

# LINCOLN COUNTY NEWS

Successor to Carrizozo News

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NUMBER 11

## Governor Dillon Calls Special Legislative Session Plans a Correction of Errors of Session that Has just Closed

Santa Fe, N. M., March 14.—Declaring the general appropriations bill passed by the ninth state legislature was greatly in excess of the revenues which will be available for the next two years, Gov. R. C. Dillon this afternoon called a special session of the legislature to meet April 2, this year. The special session will also correct the \$5,600,000 highway debentures bill, which was invalid because it was passed without an enacting clause.

Letters to each member of the legislature were mailed from the governor's office this afternoon announcing the special session and containing a copy of the "call."

The special session call did not mention the labor commissioner bill. Since the special session can act only upon legislation specified by the governor it is not probable that there will be any resumption of the warfare over the labor bill.

From three days to one week might be necessary for the legislature to clean up the business specified by the governor.

In the separate letter to legislators, Governor Dillon said there would be no need of special employes as clerks and stenographers for the special session, since the regular employes at the state house would volunteer their services for the few days of the session.

### How Washington, Vermont and Florida Received their Names

Only two states have strictly American names. One of these is the "Evergreen State," of Washington, named for the Father of his Country.

Vermont was first explored in 1609 by Champlain. It was named by him for its prominent natural trait, its green mountains (Verd Mont). It is very fitting that the name of the explorer should be perpetuated in that of the largest fresh water lake in the United States (besides the Great Lakes), the lake which forms a great part of the western boundary of Vermont.

The first state to bear a Spanish name is Florida. Ponce de Leon discovered Florida on Easter Sunday, in 1512. The Spanish term for Easter Sunday is "Pascua Florida," meaning the "Feast of Flowers." It has reference to the flowers with which the churches in Spain are decorated on that day. Whether the state was named Florida from its being discovered on this day or simply from the "flowery" aspect of the country it is hardly safe to say.

Florida has the longest coast line of any state. One-third of its population is colored. It is known as "the land of flowers," and is the winter playground of Eastern America. Tallahassee is the capital, the state being admitted to the Union in 1845. The motto "In God We Trust" appears on the state seal and the orange blossom is the state flower.

### What We Think

By Frank Dixon

I wish some fellow would tell me how other folks can afford so many luxuries. My wife's always raggin' me as to why they can have so much while we must do on so little.

One of our troubles has been doubled. Heretofore we spent about a quarter of our time lighting our pipe with matches. Now it takes another fourth of our time to work the patent lighter we got for a Christmas present.

Strikes me folks are kinder than they used to be. Take for instance, in the old days a woman buried one husband before getting another, now she lets the first one go without burying.

Mothers should seriously teach their sons how to use a can opener so they will never have to go hungry after they get married.

Scientists have traced man back to a fish. It looks as though they're on the right track at last. We'll probably hear less of this monkey business now for a spell.

We've always had a lot of sympathy for the preachers. The fellows who need the preachers' sermons most are seldom at church, and when they do go, they think the preacher is talking to the fellow behind them.

We believe the time is not far distant when the little country school house will give way to the more modern and generally more efficient consolidated school to and from which the children will be transported in school busses over good roads.

## Who is Smith that he Shouldn't Go To Church

To the Editor of the Lincoln County News:—Who is this man Smith, anyway? Perhaps he is a South African. Then his wife and children would vote unanimously for him to go to church. For they could eat at the same table with him, and he would do part of the work. The church in Africa gets Smith to sit on a chair and eat at a table.

Perhaps Smith is a Chinaman. Then every little girl of China who has suffered the torture of footbinding would pray for Smith to go to church. When Smith goes to church in China his daughter's feet grow naturally.

Is Smith a native of India? Then thousands of child widows, under ten years of age, would plead with him to go to church. When Smith goes to church in India, marriage of his daughter takes place at the proper age.

Maybe Smith lives in Japan. Ten thousand young men who are seeking light from the Occident would ask Smith to lead them to the church and to progress and enlightenment.

Does Smith live in Tibet? Then let him follow fourteen Tivetan officials to a little native chapel on the roof of the world, and hear them asking that the church, the hospital and the school be enlarged. Smith should go to church in Tibet for the good of the children.

Smith may live in Turkey or Russia. The spirit of the young Turk and the young Russian in the social, political and religious revolution is, in the last analysis, the spirit of the Pilgrim Fathers, which was generated primarily by the church. If Smith believed in a progressive nation, he'd go to church in Turkey or Russia.

"But," you say, "Smith is an American." Well, then, let Smith take note of the history of America's progress. When Columbus discovered America he landed on his knees and thanked God. The discoverers of America, of the Mississippi, of the Pacific, were all churchmen. Church buildings were among the first buildings of the Pilgrim fathers. The colonists in Virginia laid down the Scriptural law that, "the man who does not work shall not eat." If Smith had been an early American, he would have gone to church. The writers of the Declaration of Independence and the makers of the Constitution of the United States were men who believed in the church and went to church.

But this man Smith is an up-to-date Smith—a twentieth-century Smith! Is he? Well, of which brand? Perhaps he is a boozier. Then he is ashamed to go to church. All the little Smiths who go to Sunday school clothed in rags are an argument for Smith to cut out his booze and go to church.

Smith is not a boozier—he's a respectable business man. Well, I know such a man who moved from an Eastern New Mexico town to a town in Western Texas. He gave as his principal reason, "No church for his children to attend, and he wanted them to be under the influence of the church." He did not go once in two years, nor did he support the church, but he demanded that other people supply religious influences and training for his own children. A square deal would demand that such a man go to church.

But Smith is a highly intellectual man—well educated. Good for Smith! Then he has enough brains to have heard of Roosevelt, Bryan, Garfield, Woodrow Wilson, the great majority of Congressmen and Governors, the large majority of university presidents and professors who believe in the church and who are not too heavy to go and enjoy religious worship.

But Smith is busy all week—he works long hours and needs to spend Sunday with his wife and children. Yes, but his wife and children want to go to church. If Smith won't go with them, he is selfish; if he keeps them at home for his sake, he is still more selfish.

But what's the use? The fact is that nearly every Smith who does not want to go to church has a selfish reason. He is an egotist. He is self-centered. He has the mental mumps, or has taken a bath in the Dead Sea of French infidelity. If Smith is a pessimistic, stingy old bachelor, who has no social obligations, who is living to himself and for himself alone, who sees the hole instead of the doughnut who thinks the world is going to the devil and "doesn't give a ——— if it does"—If Smith is that kind of forlorn creature, then for the sake of his contaminating influence it might be well for him to stay away from church.

But the church is a social institution. Prayer is

## Eastern New Mexico Council Boy Scouts

The Boy Scouts of the Western New Mexico Council are rejoicing over the fact that they are to be represented at the world Jamboree to be held in England the last of next July.

Eagle Scout Richard Wheatley of troop 29 Artesia, New Mexico has made application to attend and at the Annual Council meeting held in Roswell last month he was unanimously selected to represent this council. Richard has been making and saving his own money far over a year for this event.

Scouting is a brotherhood that speaks around the world. The flag of more than forty nations will proclaim it at the world Jamboree. Never before in the history of Scouting has anything more significant occurred. Happy are those scouts who will have a share in this speech making event—a demonstration of the highest and finest National ideals, a League of Youth that proclaims its promise of future comradeship, its promise of future comradeship among the nations of the world.

Fifteen hundred scouts from the United States will join in this great demonstration. Sixty scouts from Texas, Oklahoma and New Mexico will embark

## I'm the Boob

Say, ya' know there ain't nothin' that makes me madder than to have everybody talkin' about town spirit. If they knowed what it was, it would be different. But if I don't buy my clothes at home, don't support the churches, or if I say things about the school's athletic teams, they say I ain't got town spirit. Pahaw! They don't know what town spirit is. What is it? It's sayin' all the mean things ya can about the neighborin' town. That's it. I know, 'cause I'm the town boob.

## Why Wouldn't

Professor (addressing medical students) "The muscle of the patient's left leg has contracted till it is much shorter than the right. Therefore, he limps. Now what would you do in such circumstances?"

Student: "I'd limp, too."

from Houston and will be gone for six weeks. While in England the scouts will camp at Arrow Park, Birkenhead, which is near Liverpool. Before returning they will visit many of the historical points in Europe.

social. Religion is social. Our hymns are social. Worship is social. To try to make it individual is pagan.

To be sure, the church has her faults, but so have the school and Government and so has Smith. Shall we desert the Government because it has a few faults? Shall we secede from Smith because of his shortcomings?

Come out of it, Smith, old man; you're singing a selfish song.

Come on, Smith, help your wife to get those little kiddies ready next Sunday! Then you take them by the hand and go to Sunday school and church. Sit by your wife, and squeeze her hand a little during the dry part of the sermon, and I prophecy that before a month goes by you'll be singing a new song. It's a big, fine world. It's great to be alive.

By F. C. ROWLAND.

## Crystal Theater

T. J. PITTMAN, Mgr.

Friday and Saturday. "5 and 10c Annie" with Louise Fazenda and Clyde Cook, and 5 other stars.

Sunday afternoon and Monday night "Ladies of the Night Club" with Ricardo Cortez and Barbara Leonard

Tuesday and Wednesday. "Legionaries in Paris" with Al Cook and Kit Guard. A great Comedy.

Thursday and Friday. "West of Zanzibar" with Lon Chaney at his best.

## Paden's Drug Store

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

Phone 20

## First National Bank

CARRIZOZO, N. M.

Since our organization we have paid \$20,396.69 taxes.

47 per cent of this has been used for the maintenance of the public school system.

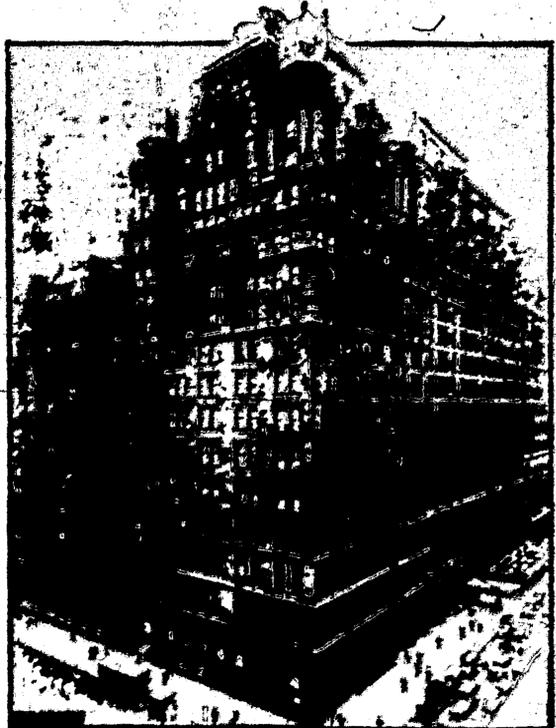
Schools are supported by the savers.

