

LINCOLN COUNTY NEWS

Successor to Carrizozo News

VOLUME IV—(Carrizozo News, Vol. 25)

CARRIZOZO, NEW MEXICO, FRIDAY, MARCH 22, 1929

NUMBER 12

Road Meeting Postponed

To the Press

Socorro, N. M., March 16, 1929.
Relative to my letter of March 8, 1929, regarding meeting of the Carlsbad Cavern Grand Canyon Highway Association meeting to be held at Socorro March 26, 1929. Please be advised that the meeting will not be held on that date. Owing to a slight misunderstanding of open dates of the members of the two associations it has been advisable to postpone the Carlsbad Cavern-Grand Canyon meeting to some date in the near future.

You will be further advised regarding the date and place of the next meeting just as soon a convenient date can be set.

I am sorry if my letter of the 8th, has caused the members of your community any inconvenience.

Sincerely,

R. M. Edwards,
Pres. Carlsbad Cavern-Grand Canyon Highway Association.

CELEBRATE RAMONA'S RETURN

El Puerto Styx, Mar. 19—
Ramona is returning to California. In the Valley of Hemet and San Jacinto, where Helen Hunt Jackson first heard the story of this Indian girl, plans are being made to entertain thousands who will flock to see her.

Dwellers in the valley have converted her story into a second Oberammergau, a pageant enacted by them against a background of rugged mountainside. It is their gift to California and the world.

The pageant will be held in a natural amphitheater two miles southeast of Hemet on three successive week-ends—April 20-21, April 27-28 and May 4-5.

Costs \$775 a Minute

During the past year it is estimated that it cost approximately \$775 a minute to keep up with the demand for new telephone construction thruout the United States. This means that the entire industry expended more than \$400,000,000 in supplying new telephone service to meet the public's additional demands.

Concert

STATE COLLEGE BAND
High School Auditorium, Saturday, March 30, 8 p. m.

Admission, adults fifty cents; children, twenty-five cents.

Lincoln News Items

Mrs. Robert Woods, of Lordsburg, is the house guest of her uncle and aunt, Dr. and Mrs. E. L. Woods.

Mr. and Mrs. Ziegler, of Carrizozo, were guests at the Penfield home Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Hulbert and family were guests at the C. L. Gylling home last Friday evening.

Mrs. Rice is planning to leave the first of April for an extended visit with her daughter, Mrs. Myra Welch, at Dawson. Mr. and Mrs. Starr will accompany Mrs. Rice on the trip to Dawson.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Burleson children, of Fort Stanton, were guests at the E. H. Ramey home last Sunday.

Work has begun on the Easter program, to be given by the Sunday School on Easter Sunday. There will be songs, recitations and a pageant, making up a splendid program.

On Thursday afternoon Mrs. E. L. Woods extended her charming hospitality complimentary to her house guest, Mrs. Robert Woods. After an afternoon of sewing and pleasant conversation, enjoyed by about twenty ladies. The hostess served a delicious lunch.

On Wednesday of last week, Mrs. Fred Pflingsten entertained with one of her famous dinners. When we go to Pflingstens we are always assured of a big dinner and a good time, this occasion proving the facts conclusively. Those present to enjoy the day were: Mesdames Woods, Rice, Tompkins, Starr, Peusfeld, Ramey, Davis, Lehn, Sr., Lehn, Jr., and Gylling.

Lincoln P. T. A. is trying to work out a plan of building and advertising whereby we can put Lincoln on the map of the Carlsbad-Grand Canyon Highway. It is our plan to restore some of our buildings, make the place attractive for summer tourists and ADVERTISE. Since we have a first class hotel in operation, we see no reason why this can't be done.

An All Day Service

There will be an all day service at Corona Baptist Church March 31, Easter Sunday. Special music and community singing in line with the Easter thought will be a part of the program. Several speakers of the Central Association have been invited to take part and last but not least everybody is invited to bring well filled baskets and enjoy the "dinner on the ground" part of the program. A good time is in store for all who attend.

PROGRAMME

PRESENTED BY STUDY CLUB, BENEFIT OF WOMAN'S CLUB
H. S. AUDITORIUM, SATURDAY, MARCH 23, AT 8:00 P. M.

- Ladies' Chorus "Greetings to Spring" - S. Strauss
Blue Danube Waltz - Mesdames Shelton, Lemon, Burkett, Adams, Elliott, Clouse
- Violin "Berceuse, from Jocelyn" - Benjamin Goddard
Miss Louise Sweet
- Clarinet "The Light I Love Best" - S. A. Hopkins
Mr. J. C. Barkett
- Song Selected - Mrs. Fanilo Snodgrass
- Saxophone Trio "Sing Me To Sleep" - Mr. Barkett, Mack Shaver, Lakoma Bigelow

ACCOMPANISTS

Mr. Snodgrass Mrs. Burkett Mrs. Ziegler

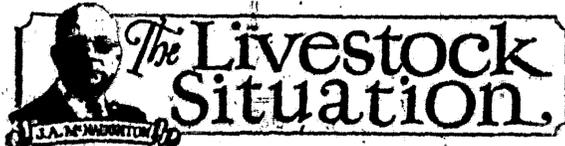
Play

"A Wedding" One Act Comedy - John Kirkpatrick
Director, Mrs. Shelton

- | | |
|---------------------|---------------|
| The Bridegroom | Miss Melaas |
| The Best Man | Miss Vaughn |
| The Bride | Mrs. Abel |
| A Groomsman | Miss Sweet |
| Bridegroom's Mother | Mrs. Blaney |
| Bride's Father | Mrs. Shelton |
| Bride's Aunt | Miss Brickley |

SCENE

A room in a country house Time: The Present
An evening in June



Recent rains have been very helpful in aiding feed growth on California and should result in a normal supply of fat grass cattle, for California markets this season. Due to the backward condition of pastures earlier in the season as a result of cold weather and sub normal rainfall, California grass cattle probably will be at least 30 days later than normally.

A late spring is being experienced through all of the western country and reports indicate that much costly feeding has been necessary in cattle and sheep districts in the Inter-mountain country, which adds considerably to the cost of operations in both sheep and cattle outfits.

Market conditions have improved greatly during the past few weeks. The cattle market has made a rapid recovery from the depression experienced earlier in the year, values at this time being fully one to one and one-half cents higher than early in February. Market observers are generally of opinion that the higher plane of values may be expected to hold good for some time to come and despite the continued depressed condition of the hide markets, a satisfactory spring and summer market is predicted by close observers. A condition which will prove of material strength to the beef market is the relatively high value on both pork and lamb. Many of the early California lambs already have been contacted at prices somewhat higher than prevailed a year ago. Due to unfavorable weather and feed conditions throughout the country, it is generally believed that the supply of fat range lambs available for this season's market will not be as great as had been anticipated from estimates of the numbers of ewes bred.

Hogs have shared in the generally stronger market trend and prices on both Pacific coast and Middle eastern Markets are the highest in many months. This situation may be expected to prove an important factor in rebuilding the pork production business on the Pacific Coast and in the western country as a whole. In this connection, it is of interest to note that barley production for live stock feeding purposes is showing a healthy increase throughout the country, particularly in the Middle West. Corn producers have been having trouble with a pest known as the corn borer and have turned to barley as a very satisfactory substitute for corn in live stock feeding.

What We Think

By FRANK DIXON

John Barleycorn may have lost his place in the sun, but he has his moonshine still.

What this country needs is a good wife-cent cigar.

The women of history are the women of mystery—Therefore the clever woman is a little mysterious.

Nine persons out of ten, born today, will have trouble making the last payments.

Now that the original type of feminine figure has returned, perhaps the girls can resume shooting from the hip.

A San Francisco woman playing poker the other evening, held three royal flushes within 45 minutes. In most places that would have warranted a legislative investigation.

Lindy was the last person I ever thought would do any one-arm driving, but it seems that after all he's just like the rest of the men!

England, we are reminded, has many more women than men. That may explain why women are punished for murder in that country.

Not all the Old Tabbies who roll their eyes to heaven at the sight of a flirtation, would dare have their past investigated.

Delivers the Goods

In today's issue of Lincoln County News there appears the first of a series of advertisements to be run by F. A. English local Delco-Light dealer.

Mr. English says that these advertisements are being paid for by the Delco-Light Company in recognition of his own sales record.

"Of course much of the credit for my sales success during the last year goes to newspaper co-operation and the progressive spirit of this community which has demanded the conveniences

Community House

The Woman's Missionary Society of the Methodist Church will open the Community House Saturday March 23rd. The Community House is the building formerly occupied by Attorney Barber. Tea, sandwiches and cake will be served during the afternoon.

of electricity and running water," he said.

"Without this progressive spirit and general interest in this community in Delco-Light electric service, a high sales record would not be possible."

The advertisements are a part of the "Foundation Plan" of selling, which was introduced to the Delco-Light selling organization by H. W. Arnold, general manager of the company. In becoming a member of the "Foundation" the selling man agrees to comply with seven definite requirements. When this is done the company in turn does certain definite things for the selling man, one of which is factory paid newspaper advertising.

Statements by Mr. Arnold and C. C. Whistler, advertising manager of the company, published recently in "Editor and Publisher" express their confidence in newspaper advertising.

The interview quotes Mr. Whistler as follows:

"Our 1929 newspaper advertising plan might be considered as a means of building the dealer into a more responsible and productive citizen of his community. We strive to impress on our selling men the importance of taking a place in community life—to help along civic programs, to get better acquainted with his banker, the merchants, the newspaper publisher and the other men who are leaders in his town and country"

A man's character is what is left after you have taken away everything else he can lose.

Crystal Theater

T. J. PITTMAN, Mgr.

Friday, Lon Chaney in "West of Zanzibar."
Saturday and Sunday, Matinee. Monte Blue in "Across the Atlantic."
Monday and Tuesday, Lon Chaney and Ricardo Cortez in "MOCKERY" also Vaudeville.
Wednesday and Thursday, Lillian Gish in "The White Sister."
Friday Myrna Loy in "The Crimson City."

First National Bank

CARRIZOZO, N. M.

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

Start a Savings Account

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

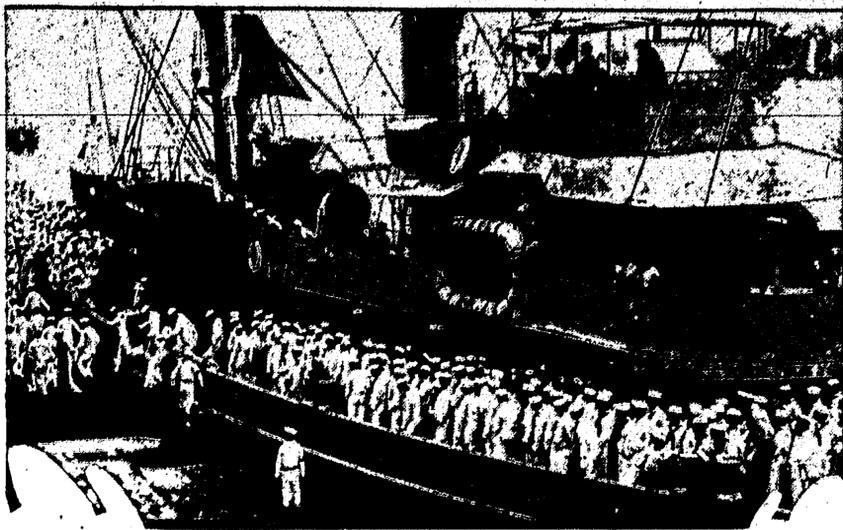
"Try First National Service"

Paden's Drug Store

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

Phone 20

AMERICAN WARSHIP CREW ASHORE AT BALBOA



Crew of an American warship going ashore at Balboa, Canal Zone, for some recreation during a lull in the naval war game.

Nellie Maxwell Tells About Dainty Desserts

For it is the fate of a woman Long to be patient and silent, to wait Like a ghost that is speechless, Till some questioning voice dissolves The spell of its silence.

A DESSERT which is good, dainty and not too much work to prepare, is always an addition to one's collection of recipes. The following will be nice to serve for an afternoon, when entertaining one's friends:

Ethereal Food. Cut two dozen fresh marshmallows into small pieces. To do this dip the shears used in cutting into water occasionally and the process will be easier. Whip two cupfuls of thick cream until stiff, fold in the prepared marshmallows and one-half cupful each of finely cut maraschino cherries drained from their juice, and the same amount of well-drained and minced pineapple. Chill several hours, serve in stemmed glasses with chopped pistachio nuts sprinkled over the top. Serve with lady finger sandwiches and hot chocolate.

Canned Apricot Shortcake. Prepare the shortcake, bake in two

layers, spreading butter on the top of one and placing the other layer on that. Remove when well baked, spread with butter and arrange canned apricots over the layer, cover with the other layer, spread with butter and top with apricots. The juice may be boiled down and served as a sauce if desired.

Apple and Marshmallow Dessert. Peel, slice and quarter five or six good flavored apples. Arrange with one-third of a cupful of sultana raisins in layers with one cupful of sugar. Add one-fourth of a cupful of water and bake until the apples are soft, well covered. Remove cover and cover with marshmallows one inch apart. Return to the oven and brown the marshmallows. Serve hot with sweetened cream.

Serve plenty of lettuce daily, as it is one of the most needed of greens, especially when green things are scarce, as they are in the winter time. If one has a garden spot all these good things may be canned for use in winter—peas, beans, spinach as well as corn and carrots.



Acidity

The common cause of digestive difficulties is excess acid. Soda cannot alter this condition, and it burns the stomach. Something that will neutralize the acidity is the sensible thing to take. That is why physicians tell the public to use Phillips Milk of Magnesia.

