We sure miss Dr. Murdock and wish him the best of luck, as his departure was very much regretted by all.

A party was given at the Community House, by the O. T. Dept. and an enjoyable time, was reported by all.

We are glad to note Miss Charlotte Rice is in our midst again. A welcome home party was given in Miss Rice's honor, at the O. T. Shop where all her friends were glad to welcome her home.

Mr. Langdon one of our former patients, returned for a few month's rest, and we are glad to note he looks so well and prosperity must have hit him, as he returned the owner of a new Hupmobile.

The station treated the children of the post to a movie Harold Teed; it was enjoyed by all, and let us hope we may have more of them.

Quite a treat was given the patients and the personnel, by the Trowel Club under the able management of Dr. Reid and Mr. Hendren, the world famous Houd-eens, assisted by Mr. Billy Cavanaugh and Mr. Ignacio Miller in their repertoire of ventriloquism and magic. Young Billy has been pulling his nose ever since trying to get money out of it.

A sure sign of spring has come. There is lots of talk of baseball. A committee has been appointed and a meeting will be held at some future date, to organize a team. We will sure miss Dr. Nesbit our genial manager, as well as Mr. Mickey and Mr. J. Cavanaugh, but we will try and put a good team in the field, as the Fort was always known for its baseball team.

March 1st, was John Randolph Sellers birthday, and owing to the serious illness of his grandmother, Mrs. Tom Burleson entertained John Randolph, Mary Ellen, Billy Cavanaugh and the children's grandpa at a dinner. Mrs. Hobbs provided the birthday cake with four candles.

Dr. and Mrs. Warner, Dr. and Mrs. Nesbit formerly of Fort Stanton, were entertained by Mrs. Marie Cavanaugh, our able representative as her guests, at a session of the Legislature, at Santa Fe, N. M.

**Card of Thanks**

We wish to thank our many friends and neighbors for their kindness, and help during the sickness and death of our daughter and sister.  
H. F. Dockray and Family,  
Capitan, N. M.

**Ziegler Bros.**

**EVERY**

**CHERRIE BELLE DRESS**

IS

**AN ARTIST'S DREAM**

*Your Wardrobe is Incomplete Without Several:--*

Stylish

Colorful

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**CHERRIE BELLE WASH DRESSES  
PRICE \$2.35**

**ZIEGLER BROS.**

**OLD DOC BIRD says**

*Many a good fighter in business got his training from punching a time clock*



**APPRECIATION**

Of your tastes and preferences prompted us to select the variety of cigars and cigarettes that we offer.

Buy them by the box or carton and enjoy them to the last one.

**Rolland's Drug Store**

**A WEDDING  
March 23  
High School Auditorium  
Watch for Further Notice**

**T. E. KELLEY**

Funeral Director and  
Licensed Embalmer  
Phone 96  
Carrizozo N. M.

**Is This True?**

The custom of church going must be formed in early childhood or in most cases not at all. The indifference of parents in this regard is fatal. The passing of home worship and the family pew has left its blight. No process could be more subtle and powerful in depleting the church of her most precious possessions than that employed today by Christian parents in educating their children away from the house of God. A wise man wrote: "Attending church was in my father's family a grave and serious matter." Astute church leaders and parents will enter with understanding the thought of the ancient Greek statesman. Asked who was the most powerful person in Athens, the great man pointed to his little boy and said: "There he is. He rules his mother, and his mother rules me." Have we forgotten the words of Jesus? "To such belongeth the kingdom of heaven." Childhood is the ideal state of this heritage. The mysticism, the gift of contemplation, the sense of awe, the poetry, the wide-open eyes, whispering lips, mysterious questionings, a trust, a joy, a love—these things people the realm of childhood, and are ministering angels to him who would educate little lives out of God.

F. C. Rowland,  
Pastor Baptist Church.

**Missionary Society**

Thursday afternoon, February 28th, the Missionary Society of the Methodist church met at the home of Granny Cooper. A special feature of the program was a reading given by Louise Shelton. Refreshments were served by members of the society, and Granny Cooper was delighted to have the Missionary ladies spend the afternoon with her.

The next regular meeting of the society will be held at the home of Mrs. Grumbles Thursday, March 14.

**Notice**

To the Voters of District 7, Carrizozo, New Mexico  
You are advised that an election will be held Tuesday, April 2, 1929, to elect directors to succeed:

- E. M. Brickley
- R. E. Lemon,
- Mrs. W. C. Pittman
- Board of Education,  
School District No. 7  
Carrizozo; New Mex.

Highest prices paid for hides and pelts—Ziegler Bros.

**DON'T STAY AWAY FROM CHURCH**

- Don't stay away because it rains. That would not keep you from business.
- Don't stay away because of the baby; we can make more noise than he.
- Don't stay away because company came, bring them.
- Don't stay away because it isn't your denomination; some excuse would keep you out of heaven.

**COME TO CHURCH NEXT SUNDAY 7:15 p. m. 11 a. m.  
Carrizozo Baptist Church**

**SANITARY DAIRY  
SIERRA VISTA RANCH**

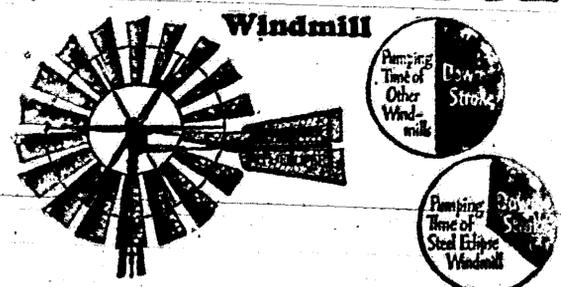
**PURE CREAM, WHIPPING CREAM  
ALSO BUTTERMILK**

**VISITORS INVITED TO TRY A GLASS**

*Leave orders at Star Cafe*

**WRYE & FOSTER, NOGAL, NEW MEXICO**

**STEEL ECLIPSE**



**Starts sooner—  
pumps longer**

Two windmills stood just across the road from each other, with the first sign of a breeze started by smoothly and quietly. When the breeze became a wind, the other started with a groan and lumbered away only as long as the wind raised a dust in the road. Then it stopped as abruptly as it had started, while the other continued pumping for some time—then it finally came smoothly to rest with the last trace of the dying breeze.

That is the difference between a super windmill and just a windmill. It is the difference between accurately machined and fitted gears and ordinary cast gears; the difference between turned, ground and polished shafts and ordinary cast shafts; the difference between machined and polished bearings and ordinary bearings; the difference between running in oil and running with dry gears.

In other words, it is the difference between the Fairbanks-Morse Self-Oiling Steel Eclipse Windmill and just a plain windmill.

Come in and see this great advance in windmill construction. See the self-oiling feature—the extra life feature—the mechanism that enables the Eclipse to continue pump water during two-thirds of every revolution of the wind wheel. You will form a new idea of how good a windmill can be.

**City Garage, V. Reil, Prop.  
Carrizozo, New Mexico**

**FAIRBANKS-MORSE PRODUCTS**

"Every Line a Leader"

**For Sale**

Some Good long yearling Hereford Bulls at reasonable prices.

**The Titsworth Co. Inc.  
Capitan, New Mexico.**