Start a Savings Account

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

"Try First National Service"

GREAT NEW YORK HOTEL TO BE DEMOLISHED



The Waldorf Astoria hotel, at Fifth avenue and Thirty-fourth street, New York, is to be dismantled next summer to make room for a 50-story office building. For more than a quarter of a century this has been one of the best known hotels in the world.

THE SANDMAN STORY ABOUT KING LION

KING LION was pacing up and down his cage in the zoo. Most of the animals were asleep, but King Lion was not feeling sleepy as yet. He had had a splendid afternoon nap after his dinner and now he was wide awake. He looked through into the next cage. There were three little cubs—his children.

They looked so gentle and so beautiful! They looked as though they would play and frolic with children and do them no harm. Well, King Lion thought children were all right. They came to the zoo and they admired him, as wise and sensible children should do. But his children must never have the idea that they could be friendly with boys and girls.

They mustn't get any wrong ideas about who would be the playmates for them. This zoo life might give them wrong ideas. They didn't know the forest and the jungle as he did.

Then he noticed that little Leo, his son, had opened his sleepy eyes.

"Leo," said King Lion, "I have something on my mind which I want to tell you. And tomorrow you tell this to your sister and brother.

"Your father used to live in far-off India. There I hunted and there I found and there I lived a thrilling, exciting, dangerous life. Here it is very safe, much too safe for a lion, as a matter of fact.

"But, just because you are here, where you do not hunt for your food and where you are safe, do not forget that you belong to the family known as the King of the Beasts.

"That is a splendid title. Far better than to be the king of mere people, or to be a President or an emperor.

"You may be playful now, but think with thoughts, so that when you are older no one will ever call you gentle.

"Roar! Roar with all your might. Roar so that all will hear your great voice.

"You must speak for yourself in this life. Do you suppose we would always have been known as the King of the Beasts?

"No, no! We were never known as the King of the Beasts until we were here in the zoo.

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PROGRESS, THE ONE THING WORTH WHILE

By F. A. WALKER

How are you getting on? Every day when a ship is at sea the captain, with an astronomical instrument measures accurately the altitude of the sun above the horizon and with a series of charts determines his position on the great waters. The safety of his ship and the safety of his passengers depends upon his accurate knowledge of where he is, how far and in what direction he has gone since he last occupied his position.

No one else can live it for you but you can tell you accurately how you stand in it. Use advice they may and do give you as to the broad principles of success but there will be complications all your own which you must solve without anything to guide you except good judgment and a sense of duty.

Always in compliance with the laws of the progress. There are laws which we may apply to our daily efforts to make how lowly these efforts may be. We can apply the law of perseverance, of right ambition, of faithfulness. There is only one grand way of real failure in the whole world of endeavor and that is failing to do so well as we know.

How long since you last observed to find out where you were? When did you figure out your bank balance or determine in cold hard figures whether or not you were increasing your efficiency as a work man? You are making a sea just as devoid of marks and mile posts as the dreary plain along with a road sign.

It used to be that once a year a merchant took account of stock. He thought that once in twelve months was often enough to figure out whether he was making money or running behind. But as competition became keener, as merchants became braver buyers, came sellers, the wide awake business man thought it would be wise to find out a little often how he was getting on.

If we always do that, if we are always faithful to the best ideals we have we shall be eternally getting on and eternally getting up and that is the last analysis is about the whole of life.

Advertisement for GIRUGAGU, featuring an illustration of a woman in a dress and a small portrait of a man.

Progress is the one thing worth while in the world. Making that God-ward, and with which you are not interested either wants still or goes backward. The whole culture moves in a forward direction. It moves consistently and continually, never by spasms and jerks but

Advertisement for WASHDAY, featuring a list of instructions for laundry care and a small illustration of a woman.

Some Dainties That Will Be Liked

By NELLIE MAXWELL

FOR an afternoon tea when you wish to serve something to four friends a little out of the ordinary, try:

Snow Balls. Take one cupful each of sugar, shortening and grated pasteurized cheese, one egg, two teaspoonfuls of lemon juice, three and one-half cups of flour and one teaspoonful of baking powder. Cream the sugar, shortening and cheese together, add the egg, the lemon juice and flour sifted with the baking powder. Roll into balls the size of a walnut and bake in a slow oven for 15 minutes. Dip into colored icing, roll in coconut and let dry a few minutes.

Bread and Raisin Pudding. Butter bread from which the crusts have been removed to fill a three-pint dish. Arrange buttered down. Sprinkle with a thin layer of seeded and shredded raisins mixed with the ground rice and juice of a lemon. Cover with four cups of milk to which four eggs slightly beaten have been added, with one cupful of sugar and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Bake slowly one and one-half hours, cover-

ing the last half hour with battered paper.

Pecan Macaroons. Beat three egg whites and one-half pound of light brown sugar, a little cream and three-fourths of a pound of pecans cut into bits. Drop on brown paper and bake at a very low temperature for nearly two hours.



(Copyright by M. C. Walker)

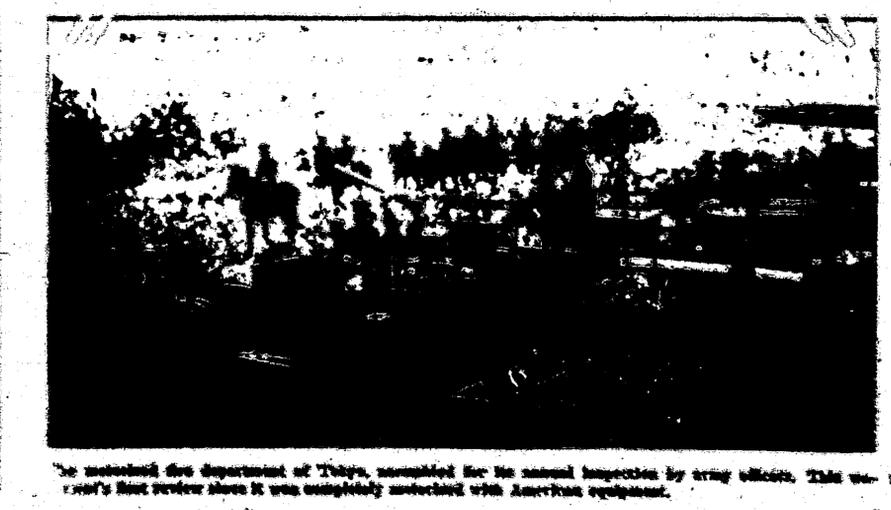
THE FIGHT AGAINST INFLUENZA

By LEONARD A. BARRETT

THE United States public health service announced a study this week about the time the influenza epidemic was most severe, that the report from 10 states, where the disease was most prevalent, showed that slightly more than a million persons were affected at the same time. While the disease was more and more from the start of the war period, it was well-known to challenge the public health service to drastic action.

They also will investigate the reasons for the different forms it assumes in its periodic returns. The second result was to effect a definite organization for the purpose of raising public interest in contributing funds to further the investigation, such funds to supplement those appropriated by congress for this purpose. The third result, which perhaps is of more immediate value, was the adoption and publication of specific directions for preventing the disease as well as for treatment where the disease already exists.

American Equipment Used by Tokyo Fire Department



The equipment of the department of Tokyo, assembled for its annual inspection by army officers. This year's best review show it was completely equipped with American equipment.



Makes Life Sweeter

Next time a coated tongue, fetid breath, or acid skin gives evidence of sour stomach—try Phillips Milk of Magnesia! Get acquainted with this perfect antacid that helps the system keep sound and sweet. Take it whenever a heavy meal brings "bly" discomfort. Phillips Milk of Magnesia has won medical endorsement. And convinced millions of men and women they didn't have "indigestion." Don't diet, and don't suffer; just remember Phillips. Pleasant to take, and always effective. The name Phillips is important: it identifies the genuine product. "Milk of Magnesia" has been the U. S. registered trade mark of the Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. and its predecessor Charles H. Phillips since 1875.

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

For Old Sores Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh

Always look for that little M not copied. All Aches.

Helped at Change of Life Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a wonderful medicine at the Change of Life. I would get blue spells and just walk the floor. I was nervous, could not sleep at night, and was not able to do my work. I know if it had not been for your medicine I would have been in bed most of this time and had a big doctor's bill. If women would only take your medicine they would be better.—Mrs. Anna Weaver, R. F. D. No. 2, Rose Hill, Iowa.

Helped at Change of Life

John is John—Alas, nobody knows my sorrow. Jake—I didn't even know you were married.—Answers.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

John is John—Alas, nobody knows my sorrow. Jake—I didn't even know you were married.—Answers.



DR. CALDWELL'S THREE RULES

Dr. Caldwell wanted the results of investigation for 11 years, and believed that no matter how careful people are of their health, their best chance, compensation will come from time to time. Of such importance, there is how to treat it when it comes. Dr. Caldwell always was in favor of getting an idea in nature as possible, hence his remedy for constipation is a mild vegetable compound. It not only cleans the most delicate system and is not habit forming. The Doctor never did approve of drastic purges and purges. He did not believe they were good for human beings to get into their system. Use Syrup Pepsin for yourself and members of the family to constipation, indigestion, sour and empty stomach, bad breath, no appetite, headache, and to break up fever and cold. Get a bottle today, at any drugstore and observe these three rules of health: Keep the head cool, the feet warm, the bowels open. For a free trial bottle, just write "Syrup Pepsin," Dept. 22, Monticello, N.Y.

# THEN AND THERE

History told as it would be written today

By IRVIN S. COBB

## The Angel of the Prisoners

Elizabeth Gurney Fry was an English Quakeress, a deeply pious, simple, sincere, modest little woman, devoted to her family duties and abounding in charity wherever she could. Yet mankind knows her as one of the greatest philanthropists who ever lived. She earned in history the title "Angel of the Prisoners" as a "Genius for Good." Seventy-five years after her death the work which she inaugurated for the administration of penal institutions still endures throughout most of the civilized world. Because Elizabeth Fry was so practical in her mind as she was charitable and generous in her soul.

To think of this generation it seems almost incredible that so lately as the first two decades of the nineteenth century men and women accused of trivial offenses were loaded with fetters and crammed into squalid dungeons, there to lie in nakedness and filth and unchecked debauchery and sometimes to starve—since no regular provision was made for feeding them; that for petty crimes they were hanged in public or transported in these floating hells called convict ships to overseas colonies, where under the lash and in chains they served out their sentences for cruel taskmasters; that the insane were treated like criminals; and that thousands who had fallen into debt were confined for long years or even for life in dismal jails. This condition applied to England and notably to Scotland, and it applied practically to every country in Europe and, in a considerably lesser degree it applied to the young republic of the United States.