One spoonful of this delightful preparation can neutralize many times its volume in acid. It acts instantly; relief is quick, and very apparent. All gas is dispelled; all sourness is soon gone; the whole system is sweetened. Do try this perfect, anti-acid, and remember it is just as good for children, too, and pleasant for them to take.

Any drug store has the genuine, prescriptional product.

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

Extinct Bird Specimen

A specimen of the Eskimo curlew, a bird which recently became an extinct as the great auk and the passenger pigeon, is being shown in a new display at the Field museum of natural history, Chicago.

Drink Water If Back or Kidneys Hurt

Begin Taking Salts If You Feel Backache or Have Bladder Weakness

Too much rich food forms acids which excite and overwork the kidneys in their efforts to filter it from the system. Flush the kidneys occasionally to relieve them like you relieve the bowels, removing acids, waste and poisons, else you may feel a dull misery in the kidney region, sharp pains in the back or sick headache, dizziness, the stomach sour, tongue is coated, and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine is cloudy, full of sediment, the channels often get irritated, obliging one to get up two or three times during the night.

To help neutralize these irritating acids and flush of the body's urinous waste, begin drinking water. Also get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any pharmacy, take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys may then act fine and bladder disorders disappear.

This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for years to help clean and stimulate sluggish kidneys and stop bladder irritation. Jad Salts is inexpensive and makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which millions of men and women take now and then to help prevent serious kidney and bladder disorders. By all means, drink lots of good water every day.

Fee Charity

"How did you manage to get that lovely car?" "A charity lottery." "Managed to draw the winning number?" "No, I got up the lottery."—Passing Show.

Continuous Performance

"Sam, are you ever tired, with enthusiasm?" "Tired from every job I tackle."—Camera Fun.

ALWAYS KEEPS IT ON HAND

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Helps Her So Much

Pittsburgh, Pa.—"I was just completely run-down. I had tired, heavy, sluggish feelings and I could not eat. I was losing in weight. I read so much about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and what a good medicine it is, that I started taking it. I have taken eight bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and about the same in tablet form. This is one medicine a woman should have in the house all the time. I am improving every day and I sure am able to eat. I am willing to answer any letters I get asking about the Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. M. M. ...



SANDMAN STORY ABOUT THE PARTY TABLE

"W HILE going to be for a party," said the flowers as they nudged each other and smiled in their pretty flower fashion.

"To be sure, we are," they added. And sure enough! They were all most beautifully arranged and put on the center of a dining room table. Oh, the flowers were arranged in so lovely a fashion, and some of the green ferns were put around the outside of the vase, and a flower was at each place on the table, too.

"I'm the best tablecloth," said the tablecloth to the flowers.

"I hope you notice me!" "Of course I haven't real flowers but don't you think the linen flowers I have are quite lovely? If you look carefully you will be able to tell that I have a lily of the valley pattern.

"It's a handsome pattern, too." "Very handsome," said the flowers. "And how beautifully you are done up. You have been used before, haven't you?"

"Oh, yes," said the tablecloth. "But great care is taken about ironing the best tablecloth. A new tablecloth is too stiff—it is not cordial and it doesn't show an ease of manner which a best tablecloth does—one which has been used but which is unmistakably a best one.

"Yes, a best tablecloth has ease of manner and it is cordial. It shows it is at a party. It hopes everyone else will show that, too, and that no one will spill upon it, though, of course, a best tablecloth must once in a while be ready to expect accidents.

"But a best tablecloth doesn't accept spots in the same way as an old one does. An old one doesn't seem to care. A spot on a best tablecloth looks as though it shouldn't be there at all.

"Oh, yes, it is ashamed of itself in the presence of the best tablecloth!" "But you must see the other members of the family. A pride to the tablecloth are these relatives."

"Yes, we match the tablecloth," the napkins said. "We, too, have a handsome lily of the valley pattern worked out upon us. We are big and magnificent—really party napkins."

"Did you notice that we'd been polished and that we shine and look our best?" inquired the silver candlesticks. "We're going to be lighted—that is, the candles within us are go-

ing to be lighted for the occasion." "And we're going to be used, of course, but we're all shined up in our best," said the silver pepper shakers and the silver salt cellars.

"Some creatures have different clothes for best and for every day,"

clothes and trunks if we went away, and we'd have to have wardrobes and clothes' hangers.

"Besides, what would a silver pepper dish do dressed up in a dress?" "We can't possibly imagine," grinned the flowers.

"It would never do," said the silver pepper shakers.

"No, we're good managers in that way—we don't have to fuss about clothes. We're just polished for best and we get a little tarnished looking when we're not dressed up."

"We're all dressed up in the same way," said the forks, and the spoons said:

"So are we!" "And so are we," said the knives. "We're out for the party," said the handsome china dinner set, and the coffee cups with the butterfly handles and the tall glasses all said: "So are we! So are we! We all belong to the party table. We do, indeed."

For there was going to be a party, and the dining room table was all ready with its best things upon it, waiting for the guests to arrive—and—It hoped that the guests would admire it, too!

And surely the table thought they would for certainly it was handsomely dressed for the party!

"Very Handsome," said the Flowers, the silver pepper shakers went on, "but we don't bother with all that fussing."

"It would cause too much trouble. We'd have to have boxes for our

Wednesday Weddings

By H. IRVING KING

WHAT are the lucky and unlucky days to be married on is fairly well agreed upon, but that the luckiest day is Wednesday appears to be agreed upon absolutely. Wednesday is of course Woden day, and Woden is the Anglo-Saxon form of the name of the great Norse god Odin, the supreme "All-Father," the patron of culture and heroes and the source of wisdom. The Greeks and Romans made Juno, the wife of Jupiter, the chief god of their pantheon, the patroness of marriage, but the Norsemen appear to have made the patron the chief god himself; although one of his wives, Frigga, was the goddess of love in its most constant and elevated form

as Freya, another wife, was the goddess of love in its fleshly form. Perhaps it was conducive of peace to Valhalla that these two ladies were left out of the reckoning. Odin, or Wodin, however, was admirably suited to be a patron of marriage for he was a much-married person himself and had a very numerous offspring.

Here is an exterior view of the beautiful new University of Brussels, Belgium, which is now completed and has opened its doors to students.



Whom Heaven Hath Blessed

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

WHOM heaven hath so greatly blessed— I thought the preacher meant the rich.

I never thought about the rest, That men who dig and women who stitch,

Who had so little, much possessed, And then one day the captain came, The man who owns these meads and bounds—

Why, half this town is in his name, I'm just the man who tends his grounds, But he has millions, so they claim.

We talked (we both are getting old, And, when you're getting old, you do).

Flags then don't mean as much to gold, And gold don't mean as much to gold,

And so we sat and tales we told, We talked of what? About his son, The catcher of his college nine, About his girl, the youngest one—

And then he asked me after mine, I told him well they both had done, His health was fine, he still could hike

Ten miles a day, as well as me, Whatever subject we might strike I soon could very plainly see, The Lord had blessed us much alike.

I found the riches he possessed Were very much the same as mine, And so I wondered why the rest Should ever sit around and whine Who heaven hath so greatly blessed

PORTRAIT PAINTERS AND THEIR CONSCIENCE

By F. A. WALKER

IT WAS said of William Strang, the famous portrait painter who died some time ago, that he never could escape from his conscience.

This was not a handicap when he had for a sitter some American or English beauty, who could stand the realistic treatment that marks his red-chalk drawings.

It was a different matter when he was busy with some one, male or female, who hoped that the artist would not be too truthful.

For there are many who do not think an Oliver Cromwell did on the subject.

When the great lord protector was sitting for his portrait, he said: "Paint me as I am, if you leave out a single wart I won't pay you a penny!"

All notable painters have not been bothered by Strang's love of truth, a fact which might be proved by a portrait familiar to Americans and indeed to people all over the world.

It is only necessary to compare the statue of the Father of his Country by Houdon, which stands in the stationhouse in Richmond, Va.—a replica of which was unveiled in Trafalgar square, London, a few years

ago—with Gilbert Stuart's painting, or paintings of Washington, to see that his head of the first President is a glorified one.

Indeed, the portraits of the great man by other artists have not the regularity of feature that we have come to associate with him.

Nobody imagines for a moment that Washington, the most modest of men as far as he was concerned, wished to be shown to remote ages other than he was. There can be no doubt, however, that Stuart wanted to give an idea of his true dignity and character, even if he had to sacrifice strict fidelity to veracity in doing so.

In this he succeeded. Since then everybody has been satisfied that Stuart's canvases represented the real man, even if they carried from the physical in certain details. That is why Stuart's portrait was selected for our bills and postage stamps.

So it might be said that Gilbert Stuart was not false to his conscience, in any real sense of the word. For he produced the spirit of his immortal sitter for future ages.

His case was very different from

that of many other painters who set a fashion from time to time.

Thus all the ladies painted by the Scottish Raeburn—whose work is in many American collections—tend to look alike. They have the same figure, the same features, the same expression.

Perhaps the psychologists might suggest that after the first picture by Raeburn had proved a success, the women of fashion of the time tended to look like it.

Was it not said in the nineties that Charles Dana Gibson, the popular black and white artist, had created a new type of American girl, the girls themselves began to repeat that model in their appearance.

Some will laugh at this as an absurdity, like James McNeill Whistler's remark that the fogs of London did not exist until he began to paint them.

Time's Changes

Before long the familiar names for the parts of a horse's harness will be as little understood as the greaves, hawberks and kneecaps of medieval armor.—Boston Herald.



(C) by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.



OLD FOLKS SAY DR. CALDWELL WAS RIGHT

The best of treating sickness has not changed since Dr. Caldwell left Medical College in 1876...

He treated constipation, biliousness, headaches, mental depression, indigestion, sour stomach and other indispositions entirely by means of simple vegetable laxatives, herbs and roots...

A bottle will last several months, and all can use it. It is pleasant to the taste, gentle in action, and free from narcotics...

Needy schoolboys get free haircuts in Sunliago. Upon invitation of the barbers' union they began recently to get in crowds to the barbers' school...

Haircuts Donated

Needy schoolboys get free haircuts in Sunliago. Upon invitation of the barbers' union they began recently to get in crowds to the barbers' school...

Loss of Power

and vital force follow loss of flesh, or emaciation. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a powerful tonic that enriches the blood, stops the waste of strength and tissue, and helps to build up healthy flesh...

Thin, pale, puny, simply children are made plump, rosy and robust by the "Discovery." All druggists. In recovering from "Osteo," or in convalescence from pneumonia, fever or other wasting disease, it speedily and surely invigorates and builds up the whole system...

Facing the Music

"What do they mean by the 'witching hour'?" "Don't you know? That's the hour when the wife greets you with 'Which story is it this time?'"—TIT-BITS.

Strategy—the science of inducing others to walk into your trap.

When the public has faith in a writer it is based on good works.

Are You Ready



When your Children Cry for It

Baby has little upsets at times. All your care cannot prevent them. But you can be prepared. Then you can do what any experienced nurse would do—what most physicians would tell you to do—give a few drops of plain Castoria. No sooner done than baby is soothed; relief is just a matter of moments...

Fitcher's CASTORIA

THEN AND THERE

History told as it would be written today

By IRVIN S. COBB

As Men Battled in the Olden Times

In battle they called him "Richard the Lion-Hearted" because of his courage and his splendid strength. In peace he was "Richard the Good" because he did not know his own mind, was unstable as water, made pledges only to break them...

It fell to Richard's lot to lead that Crusade to the Holy Land which of all such expeditions began most brilliantly and ended in just as disastrous a failure as did most of the others. In Palestine at the head of his forces he spent 18 months. He largely was responsible for raising the siege of Acre, where a starving and exhausted Christian garrison was beleaguered by the Moslems under their great leader, Saladin...

As a result, he twice was able to lead his army within a few miles of Jerusalem. Finally he made a truce with the infidels by which the Europeans kept certain captured castles and towns and as pilgrims—not as soldiers—were allowed access to the Holy Sepulcher.

A group of men—priests, scholars and soldiers—wrote letters and narratives describing the battle of Arsuf. These memoirs were preserved, although the names of the authors were not. Together they form perhaps the most graphic picture of a pitched battle in medieval times that is today available for use of the historian and the antiquarian.

Thanks be to a monumental work of selection, arrangement and classification made by Professor T. A. Archer and published by G. B. Putnam's Sons in 1882, it is possible for the layman also to view the battle through the eyes of these actual participants in it. He sees how men fought in those ancient days and what motives inspired them; he hears their prayers when the tide of war ran against them and their triumphant shouts when the strategy and daring of their leader turned the issue, and made conquerors of them.

IN ALL the readings I have done I have yet to find so graphic an account of a medieval battle as this account of the victory of the Christians over the Saladin at Arsuf, following their initial reverses on that memorable day. True, the completed narrative in its translated form represents the woven-together stories of two or three, perhaps four, participants, but so skillfully was the work of compilation and combination carried out that to me it seems more like the story of one man.

On the shores of the so-called Salt river, fronting the forest of Arsuf, the Christian forces numbering about 100,000, on September 6, 1191, discovered before them a vast force of the enemy reckoned at not less than 500,000 fighting men—one of the mightiest armies the world, until that time, had known. Nevertheless, the invaders did not lose heart. They had Richard to lead them, and him they regarded as invincible however great the odds against him. The chronicle recites how carefully the king arranged his troops in twelve squadrons. Let us quote from the stirring tale:

Enraged Turks Advance.

"The third hour was now drawing on, when lo! a host of Turks, 10,000 in number, swept rapidly down upon our men, hurling darts and arrows and making a terrible din with their confused cries. After these came running up a race of demons very black in color; for which cause, because they are black, they are not unaptly called the negro pack. Then, too, came on those Saracens who live in the desert and are commonly called Bedawin, rough, darker than smoke, most patient footmen with their bows and round targets—a people light of foot and most eager for battle. These were ever threatening our army.