It was due to Elizabeth Fry that these shocking evils were, during her own lifetime, largely corrected, not only in Great Britain but in other lands. The tale of her achievement reads like romance, so small and quiet were its beginnings, so gentle and retiring its creator, so transcendent its result when humanity had been aroused to a sense of its own callous negligence.

The movement which was eventually to arouse popular sentiment everywhere in the civilized world began when Mrs. Fry, then a young matron, paid a visit to London's notorious prison of Newgate, entering a part of it which even armed wardens hesitated to invade for fear of the desperate inmates. It culminated when the British government cooperated with her to remedy existing conditions in jails, lock-ups and penitentiaries throughout the United Kingdom; and its fruits are manifest today in the conduct of reformatory institutions throughout the world and especially the English-speaking world.

Every man or woman who goes to prison these times owes a debt of gratitude to Elizabeth Fry. Her own journal offers the closest insight into her motives, her aims and her performance. Quotations from it make up a considerable part of the splendid article.

AT THE time of Elizabeth Fry's first visit to Newgate the woman's division consisted of two wards and two cells embracing a superficial area of about one hundred and ninety yards. Into these spaces were crammed three hundred women, the guilty and the innocent, the tried and the untried, the minor offenders and those convicted who were soon to die upon the gallows. Of these last there must have been a goodly number since in Great Britain at the beginning of the last century there were three hundred separate crimes punishable with death—including petty theft. Indeed, a man or woman might be hanged for robbing hen-roosts, writing threatening letters, or pilfering property from the person of another to the value of five shillings. One old man and his son were the wardens and caretakers for the abominably squalid cells into which these three hundred poor creatures were crammed. Of that ill-fated experience of hers Mrs. Fry wrote:

"They were destitute of sufficient clothing, for which there was no provision; in rags and dirt, without bedding they slept on the floor, the boards of which were in part raised to supply a sort of pillow. In the same room they lived, cooked, and washed. With the proceeds of their clamorous begging when any stranger appeared among them the prisoners purchased liquor from a tap in the prison. Spirits were openly drunk and the air was assailed by the most terrible language. Although military sentinels were posted on the leads of the prison, such was the lawlessness prevailing that Mr. Newman, the governor, entered this portion of it with reluctance."

Ministering to a Doomed Woman. There was yet another distressing feature—the everlasting clanking of fetters upon the limbs of many of these poor wretches. Manacles were in general use for the restraint of prisoners. Nearly all men prisoners in those days wore constantly upon their ankles heavy chains, and on occasion wrist-cuffs as well—not the light, almost decorative handbits of modern times, but heavy bracelets connected by huge links or by solid iron bars. Not were women spared these ignominies. In many prisons throughout the kingdom practically no provision was made for the feeding of the inmates, so that to over-crowding, disease, filth, obscenity and vice were added the horrors of starvation. Even so, there had been during Mrs. Fry's girlhood some reform in penal conditions—thanks to the efforts of an older philanthropist than she, by name John Howard, who finally died of over-exertion, a martyr to his work in behalf of oppressed humanity. Mrs. Fry was a sensible soul. First she enlisted the members of her own household and her friends in the task of providing garments to cover the nakedness of the wretched creatures in Newgate. She began making regular visits there; later she extended her ministrations to loathsome jails, lunatic asylums and so-called hospitals throughout England and Scotland so that when she put her plea before the government she was well fortified with first-hand evidence.

Her journal, which she kept from day to day, provides heart-moving pictures of degradation and misery. For instance she wrote: "I have just returned from a melancholy visit to Newgate where I have been at the request of Elizabeth Fricker, previous to her execution tomorrow at eight o'clock. I found her much hurried, distressed and tormented in mind. Her hands were cold and covered with something like the perspiration which precedes death, and in an universal tremor. The women who were with her said she had been so outrageous before our going that they thought a man must be sent for to manage her. However, after a serious time with her, her troubled soul became calmed."

A Plea Before the House of Commons. Another entry casts a light upon the interior conditions of Newgate: "Besides this poor young woman there are also six men to be hanged, one of whom has a wife near her confinement, also condemned, and seven

young children. Since the awful report came down he has become quite mad from horror of mind. A straight waistcoat could not keep him within bounds; he had just bitten the turnkey; I saw the man come out with his hand bleeding as I passed the cell. I hear that another who has been tolerably educated and brought up was doing all he could to harden himself through unbelief, trying to convince himself that religious truths were idle tales."

In 1817, four years after her first inspection of London's most notorious prison, she founded a society of women under the title, "An Association for the Improvement of the Female Prisoners in Newgate." Eleven Quakeresses, herself included, and the wife of a clergyman of another faith composed the organization. From this small beginning sprang the movement which would in time sweep England with a wave of mercy. As for demure quiet little Mrs. Fry, she woke up one morning to find herself famous, to be hailed as a benefactress to the race and to be offered the co-operation of parliamentary leaders and officials everywhere.

Early in the following year—1818—a committee of the house of commons was appointed to investigate the physical state and conduct of prisons in the metropolis. Before this body Mrs. Fry in her sober Quaker dress appeared as the chief witness to give evidence. She told how her reading of the Scriptures had resulted in causing turbulent spirits awaiting transportation to England's penal colony in Australia; how her group had worked by night and by day to provide garments and food for women in confinement and to reconcile those under sentence and to care for and reform those who had been released.

Sheriffs Sometimes Clothed Charges. This question was put to her: "Do you know anything of the room and accommodations for the women at Newgate in 1817?" "Not nearly room enough. If we had room enough to class them I think a very great deal more might be accomplished. We labor very much in the day, and we see the fruit of our labor; but if we could separate them in the night I do think that we could not calculate upon the effect which would be produced."

"At present, those convicted for all offenses pass the day together?" "Very much so; very much inter-mixed, old and young, hardened offenders with those who have committed only a minor crime, or the first crime; the very lowest of women with respectable married women and maid-servants. It is more injurious than can be described in its effect and in its consequence. One little instance to prove how beneficial it is to take care of the prisoners is afforded by the case of a poor woman for whom we have obtained pardon. We taught her to knit in the prison; she is now living respectably out of it and in part gains her livelihood by knitting."

"One poor woman to whom we lent money comes every week to my house and pays two shillings as honestly and as punctually as we could desire."

"Do you know whether there is any clothing allowed by the city?" "Not any. Whenever we have applied or mentioned anything about clothing we have always found that there was no other resource but our own, excepting that the sheriffs used to clothe the prisoners occasionally. Lately nobody has clothed them but ourselves."

"Have you ever had prisoners there who have suffered materially for want of clothing?" "I could mention such scenes as I should hardly think it delicate to mention. We had a woman the other day, on the point of lying-in, brought to bed not many hours after she came in. She had hardly a covering; no stockings and only a thin gown."

"Has it not happened that when gentlemen have come in to see the prison you have been obliged to stand before the women who were in a condition not fit to be seen?" "Yes, I remember one instance in which I was obliged to stand before

one of the women to prevent her being seen."

"What is the average space allowed to each woman to lie upon, taking the average number in the prison?"

"I cannot be accurate, not having measured; from eighteen inches to two feet, I should think."

"By six feet?"

"Yes."

Harrowing Spectacles in Scotland.

Perhaps without knowing it Mrs. Fry that day sowed the seeds for some of the very forms of penal administration which are in vogue to this day. She insisted that employment should be provided for prisoners, that separate sleeping-quarters should in all instances be arranged; that steps should be taken for aiding released convicts to earn honest livings; that men prisoners and women prisoners should invariably be kept apart; that for women prisoners, keepers and attendants of their own sex should be hired—all things undreamed of before she voiced the need for them.

It was in the next year that Mrs. Fry at her own expense undertook a special journey into northern England and Scotland, there to inquire into jailing conditions. She found a state of things even more awful than those she had observed in London. At Haddington she wrote: "Four cells allotted to prisoners of the tramp and criminal class were very dark, excessively dirty, had clay floors, no fire-places, straw in one corner for a bed, and in each of them a tub, the receptacle for all filth."

Irons connected by iron bars were employed in such a way as to become veritable instruments of torture to the men and women upon whose limbs they were locked or riveted. At Forfar prisoners customarily were chained to their beds; at Berwick, to the walls of their cell; at Newcastle, to rings set in the stone floors. In Scotland both debtors and lunatics were treated with the utmost cruelty. Mad people suffered the indignities visited upon criminals, and the debtors fared no better. According to Scotch law at this period the magistrates who committed a man for debt and the jailer who held him became responsible in case of his escape.

Thus it befell that men—and women—whose only offenses were that they could not pay what they owed, dragged heavy shackles and dented in foul cells which they were rarely permitted to leave.

Returning home, Mrs. Fry raised the cry that reformation and not revenge was the object of punishment. All Britain was by now in a fit frame of mind to hearken to her appeal. The crimes for which capital punishment might be inflicted were tremendously reduced in number; the custom of shipping felons in chain gangs to Botany Bay was abolished; lunatics were given decent treatment; the fetters fell from the limbs of the jail inmates. Eventually public executions were abolished; finally, but not until Charles Dickens had stirred the consciences of his countrymen by his writings, the debtors' prisons were closed. A century and more after Elizabeth Fry's work was ended, the crusade she inaugurated still guides courts and wardens in the discharge of their duties toward offenders against society and the laws set up by society.

(By the Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

### Set Artist's Feet on Path of Immortality

When Jean Francois Millet, French genre and landscape painter, in the days of his early career, seemed to be stumbling into the pitfall of striving after popular effect it was his grandmother who led him to the proper path. Louise Jumelin, widow of Nicholas Millet, was living with the family of her son, and with anxiety had beheld for some time the youthful artist's willingness to paint that which found the most ready sale.

"Follow the example of that man of your own profession who used to say 'Paint for eternity,'" she advised him, "and for no cause whatever permit yourself to do evil works."

A few years later, in 1867, Millet was so well established in loftier ideals that he is found writing, "I continue to desire only this: To live from my work and to bring up my children fittingly; then to express the most possible of my impressions; also, and at the same time to have the sympathies of those I love well. Let all this be granted me and I shall regard myself as having the good portion."

As is well known, this ambition was realized, and Millet's life was as simple and truly great as any of his immortal pictures.—Detroit News.

### Child Arrives Early at Understanding Age

How far back can you remember? Few people are likely to be able to emulate the feat of the man who remembers details of a fire that occurred when he was a baby of eight months, or the woman who can remember what happened a few minutes after her birth. "Too many parents assume that babies are 'too young to understand,'" said a psychologist recently. Babies are allowed to witness disturbing sights or sounds from which children a few years older are kept away. Although a baby may be too young to understand, it is never too young to remember, and perhaps he should be by the memory in later life. In one instance when a person suffered from asthma in adult life, it was said to be due to a choking fit brought on by too strong a dose of vapor when only two and a half years old, and remembered in later life.

### MY FAVORITE STORIES

By IRVIN S. COBB

#### Not Exactly Lost, but—

I HAVE always been interested in the character of Daniel Boone. It seemed to me that of all our native Indian fighters and explorers he, perhaps, was the most gallant and the most admirable, and certainly the most typical. A few months ago a collector of early Kentucky lore told me a story of the great pathfinder. I leaped upon it with cries of joy. I said to myself that if it were not true, it nevertheless deserved to be true. So far as my informant knew, it had never been printed, but instead he thought had been handed down by word of mouth from one generation to another. So I was making ready to leap into the arena with a brand new contribution to pioneer Americana when I sustained a severe shock.

This shock was the discovery that the same anecdote, in substantially the same form in which I heard it told by my Kentucky friend, already had appeared in print. Indeed it was published a trifling matter of 102 years ago. Even so, I offer it here again for the reason that I believe it has a touch of unconscious humor endowing it to revival and perpetuation.

It appears that in 1819 Chester Harding, an artist, being prompted by a patriotic impulse, made the long journey from his home on the eastern seaboard to Missouri, which then was in the Far West, for the purpose of meeting the aged Boone and painting his portrait. At the time of Harding's arrival Boone had left his home and gone on one of his periodical outings into the wilderness. The visitor followed along an obscure trail until he came to a tumble-down log shanty.

To quote Harding's words: "I found him engaged in cooking his dinner. He was lying in his bunk near the fire and had a long strip of venison wound around his ramrod, and was busy turning it before a brisk blaze and caling pepper and salt to season his meat."

"I at once told him the object of my visit. I found that he hardly knew what I meant," I explained the matter to him and he agreed to sit. He was nearly ninety years old and rather infirm; his memory of passing events was much impaired yet he would amuse me every day by his anecdotes of his earlier life. I asked him one day, just after his description of one of his long hunts, if he never got lost, having no compass. "No," said he, "I can't say as ever I was lost, but I was bewildered once for three days."

#### A Personal Interpretation

YEARS ago, when I was a reporter for a New York evening paper and covered trials at the criminal courts building, there was an elderly and very devout Irishman called "Mac" for short, who had a job in part two of general sessions. It was his duty to keep order and to act as doorkeeper on occasion, and sometimes to serve as a sort of usher. But he particularly shone on those occasions when he was called upon to aid in taking the so-called "pedigree" of a newly-convicted defendant.

In this matter a certain routine invariably was followed. The prisoners would be arranged at the bar. Mac would station himself alongside and in an undertone put to him certain questions, and then call out the answers to the clerk, sitting fifteen feet away, who duly would record them on the back of the indictment. This ceremony was more or less solemn since from long experience Mac knew exactly what the prisoners' uncertainties in town

CITY GARAGE, Carrizozo, N. M.

Conco and Chocolates

Cocoa and Chocolates. Cocoa is the ground cacao bean from which part of the oil or fat has been extracted, and is sold in powdered form. Chocolate is the ground cacao bean including oil or fat, generally in cake form, either sweetened or unsweetened.

Large British Dependency. Nigeria, with an area of some 367,000 square miles and a population of more than 18,000,000, is, after India, the largest dependency of the British crown. If population alone be considered, it ranks before all the self-governing dominions, even.

## For Colds—



How many people you know end their colds with Bayer Aspirin? And how often you've heard of its prompt relief of sore throat or tonsillitis. No wonder millions take it for colds, neuralgia, rheumatism; and the aches and pains that go with them. The wonder is that anyone still worries through a winter without these tablets! They relieve quickly, yet have no effect whatever on the heart. Friends have told you Bayer Aspirin is marvelous; doctors have declared it harmless. Every druggist has it, with proven directions. Why not put it to the test?

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacturers of Monroeville, Pa., U.S.A.



# ASPIRIN

The Perfumed Touch that makes your toilet complete

## Cuticura Talcum Powder

The finishing touch to the daintiest toilet. Cooling, refreshing, and delightfully perfumed and medicated, it imparts to the person a delicate and distinctive fragrance and leaves the skin sweet and wholesome.

Sold everywhere. Talcum 25c. Soap 25c. Ointment 25c. Sample each free. Address: "Cuticura," Dept. 24, Malden, Mass.



#### Slaughter by Any Name

The report of the Pennsylvania game commission shows that 23,007 does were killed in the open season last year, a total less than had been first predicted. The course is defended as "necessary to reduce the deer herd to a size commensurate with its natural food supply."

But this solution of the Malthusian problem in deerland stirred up, as much criticism as the original theory when first applied to the human race one hundred thirty years ago.

#### Mother Tells How Milks Emulsion Saved Her Son's Life

"In November, 1918, I wrote you in reference to my son's condition at that time. He had just gotten over the flu and double pneumonia and it looked as if he would never be a well boy again. His lungs were very weak and he had an awful cough. We thought he was going into consumption. He had pneumonia four times. This had taken all of his vitality and left his lungs in a very bad shape. I saw Milks Emulsion advertised in the Birmingham News, got a large bottle and gave it to my son. It did him so much good that I kept on giving him Milks Emulsion until he had taken 125 bottles and now I am very proud to tell you that my boy is a well, strong young man, 19 years old, and in excellent health. I give Milks Emulsion the credit and praise for having saved his life."

"You can publish this letter if you like, as I am very grateful to you for what your Emulsion did for my son." J. C. BRADLEY, 1027 1/2 Avenue 901, A, Birmingham, Ala.

Thousands of prescriptions for remarkable formula were filled by druggists last year, over 33,000,000. Aches, pains, colds, influenza, neuralgia, rheumatism, and all other ailments are relieved. It is a vegetable product and you could use it every day. But it's in an emergency that Castoria means most. Some night when constipation must be relieved—or colic pains—or other suffering. Never be without it; some mothers keep an extra bottle, unopened, to make sure there will always be Castoria in the house. It is effective for older children, too; read the book that comes with it.

No Choice. Ganna—Men are fools to marry. Waiaka—Yes, but what else is there for women to marry?—Pathfinder.

## It May Be Urgent



When your Children Cry for It

Castoria is a comfort when Baby be fretful. No sooner taken than the little one is at ease. If restless, a few drops soon bring contentment. No harm done, for Castoria is a baby remedy, meant for babies. Perfectly safe to give the youngest infant; you have the doctor's word for that! It is a vegetable product and you could use it every day. But it's in an emergency that Castoria means most. Some night when constipation must be relieved—or colic pains—or other suffering. Never be without it; some mothers keep an extra bottle, unopened, to make sure there will always be Castoria in the house. It is effective for older children, too; read the book that comes with it.

Lincoln County News

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W. A. HALEY - Editor and Publisher

FRIDAY, MAR. 15, 1929

Engineering and Politics

(National Industries News Service)

Round number one in the battle between the art and science of engineering and the wily deceit and craftiness of politics is being sought out under the name of "Tariff Readjustment," before the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives.

Now comes the dominant issue of farm relief; now comes the genius of engineering science and skill under the leadership of President Hoover; now comes an era of more and better business, and less juggling in politics.

Undisputed statements made before the House Ways and Means Committee place the annual sugar tariff paid by American consumers under the present tariff law at approximately \$245,000,000 a year.

Just a Repetition

(Roswell Dispatch)

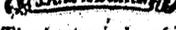
The legislature has declined to carry out the scheme of the New Mexico Educational Association and take the administration of the land office out of politics.

The Horse Laugh

(Estancia News-Herald)

The state senate of New Mexico passed a resolution recommending that Rev. Farley be made a member of a commission to investigate the enforcement of prohibition.

The Livestock Situation



The best minds of agriculture have for many years been attempting to solve the troubles that seem to beset those engaged in agriculture.

The editor of a newspaper comes forth with the thought that the key to the puzzle is likely to be found so simple that it would have come long ago if we had not lost ourselves in the woods trying to find a tree.

There is too much of a disposition in the Western areas to specialize in certain crops.

President Hoover has called an extra session of congress, to convene next month, to consider farm relief and to slightly "modify the tariff."

The announcement of President Hoover's Cabinet must have been a distinct disappointment to his supporters in the south.

AGAINST NZA

Will investigate the reasons for different forms of returns.

When we begin to recognize that agriculture is a business, selecting and continuing to produce on certain lands adapted to such use, a commodity for which there is a constant demand, we will then begin to stabilize.

Our whole business structure is based upon the law of average so that the 'in and outer' and the fellow who seeks the highest prevailing price on a specialized commodity is, in most cases, courting disaster.

Then too, a section which is importing large amounts of a stable commodity which can just as well be grown at home is creating a great economic waste.

Farm relief undoubtedly will come only when agriculture takes stock of itself.

The New Mexico legislature adjourned last Saturday night, rushing practically all the legislation of the session through during its dying hours.

A psychologist advises parents not to say "goodnight" to their children.

The Henry Ford Trade School was started Oct. 26, 1916, with 70 students.

The nation needs a washday, as a washboard in the senate, and in many a great municipality.

American Equip

Patronize the CARRIZO EATING HOUSE. Open Day and Night. Dinner Parties Our Specialties. Business Men's Lunch, 11.45 to 2.00 o'clock. Fifty Cents.

Mean Game Played on Devotes of Fritters

When Montgomery, Ala., was just a village, transportation almost nil and replenishment of supplies few and far between, there lived at a tavern in that community a gentleman who, out of consideration for his descendants, is designated merely as Squire A.

The squirrel's one passion, after being a gentleman upon all occasions, was fritters. The first barrel of flour to arrive in many weeks found him voracious for his favorite food.

Finally, when the waiter came in and reported that the fritters were all gone the immaculately bibbed squirrel could restrain himself no longer.

Instruction of Blind Makes Good Progress

Dr. F. Park Lewis cites an amazing exhibition in the New York Institution for the Blind. Blind children of twelve or thirteen years were given a number of three figures at random and were directed to multiply this by another number of three figures, such as 972 and 623.

The blind pupil as far as possible do all the things they have been doing. Writing is more easily accomplished than one would imagine.

A rubber band is passed around a pad where the writing should begin. Two other light bands are passed vertically around the pad at about half an inch from each edge of the paper.