"And beyond those we have mentioned you might see along the smoother ground well-equipped phalanxes of Turks advancing with their several ensigns, banners and emblems. They seemed to number more than 20,000 men. On steeds swifter than eagles they thundered down upon us till the whirling dust raised by their rapid flight blackened the very air. Before the emirs there went men clanging away with trumpets and clarions; others had drums, others pipes and timbrels, rattles, gongs, cymbals, and other instruments fitted to make a din. Thus from every part, by land and sea, so that for two miles there was not a hand's breadth of space where this hostile race was not to be found.

"That day our own losses and the sufferings of our horses, who were pierced through and through with arrows and darts, showed how persistently the enemy kept up the attack; and then indeed we found out the use of our stalwart cross-bowmen, our bowmen and those closely-wedged followers who at the very rear beat back the Turkish onset by constant hurling of their weapons so far as they could.

"Yet for all this, the enemy in a little while rushed on them again like a torrent of waters, redoubting their bows and so drunk with fury that at last many of our cross-bowmen could hold out no longer, but, throwing away their bows and cross-bows in sheer dread of death, gave way before the intolerable onset of the Turks and forced a path within the close ranks of our main army, lest they should be cut off from our comrades.

Hammed In By Fierce Saracens.

"But the better men and bolder, whom shame forbade to yield, faced about and strove against the Turks with unflinching valor. So they marched backwards in their anxiety to keep themselves from the danger they would run by advancing too confidently in the ordinary method; and all that day they went on, picking their way rather than marching, with their faces turned toward the Turks, who threatened at their rear.

"Ay! in the stress and bitter peril of that day there was no one who did not wish himself safe at home with his pilgrimage finished. And of a truth our little handful of people was hemmed in on every side by so vast a multitude of Saracens that it could not have escaped had it been so minded; and like a flock of sheep within the very jaws of the wolves, our men, cooped up as they were, could see nothing around them excepting the sky and their pestilent enemies swarming up on every side.

"Lord God! What were then the feelings of that weak flock of Christ's

Who ever had to bear up against such cruel oppressors? Who was ever ground down by such want of all things? There you might see our soldiers after losing their steeds march along on foot with the footmen, shooting arrows or anything else that chance supplied them with. The Turks, too, whose special pride it is to excel with the bow, kept up the shower of arrows and darts till the air resounded and the brightness of the sun itself grew dark as with a wintry fall of hail or snow by reason of the number of their missiles.

An Appeal to the King.

"Our horses were transfixed with arrows and darts, which covered the surface of the ground so thickly everywhere that a man could have gathered twenty with a single sweep of his hand. And now our assailants smote on the backs of our men as they advanced, as if with mallets; so that it was no longer a case for using arrows and darts from a distance, but for piercing with lances or crushing with heavy maces at close quarters; for hand-to-hand attacks with drawn swords, while the blows of the Turks resounded as if from an anvil. The battle raged most severely in the rear rank of the Hospitallers because they might not repay the enemy, but had to go along patient under their sufferings, silent though battered by clubs and, though struck, not striking in return. At last, unable to bear up against so vast a host, they began to give way and press upon the squadron ahead of them. They fled before the Turks, who were madly raging in their rear.

"At last more than 20,000 Turks made a sudden confused rush, battering at close quarters with clubs and swords, redoubting their blows against the Hospitallers and pressing on in every way, when lo! one of this brotherhood, Garnier de Napes, cried out with a loud voice, 'O illustrious knight St. George, why dost thou suffer us to be thus confounded? Christendom itself is now perishing if it does not beat back this hateful foe! Thereupon the master of the Hospital, going off to the king, said, 'Lord king, we are grievously beset and are likely to be branded with eternal shame as men who dare not strike in their own defense.

"Each one of us is losing his own horse for nothing, and why should we put up with it any longer? To whom the king made reply, 'My good master, it must needs be endured.' So the master returned to find the Turks pressing on and dealing death in the rear, while there was no chief or count who did not blush for very shame.

The Tide of Battle Turns.

"O how blind is human fate! On what slippery joints it tilters! Alas, on what doubtful wheels it moves along, evolving human events in uncertain succession. Truly an incalculable host of Turks would have perished if matters had been carried out according to the previous arrangement. For whilst our men were retreating together and had at last determined that the time for charging the enemy had come, two knights, impatient of delay, overthrew the whole plan. For it had been decreed that when the moment for setting upon the Turks arrived, six trumpets should sound in three several parts of the army.

"If this plan had only been carried out the whole body of the Turks would have been cut off and routed; but thanks to the overhaste of these two knights the order was not observed, to the great disadvantage of the common weal. For these two, you must know, breaking from the ranks, spurred their steeds against the Turks, overthrowing and transfixing each his man.

"Now when the other Christians saw those two rushing against the Turks so boldly and calling upon St. George for aid in so loud a voice, they all in a body wheeled round their steeds, in the name of Christ the Saviour, followed and stung themselves against the foe with one mind. All the rest advanced boldly and at once; behind them rushed in the swift-footed men of Polton, the Bretons, the Angevins and others whose valor was such that they transfixed each Turk as he came against them with their lances and bore him to the ground.

"In this encounter the air grew black with dust, and the whole body of the Turks who had set purpose dismounted so as to aim their darts

and arrows better, had their heads cut off, for our foot soldiers decapitated those whom our knights had overthrown.

"King Richard, seeing the army in confusion, put spurs to his horse and flew up to the spot, not slackening his course till he had made his way through the Hospitallers, to whose aid he brought his followers. Then he bore on the Turks, thundering against them and mightily astonishing them by the deadly blows he dealt. To right and left they fell away before him. Oh! how many might there be seen rolled over on the earth, some groaning, others gasping out their last breath as they wallowed in their blood, and many, too, maimed and trodden underfoot by those who passed by. Everywhere there were horses riderless.

"Then King Richard, fierce and albane, pressed on the Turks, laying their low; none whom his sword touched might escape; for wherever he went he made a wide path for himself, brandishing his sword on every side. When he had crushed this hateful race by the constant blows of his sword, which mowed them down as if they were a harvest for the sickle, the remainder, frightened at the sight of their dying friends, began to give him a wider berth; for by now the corpses of the Turks covered the face of the ground for half a mile.

"At last the Turks are really routed; they leap from their saddles; a dust, full of danger to our men, rises from the combatants. For when our warriors, fatigued with slaying and eager to catch even a breath of air, left the thick of the fight, they could not recognize one another owing to the cloud of dust, but began to lay about them indifferently to right and left, slaying friends in mistake for foes.

"But still the Christians pounded away with their swords till the Turks grew faint with terror. There you might see many a bearded Turk lie maimed and mutilated, but still striving to resist with the courage of despair until, as our men began to prevail, some of the enemy, shaking themselves free from their steeds, hid among the bushes or climbed up the trees, from which they fell dying with horrid yells before the arrows of our men. Truly in a notable manner was that hostile race driven back, so that for two miles you could see nothing but the sight of those who just before had been so pertinacious in attack, so haughty and so fierce. But with God's aid, thus did their pride perish.

(By the Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

Odd Table Etiquette of Sixteenth Century

A few rules of etiquette from "Galathee," a handbook of the Sixteenth century, seem amusing:

"At the beginning of the meal everyone should wash their hands in each other's presence in order that those who are going to put their hands in the same dish together may have no doubt about the cleanliness of each other's hands."

"It was perfectly proper to throw the bones, the gristle, the uneaten parts of the vegetables on the floor behind one—the servants swept it up. 'Galathee' says: 'It isn't proper to scratch yourself at the table, and one should abstain as much as possible from spitting, but if one has to do it, gently.' 'I have heard it said,' the book continues, 'that there are nations so well behaved that they do not spit. Furthermore, one should not gobble one's meat so rapidly that one makes a noise and loses one's breath.'

Henry III, by a royal decree, ordered that when he was at his meals, no one else should lean on the royal chair but the captain of the guard. Furthermore, Henry ordered that guests should arrive at meals clean and sober, should not drink too constantly lest they get drunk.

I have personally always been interested in historical romances, and it was trying to imagine what the condition of the inn was in the times of d'Artagnan and Porthos that first aroused my architectural interest in conditions of food, travel and habitation.

Alexandre Dumas wrote a cook book himself. He was a great gourmet, but he was also a great story teller; and I am inclined to think that the descriptions he wrote in the Nineteenth century of Seventeenth century conditions were no more accurate and no more capable of giving a correct historical impression than was Paul Veronese's great painting of the marriage feast at Cana of giving an accurate picture of the miracle of wine and water.—Gay Lowell in Scribner's Magazine.

Practice Will Make Any Voice Charming

"A woman without charm is like a rose without fragrance," writes Francesca Doane in the Physical Culture Magazine.

"There is nothing that so quickly denotes the presence of a gentlewoman as the sound of her voice. There is nothing that detracts from an otherwise pleasing personality as a coarse, strident tone or a shrill, nasal accent. A melodious, restful voice is far more appealing to the harassed nerves of the tired business man than the most provocative giggle or piquant baby talk of Broadway's snappiest chorus.

"One of the pleasantest ways of acquiring a harmonious voice is by talking to music. Do not sing the words. Talk them. You will find that your vocal tone will unconsciously adjust itself to the music. The theme of the melody will be reflected in your voice."

ATWATER KENT RADIO



Buy your radio just as you buy your farm machinery...

WHO MAKES IT—and how? Is it simple, and easy to keep in order? Will it do its job—and keep on doing it?

Aren't these the questions you want answered before you invest your money in a tractor and everything else you use on the farm?

It's the same way with radio. Here's an instrument your family will depend upon for years and years. You want to know it's always ready to go.

Atwater Kent Radio comes from the largest manufacturer. It is made of better materials than are ordinarily thought necessary. So strictly is its reputation guarded that one out of every eight workers is a tester or inspector—and every set has to pass 222 tests before it can leave the factory.



Battery Sets, \$49-\$68. Eight magnifying vacuum tubes included in price. Full-range Dial Model 36, \$49; Model 40, extra-powerful, \$48. Prices do not include tubes or batteries.



Model 36. The new all-in-one set that fits so beautifully anywhere. Five vacuum tubes. Full-range Dial. \$49.45. Requires 6 A. C. tubular rectifying tube. Without tubes, \$37.



Model 40 (Electric), \$77. For 110-115 volt, 60 cycle alternating current. Requires 6 A. C. tube and 1 rectifying tube, \$77 (without tubes).

On the air—every Sunday night—Atwater Kent Radio Hour—listen in! Price slightly higher west of the Rockies. Atwater Kent Mfg. Co., A. Atwater Kent, Pres. 4700 Wissahickon Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

Catfish. The Chorus Lady—I know I ain't got much voice. My face is my fortune.

Rough Soubrette—Well, poverty ain't no crime, but if you should go bankrupt I'd hate to be the receiver.

Mrs. John Durrum Says Could Write All Day and Not Say Enough Good About Milks Emulsion

"Have been thinking for some time of writing you in regard to Milks Emulsion.

"When I wrote you last fall I was very much discouraged. Doctors had told me for five years that I had T. B. Five doctors told me last fall that I was in advanced stages of T. B. 'I have taken your wonderful medicine all winter. Sometimes I would neglect taking it every hour, but would take several doses a day, and this is the first winter for seven years that I haven't spent most of the winter in bed. I haven't been in bed sick this winter, and for two years I had been so sore across my abdomen I couldn't bear to press on it. That is all gone. I do all of my housework now except washing; weight 117 pounds, and feel fine.

"I can't praise your Emulsion enough, I tell every one I talk to what it has done for me and feel ashamed if I neglect it sometimes when I know what it has done for me and what it means for me.

"I could write all day and could never write enough good words about Milks Emulsion." Yours truly, Mrs. John Durrum, 451 W. Green St., Frankfort, Ind.

Sold by all druggists under a guarantee to give satisfaction or money refunded. The Milks Emulsion Co., Terre Haute, Ind.—Adv.

Couldn't Be Anything Else. Student (sniffling)—"I have a cold or something in my head." Professor—"A cold, undoubtedly."—Stray stories.

If you use Red Cross Ball Blue in your laundry you will not be troubled by those tiny rust spots, often caused by inferior bluing. Try it and see.—Adv.

If you are up against a hard job that seems impossible, kick out the "imp" and work heartily and cheerily.—Sir Robert Baden-Powell.

There are a few self-made men and a great many self-made blond women in the world.

So, when an Atwater Kent comes into your home, it is absolutely dependable—and it stays so. You do not have to fuss and tinker and apologize... If Atwater Kent makes it, it's right—tone, volume range—everything. More than 2,000,000 owners know it.

House current or battery sets—your choice

Quality Atwater Kent Radio—first choice of rural families everywhere—is offered in two forms: 1. For all-electric operation direct from the same house current that lights your home; you merely plug in. 2. For operation from batteries.

Either way, you get plenty of power for long-range reception, natural tone, and instantaneous program selection with the Full-Visitor Dial. There are several all-electric models and two battery models. Let an Atwater Kent dealer advise you as to which is best for your locality.

Sold Again!

A small boy entered a grocer's shop. "Please have you any dry biscuits?" he asked the man behind the counter. "Yes, as many as you want, I dare say."

He reached down a large tin. "Is that the only kind you have?" "No; here's another."

"Are you sure they are very dry?" "Quite sure."

"Very well, then"—the boy backed towards the open door—"why not give 'em a drink?"

GREAT DISCOVERY KILLS RATS AND MICE, BUT NOTHING ELSE

Went Kill Livestock, Poultry, Dogs, Cats, or even Baby Chickens. K-R-O (Kills Rats Only) is a new exterminator that can be used about the house, barn or poultry yard with safety as it contains no deadly poisons. K-R-O is made of Squill, as recommended by U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, under the Conable process which insures maximum strength. Two rats killed 578 rats at Arkansas State Farm. Hundreds of other testimonials. Sold on a Money-Back Guarantee. Inset upon K-R-O (Kills Rats Only), the original Squill exterminator. All druggists 75c, or direct if not yet introduced. Large size (four times as much) \$2.00. K-R-O Co., Springfield, O.

The Albany

Denver's Central Downtown Hotel at Reasonable Rates. Frank A. Dutton, Martin E. Renley.

Health Giving Sunshin E All Winter Long

Marengo, Illinois—Good Hotels—Tourist Camps—Splendid Roads—Cozy Mountain Views. The scenery is indeed a feast for the eyes. Write Mrs. A. Sherry.

Palm Springs CALIFORNIA

Garfield Tea Was Your Grandmother's Remedy

For every stomach and intestinal ill. This good old-fashioned herb home remedy for constipation, stomach ills and other derangements of the system so prevalent these days is in even greater favor as a family medicine than in your grandmother's day.

Lincoln County News

Published Every Friday

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IND. A. HALEY - Editor and Publisher

FRIDAY, MAR. 22, 1929

Mexico's Revolution

It is rather difficult to reach a definite conclusion on the Mexican revolution, which has been in progress for about three weeks. Various reports come out of the republic, each report colored by the faction sending it, and conveying the tidings of victory.

Beginning with the capture of Juarez, the revolutionists won victories and captured a number of strategic points with little fighting, but their progress south has been stayed by Calles' advance from Mexico City, which resulted in an acknowledged retreat of the revolutionary forces. The federal advance was aided by airplanes, which seem to have done most of the fighting.

Notwithstanding the retreat of the rebel forces, they have, according to late advices bottled up the federals in two or three important strongholds, and have also won in some minor engagements. A decisive battle between the main forces is expected soon.

TOMBSTONE'S FIRST WOMAN

Tombstone, Arizona, was known as the "magic city of the desert," and was established in April, 1879, when the gold strike was made by Schieffelin.

A miner named Davis brought his wife and daughter with him and settled in a little wooden shanty. The news spread far and wide that there were women in Tombstone. Cowpunchers with silk sashes and big sombreros began to pour in, and miners from the Top Knot and Contenton with clean shirts and overalls gathered in little groups and talked in low voices. An air of suppressed excitement hung over the camp and at last the groups all moved towards Davis' home.

What a crowd it was that surrounded the little shanty, made up as it was of criminals and refugees from all parts of the world. The woman and her daughter were terribly frightened and Davis went out and begged the men to go away.

"Let us see the ladies first," they shouted. "We won't harm 'em."

Davis saw they were on the level and went into the house. Telling his wife there was nothing to fear, he led her out, followed by his trembling daughter. Every hat in the crowd was doffed and a cheer arose on the still air that made the canyons and gulches echo again. The men near the women kissed the hem of their gowns, tears sprang into many an eye that had been long a stranger to such emotions, as visions of other and brighter days came back, then suddenly with one accord they broke into the hymn:

"Nearer my God to thee,
Nearer to Thee"

Notice

In order that Carrizozo may be a clean town during the conventions to be held the latter part of April, all citizens are urged to remove all trash and rubbish from their premises before April 26th.
3-22-2 G. T. McQuillen, Mayor.

Special Easter Service

There will be special Easter services at the Baptist church Carrizozo next Sunday at the eleven o'clock hour. You are always welcome at our church.

Market Enlarged

The manufacturing facilities of Chevrolet Motor Company, numbering 16 great manufacturing plants in this country, are rapidly approaching the volume of output necessary to meet this year's revised annual quota which calls for the manufacture of 1,350,000 passenger car and truck units.

This was signified last week when W. S. Knudsen, president of the company, announced that March production would reach 130,000 units, an amazing output when it is considered that active production on the new six cylinder cars has been underway less than three months. Although no definite figures were issued it can readily be assumed that April's schedule will call for an even larger production, and that mid-summer will witness a quantity output in all of Chevrolet's assembly plants never before equaled by a manufacturer of six cylinder automobiles.

Mr Knudsen related that February production amounted to 121,249 units, with only 22 working days in the month, daily production for the period averaged better than 5,500 a day.

These figures lent further emphasis to the astounding achievement of the company last fall in changing over from production of fours to sixes with only a six weeks interim to effect necessary alterations.

Upon his return to Detroit a few days ago from a six weeks trip which took him across the northern part of the country and into the far west, R. H. Grant, Chevrolet vice president in charge of sales, spoke with marked optimism of the prevalent demand for the new six cylinder cars. Nearly everywhere, he declared, dealers indicated to him that they had found an increased market for the new product. The cars, he said, are being delivered to owners as fast as they can be distributed.

A WEDDING

March 23
High School Auditorium
See the Programme
On the first Page



Sweet-oh-line

"KIDS," I said, "Why it's not my fault your house is always full of neighbor kids."

"Maybe you think it isn't," he complained, "but ever since we've had the house all lighted up, the kids have stayed at home—and had their friends come over. And if you want to hear the worst quartet in the world, come over to my house between 8 and 10 any evening in the week."

The old boy sounded peeved. But he was secretly pretty pleased that his house was being used as a meeting place for the youngsters. Tell you, you have to make things attractive for kids these days. And it's worth the effort.

F. A. ENGLISH
CARRIZOZO, N. M.
PHONE 89

Just phone up or drop me a card and I'll bring Delco-Light to your home for a night demonstration!

DELCO-LIGHT
ELECTRIC POWER AND LIGHT PLANTS

WATER SYSTEMS
PRODUCTS OF GENERAL MOTORS
Made and Guaranteed by Delco-Light Company, Dayton, Ohio

AVOL
CASE

Thousands of prescriptions for this remarkable formula were filled by druggists last year, over 20,000 physicians, dentists and warfare nurses recommend and endorse A-Vol as a harmless, safe, rapid relief for pain, depression, fever, cold, flu.

Contains No Aspirin or Other Heart Depressants.
Headaches! Colds! Neuralgia! Dental Pain!

ROOMS FOR RENT

Clean, Comfortable and Rates Reasonable . . .

NEXT DOOR TO CITY GARAGE
MRS. MARY FORSYTH.

Patronize the
CARRIZOZO EATING HOUSE

E. M. SWART, Manager
Open Day and Night.
Dinner Parties Our Specialties.
Business Men's Lunch, 11.45 to 2.00 o'clock.
Fifty Cents.

Lincoln County School Notes

(Alice M. Frazer, County Supt.)
The County Board of Education will hold its next regular meeting in the office of the County School Superintendent on April 1. We hope to have all members of the board present, as there are a number of important matters to be considered at this meeting.

Preparations for the Lincoln County Teachers' Convention are moving along nicely. The meeting this year will be in Carrizozo on April 5th and 6th. Practically all the teachers are planning to come and we hope for 100 per cent attendance from all of the schools. The excellent program and entertainment being prepared under the efficient management of Mr. Helm and his committee will make this meeting well worth while.

The Superintendent last week visited the Lincoln, Hondo, Picacho, Tinnie and Glencoe schools. Since the weather has gotten so much warmer the attendance has very materially increased and some of the schools are overcrowded. This is an important time in the life of the school.

The election for school directors, making up the budget and plans for next year's work all come up for consideration next month.

Mr. Fred Pungsten was in to see us this week in the interest of the Lincoln school.

The English department of the Hondo High school is doing very excellent work. The original poems by the Sophomore Class were quite clever. I regret that space does not permit us publishing more of these poems. The following poem, entitled "The Old Prospector," was written by Miss Nina Perry:

The old prospector in his search for gold
Travels many a desert trail;
He often braves the heat and cold
And faces the wintry gale.
At night around the campfire
He tells of days of yore,
When with the strong desire
He sought the pure, rich ore.
Many long years he has wandered
Following the long desert trail;
Often of late he has wondered
If—after all—he would fail.

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

What the Gray House Hid

By Wyndham Martyn

The house itself was honest. Nothing about its spacious comfort, agreeable architecture and beautiful surroundings but suggested hominess and hospitality. And, as matters turned out, the domicile did not belie its appearance. It was entirely man's evil which besmirched its reputation, an evil for which none of the various owners of the place had been responsible. Thrills and comedy combine in this charming tale of a country mansion.

Will Be Printed Socially in



\$25.45 to Los Angeles

\$30 to San Francisco

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

Southern Pacific

C. P. HUPPERTZ
Agent

Boy Scouts Jamboree

The local Boy Scouts are looking forward with interest to the coming Jamboree at Roswell April 12th. This is the fifth annual meeting of the scouts of the Eastern New Mexico Area Council and from all indications over five hundred scouts will attend and take part in the event.

The program will start at 1 p. m. and will last through the afternoon and evening. The evening will be taken up with competitive events in Archery, hatchet throwing, wall scaling, fire by friction, flint and steel, tent pitching, cooking, drill, first aid, signaling, knot tying, model airplane flying, bugling, and demonstrations.

During the evening program Eagle badges will be awarded to several scouts. This is the highest rank in scouting and every scout looks forward to reaching it.

Scoutmaster Rowland is rehearsing the local troops at each regular meeting and from all reports they expect to come home with some of the ribbons.

Gifted Artists Coming

A musical comedy, Fuller and Jewel carrying the roles, will appear at the Crystal Theatre Monday and Tuesday nights, March 25-26. According to press reports, this is an outstanding vaudeville and musical presentation. Their presentations are dignified as "classy," and patrons are assured a pleasing and hilarious hour when they go to the theatre on the occasion of the visit of these artists. In addition, the regular evening's program will be given.

No Answer to That

"You'll never get anywhere going around so much," growled dad.
"We'd be out of luck if the earth heard you say that and decided you were right," retorted the son.

Your sole contribution to the sum of things is yourself.—Crane.

Telephone News

LOWER SERVICE CONNECTION CHARGES ARE ANNOUNCED

MORE SERVICE AT LOWER COST



An extension telephone for your bedroom, kitchen, library—for any room in the house—can now be had for less than half the service connection charge that had been effective until March 1. This substantial reduction in charges for the connection of new equipment or changes in existing service is an obvious benefit to subscribers throughout the entire Mountain States territory served by this Company.

Reductions have also been made in charges for the connection of business telephone extensions and for moving telephones from one part of the house or office to another. In addition, the charge for changing the type of your telephone (hand, desk or wall set) has been reduced more than one-half.

The reductions are entirely in line with this Company's policy and the aim of the Bell System—"to provide the most telephone service and the best at the least cost to the public."

INVESTING \$2,785 A DAY

For every working day of 1929 almost \$2,785 will be invested in a Greater Telephone System for a Greater New Mexico.

Put into land and buildings, switchboard and cables, poles and wires, the 1929 budget, largest in the history of The Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company, will mean a continually improving telephone service for this territory.

Ask Our Local Manager for New Charges

Howdy Folks

Now the Housewives of Carrizozo and vicinity can furnish the family with the Wonderful

Valley Queen Bread

Baked Electrically in New Mexico's finest Bakery and delivered to your grocer Fresh every day.

Request

Valley Queen Bread

from your dealer and enjoy every slice because it is really

"Just Better-That's All"

Pecos Valley Baking Co.

ROSWELL, N. MEX.

"Where Every Employee Has A Health Certificate"

Ft. Stanton News

Dr. and Mrs. Reid gave a St. Patrick's day party, which was attended by everybody on the parade.

Miss M. Converse, Miss I. M. Gunn, Mr. Mickey and Mr. W. Clark went to El Paso on a shopping trip.

Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Warner of Glencoe N. M. visited the Sellers family on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Deason of Clouderoft, N. M. came to visit Mrs. Cavanaugh who is convalescing from pneumonia. Mr. Deason reports quite a lot of snow at Clouderoft, and the roads are bad from Mesalero to Clouderoft.

Mr. J. Major and Mr. W. Farrell went on a business trip to Roswell. Our able representative is home and has been kept quite busy visiting her constituents.

Miss Chavin of Memphis Tenn. arrived from there to join the nursing staff.

Mrs. Brockwell and children accompanied by Mr. Pitta visited the Ruidoso on Sunday.

A baseball meeting was held at the Fort, at which Mr. Hendren was unanimously elected as manager. In Mr. Hendren the team is very fortunate, as he is a very astute and sagacious manager, and will certainly have the team in first class shape. Mr. Lee Payman was unanimously re-elected as secretary-treasurer, so with the baseball committee composed of Dr. Haire, Mr. Brewster, Mr. L. Payman and our able manager Mr. Hendren, we will put one of the finest teams in the field.

Mr. S. Leone formerly of Fort Stanton, is working as operator for the Postal Telegraph Co. at Stockton, California and is expecting to go with the Western Pacific R. R. Co. real soon, and to be placed in Utah in a managerial position. All his old friends at the Fort wish him the best of luck as he was one of our most popular patients.

While in Roswell your correspondent attended the preliminary hearing of the murder trial of Mr. Beaumont, the scene in the court room was very touching. The kindly judge, the prosecuting attorney looking quite severe as becomes his office, the prisoner nervous and blowing in his hands, listening attentively to the State's witnesses, and for a while it looked quite bad, until the attorneys for the defence called their witnesses, when things took on a rosier hue and the Judge's verdict of bail in the sum of \$2500.00 was applauded by all present. The scene in the courtroom was quite worthy of the pen of an O. Henry.

In the near future there will be several large chicken men at Fort Stanton, as several of the patients have signed up for the course in poultry raising which is going to be given at the Fort, through the kindness of Dr. Tappan in conjunction with the N. M. A. C. The class will be in the charge of Mr. Boyd the expert farmer. We are glad to note the interest it creates among the patients, as it is one of the finest rehabilitation measures so far undertaken at the Fort, and shows the personal interest Dr. Tappan has in the welfare of the patients.