Steel-Making Progress

Open hearth steel is made by an open hearth furnace. In 1858 Bessemer not only invented his extraordinary process of spiking heat developed by the rapid oxidation of the impurities in pig iron raise the temperature above the excited melting point of the resultant purified steel.

Founded Religious Sect

Jemima Wilkinson, the so-called religious impostor, was born in Cumberland, R. I. in 1752. She was educated among the Society of Friends.

Know Perfume's Secret

One of the oldest and most famous of blended perfumes is rose-cologne. It was first made in Cologne at the end of the Seventeenth century.

Keys for the Computer

If you are tracking far out into the woods on your hunting trip stick matches every here and there in your coat, breeches and shirt pockets.

\$25.45 to Los Angeles \$30 to San Francisco. Special Coach fares in effect March 15 to April 30. Southern Pacific C. P. HUPPERTZ Agent

What the Gray House Hid The Mystery of a Haunted Mansion by Wyndham Martyn. STARTLING story of mystery; of a house within a house. Do Not Fail to Read This Captivating New Serial in LINGOLN COUNTY NEWS To Begin in an Early Issue. If you scan News Ads carefully, you'll find that Carrizozo merchants sell as cheaply as city stores.

**ADDITIONAL LOCAL**

Mr. and Mrs. George D. Young visited El Paso Monday.

C. A. Stillwell, in the company water service, at Coyote, was down last evening.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Pat Dolan March 11, a fine baby boy. Mother and babe doing well.

Mrs. French, county school superintendent, is visiting schools in the eastern end of the county this week.

Mrs. Frank Abel and Frank, Jr., spent the week-end in El Paso with Mrs. Abel's mother and sister.

Willis Lovelace, ranchman of the Corona country, was transacting business here the first of the week.

Mrs. J. M. Cravens and her niece, Louise Hughes, left this morning for Miami, Arizona, to visit relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Reily were here for the week-end from El Paso, visiting the Reily and Hedrick families.

Miss Louise Sweet went to El Paso Sunday morning and returned that evening with her sister, Mrs. Lee.

Mesdames Annie E. Lesnet, L. B. Crawford and John A. Haley spent the first of the week in El Paso with relatives and friends.

Jim Gatewood returned from Hot Springs this week, and went to Roswell this morning to enter the service of the Carrizozo-Roswell mail line.

Ernest and Miss Hilda Key spent the week-end with home-folks at Capitan. The former is in the Clerk's office while Miss Hilda is in the county school superintendent's office.

Mrs. Albert Ziegler will be hostess to the Woman's Club this afternoon. Assistant hostesses are Mesdames Louis J. Adams, Fred Boughner, J. E. Farley and F. H. Johnson. Mrs. Freeman and Miss Brickley have charge of the program.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Ed Harris left last evening for Roswell to be present at the opening of the Stockmen's convention this morning. The men will discuss livestock conditions, while the ladies have been promised a rubber at bridge and other forms of entertainment.

Mrs. James Saulsbury and children came up from Alamogordo Friday and remained overnight guests of the Strauss family. The next morning Mrs. Saulsbury, leaving the children with the Strausses, went to Duran to visit her mother, later returning and picking up the children on her way home Tuesday.

Joe West had a blow on the head from a sledge hammer Sunday, while at work in the shops. He and Charlie Joyce—the latter wielding the sledge—were cutting a piece of steel to be used in repairing cars, when the hammer flew off the handle giving Joe a sharp rap. A shift or two off and Joe was back at work.

Mr. and Mrs. M. U. Finley went to Roswell last Friday afternoon and to Clovis later, Mrs. Finley remaining with her daughter there. Mr. Finley returned Monday afternoon, but registered two losses as a result of the trip—his wife and his voice—the first may ultimately be induced to return, but the latter depends on the doctor.

Some fellow from Texas stopped at one of the local hotels one night last month. This week he wrote to the proprietor of the hotel asking if a purse containing \$30 in cash and a bill of sale to a car was found in the pillow slip of the bed he used. He claims he got up next morning and forgot to take the purse. The purse was not found, but the person making up beds is looking into every pillow slip while making up beds, in hopes that some other thoughtless person might do as this fellow did.

**Important Notice**

Carrizozo, N. M., March 13, 1929. R. M. Edwards, President of the Carlsbad-Cavern-Grand Canyon Highway Association has announced a meeting of the Association at Socorro at 1:30 p. m. Monday March 25, 1929. This meeting will be held jointly with that of the National Old Trails Scenic Highway Association and all delegates will be banqueted at the Val Verde by the businessmen of Socorro. A large delegation from Carrizozo is invited. Chas. F. Grey, Vice President Carlsbad-Cavern-Grand Canyon Highway Association.

**Scout Executive Visits**

Mr. Minor Huffman, Scout Executive Southwestern New Mexico Area visited the local Scouts Friday evening after school. His talk was very interesting. Especially that which had to do with the big Jamboree at Roswell next April. The Governor has promised to be present on this occasion and 42 troops will be represented in the big Scout parade.

**Does it Pay to Advertise?**

One of the most persistent advertisers in the history of success was Robinson Crusoe. He knew what he wanted—a ship—and he put up an "Ad" for one. He flung a shirt on a pole at the top of his island; that, in the language of the sea, was plain to every sea-faring man. The circulation was small. There was no other medium; but Crusoe kept at it, despite the fact that he got no enquiries for a long time. He changed his copy as one garment after another was frayed out, and in the end got what he wanted, and was happy, and his name and fame have come down the ages. There was only one "possible" for him, and he got that—not at first, but in the end. Suppose Robinson Crusoe had taken down that signal after, say, a year and declared, "Advertising does not pay; retrenchment must be my policy in the future," where would he and his story be now? Put up your signal, and keep it there. **ADVERTISING PAYS**

Highest prices paid for hides and pelts—Ziegler Bros.

People who live in glass houses should not run around in their B. V. D.'s

**FULLER PEP**



**B. & B. SERVICE STATION**

CARRIZOZO, NEW MEX.

SERVICE WITH A SMILE

General Cord Tires

TEXAS AND SINCLAIR GASOLINE

MIKE BARNETT, PROP.

FRANK J. SAGER

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

**Increased Output**

Detroit, March 11—That there will be an upward revision of Chevrolet 1929 production schedule, calling for an output of 1,350,000 units instead of the 1,250,000 quota originally established, was indicated today by R. H. Grant, the company's vice-president in charge of sales, who has just returned here after 6 weeks spent conducting dealer meetings in the northern and western sections of the country.

This alteration in production plans, Mr. Grant explained, was considered only after very thorough surveys of business conditions undertaken by him and other Chevrolet officials. In the course of this year's dealer meetings, officials divided into three groups and visited by metropolitan centers. Exhaustive studies of sectional conditions were made possible by the cooperation of thousands of dealers, bankers and businessmen.

"At the time the new 6 cylinder car was announced, we predicted a volume of 1,250,000 units for 1929," Mr. Grant said. "As a result of my visit to 13 widely scattered sections and similar visits to other sections by my associates I feel that we are warranted in raising that figure to 1,350,000. Beyond that mark we cannot go with our present facilities but these can be quickly increased if the demand justified. "While we feel that there will be a ready market for this huge volume of cars and trucks they will be produced only if they can be absorbed in a natural way. We do not want in any way to crowd dealers or overload them. The dealers however seem to feel that this great volume will not be difficult to handle."

Mr. Grant seemed highly enthusiastic in his forecast for continued prosperity. Everywhere he traveled, he said, indications pointed to a year of unusual promise. "The farmers of the northwest, due to ideal weather conditions which have prevailed throughout last fall and during the winter, anticipate bumper wheat harvests. Increased wage scales in the Butte mining districts together with the best outlook for the copper industries in years, impressed me forcefully. Since the establishment of a new Parts Depot and Warehouse at Great Falls to be opened probably in July.

"In Portland and Seattle we found business generally on the upgrade. Present activity in San Francisco and its wide trading area throughout northern California seems to augur a year of unusual prosperity. Building permits in Los Angeles during January were eight percent greater than during the same month last year and the trading in building materials is consequently brisk. Bank clearings during January passed the billion dollar mark surpassing all monthly records."

Other Chevrolet officials who were in charge of dealer meetings at various times in other sections of the country expressed keen optimism over the outlook.

**Killed Beef, Charge**

Bloody Evans and Arlie Stewart were arrested on a charge of illegal killing of beef, preferred by Inspector Hunter. The beef and mutilated hide were found Sunday at a ranch where Evans was located. The defendants were taken before Justice Harvey later in the week waived examination and were placed under \$1000.00 bond. Later Inspector Hunter filed a similar charge against W. T. Sterling, and the same proceedings were had before Justice Harvey as in the case named above.

**A WEDDING**

March 23  
High School Auditorium  
Watch for Further Notice

**Save for Outings.**

The north of England, particularly the county of Lancashire, has something to tell the world about in the matter of arranging for a summer vacation. For here, says the New York Sun, is the example of the mass holiday paid for in advance by weekly subscriptions to various thrift clubs over the course of a year. The "Wakes" holiday comes in August, and mills and workshops in many districts are closed for ten days or a fortnight while thousands of hands go with their families to Blackpool or some other seaside resort or to the ever-popular Isle of Man. In Stockport alone the sum of \$767,500 was withdrawn from the thrift club one week by its members. The town of Shaw with a population of only 2,000 saved \$251,000 for its summer spree and that despite bad trade.

**Evolution of Parachute.**

The invention of the parachute is accredited to Sebastian Lorinmond and the device was used by him in 1784 in making a descent from an upper window from a house in Lyons. The first descent from a balloon was made by Garnerin in Paris in 1797. The first descent from an airplane was made in 1912 by Captain Berry, at St. Louis, Mo. A medium sized and weight parachute was used. This parachute was folded and shipped into a conical cylinder which was tied underneath the front end of the skid on a Benoist pusher biplane, piloted by Tony Janus. As far as we have been able to ascertain, Lieutenant Maready was the first man to make an emergency jump from an airplane.—Washington Star.

**Believed "Rip's" Story.**

Joe Jefferson once said he wished Irving's story about Rip Van Winkle was as authentic as his "Life of George Washington," but Bill Hooker, historical writer for the Milwaukee Journal, says that in 1896 he met a resident of Rip's old stamping ground in the Catskills, who not only believed in the existence of the hen pecked sleeper but had perfect faith in the whole yarn. This fellow was an innkeeper who seemed to have reason for believing the story to have been something more than a fable, and who had on several occasions earnestly tried to convince Jefferson of its authenticity, but without much success.—Detroit News

**No Sentiment About It.**

The diffident man had just concluded his dinner at a very smart restaurant. As he was preparing to leave he noticed the orchestra was about to start playing once again. At the same moment a voice bellowed in his ear "Sir, remove that hat at once!" The mild little man turned and faced the excited colonel on his left in astonishment. "Pardon me," he said meekly "I didn't notice; are they playing the national anthem?" "No!" roared the other. "It's my hat!"—Montreal Star.