King-Dingwall

Miss Mary Dingwall, a sister of the well known brothers of that name here and in El Paso, and a niece of Mrs. Morgan Lovelace, was married at the home of her parents in Comanche, Texas, on March 9, to Ralph E. King. The bride has visited here a number of times and made many friends who wish her and her life partner all the joy and prosperity obtainable. The newly-weds will reside at Brady, Texas.

FOR ECONOMICAL TRANSPORTATION



A Quarter Million NEW SIX CYLINDER CHEVROLETS on the road since JAN. 1st

To satisfy the overwhelming public demand for the new Chevrolet Six, the Chevrolet Motor Company has accomplished one of the most remarkable industrial achievements of all time. In less than three months after the first Chevrolet Six was delivered to the public, the Chevrolet factories are producing 6,000 cars a day. As a result, more than a quarter-million new Chevrolet Sixes have been delivered to date—and this tremendous popularity is increasing every day! If you have not yet seen and driven this remarkable car—come in for a demonstration!

The Roadster, \$525; The Phaeton, \$535; The Coach, \$595; The Coupe, \$595; The Sedan, \$675; The Sport Cabriolet, \$695; The Convertible Landau, \$725; Sedan Delivery, \$595; Light Delivery Coach, \$400; 1 1/2 Ton Coach, \$545; 1 1/2 Ton Chassis with Cab, \$650. All prices f. o. b. factory, Flint, Mich.

-a Six in the price range of the four CITY GARAGE, V. REIL, Prop. CARRIZOZO, NEW MEXICO

QUALITY AT LOW COST

Highest prices paid for hides and pelts—Ziegler Bros.

Joe Stratton Dies

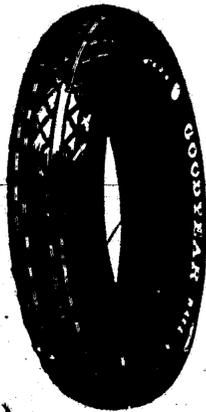
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CITY GARAGE, Carrizozo, N. M.

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

A wire was received by the First National Bank Wednesday, from a bank in Gallup, stating that Joe Stratton had died there the day before and enquiring if he had any relatives here. Many friends here, where he lived for a number of years, and whose smile, ready wit and quaint expressions made him a welcome addition to any crowd, will learn with the deepest regret his passing.

Joe Stratton was one of that rapidly-disappearing brand of cowboys whose heaven was a round-up and who followed the long trail from Texas to Montana, pushing the longhorns to greener pastures.

If, as some contend, the life beyond the grave is but an enlargement on our earthly existence, with a promise of satisfying those desires—in a larger measure—than are enjoyed here, we can wish our old friend nothing better than when he knocks at the portals he'll be invited into the green fields of Eden, where he will meet old comrades who have gone before and who will point out a herd of beautiful white faces that require his attention. A man who has done as much to make the world laugh as did Joe Stratton, is, we believe, entitled to "carry on" in the future.

We are in receipt of a card this morning announcing a law partnership, its members composed of two men well known in Lincoln county—Judge E. L. Medler and Buel R. Wood. The new firm is located in Los Angeles, offices 1306 1307, Washington Building, 3rd and Spring streets. Judge Medler was the presiding judge of this district for seven years following statehood and at the expiration of his term opened a law office in El Paso, practicing for a number of years in Texas and New Mexico. Attorney Wood entered the practice of law in South Dakota, came to Carrizozo in 1913, where he followed his profession until 1917, when, upon the breaking out of hostilities, he enlisted in the regular army, went to France and saw many months of active service. Returning some months after cessation of hostilities, he was in Texas for a short while and later went to Los Angeles. Both these gentlemen are splendid lawyers and have many friends throughout this section who wish them a successful career in the coast metropolis.

March is acting a little naughtily today, but, then, tomorrow will be another day.

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ADDITIONAL LOCAL

Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. English returned Wednesday from a visit to Hot Springs.

Mrs. Paul Mayer has been in Tularosa the past week with her sick mother Mrs. A. J. Gilmore.

Frank W. Gureny came up from El Paso Wednesday morning, spent two days here and left last night for his home at Elk City, Kansas. Come again soon, Frank.

O. L. Ferguson and family arrived yesterday from Dubau, Oklahoma, in response to correspondence with and literature supplied by the Chamber of Commerce. They are driving over the county seeking a location.

S. W. Hale, Section foreman on the Capitan branch, made this office a pleasant call Monday. Mr. Hale has been with the company for about twenty-three years, and nearly all of that time he has been on the Capitan branch, having taken over that job twenty-two years ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter L. Burnett and children are here this week from Odessa, Texas, visiting the McMillan family. Mr. Burnett has disposed of his business at Odessa and may return to Carrizozo and reenter business here. It will be a source of pleasure to have the Burnetts with us again.

Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Bennett and children were here last weekend from Alpine, Texas, visiting the Slight family at the L-X ranch. Mrs. Bennett is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Slight. Mr. Bennett is the publisher of the Alpine Avalanche, one of the liveliest weeklies in the Big Bend country. Our office acknowledges a fraternal call from Brother Bennett.

The Study Club will present a program tomorrow night at the High School Auditorium, for the benefit of the Woman's Club. The program consists of musical numbers and a play. The club has given much time to the preparation of this program, and a glance at the program and the names associated give an assurance that it will be highly entertaining. Remember, tomorrow night (Saturday) at 8 o'clock, at the High School Auditorium.

E. H. Sweet, of the Carrizozo Eating House, went to El Paso Friday last, and left there for Los Angeles Sunday. He will be with a brother who resides there for an indefinite period. Mr. Sweet's health has not been good for some months past, and it was thought that rest and freedom from business cares, combined with a lower altitude might prove beneficial.

T. E. KELLEY
Funeral Director and Licensed Embalmer
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Carrizozo N. M.

The Marked Man

A Romance of the Great Lakes
By KARL W. DETZER

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CHAPTER XIII—Continued

Norman dragged McCarthy past the threatening gywheel and stowed him forward under the low deck, bracing him down with nets and a cork belt. At the stern he lifted the trap and staggered out again into the slipless immensities of the night.

It was hideous this time. A moment Norman faltered. Then he slumped down the trap. A brazen sea slapped his face. The tiller, yanking at its lines under foot, banged against his left ankle. He released the lines and gripped the oak bar between his heels. The boat glided answered the push of its propeller. Norman, clinging to the hand rail, felt the water as it swept over him, tearing the sou'wester from his aching head.

When he opened his eyes, his father's craft was rising high on the top of another roller. The horizon lay black on all sides. What did that mean? What could it mean? One thing, one only. Fog!

"What's a bit of thick weather?" he asked himself groggily. "What's a bit of thick weather to an Erickson?"

It had become bitterly cold. The night was far along. How many hours had he worked on that blasted motor? Two anyway, or perhaps three. Daylight must be near. But how far had he drifted? Was the shore a mile ahead, or ten miles? Was it sand or reefs?

Eh? What was that?
He heard a sound down the squalling wind, an infinitesimal sound, far away. Wind? No, not wind. It came too steadily, a distant and indistinct snore. Little as fog signal? Blind Man's Eye? No, too long a note for either of them. He heard it again. A vessel! That's what it was! A vessel! One long, unbroken, suppliant blast.

"Distress!" Norman told himself; he squinted low against the cabin. "Vessel in distress. Continuous blast."

His tired eyes picked through the darkness. The light leached. It stopped a million new winds, pooted, roiled winds down upon him. A faint luminance shone above the port bow. It was day. The horizon ran backward, halted at two hundred yards, and held fast.

Five minutes blew past. Then a blur of dark solidity broke out of the watery walls. He could make nothing of it for a moment. Shapeless, high a bulky immensity, it moved with a slow even motion. Then from one side an iron propeller took shape.

It was the stern of a freighter. Gradually, as she came nearer, her bow heaved into view, low in the water, with breakers smashing across the pilot house, gooding the observation. An ore carrier, she proved to be, of old build and eight or ten hatches; sinking, sinking by the bow.

The storm pushed her toward Norman. His eyes strained. The misty forms of five men clung to the taff-rail. Forward of the coal bunkers, hanging to a line, he made out others. He saw empty davits swinging like supplicating arms above the deck-houses. Empty. Their lifeboats had been lost, then . . . smashed, no doubt.

Little smoke showed from the funnel of the waterlogged vessel. Fires were dying, evidently. Norman strained his eyes for the name of the wreck.

He made it out at last. The Admiral Burkett of Duluth. She wallowed like a toy. Norman pitted her there in that malignant water. His own boat was getting nowhere. South-west or east, which was to be headed?

Once more the fog parted. Norman squinted his eyes. He did not believe what he saw at first. Straight ahead, not three miles, loomed the dunes of the Michigan coast. At the same time, through the murky half-lights of early morning, a great red glow burst forth upon the beach. A Coast signal.

Life-guards . . . coast guardmen! They had heard the Admiral Burkett's distress call.

The men on the freighter waved their arms. The flare was a warning to their captain. It told him that he was near shore. It might mean rocks ahead and the loss of his vessel. It might mean safe rescue, or perhaps wet death. With his propeller high above the water and boiler fire out, he was helpless.

Six men, clawing along a lifeline on the Burkett's deck, tested through seas to the flooded chain locker under the texas. They tumbled from sight, and immediately afterward a bow anchor dropped. It slipped low and lower into the water, dragging its chain down through the hawse-hole.

The captain of the Burkett had let go the anchor to keep from dragging ashore. The iron found bottom. Would she hold?

Norman brought his boat into the wind for the third time. Again he remembered the doctor. It had been hours since he had heard a sound from him. McCarthy might be dead.

His own plight had become a thing apart from him. His own life and Susan's fate were insignificant. He heard! Sure, he was heard! What

wouldn't he? He remembered what Delong had said. Those men on the freighter, were they scared, too? Of course they were!

The ore carrier snapped at her anchor. Fighting against it, she backed shoreward.

Now she held! She thumped down on the rocky ledge and stood firm a moment. Then a lumpy roller lifted her and thrashed her mercilessly.

The men on the deck threw up their hands. Norman fancied that he heard them cry out all together. They slid, slipped, scrambled. The freighter poised for one brave moment. Then, with a slow weary gesture, she rolled upon her port side. A wave smacked over her, and the funnel, still carrying a wisp of smoke, tumbled end-for-end, and pitched into the froth of waters.

Norman kicked over the tiller. He'd better watch his own going if he wanted ever to see home again. Home? He tasted the word bitterly. Where was it? What was it? To whom was he going home? To old Gustaf? No, a chilly grief spread through his heart. He choked it away. There was no time for regrets. Again he dodged the reef. No chance of crossing it. Must go around it. As he slid into a trough, mounted the next wave, and glanced shoreward, he cried out and gripped tight against the cabin.

Blind Man's Eye! Stiff, unyielding, unkindly of wind and water, it poked up its head half a mile to the southwest along the coast. At the same instant a steamy grumble pressed outward against the wind. Two short, one long, two short. . . .

Norman's feet steadied on the tiller. The husky voice of Blind Man's Eye called uproariously to him. It welcomed him home!

Between the wash and the tower, like grasshoppers on the sand, a coast guard crew made ready their gun. So it was one of Pariah's men who burned the Coast! They would send a shot line across the wreck of the Admiral Burkett, haul out the hawser carrying the breeches buoy and take in her men.

Hello! Like a soft warm breeze, floated through Norman's spirit. Relief! They were safe, those sailors. Now he need only get his own boat ashore.

A chill wave slapped down upon him. Shoot a line? Shoot a line out to Blind Man's Teeth? They couldn't do that. He turned cold, sick. Captain Pariah had said so himself.

Well, they were trying it, anyhow. On shore the brass gun exploded. Its projectile broke through the mist. The shot line uncoiled, spun into the air after it. Too short. A second and a third time the line sagged into the water. Short. Too much wind. Too much weather.

Minutes, half hours were passing. Ashore the surfmen stood idly. Norman guessed that they were debating among themselves, debating whether they dared launch their boat. He thought with a quickening heart of



He Heard It Again. A Vessel! That's What It Was!

the only other time that Pariah's boat had put out since he came to the point. He had made a poor figure that night, reaping ashore. And tonight, at home, lay Cat-eye McGoogan's letter.

A madness seized him. A dread? Scared? Coward? He'd never really tested himself. If Pariah's crew wouldn't attempt this, why shouldn't he do it for them? Why not?

He could try it. But he must hurry. Hours the vessel had wallowed.

He pointed Gustaf's boat toward the steamer. Breakers, white-headed, white-bearded, like giants incredibly old and unbelievably powerful, pummeled the side. But the motor chugged unceasingly. Norman's feet worked slowly along the tiller. He glanced shoreward once. The surfmen stood close together in a tight group.

They saw him, undoubtedly. They were staying ashore while he tried. No power-boat could make it out through that surf against the wind. It was up to him. Pariah had failed. Would he fail, too?

He worked his bow closer under the lee of the wreck. Twenty yards away the deck tipped now. A sailor with a coiled rope on his arm crawled to the rail. He hung down the rope.

It snapped directly over Norman's head, uncoiled in the wind, whipped down. He caught it loosely under his arm.

Norman took a full breath and with the line still under his arm, set one foot on the wet coaming alongside the cabin. Cautionally, gripping the hand rail, doused deep under mountainous waves, he crawled to the bow of his boat.

He made the line fast to the post. "Come on!" he howled, and the wind ate up his voice.

Fresh blasts ripped out of the north. The fish boat drew away from the freighter until the thin line snapped tight. Norman glanced overboard. A dark shape was rolling toward him on the crest of a gray wave. A map? No, a dog. The ship's dog! He reached out his arm. One moment he drew back his hand. Again he leaned out, strained toward the animal. It was a big dog, a good swimmer. His fingers gripped the hair, then a strong metal collar.

"Jump," he cried, "jump!" A wave leaped high over the coaming and flung the wet dog groveling at his feet. He looked up quickly at the deck above.

"Come on, men, hurry!" he howled again.

A pair of boots protruded over the higher rail. They slid, jerking along the life line from the steamer deck. A bulky body followed. Norman dragged the fellow to his knees, opened the forward hatch and dung in the seaman. He threw the dog in, too, before he slapped shut the cover. A second pair of boots kicked out of the fog. Again the hatch opened and shut with a bang. This time water poured into the cabin. Norman thought of the wiring of the stout-hearted engine doing its best. Without the engine, if the wiring became wet, that thin little line would part in a second. Without the engine there was no hope.

A third man glided the rope, hand over hand; a fourth; a fifth. The mist still open and Norman peered up through wet lashes, with aching, tormented eyes. Five more beads bobbed into sight. Farther aft, another paying him no attention, stood immovably by the rail, watching this hazardous rescue, taking no part in it. Six more to make the trip. That last one . . . that was the captain. It flashed over Norman, a captain loath to leave his command. What difference to the captain if she were only a tramp vessel, what difference if her very heart were torn out already? His own, his own command! Norman remembered his father, who swam alone from the wreck of his schooner on Mustache ahead. It would be hard to bring the captain down. A sixth man slid, a seventh.

The eighth, the ninth. "Where are the rest?" Norman screamed. "Four washed overboard in the dark trying to launch the lifeboats," the tenth sailor answered. His great voice was hoarse and blurted. "The old man's there yet . . . don't think he'll come." He jabbed a glove toward the broken ore carrier.

The captain had raised one foot toward the rail. Norman saw his face for a troubled second. Old, he appeared, with red whiskers. A sea broke across the deck. Before it came, the officer had drawn back his foot. Deliberately, coolly as a man at his own fireside, he braced his body while he fumbled in his pocket, opened a clamp knife and slashed the rope. He watched the fish boat slide safely away. He waved once and disappeared behind the rail.

He was not seen again. Such was his code.

CHAPTER XIV

Home

Norman slapped shut the cabin trap. Ashore men were running. Norman drove the bow deliberately and desperately against the high spitting wash of the beach. He was risking his father's boat. But why not?

Whose boat was she now, Gustaf's or his? She was a great little boat, wasn't she? Well built. Brava. Dependable. Handle her properly, what wouldn't she do? What hadn't she done for Gustaf? For Gustaf? Ah, but she was his son's boat now. She would do as much for him. Ten sailors . . . ten sailors and Doctor McCarthy depended on him. He drove the boat cruelly.

A boat could be mended. Forty yards from the beach Norman made out the forms of men running with a line into the surf. He screwed together his eyes that were blue as his father's ad been. He watched Captain Stocking, his fat red face twisted into astounding contortions, his mouth like a cavern.

He watched James Delong, bare-headed, hauling with the surfmen. He watched Sue Stocking thrash in to the waves with the men, and Julie Richard, up to her knees in water, sets to her cheeks, immovable as the light tower itself, staring straight at him in an ecstasy of terror.

So Julie had come? Come to pay a Sunday visit in spite of what Captain Stocking had said? He would convince her this time. Make her stay! The boiling heat hung atop the last of the breakers. It wrapped against bottom with an impact that threatened to tear Norman's head from his shoulders and his heart from his chest.

Trips to the cabin slipped off. The surfmen from the Admiral Burkett tumbled up to the deck in agonized attitudes of horror, hurt and dismay. The dog leaped out first among them. He plunged overboard and started swimming to shore just as Pariah snatched through the side of a tiny

ways. The captain flung the line from his shoulders. It landed with a thud on the deck. A sailor grabbed it and made it fast to a cleat.

"Wads in!" Norman shouted to McCarthy.

Norman, watching him go, felt the boat tip under foot. An unsuspected roller struck him from behind and wrenching loose his grip, swept him overboard. The wet line streaked above him. He grasped it, tugged, swallowed sand and water, heard an enormous roaring as of innumerable field pieces, breathed air once more, and was dragged to land.

It was Julie who was talking in his ear, saying sweet, silly things. Why was he so tired? Why was Julie here? He opened his eyes. Why was James Delong toting him on his back?

They reached the lighthouse. "I'll call you, Julie," Delong said. "Just a minute . . . want to rub him down."

"Here's a sailor . . . he has a broken arm," that was Sue's voice. "And, father, Norman brought in ten men!"

"And a dog," Captain Stocking added.

"A dog?" Sue cried.

Norman relaxed. A dog? What of it?

"Whose dog?" Sue demanded.

"Ship's dog," Samuel Stocking answered.

Norman shook his head. "No," he contradicted. "That ship's broken up. It's my dog now."

Delong's fingers felt like iron, pinching the flesh on his back. "That's enough," the lawyer cried. "Have you in bed in a minute. Here, take some of this . . . warm you up."

It burned his throat, whatever it was. Languidly he closed his eyes. Outside the wind howled. Norman heard it peacefully. Wind? It rocked a fellow to sleep, that wind. And he used to fear it? No, he couldn't have feared wind. He loved it, just as his father did.

"I'm coming in!" Julie's voice. Her eager, warm little voice! Norman sat up feebly. He remembered at last. Today was Sunday, the equinoxial. The keeper had not wanted visitors.

"Julie," he whispered, "Julie, come here a minute."

She came with a rush. But why was she crying? What was there to cry about? Or was that just Julie's way? Cry . . . why, she would cry or laugh, one of the two, every ten minutes, or else she'd die. That was all right. Wasn't he half Frenchie himself? He patted her hand.

"Give me my best suit," he bade in a husky whisper, "in that closet there. My uniform. That's it. Thanka. And Julie, when I come out I want to tell you something."

He fumbled into his clothes. No time to be in bed, on Sunday, with Julie Richard visiting the light. He walked unsteadily into the kitchen. Doctor McCarthy sat by the stove, his fat face blue-white.

"I can't thank you all at once, Erickson."

Norman grinned. "That's nothing." "Here's coffee, Norman," Julie said. "Thanka," he answered. "Tears again wet her eyes."

"No call for crying," he said awkwardly.

"Not cry for gladness?" "Let her cry!" boomed McCarthy.

Norman squeezed her hand and with exploring feet sought the kitchen door. He must get outside for a minute, must feel the wind again, let it clear his head. Most of all, he must see the radiant white tower of Blind Man's Eye.

He walked slowly around the house, breathing deeply. Midway to the tower Samuel Stocking, his daughter and James Delong were tramping toward him. The men lifted their feet heavily, like pack horses. Sue walked between them with her chin high. Her face was happy. Queer, that she should look so happy. Queer? Why, not wasn't he happy himself? He was returned to land. But not as a fugitive. He had not fed the sea. Land and gray sea, he loved both of them. He feared neither. It was a dream that he ever had feared, a dream melting with the soft insipid fog. Land and gray sea, both were beneficent to him.

The door was wet, the carpet soggy in the parlor. Captain Stocking sank into his rocking chair and stretched out his short legs. Julie opened the door from the kitchen. She came in compositely.

"Good riddance!" the captain said, gulping. "Good riddance, by Skille-sallee!"

"Riddance?" Norman asked. "Your friend Baker," Delong answered.

Sue broke in gravely. "He refused to rescue you."

"He backed out!" Captain Stocking shouted. "Pariah got his eyes opened. Itan him across the dunes soon as you was all ashore. Got to drown him ten fathoms deep. Such language, and at his age. My, oh, my!"

Norman listened with inattention. He heard what the keeper said, but his gaze flitted to Julie's round flushed face. Her black eyes were nearer purple now. He regarded them with a growing sense of peace. He was not interested in Ed Baker any more. Strange, but he was not. Many other things seemed much more important to him.

"My head!" he asked.

"High and dry, hot, high and dry, skinned up a little. We drag it in, all heavin' together."

Norman swallowed. An old wotry came back to Norman's present case. "Yes a rumson," he swallowed.

"Somebody complained to Inspector McGoogan."

"Cat-eye McGoogan?" Captain Stocking snapped his fingers. "That snooty in' alligator! I've writ him!"

"About me?" asked Norman.

Sue Stocking broke in quickly. "Did you have a letter from headquarters, Norman, and not tell us?"

Norman nodded.

Captain Stocking gulped. "Ye did? Well, I had one, too, Erickson. And I answered it. 'Conduct unbecomins' the service!' Josiah Pariah will write McGoogan now I guess, and Dog McCarthy. Don't you need to worry none?" He mopped his face. "You young 'uns have took all the tucker out of me this day for sure. Too many things at once!" He looked accusingly at his daughter. "Why couldn't you of warned?"

"Warned for what?" Norman demanded.

Sue Stocking smiled. Delong arose and walked toward her.

"You see, Norman, old shipmate," she explained, "I've decided, Jimmy

and I have, to go back inland to live. When? Why, Jimmy, just when do we go back?"

James Delong gripped her hand affectionately.

"Tomorrow or the next day at latest. As soon as we all get dried out and can bring the mislunger down. We're going to be married here, Erickson, in the lighthouse by a mislunger!"

"Well!" Sue asked in the silence that followed. "Aren't you congratulating us?"

Norman glanced at Julie Richard. Her black eyes were large and full of light, her cheeks flaming under her wet hair. She sat very composedly in the lighthouse parlor, as if she had lived there always. Sue arose briskly.

"Come, Jimmy, these people need something to eat. I don't know what they'll do after I'm gone. Norman isn't much of a housekeeper. How will you manage, you and dad? How will you ever keep shipshape?"

"Never mind, Sue," Norman said. "I guess Julie can tend to that."

"Julie!" Captain Stocking swung around.

"Yes," she agreed, looking straight at Norman. A great contentment shone on his face. Her own glow and responded to it. "Yes," she agreed. "I'll keep it shipshape."

"My, oh my!" the keeper puffed out of the room.

Norman lifted Julie blindly from the chair. She allowed her hands to remain in his. They were trembling a little.

"Julie!"

"Yes, Norman."

"You'll be happy at the lighthouse?" "Don't you hear me tell them? What matter the light, Norman, or the farm, or water, or anything so long as we are together? It's years and mine, isn't it? Land and sea, both of them. Yours and mine. Blind Man's Eye will be our home."

The door burst open. Samuel Stocking halted halfway through it, stared, exclaimed, popped out again. He blundered into the kitchen, saw the couple there, and escaped a second time.

"My, oh, my!" he met Doctor McCarthy in the hall. "Such a day! Such a day! And they ain't a spot on the reservation! A fool old man can go without settin' foot where he ain't required."

The doctor glanced at the two closed doors.

"A fine girl, Sue," he remarked. "Aye, and a fine boy I got. And my other girl, Julie, she's fine too. Was you to get me? Let's go smoke. Doctor. They's a bench in the signal house. My, oh my!"

He stamped down the hall. The fog signal howled . . . two short, one long . . . It died out, needing steam. Norman heard it undisturbed. Never mind, the keeper would tend it this time. He touched Julie's fragrant black hair.

"I love the water, Julie," he whispered.

"Nothing else, Norman?"

"The water and you. Looking down, he wiped her eyes gently. After all, she was only a little girl.

[THE END]

Thanks for the Change

"Women make fools of men." And sometimes make men of fools.

South West PARAGRAPHS

Pedro Guana of Winslow was found not guilty in Holbrook District Court of the charge of murdering his wife, Marie Sanchez Guana, on July 26, 1928.

The federal aid road project running from Santa Rosa, west and south on the Vaughn road, will be complete within a few weeks, highway engineers on the job announced in Santa Rosa.

None of New Mexico's natural scenery would be marred by signboards, fence signs, post signs and other ylow obstructions, under a bill introduced in the New Mexico Legislature by Speaker Baca.

Charles Edgar Park, convicted in the Superior Court of Navajo county of the charge of murdering Peiry Irito at Goodwater last June, was sentenced to life imprisonment in the state penitentiary at Florence by Judge J. E. Crosby.

The estate of Miguel A. Chaves of Santa Fe, patron of Catholic educational institutions, will exceed \$600,000 in value, even after large donations to Loretto Academy and St. Michael's College have been taken out. The inventory has been filed in Santa Fe by attorneys for the Chaves estate.

Authority has been granted to the Santa Fe railroad by the Arizona Corporation Commission, to publish new freight rate schedules governing fresh meats and packing house products moving between Phoenix, Prescott and Flagstaff. The new rate will apply on minimum carlots of 30,000 pounds.

An increase in the number of federal prohibition agents assigned to duty in Arizona from four to twelve, was announced in Phoenix by John H. Udall, deputy prohibition administrator for Arizona, coincidental with the change in administration by which Arizona is in a new federal district, composed of Arizona, Utah and Nevada.

Directly affecting producers in a dozen different sections of Arizona, purchases of Arizona-grown and Arizona-manufactured products by the Phelps Dodge Mercantile Company last year reached a new high record of \$293,656. It is shown in a "Trade at Home—Use Arizona Products" tabulation prepared for the Arizona Industrial Congress.

A center of culture has blossomed out of a desert. Santa Fe and Taos, N. M., have attracted at various times such authors as Willa Cather and Sinclair Lewis and more poets and painters than have elsewhere set their faces in any common direction, writes Mary Austin in the Bookman. "There is an entertaining quality in the daily life not easily achieved elsewhere in the United States."

With installation of chlorinators to safeguard the community's water supply, and advice to residents to boil water for domestic use and to exercise other preventive hygiene measures, the typhoid fever situation at McNary, Ariz., is believed to be well under control and no new outbreak of the disease is anticipated, according to a statement made in Phoenix by Dr. F. T. Fahlen, state superintendent of public health.