**The best  
Tire  
and  
the best  
Service  
in town**  
**GOODYEAR  
TIRES**

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

W. H. BROADDUS  
OPTOMETRIST  
CARRIZOZO  
Fourth Monday and Tuesday  
of Each Month  
at the office of  
DR. SHAVER  
Practice Limited to fitting Glasses

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

**Easter Showings**

**Hats, Dresses, Coats and  
silk apparel of all  
kinds, now showing**

**Also dainty silk underwear  
at the**

**Style Shop**

MRS. GEO. D. YOUNG.

**Ma Jimkins Sez**

Disappointment's a thing I reckon we all have to get used to. Only it seems like some folks have to get used to it more'n what others do. Take me, now, I was all set to go to France.

Seems as ef I'd wanted to do it all my life. Seemed as ef it was too good to be true.

But come last December, things sorta shaped up like I was a' goin' to have that dream come true. I figured as how I'd have a lot to write to you folks back home. Tell what queer sorta things the women was a' wearin' and describe the little houses where the French kings had lived in an' all that. I had to pinch myself to think it was true. After my berth was engaged an' all, an' the first deposit made on my ticket, I said to Pa Jimkins, "I know it ain't so, but I wanta believe it." I felt like I'd be like the old woman in Mother Goose, and would say, "Lawdmercy on us, can this be it?" Only I wouldn't have any little dog to let me know.

But somethin's happened to bust the dream wide open, an' I'm not a' goin' to France. So I kinder think my disappointment's pretty bad. Speshel after things had gone so far. But maybe some day I'll visit foreign lands as a disembodied spirit, only I can't tell you folks about it, for folks don't like haunts aroun'.

During 1927 production of crude petroleum in the United States was 901,129,000 barrels.

**In Pagan Times**

The story is told that once upon a time, during a meeting of the Ladies' Aid in Rome, a number of the women present began bragging on their jewels. One lady who had made herself particularly obnoxious to the rest for the reason that she had more and bigger diamonds than the rest of them, took advantage of a lull in the conversation to remark about them to her hostess. The hostess was getting pretty tired by this time and figured it was about time for the boaster to sign off. She called her two children to her and said with a tone of justifiable pride: "These are my jewels." It was a deserved rebuke for such cheapness. It could have been done in the old days of Rome, but a modern mother could not do it. She wouldn't find the children at home long enough to show them.

J. W. Turton, of Niles, Michigan, has driven the three Ford automobiles he has owned a distance equal to nine times around the world; has never been out of gas, oil or water and has never had an accident. He purchased his first Ford, a touring car, in 1915, drove it 1-3 200 miles and then sold it for \$125 cash.

"My wife explored my pockets last night."

"What did she get?"

"About the same as any other explorer—enough material for a lecture."

**AVOL**  
CASE

Thousands of prescriptions for this remarkable formula were filled by druggists last year, over 20,000 prescriptions for relief of rheumatism, neuralgia, dental pain, headache, sinusitis, and other ailments. A Vol comes in handy tubes of 12 tablets, 25c, 30 tablets, 50c, 60 tablets, \$1.00. Each tube contains one A Vol as a harmless, safe, rapid relief for any prescription drugist or on receipt of price from A-Vol Co., Holton, Kas. Contains No Aspirin or Other Heart Depressants.

**Headaches! Colds! Neuralgia! Dental Pain!**

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# The Marked Man

A Romance of the Great Lakes

By KARL W. DETZER

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## CHAPTER XI—Continued

The old businesslike vigor had returned to her voice.

Norman obeyed. He slept immediately. After ten minutes he awakened screaming, and found Sue beside him. She pushed his hands back under the blankets.

"That's all right," she told him soothingly, "you're home, Norman." Sue returned grimly to the parlor and related to her father the events of the day. Captain Stocking was pacing the green carpet before she finished. At the last word he stalked to the hall and twisted the crank of the telephone savagely.

"You, Josiah Parish?" Sue heard him cry. "Well, if you don't get down here quick and take this serpent of a Baker home . . . sure, your man! Aye, your number seven man!"

He returned to the room, growling, peddled across the floor and pushed open the uncurtained window. A lantern flared up the beach. Evidently the coast guard commander was running. Captain Stocking met him at the door.

Parish scowled as he strode in; his peaked face was hard as a carved figurehead.

Sue talked to him rapidly, in a quiet voice, only once lifting her hands from her lap. That time she pointed at Baker. The keeper grumbled to himself now and then. Captain Parish walked the floor. Once he exclaimed aloud.

"Where's Erickson?" he asked. "He's in bed, Captain," Sue answered. "Don't squall, you'll wake him."

"You was drinkin'?" Parish turned to Baker.

"Didn't take much." "No man of mine takes a drink on duty twice, Sam'l. Hear that, Baker?" "Yes, sir."

"He hears it, Sam'l. And you hear this, Erickson pitched him overboard. Aye, that's what Miss Susan said. Well, tryin' to drown a man ain't my idee o' decent goings-on in this business. You better get rid of Erickson."

Captain Stocking stamped the floor. "Don't say it, Josiah! Don't say it! Go to bed, Sue. No, I'll talk, if you don't mind. This here Baker, he's a thief."

"That's a lie!" Baker answered sulkily.

"Bake your wench!" ordered Captain Stocking. "He's a thief, and I'll go prove it before any judge you get a mind to ask down. And he insults my girl. And he goes after the boy with a scullin' knife like he was a trout. After my boy, I say, after Erickson. Him! Me get rid of Erickson? Here's a toad you'd best get rid of, Josiah, and quick at that! If you don't . . ."

Baker, cold sober, stood up. He glanced defiantly at Sue and her father, uncertainly at his commander.

"It's a put up," he complained, "a put-up job. I'll tell you what, Captain Parish. My word's good as his every bit and good as a girl's. When it comes to that business about DeLong, I see what happened to his papers. Erickson took 'em."

"I'll tell you what happened tonight. I worked hard all day . . . you saw me, Capt'n. Come dark I went down to the dock, down to get a sleep. How'd I know it was Erickson's boat? He saw me there. Never waked me up. Out they started with me shut up in the cabin. I know what they planned. I heard 'em. They seemed to dump me over, middle o' the lake, and nobody on shore the wiser. I fooled 'em! I fought 'em both!"

Parish nodded savagely. With great dignity he stalked to the corridor. Captain Stocking tipped his hat and squinted after them. In the door, Parish turned about.

"No need wakin' me up in the middle of the night," he complained. "I'll be down in the morning, Sam'l. Good-night."

"Night, yourself," Stocking answered.

## CHAPTER XII

### If the Wind Blows

Norman awakened Sunday morning with a fever. Three days, four, a week, he lay in his bed. Doctor McCarthy, summoned from across the dunes, prescribed rest, and forbade absolutely any return to Madrid Bay for Gustaf Erickson's funeral.

In his cheerless room on the assistant keeper's side of the house, Norman stared at the ceiling and fought off delirium. His mind was clouded. Doubt, grief, misgivings, self-reproach and a miserable sense of futility clogged his thoughts. He dreamed fully of Gustaf. That he had died believing his son unfaithful to an honorable heritage was the core of every dream. Again and again, awakening from deep, feverish sleep, he awoke from the touch of his red blanket. Like fur they felt, like the wet matted fur of a drowned dog. He dreamed a dozen times that he was a little boy lighting kites in the dusty road above Madrid. He remembered something about a little girl named Julie. Finally, he dreamed of that stormy day in June when his father cried: "Get out, here's no work for you! Get out, and don't come back!"

Susan talked to him eternally in his rational half-hour. "You've proved yourself," she would say again and again. "Everybody knows it. Now go to sleep, Norman."

Deep in his own heart, Norman read another proof. What if he had started out to rescue two men in the flood? What if the people around Madrid Bay did not consider him a coward any longer? He still was unproved to himself. The great test had not yet come, the test on the wide tumbling waters of Lake Michigan in storm. What would he do then?

Fishing folk buried Gustaf Erickson in the little cemetery on the hills back of Madrid Bay. Julie, who stood close to James DeLong, listened unappetingly to the words that were read over Norman Erickson's father. Her tears, when they fell, were for Norman's sake. When faithful Jim Nelson stepped forward at the end and put a handful of stones in the box with his shipmate's body, Julie exclaimed, unable to understand, and drew closer to James DeLong.

DeLong's face had become leader in the few days, his lips were drawn tighter. Julie had recovered from her aversion to the lawyer. She even remonstrated with him when he blamed himself for the flood.

Captain Stocking walked over to Copperhead road the following Thursday, begged a ride, and attended the funeral of Fritz DeLong. He hunted out Julie and her father after the services, and told them that Susan insisted that they visit the lighthouse the next Sunday but one. Norman would be all right by then. Julie promised.

James DeLong accompanied Germaine Richard and his daughter when they waded over the dunes to the light. He explained that he had met them on the road, had sent Peter back with their team and brought them himself in his car.

Germaine still distrusted James DeLong; not so much as he had, but enough. "What do you do with the devilish hole now?" he asked insultingly.

"The little lake?" DeLong's big face darkened. "I'm going to clean out the bottom and sod it down, Mr. Richard."

Norman waited impatiently at the tower door. He had not seen Julie since the evening of the flood; two weeks it had been. She had seemed close to him then. Her impulses under the stress of that day's excitement certainly had smacked of something besides the hills. Julie was always faithful to him. She was like Jim Nelson in that; he believed she would consent now to anything he asked her to do.

Captain Stocking dropped asleep in his chair soon after the guests arrived; his daughter and James DeLong retired to the shagreened hammock. Norman felt light of heart as he showed Julie and her father about the respondent and orderly reservation. Julie's "oh's" and "ah's" delighted him.

"I like it!" she cried. "Oh, not to live here, but to see once. It's so clean!"

"I don't like white paint," Germaine growled. "It gets too dirty. How much longer do you stay here, Norman?" he asked. "When are you coming back to land?"

"I don't know," Norman answered vaguely. He raised his blue eyes to Julie's black ones. "It depends on a good many things. Perhaps I'll not come back . . . ever."

He sat with Julie on the Richard steps that afternoon and confessed that he was afraid of storms. Real storms. And she had laughed at him. She had warned him never to tell anyone else. He changed the subject quickly.

He felt sure . . . sure in his impetuous heart that Julie would consent to anything he asked. She ran impulsively down the line of wet rocks that swung in a narrow finger off the tip o' the point, out toward the submerged stone ledge of Blind Man's Teeth. She waited for Norman then, submitted to being led down to the beach and, along the boulders that reared above the lake.

They came to a heap of stones where the water shelved off deeply; there they sat down, facing the broad horizon. They did not speak at first. It was as if the immensity of the distance commanded silence, as if it forbade speech. How long they sat thus neither one of them knew. And then Norman heard a sound that he mistook at first for laughter. When he turned, he discovered tears upon Julie's cheeks.

"Why, Julie?" "I'm sorry, Norman. But it makes me cry . . . all this . . ."

She waved her hand despairingly at the horizon, at the brilliant waters beneath her feet. She gazed up at the round sky. Her gaze became fixed upon its emptiness, and Norman, unable to understand, grew troubled. The lake could make one love it or hate it, whichever it chose.

"It is too big for one girl!" Julie explained, and wiped her cheeks. She added impetuously: "It is very unpleasant, I begin to see . . . I do see why your father loved it."

Norman, accepting her mood, tried to reason it out for himself. "I don't know whether it is unpleasant or not, Julie," he said hesitantly. "I don't know whether I love it or hate it. Once in a while I hate it . . . not often now."

"Yes, most men!" "But if I do? Perhaps I am like my mother, Julie. She didn't wish to

live by the water. She wanted my father to farm. I could farm, Julie." The words burned in his mouth.

"Farm?" she spoke incredulously. "Is Henri Plamondon's forty still vacant?"

"Norman Erickson!" she stood on the rocks, struggling for balance. "You must not think of that!" "But I can't ask you to live by the water. Nor since you have cried."

was going to, Julie, here, now, on these rocks. I was going to ask you if you'd ever love me enough to live here at the light."

"You must not ask me! I can answer without that. No, Norman. This is not for me. I am from the land, and back to the land I go. It is in me, sand and trees and hills. It is in my blood. I cannot help it. I go back where I belong, Norman."

"Then I go, too!" "No, you cannot. There is wind in your blood. Wind and the broad waters. Here is your home, here by the shore. It is not for us to talk about. It was decided for us."

"It was not! I don't believe it!" His voice faltered; he knew in his heart that for him at least it had been decided. "I can make you happy on Plamondon's farm!"

"Don't, Norman. I would not be happy anywhere, if I knew you were

With something like rage but more like paralysis he read it twice. Should he show it to the keeper or not? He should not, he decided. Nor to Sue. What was the use? They had told him often enough that he didn't belong here at Blind Man's Eye!

The missive instructed Norman Erickson, assistant keeper of the lighthouse at Blind Man's Eye to present himself at district depot on October first for re-examination as to his fitness of character. Reports of conduct unbecoming the service could be ignored no longer. It was signed by Cate-yr. McGoogan.

All the rest of the week, while he worked with grimy face and hands about the fog signal, two visions remained constantly before his eyes. They were Cate-yr McGoogan's letter and Julie Richard's handsome flushed face when she said: "You must not ask me!" He had been too sure of Julie.

Friday night the wind shifted. All afternoon it touched the land with warm sticky fingers, shaking ever so slightly the leaves of the birch trees back of the dunes, in weary singsong cadence swaying the tops of old hemlocks upon the higher ridges.

After sundown it swung into the north abruptly, cooled, strengthened, became vigorous and argumentative. Night fell swiftly, clear as a hard-blown lake wind.

Norman rowed out in his father's skiff to the gasoline boat, floating in deep water to the landward of Blind Man's Teeth. With her hatches closed and battened and deep enough water under her, Gustaf's boat would weather nearly any gale. He poked about her deck, pumped her out, and let the waves push his skiff ashore.

He slept soundly in spite of the clamor of a rising gale. Captain Stocking woke him at one o'clock. Norman realized as he pawed out of bed that the house had become surprisingly cold. Wind cleared his mind of sleep when he was dressed and out in the air. He climbed to the top of the tower, made his inspection cautiously, and ran back down the stairs.

A lantern moved rapidly a hundred yards up the beach from the direction of the coast guard station. Sky clear, not a vessel in sight off shore . . . there was no apparent cause for any one running. Norman waited, disturbed by curiosity.

It was not a patrol. The fat man who panted up to the lighthouse proved to be Doctor McCarthy of Copperhead. He carried an emergency case in one hand, his pudgy black bag in the other.

"Hello, there," he shouted, "hello, Erickson. Thought I'd find one of you fellows up. The old man here?" "He's asleep. Just goes to bed."

"Wake him," bade McCarthy. "Now? Two bells? Hate to, Doctor."

"Got to," said McCarthy. His eyes shone angrily. "Samp-to-it, young man," he ordered.

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"What for?" "To ride in, Stocking! To go to Battle Ax island. There's been an explosion of some kind over there this evening. Gasoline, I figure. Postmaster got the call to me on the submarine telephone. Three children burned, woman and three children. I've got to go."

"Get the coast guard!" Captain Stocking suggested. "Drown the coast guard!" retorted McCarthy. "Drown 'em! Suppose they'd stir off the beach? Say they can't do it regular or legal or something. I told 'em. Told 'em to Boreas with regulations! Told 'em it was children hurt. Told 'em I'd get you. They said nobody down here had a boat or guts enough to run it if he had."

"There's my father's boat," Norman cut in. His voice faltered. Suppose he could do it? Why not? Captain Stocking regarded him reflectively.

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Mrs. Wigwag—"Does Deacon Close get ever contributes toward the support of the church?" Mr. Wigwag—"I understand he once gave three cheers when the rector suggested taking up a collection for the poor of the parish."

**Cautious**  
The fellow who admits he owes all his success to his wife is careful to see that she isn't around when he says it.

## Restaurant Seen as Divorce-Court Ally

In an address before the National Restaurant association Mrs. Christine Frederick said that if the way to a man's heart is through his stomach it follows that whoever caters most closely to his appetite will have a chief hold on his affection—and consequently, as most women hate to cook, the restaurant is an ally of the divorcee court.

Wives will hold the affection of their husbands by good cooking, but they have ceased to be cooks and become housewives.

Yes, indeed, it discourages a man to come home and find that he is expected to eat a lot of cold stuff from the delicatessen shop instead of good hot roast beef with the fixings, and

live by the water. She wanted my father to farm. I could farm, Julie." The words burned in his mouth.

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## CHAPTER XIII

### Gustaf's Boat

Captain Stocking's equinoctial gale ripped a day early across the five wide inland seas. With the gray of dawn, the wind settled into a tense unyielding vehemence, taut as a drawn wire.

Norman had steered with a skillful rudder since two o'clock. Under the rocky head of Battle Ax island, with its stone light tower, he pulled open the trap to the cabin. "All right!" he cried.

Doctor McCarthy showed a sick white face. "I'm sick," the physician confessed, "terribly sick."

They went ashore at dawn from the lighthouse dock. Up the beach the surfman on watch at Battle Ax coast guard station thrust his head out of the tower window. "It's the Corrigan that's hurt. One boy died in the night. Best stop in and rest a minute. I'll call up the town."

It's a two-mile walk agin' the wind. "There's coffee on the stove."

"Thanks," the doctor answered, "which way? They'll give me coffee. You stay here and dry off, Erickson."

Norman slept three hours behind the stove in the Battle Ax kitchen. At two o'clock McCarthy tramped in. "All set?" he asked. "Sorry I was so long, Erickson. Awful to see children hurt that way. I'd take 'em over to the mainland to the hospital if it weren't for this storm."

He waved toward the window. "Nobody takes off tonight," the keeper said.

"Nobody? I have to go back. I've another emergency case waiting over there."

"You can't go in this!" He laughed at the doctor's ignorance. "Nothin' the size o' that tub out there could keep afloat. Blow's making harder every minute."

McCarthy looked across inquiringly at Norman. "What about it?" he asked.

"I've gas enough," Gustaf Erickson's son answered. "I'm ready."

The keeper became angry. "I won't leave you!" he cried. "I'll leave no man go down off my point!"

"We won't drown," the doctor assured him, "Erickson's a seaman."

A seaman! Norman buckled on his sou'wester and slicker and stepped out to the blasty beach.

"You're crazy!" the light-keeper screamed. The doctor ran after Norman. "I'll stand outside with you this time," he shouted.

Gustaf's boat spun, burrowed under, mounted high unexpectedly, shook herself like a mettlesome horse, slid astern off the hunched backs of rollers. An hour they worked southeast. Then Norman's ear-beat toward the cabin. His planted feet measured the thud of the engine.

"She's misfiring," he cried to McCarthy, "engine's misfiring!"

He lifted the trap in the cabin roof, dragged the doctor after him and jammed the hatch cover back on. At that moment the engine spluttered and stopped. The boat, with mischievous antics, thrashed across the seas. She dived, her blunt, beloved bow burrowing closer and closer to the bottom.

And with no reason, for no apparent cause, she leaped up each time and rode free. Down in the cabin McCarthy of Copperhead sprawled on the deck boards, holding with fingers that ached and bled.

Had the night on deck been dark, here below the blackness was solid. Norman hung over the flywheel. The motor gave a small gasp the first time and stopped, unreasonable as death.

"It's the spark!" he screamed toward McCarthy. "Those wires! They're loose somewhere. Give me a hand! A hand, I say!"

McCarthy's head brought up with a thud against the engine block, and the doctor collapsed.

"No time for him now," Norman muttered.

He sought the tool box. Rummaging in the neave's dark, he found the flash lamp and poured its beams on the engine. The wiring hung useless, so far as he could see. D—n it, he wasn't a mechanic; wasn't a mechanic any more than he was a seaman.

What was he doing out here on the lake in a storm for which Parish hadn't spare a man?

It did no good to make one wire fast. Each time he thought it tight, his own body, lurching forward, swept away at least half of his work. Twice he stopped entirely and waited for the whole launch to turn over, waited for the first jets of water that should tell him he was sinking.

Sinking! Who could think of sinking! This boat would hold. Gustaf Erickson had built her. Somehow his mind felt respect to: any boat his father had built. She was sound. Every plank and rib, every rivet-butt, sound! She had never gone down with Gustaf. He had died ashore, died wet, but on land. There was proof of a good boat.

His foot tripped near the engine. Stopping down, he felt a square object.

The battery box! What a fool he was! No wonder she wouldn't start. The box was out of place. He never had thought of the batteries. He wedged them back where they belonged, working now in the dark, by the sense of touch, in his chill brained fingers.

## South West PARAGRAPHS

Eight hundred thousand miles without an accident is the record of the Harvey bus drivers.