The annual encampment of the Arizona National Guard will be held August 11 to 25 this year, it is announced by Adjutant General Leonard M. Cowley. The camp will be on the rifle range at Fort Huachuca, the same as in former years, where mess halls and other camp buildings are located. The proposed new camp site at Grand Canyon, about eight miles south of the present site, will not be available this year in time for the regular tour of duty, it was understood.

Dr. M. A. Riscom, prominent Roswell dentist, was bound over to await action of the next Chaves county grand jury in the sum of \$15,000, following a preliminary hearing on a charge of second degree murder. He is charged with performing an illegal operation on Mrs. Mary Parsell, which resulted in the death of the woman.

Because deer are so plentiful, trapped yearling fawns and milk fed fawns from the Kaibab forest will be available soon for private parks and farms for those who desire them as pets.

The formal dedication of the new Chandler municipal airport and a month-end athletic banquet, were held in Chandler on March 12th and 13th.

Day by day the waters of the lake created by the new Coolidge dam are rising and creeping toward the lands of 600 Apache Indians, whose property eventually will be submerged. Again the red man is moving at the behest of the pale face. Although new lands are to be given him in exchange, and some \$146,668 paid for the inconvenience and trouble caused, the Indian is singing his song of lament into the ears of the great white father at Washington.

National officers and heads of three state departments will attend the tri-state convention of the Woodmen of the World in Tucson, April 4, 5 and 6, as well as delegates from Arizona and California, for the Woodmen circle convention on the same dates.

The Frontier Club of America, recently incorporated in New Mexico, is a new organization being perfected out of the former Roosevelt Hunting Club, of which former Attorney General Robert C. Dow of New Mexico is president and general manager. It was learned here.



Cry—Why, She Would Cry or Laugh, One of the Two, Every Ten Minutes, or Else She'd Die.

LIVE STOCK NEWS

DIPPING SHEEP IS EASILY DONE

Vat Is as Essential as Shed for Proper Shelter.

It has been said by one authority that "a dipping vat is as essential on a sheep farm as a shed for shelter." The farm dipping vat should be built of galvanized iron, wood, or preferably concrete. It should be six inches wide at the bottom and twenty inches at the top, and four feet long at the bottom with a gradual slope at one end making it eight feet long at the top. Slats should be nailed to walk out. The vat should have a total depth of about four feet and should be set in the ground so that the top will be six inches above the surface. At the exit a small drain pan with a tight floor should be constructed so that the drippings will drain back into the tank.

There are several devices for getting the sheep into the tank, one of the best being a strip of smooth sheet iron slightly sloping to the vat, upon which the sheep are driven and whence they may be easily forced into the dip. A small pen at the entrance is necessary to hold the sheep that are to be dipped.

There are a number of dips on the market and most of them are destructive to external parasites. Perhaps the most common are the coal-tar dips, which should be used at the rate of 2 1/2 gallons of dip to 100 gallons of water. The dip is most effective when used at a temperature of about 110 degrees Fahrenheit. It is not necessary to keep the sheep in the dip for any length of time, unless scab is present and then they should remain in the vat about two minutes. The head should be immersed twice, thus making sure that every part is thoroughly soaked. The cost of dipping will average about two cents per head besides the labor.

Unprofitable to Keep Ewes With Bad Udders

Although recent good prices for lambs and mutton are incentives for farmers to increase their flocks as rapidly as possible, there is no profit in keeping ewes with bad teeth or defective udders.

The ewe flock should be culled in the fall, according to a statement by animal husbandry specialists at Michigan State college, and the individuals whose usefulness is impaired for breeding should be sold for mutton. The culling should not be made on the basis of the appearance of the ewes, because animals which are good mothers frequently appear thin and sway-backed at this time of year.

Mutton sheep begin to lose their teeth at six or seven years of age and the fine wools at eight to nine. Any ewes whose udders show lumps, scars, or distortions should be discarded from the breeding flock.

The use of pure-bred rams in the flock is another means of improving flock quality, say the college specialists. To make it easy for farmers in the northern part of the state to secure good rams, 71 rams were carried by truck to a series of meetings in that section and were sold to farmers who attended the meetings. Last year, 21 rams were distributed by this method, and it is expected that another increase in the sale of rams will be made at meetings to be held next year.

Favor Early Operation on the Young Porkers

Castration should be done as early as possible in the pig's life in order to reduce the possibility of loss of growth and gain in weight following the operation. Also, young pigs are more conveniently handled than older pigs.

If the pigs are to be vaccinated after the operation, the vaccination should be delayed for a week or ten days, to let the wounds heal. On the other hand, if vaccination comes before the castrating, the operation should not follow until about a month after vaccination.

Important to Get Ewes Into Right Condition

The lambs should be weaned at least by the time they are five months old. The ewes should then be placed on good feed to give them a chance to start gaining and to get into a good thriving condition at breeding time. In years when there is poor pasture, it even pays to give the ewes some grain as this good feeding or flushing insures a larger lamb crop and also a more uniform date of birth of the lambs. It is important to tag ewes before they are turned with lambs.

Treating Lambs

When the lambs are about ten days to two weeks old, they should be docked and all the ram lambs that are not intended for breeding purposes should be castrated. It is important to have the lambs docked and castrated if the best prices are to be obtained. Provide a lamb creep in one corner of the yard for the purpose of feeding grain to the young lambs. Better gains will be obtained than if dependent entirely on their mother's milk.

MY FAVORITE STORIES

By IRVIN S. COBB

Dust to Dust

IN THE Pinonut mining region of Nevada during the early nineties, rich gold-bearing veins were discovered in the foothills. Coincident with this discovery came the development of placer claims in the beds of some valley streams. There was a tremendous rush of prospectors from neighboring mining towns, and Pinonut became the center of much activity. Unfortunately, it proved to be a superficial bonanza and petered out in a short time. A few fanatics still lingered on, hoping that a sharp pick in hopeful hands would open a new Golconda at an unexpected moment.

As Robert H. Davis tells the story, one of the "hangers on" had the bad taste to die. It was the custom in new mining camps for the district recorder to perform the services of the church and to lay to rest those who expired with or without their bows on. The ceremony was the same for both.

This particular funeral took place in the dry bed of the creek. A hole 4 by 2 by 3 had been scooped from the gravel. The body reposed in a rude coffin.

The recorder, from the Book of Common Prayer, read the service in a solemn voice:

The coffin was lowered by horny hands.

"Ye brought nothing into this world and ye shall take nothing out."

"The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord Dust to dust."

Reaching down he gathered a handful of dirt and gravel which sifted through his fingers and fell with a rattling upon the wooden box.

"Ashes to ashes."

But instead of either dust or ashes the gleam of a nugget flashed back from the coffin lid. There it lay, re-erected from the eternal slumber while the lamented was being returned to the mold.

Without a moment's hesitation the recorder dropped his prayer book, jumped into the grave, heaved the deceased out of the property and exclaimed in a loud voice:

"I claim everything 750 north and south and 000 feet east and west. Everybody get off these premises!"

With that, he pulled out two six shooters, cleared his estate of spectators and put up his location notices without delay.

The interment took place the following day in a vegetable garden.

A Matter of Short Division

TWO East-siders strayed far off their customary beat. The middle of the afternoon found them in one of the fashionable side streets just off Fifth avenue. They were tired and hungry, too; it had been a long time since breakfast and their business whatever it was, which had brought them so far uptown, had kept them from lunch.

They saw the entrance to a smart restaurant much frequented by what in the metropolis are known as ten bounds. They entered; but immediately the surroundings abashed them. There was so much of magnificence on view; an orchestra was playing smartly dressed couples were dancing in an open space; the waiters were superior looking persons in clean shifts.

"Ike," said one of the aliens, "dis ain't our kinder place—we gotta go slow and not make no breaks. Leave us slip into a couple seats at a side table an' see what the rest of dese guys is takin' before we gres our order."

To like the idea seemed a good one. They sought out a comparatively quiet corner and made themselves small and inconspicuous. But their ears and their eyes were busy.

Two slick-haired youths of the lounge lizard type sank gracefully down at a nearby table.

"Well, old-top," said one in an affected English accent, "what shall it be?"

"I have it," said his companion brightly, "after a moment's thought, we'll split a bottle of White Rock."

The waiters made a mental note. Next another pair of dancing men dropped into their immediate vicinity. After an almost affectionate argument these two agreed to split a pot of tea. But one of them must have felt like being extravagant.

"Tell you what," he added, "suppose, old dear, that besides splitting the tea we cut up an order of toast between us?"

At the adjoining table Louie straightened himself. He had the cue to a proper niche of procedure now.

"Ike," he said, "I'm onto de curves of de dining now. I'll treat a herrin wild yam!"

Teppings of Folly

Affliction is to be always distinguished from hypocrisy, as being the act of counterfeiting those qualities which we might with innocence and safety be known to want. Hypocrisy is the necessary burden of villainy; affliction part of the chosen trap-pings of folly.—Doctor Johnson.

On the Hop

"At the new dances are evaded by male experts. But women will lead from the old, old dance.—Kochanska.

John's Mother Praises Doctor



There isn't a mother living who won't agree that no half-sick child should be the subject for an experiment with medicines of uncertain merit. When your child is bilious, head-achy, half-sick, feverish, restless, with coated tongue, bad breath, no appetite or energy, you know that nine times out of ten it's a sign his little stomach and bowels need purging. And when you know that for over fifty years leading physicians have endorsed one preparation for this condition, there doesn't seem to be any reason for "trying" things.

Rich, fruity California Fig Syrup clears the little stomach and bowels gently, harmlessly and in a hurry. It regulates the bowels, gives tone and strength to them and to the stomach; and helps to give your child new strength, energy and vitality. Thousands of Western mothers praise it. Mrs. Joseph W. Hill, 4306 Bedford Ave., Omaha, Nebraska, says: "I'll never forget the doctor who got me to give my baby boy, John, California Fig Syrup. Nothing else seemed to help his weak bowels. That was when he was just a baby. He suffered a good deal before I gave him Fig Syrup, but it stopped his trouble quick. I have used it with him for colds and little upset spells ever since. I consider him a Fig Syrup boy."

Insist on the genuine article. See that the carton bears the word "California." Over four million bottles used a year.

The Poet of the Air

Peter Supf is a German poet who has dedicated his talent to aviation, and as conspicuous has been his success that he has been given a general and permanent pass on any of the Lufthansa planes, in Germany or abroad. This was in recognition of his service to aviation through his verse. Supf was a flyer himself in the World War, and it was while flying over battlefields in France with one hand on the control and the other on a machine gun that his inspiration came to sing of flying. Later he was shot down and severely wounded, and it was while he was on his sick bed that many of his successful verses were composed. Supf has done other writing and editing, but his main labor and his main interest has remained in aviation.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Flying Accidents

Let us not get the idea because we read of airplane accidents that amazing progress is not made in safe flying. As a matter of fact, flying is becoming increasingly safe. The reason, of course, that our attention is called to a number of accidents is that the use of the airplane is increasing at a tremendous rate. Thousands of people are now flying, as a matter of course, when but a few years ago the flyers could hardly be numbered in hundreds. In proportion to the number of machines in the air, the mishaps are far less frequent than formerly. The traveler by plane is probably as safe today as in almost any other common form of travel.

Hero's Leap Swim

An all-night swim was performed by a wild horse at Le Araras, New Zealand. While being chased by two Maoris, it dashed into the sea and swam away. Late at night the animal was observed through glasses far from shore. At nine o'clock next morning it was seen to land and make its escape.

By Way of Variety

"What's the matter with the French cabinet now?"

"It refuses to resign."

He Noticed Them

Son—What seemed to strike you most about the city, paw?

Faw—Them three autos.

Few of Them Do

"He was driven to his grave."

"Sure he was. Did you expect him to walk?"

It's enough to make the pot boil, when the kettle calls it black.

Dizzy

Start thorough bowel action when you feel dizzy, headachy, bilious. Take NATURE'S REMEDY—It's DIZZY'S mild, safe, purely vegetable, and far better than ordinary laxatives. Keeps you feeling right. 25c. TO-NIGHT TO-MORROW ALRIGHT

For Sale at All Druggists

W. N. U., DENVER, NO. 11-1929.

First Aid—Home Remedy Week

The Good Samaritan figures in the 1929 "First Aid—Home Remedy Week" and is designated as the "First First Aid." This annual merchandising festival arrives with St. Patrick's Day, continues March 17-23 and marks the eighth anniversary of the plan dedicated to Druggum by Sterling Products, Incorporated, in 1922 and immediately sponsored by the National Association of Retail Druggists. Seeing the great advertising and sales possibilities in the plan and its helpfulness to humanity, the National Wholesale Druggists' Association has swung behind it with the enthusiastic suggestion that druggists use local newspapers, and providing them with suggestive advertising copy tied to the National slogan, "Fill That Medicine Chest Now!"

Coming at a time when housewives are thinking of house cleaning, the command has added physiological sales value. Secretary S. C. Henry of the N. A. R. D., out of long experience says: "No one knows better than the average retail druggist how much needless suffering there is because most people are neglectful in the matter of making provision for the hour of need which is sure to come when sudden illness or unforeseen accident calls for immediate attention."

"Quick Relief Insurance" is the new definition of First Aid—Home Remedy Week's objective, and is thus bringing the nation's "Health Service Stations" into closer every day life.

Twelve Simple Rules to Preserve Health

Here are twelve health rules for men, contained in the London Tit-Bits Year Book.

If your employment is sedentary, eat no more than two meals a day.

Counteract the bad effects of stooping over a desk or other cramping posture by suitable physical exercises daily.

Do not habitually breathe an atmosphere laden with smoke of any kind.