The habitual criminal act, very similar to the Baumes law of New York state, passed the New Mexico Senate, 17 to 6, without debate.

The fifteenth annual convention of the New Mexico Cattle and Horse Growers Association will be held in the court room at Roswell, March 15 and 16.

Articles of incorporation have been filed with the corporation commission for the Silver Slipper Amusement Company of Tucson. Capital stock is fixed at \$50,000.

Approximately 15,700 acres of unreserved and unappropriated public land in Chaves county, N. M., has been opened to homestead at the Las Cruces land office.

Women of Arizona lost their fight in the Legislature when they were refused legal privilege of sitting on juries, but leaders of their sex declared the fight will be taken to the polls.

President Coolidge signed a bill authorizing additional grants of 50,000 acres of land of the public domain, each to the states of Utah and Arizona, for the establishment of hospitals for disabled miners.

Residents of Buckeye, Ariz., have filed with Maricopa county supervisors petitions for incorporation of their community. Petitions are being prepared by citizens of Peoria, seeking to incorporate that town.

The Gold Spot group of gold mines, five miles west of the Vulture mine in the Wickenburg district in Arizona, has been taken under bond lease by P. Joseph Carney and associates. This includes eight mining claims, priced at \$25,000.

More than fifteen thousand acres of irrigated farm lands in the Rincon-Gardfield valley in New Mexico have been treated for the eradication of sopher by the United States Biological Survey, in co-operation with the Elephant Butte irrigation district since the first of January.

The New Mexico Agricultural Outlook for 1929, which has been prepared by the extension service of the New Mexico Agricultural College, indicates no radical change in the price situation for many of New Mexico's principal agricultural commodities, but suggests some changes in the production program for this coming year.

Live-stock prices, in general, are expected to remain at a fairly high level, but the crop outlook varies considerably with the different crops.

"Asbestos Deposits of Arizona" is the title of a ninety-seven-page bulletin, written by E. D. Wilson, geologist for the bureau of mines, and published by the Arizona bureau of mines. Asbestos is rather an important industry in Arizona, according to the opinion of the author of the bulletin, who explains in an interview that in Arizona is found as fine quality product as there is in the world.

The iron content is found to be very low, thus making it superior in value for insulation purposes. He mentions the Johns-Manville Company, located at Chrysofile, which is the largest asbestos mining company in the United States.



**LOCAL AND PERSONAL**

Thomas J. Grafton, well known oldtimer of the Bonito country, was here Tuesday.

J. E. Koonce, who has spent the winter at Hot Springs, is now at Arrey, on the river south of the Springs.

Dr. and Mrs. F. H. Johnson and Mrs. Stebbins made a trip to El Paso Tuesday, returning the following afternoon.

The local Salvation Army treasury is without funds, and until further arrangements are made it will be useless to send indulgents to the board for relief.

About a dozen students from the Roswell Military School came up last Sunday and spent the day with friends in Carrizozo. They were a pleasant bunch of youngsters.

The nail and tobacco can picker did good work on the principal streets of the town last week, picking up a good-sized wagon load of nails, wire and tin tobacco cans.

PLAIN SKIVING—Prices reasonable. 11 See Mrs. Wm. Booth.

A D Brownfield came up Wednesday from El Paso and left this morning for Roswell to attend the annual meeting of the New Mexico Cattle and Horse Growers' Association.

Those fortunate enough to own radios were treated to some fine programs from the East and Denver this week. The next big event in the radio line will be the Easter programs on March 31st.

Melvins Franks, Corona, T. J. Straley, Ancho, and I. N. Winfield, Ruidoso, were here this week, acting as a board of appraisers in condemnation proceedings connected with the highway across the mal pais.

T. A. Spencer went to Roswell yesterday, and will call to order this morning the annual meeting of the New Mexico Cattle and Horse Growers' Association. As president of the association, Mr. Spencer will deliver the annual address.

FOR SALE—Some long yearling Hereford Bulls.

The Titsworth Co., Inc., 3-15 Capitan, N. M.

Mrs. Emma Casler and daughter, Miss Edna, of Modesto, California, came in Sunday and visited a few days with Mrs. A. H. Harvey. They later went to Tucuman to visit friends. The Caslers at one time lived here and are known to many Carrizozoans.

Measames Hedrick and C. N. Lemmon and Miss Louise Sweet motored to Roswell Saturday, and returned that evening, accompanied by Raymond Lackland and Don Lemmon, students at the Military Institute. The boys returned to school Monday.

We received a letter this week from Capitan requesting that announcement be made of a play, entitled "Minnie's Wedding," to be given by the ladies of the Missionary Society of that town, in the Capitan Gymnasium, March 23. The letter was not signed.

Robberies are being reported in several towns in the state, entrance being effected through rear windows not sufficiently protected. This might be a hint to other store keepers to protect their rear windows and doors in such a manner that it will be hard for burglars to gain entrance to stores by this route.

**OLD DOC BIRD says**

The man with the hoe beats the man with the hokam



**A Little Less Bother**

And a little less fuss does a lot toward lengthening life.

That is why we recommend a reliable fountain pen to respond to the instant demand without blots or delay.

The Parker Pen will fill your needs satisfactorily.

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.

**Assault Charge**

W. T. Sterling was arrested Sunday evening by Deputy Pete Johnson on a charge of assaulting with intent to kill Mack Brazel. The defendant appeared before Justice Harvey, waived examination and his bond was fixed at \$2,500.00.

According to the complaining witness, he was fired upon, Sunday morning, from an old building, as he approached the Sterling ranch, east of Oscuro. The horse which Brazel was riding began bucking and running at the first shot, which, according to the same authority, was followed by three other shots. After running a quarter of a mile or more, the horse fell dead, Brazel extricating himself in the fall, Brazel suffered two slight wounds—one in the leg, the other on the side of the head, but neither making abrasions, and those injuries are supposed to have been fragments of bullets that had struck some of the accountants and scattered. Though no evidence was taken, it is said that Brazel did not see who was shooting at him from the building, but did see Sterling's horse there. As to the actual facts in the case, that remains to be determined by a grand jury investigation.

**Lincoln News Items**

A Spanish program and dance will be given at Lincoln, Saturday, April 6. This play is being prepared under the direction of Mrs. Merced L. Romero, assisted by Mrs. E. H. Miranda. Watch for posters.

Mr. and Mrs. Epifanio Vigil, of Vaughn, were in Lincoln Monday, visiting relatives and friends. Mr. Vigil sold his residence to Isabel Aldaz, employe at Stanton. Mr. and Mrs. Vigil will make Vaughn, N. M., their permanent home.

Mrs. Lupe Lucero of Roswell visited her daughter, Mrs. R. Flores, this week end.

The stork visited the home of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Gomez last week, and left a baby girl. Both mother and baby doing well. Mrs. Gomez was formerly Miss Juanita Salazar, one of the Lincoln's most popular girls. This community extend their congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Gomez.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Maes of Carrizozo were visitors Sunday at the home of Mr. Maes' parents.

**Benefit Play**

The members of the Study Club will present:

A Wedding—(One Act Comedy)  
March 29, High School Auditorium. Benefit Woman's Club

**CHARACTERS—**

The Bridegroom... Miss Nelaas  
The Best Man... Miss Vaughn  
The Bride... Mrs. Abel  
A Groomsman... Miss Sweet  
The Bridegroom's Mother...  
... Mrs. Blaney  
The Bride's Father... Mrs. Shelton  
The Bride's Aunt... Miss Brickley  
Scene—A Room in a Country House.

Time—The Present—An Evening in June.

**Special Music**

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

**Ziegler Bros.**

**EASTER**

AND that means that it's time to see Ziegler Bros. about smart, new clothes'. Easter Dresses are the cleverest that Spring has to offer.

\$7<sup>50</sup> to \$27<sup>50</sup>

FROM all the lovely frocks for Spring one chooses the very smartest for Easter. We made our selections from the most approved dresses of the season, and offer them to you at a very special price. Your Easter frock is here.

ALSO, Smart Coats, Your Easter Hat, Gloves, Hosiery and Slippers, you will find it here in our fine group of Spring Newest.

**ZIEGLER BROS.**

**Dies in California**

The News is in receipt of a letter from a friend in Los Angeles, announcing the death of Mrs. Frank Crumb, who passed away at Long Beach last Sunday. Influenza was given as the cause of death. The Crumb family lived in White Oaks many years, and were among the early settlers of that town. Mr. and Mrs. Crumb moved to California several years ago, and many old friends who still reside in this county will regret to hear of Mrs. Crumb's death.

**Killed Turkeys**

Dan Loudon and Lou Hartwell, employes of the Block Company Mines, on the Bonito and Eagle Creek, were haled before Justice Harvey this week on the charge of killing turkeys out of season. They entered pleas of guilty and were fined \$25 each which, when all costs were added, aggregated around \$80.

**Catholic Church**

**SUNDAYS**

8:30 a.m.—First Mass (Sermon in English).

10:00 a.m.—Second Mass (Sermon in Spanish).

**Methodist Church**

Rev. T. V. Ludlow, Pastor

Sunday School 9:45 a.m.

Preaching 11:00 a.m. Epworth League 6:30 p.m. Evening service 7:45.

**For Sale**

Some Good long yearling Hereford Bulls at reasonable prices.

The Titsworth Co. Inc.  
Capitan, New Mexico.

**Wonderful Words**

Keep a watch on your words, my friend,  
For words are wonderful things,  
They are sweet like the bee's fresh honey;  
Like the bees they have terrible stings.  
They can bless like the warm, glad sunshine  
And brighten a lonely life,  
They can cut in the strife of anger  
Like an open two-edged knife.  
—Anonymus.

**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.

**STEEL ECLIPSE**



**Starts sooner—pumps longer**

Two windmills stood just across the road from each other. With the first sign of a breeze one started up 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 superior 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 steel shafts.

City Garage, V. Reil, Prop.  
Carrizozo, New Mexico  
FAIRBANKS-MORSE PRODUCTS

"Every Line a Leader"

**WHY SHOULD YOU GO TO CHURCH?**

Because the church is the mightiest agency on earth for realization of human progress. It presents the noblest ideals of life, and points the way to their realization. In its advocacy of civic and social righteousness it does more than all other organizations or institutions combined to make crime difficult and virtue easy.

COME TO CHURCH NEXT SUNDAY, 11 a. m. 7:30 p. m.

**Corona Baptist Church**

**SANITARY DAIRY  
SIERRA VISTA RANCH**

PURE CREAM, WHIPPING CREAM  
ALSO BUTTERMILK

VISITORS INVITED TO TRY A GLASS

Leave orders at Star Cafe

WYNE & FOSTER, NOGAL, NEW MEXICO