Avoid wearing a tight collar. Do not drink stimulants (so-called) between meals.

Avoid the chain-smoking habit. Cultivate a hobby for your hours of recreation.

Avoid excesses in eating, drinking, smoking, or walking on holidays. Do not cultivate inhalation when smoking; carbon monoxide impairs your red corpuscles.

If your pipe gives you a sore lip or tongue, give it up and see a doctor at once.

Don't play indoor games during the lunch hour; take a brisk walk in the open air.

Never bolt your breakfast; get up in time to enjoy it in a leisurely way.

Physician Not Needed

Henry Miller, a farmer near Attoona, Kan., heard a cracking sound every time he drew a breath, and it worried him. He was afraid his heart was affected and went to a doctor for an examination. The doctor, in addition to pronouncing his heart all right, located the source of the noise. It came from a small buckle on Miller's suspenders.

Bill on the First

Girl's Father—Young man, are you able to support a family?

Young Man—Yes, sir; how many are there in your family?—Life.



THERE are certain times when nearly every woman should accept the aid and comfort of Bayer Aspirin. Not just for the unexpected headache these tablets relieve so readily. Not just for colds which they check so quickly. Bayer Aspirin brings ease on the days too many women still submit to pain that is not natural, not necessary. This relief is perfectly harmless, as in all uses. Remember this! Look for Bayer on the box and follow proven directions found inside.

ASPIRIN

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoclinic Acetylsalicylic Acid

Poor Sight
The car was crowded and many were standing. An elderly man with poor sight was sitting, and before him was standing a young woman who dropped her handkerchief accidentally into the man's lap. Another man saw the handkerchief, touched the old man and called his attention to the handkerchief in his lap, whereupon the old man, looking down and mistaking it for his shirt, quickly shoved it into his trousers and rode peacefully on, the woman being none the wiser for her loss, as she had not known the handkerchief fell.

Through a Glass Darkly
I have read of a glass kept in an idol temple in Smyrna that would make beautiful things appear deformed, and deformed things appear beautiful; carnal sense is such a glass to—sleeked men, it makes heavenly things which are beautiful to appear deformed, and earthly things which are deformed to appear beautiful.—Ohio State Journal.

The war has made table linen very valuable. The use of Red Cross Ball Blue will add to its wearing qualities. Use it and see. All grocers.—Adv.

Her Preference
Mrs. Maggs—I've just been with Mrs.iggins to see one of them talking films. Personally, I prefer the unspeakably ones.

Up-Town Position
"I hear that you have a new job."
"Yeah, I'm a manicurist in a bakery."
"Manicurist in a bakery?"
"Yeah, I got charge of the lady-fingers."



Help Kidneys After Grip
Don't Neglect Kidney and Bladder Irregularities. HAS grip or flu left you stiff, achy—all worn out? Feel tired and drowsy—suffer nagging backache, headache and dizzy spells? Are the kidney excretions too frequent, scanty or burning? Too often this indicates sluggish kidneys and shouldn't be neglected. Thousands rely on Doan's Pills. Doan's, a stimulant diuretic, increase the activity of the kidneys and assist in the elimination of waste impurities. Are endorsed every-where. Ask your neighbor!

MIDWEST REFINING COMPANY
Mountain Made for Mountain Trade
GASOLINE MOTOR OILS

PROOF OF DYES is in the dyeing!

Words won't dye a dress, or coat, or sweater. It takes real anilines to do that. That's why Diamond Dyes contain from three to five times more anilines than any other dye—by actual test.

It's the anilines in Diamond Dyes that do the work; that give the colors such brilliance; such depth and permanence. It's real aniline that keeps them from giving things that re-dyed look; from spotting or streaking.

Next time you have dyeing to do—try Diamond Dyes. Then compare results. See how soft, bright, new-looking the colors are. Observe how they keep their brilliance through wear and washing. Your dealer will refund your money if you don't agree Diamond Dyes are better dyes.

The white package of Diamond Dyes is the original "all-purpose" dye for any and every kind of material. It will dye or tint silk, wool, cotton, linen, rayon or any mixture of materials. The blue package is a special dye for silk or wool only. With it you can dye your valuable articles of silk or wool with result equal to the finest professional work. When you buy—remember this. The blue package dyes silk or wool only. The white package will dye every kind of goods, including silk and wool. Your dealer has both packages.

Diamond Dyes
Easy to use Perfect results
AT ALL DRUG STORES

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

Dr. F. H. Johnson and M. B. Paden drove to El Paso yesterday. They will return today.

Miss Berry Devor, of Tucumcari, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Elliott Sunday.

Enchiladas and tamales tomorrow evening at Mrs. Mary Forsyth's—you know the place; you know the service.

A. W. Steinbring went to El Paso yesterday morning to appear before the Veterans' Bureau examining board.

Jack Brazel came down Saturday from Santa Fe for a few days visit with his mother, Mrs. Anna Brazel, and other relatives.

Fraser Charles came in last week from Dallas, Texas, and remained over the week-end with his little daughters, Frances and Virginia.

Mrs. George A. Stebbins, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. F. H. Johnson, for three weeks, left Monday for her home in Salina, Kansas.

P. A. Spencer returned Sunday morning from attendance upon the stockmen's convention at Roswell. He was reelected president of the association.

March, so far, has dished us out more than an average number of beautiful days. Naturally, it won't do to anticipate—for oftentimes April can March.

R. A. Walker and Dan Walker left Tuesday for Des Moines, Iowa, to be present at the funeral of their mother, who died last Sunday, at the age of 89 years.

Miss Lucile Stewart arrived Monday from Dallas, Texas, for a few days visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Stewart. She expects to leave today or tomorrow on her return.

Mrs. M. U. Finley returned Sunday from Clovis. She was accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. Harry Lyman, and two little daughters. M. U. met them at Roswell, and piloted them home.

John H. Skinner has been busy this week moving his stock of groceries, fixtures, etc., across the street into the Bakery building in the Doering block. His new quarters will be commodious, besides being a very favorable location.

The concert by the State College Band, to be given here Saturday evening March 30, should attract a good crowd from all sections of the county. A nominal admission will be charged to meet expenses of bringing the band here.

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

L. R. Hust was down yesterday from his home in Nogal Canyon. Rich reports that stock have wintered well, that the mountains still have considerable snow on them and that moisture conditions for farm and range are better than for many springs.

"Just Better--That's All"

J. H. Turner, head of the Pacos Valley Baking Company, Roswell, was interviewing our merchants Monday in the interests of his firm. He was very much pleased with the orders obtained on his initial visit, and left samples of his bread and pastry that, after a test, warrants the belief he will build up a good trade here. One of the advantages of Mr. Turner's oven products, in addition to their exceptional merit, is that they can be taken out of the oven in the morning and be on the consumers' tables in Carrizozo the same evening. Mr. Turner makes his formal bow to our people through the News this week, and says that his products are "Just Better--That's All."

Dies in Scotland

News reached here the past week of the death of James E. Cree, who died at his home in Tusculum, Scotland, February 18. Mr. Cree had been in bad health for more than a year, and his son Charlie, who had been here since 1925, returned home last fall, and was with his father when the end came.

The Cree's lived in Lincoln county a number of years and were well and favorably known to all early settlers of the county. They returned to Scotland about thirty years ago, but Mr. Cree and various members of the family have visited their old home here at various times since returning to their native land. Mr. Cree was one of Lincoln county big ranch owners in the 80's and 90's, and at the time of his death still owned a large area of the finest land in the Eagle Creek-Ruidoso region.

He is survived by two sons and two daughters, Mrs. Cree having passed to the Great Beyond about three years ago. To the survivors, and especially to Charlie, with whom many in our county have an intimate acquaintances, sympathy is expressed over the departure of their father who was highly esteemed by those who knew him while a resident of Lincoln county.

Pastor Elected

The Carrizozo Baptist Church met in annual conference last Wednesday night for the purpose of calling a pastor. The present pastor, Rev. F. C. Rowland, was elected to serve another year. New plans were discussed and though there was evidence of marked progress the past year, a greater work was agreed upon. The consensus of those present seemed to be that no stone should be left unturned in an effort to carry forward a greater program for the church, town, and community. The pastor will give a formal reply to the call next Sunday.

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.

OLD DOC BIRD SAYS

We used to paint the town red—now the reformers paint it blue



MEMORIES AND PICTURES

Will lessen a little of the loneliness for you when your children, now small, have grown and flown the old nest.

Thirty years from now, the pictures taken today will refresh your memory and you will appreciate the little things you are too busy to notice now.

Get A Kodak Today
Rolland's Drug Store

Woman's Club Notes

March 15th., 1929.

The regular meeting of the Carrizozo Woman's Club was held at the home of Mrs. Albert Ziegler, hostess, assisted by Mrs. Farley, Adams, Boughner and F. H. Johnson. Meeting opened in usual order. Vice President presiding. Regular order of business followed. Two donations received, one from Glencoe Woman's Club of \$5.00, toward expense of District Convention, the other from Outlook donating printing of tickets, handbills and ads amounting to \$8.10.

Set of dishes were voted upon to be purchased from Hedrick and Company, a day to be decided upon, when dishes be taken to Community Hall by Mrs. Nellie Branum, at which time donations for cooking utensils or cash for same will be received.

Picture Show Com. reported \$60.87 received from two shows given Feb. 25 and 27.

Mrs. Ziegler announced an entertainment for March 23rd. at High School Auditorium given by the study club for the Woman's Club.

Business meeting adjourned for following program arranged by Mrs. Freeman and Miss Brickley. 1. Song "To Celia" by Mrs. R. E. Lemon, Mrs. Oscar Clouse, Mrs. Ziegler, Pianist. 2. Life of Shakespeare by Miss Melaaen. 3. Reading "When Pa Pays the Bills" by Mrs. Rowland. 4. Writers in General, by Mrs. Stadtman. 5. Old Mother Goose and her two Children, by Mary May Freeman, Leslie Boughner and Bettie Beck. 6. "My Mother's Bible" Song by Mrs. Louis Adams, Virginia Grumbles the mother.

After the program the business session was again opened, and Mrs. C. N. Lemon announced the Teachers Association April 5 and 6, and asked the Club to contribute toward a dinner, which contribution was readily voted upon.

A motion carried that proceedings and program be published in both papers, after each meeting.

Delegates and their Alternates to the Fourth District Convention were as follows:

| | |
|-------------|---------------|
| DELEGATES | ALTERNATES |
| Mrs. Blaney | Mrs. Clouse |
| " Ludlow | Miss Brickley |
| " Stadtman | Mrs. Cleghorn |
| " Freeman | " Beck |

The Club voted to hold the April meeting on Saturday the 20th., instead of Friday the 19th., so as to enable the teachers to attend, as the meeting is at Captain at the home of Mrs. Titsworth. A committee on transportation was appointed, who will find a way for those who wish to go, as follows: Mrs. Lemon, Mrs. Glassmire and Mrs. Clouse.

Benefit Play

The members of the Study Club will present:
A Wedding—(One Act Comedy)
March 23, High School Auditorium. Benefit Woman's Club.

CHARACTERS—

The Bridegroom.... Miss Melaaen
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

Male Help Wanted

MAN WANTED—Tornan McNeas 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.

\$7⁵⁰ to \$27⁵⁰

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.

Notice of School Election

In accordance with the provisions of Section 813 of the School Laws of New Mexico, notice is hereby given that on the First Tuesday in April, 1929, the same being the 2nd day of the month, AN ELECTION WILL BE HELD AT THE COMMUNITY HALL in District No. 7, Carrizozo, Lincoln County, New Mexico, for the purpose of electing Three School Directors for a Term of Two years, to take the place of E. M. Brickley, R. E. Lemon and Mrs. W. C. Pittman, retiring April 30, 1929.

The election will be held by the present directors, E. M. Brickley, Mrs. W. C. Pittman, R. E. Lemon, Mrs. C. N. Lemmon and F. E. Hedrick, of the District, commencing at 8 o'clock a. m. and closing at 6 o'clock p. m. E. M. Brickley, Chairman
R. E. Lemon, Clerk
Mrs. W. C. Pittman, V. Pres.
Mrs. C. N. Lemmon, Member
F. E. Hedrick, Member
Directors of School District No. 7, Carrizozo, N. M.

Dance

A Seven-Piece Jazz Orchestra, from State College will furnish music for a dance at Community Hall after the Concert, March 30.

FOX SALE—Some long yearling Hereford Bulls.
The Titsworth Co., Inc.
3-15 Capitau, N. M.

For Sale

Some Good long yearling Hereford Bulls at reasonable prices.

The Titsworth Co. Inc.
Capitau, New Mexico.

Express Appreciation

We wish to express our appreciation to friends for their kindness and for the considerate interest they have shown in the welfare of our daughter, Margie, who recently underwent an operation for appendicitis. We wish also to thank a number of friends, and Margie joins in the appreciation, for their thoughtful remembrance with flowers following the operation.
Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Nickels.

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.
Highest prices paid for hides and pelts—Ziegler Bros.

STEEL ECLIPSE

Windmill



Pumping
Two of
Other
Wind-
mills

Pumping
One of
Steel Eclipse
Windmill

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 every 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 in line with the last trace of the dying breeze.

That is the difference between a cheap windmill and just a windmill. It is the difference between a cheaply constructed windmill that cannot be depended upon to pump water during low-velocity of every revolution of the wind wheel. You will soon have a new idea of how good a windmill can be.

Come in and see this great advance in windmill construction. See the rotating feature—the center bearing—the mechanism that enables the Eclipse to actually pump water during low-velocity of every revolution of the wind wheel. You will soon have a new idea of how good a windmill can be.

City Garage, V. Reil, Prop.

Carrizozo, New Mexico

FAIRBANKS-MORSE PRODUCTS

"Every Line a Leader"