

LINCOLN COUNTY NEWS

Successor to Carrizozo News

VOLUME IV—[Carrizozo News, Vol. 25]

CARRIZOZO, NEW MEXICO, FRIDAY, NOV. 15, 1929

NUMBER 4

Johnson Given Life

The Roswell Record of last Saturday contains the following, which will be of interest to our readers:

"William C. Johnson, slayer of his sweetheart, Minnie Lumpkins here on the night of September 28, was sentenced to serve not less than 98 years and not more than 99 years in the state penitentiary this morning by Judge Richardson.

"Johnson pleaded guilty yesterday to second degree murder and this morning received his sentence at an early hour.

"In view of all the circumstances surrounding this case, and without any consideration for yourself, the court has determined to accept your plea of guilty to second degree murder," Judge Richardson told Johnson as he stood before him this morning."

New Methodist Pastor

Last week announcement was made of the arrival of Rev. John L. Lawson and family from Missouri, and that the Methodist church had a new pastor. Further than stating that the new pastor would fill the pulpit at stated hours last Sunday, little else was said.

However, since then the pastor made a lengthier call at our office than at his first, and we enjoyed his visit very much. We learned something of his antecedents, training, service, etc., and his conversation impressed us with the belief that he was a man of learning, broad-minded in a generous way, and capable of meeting conditions as they arise.

Rev. John L. Lawson is an ordained elder in the Methodist church. He was pastor of churches in Illinois and Missouri the past fifteen years.

He is a graduate of Central College, with a Bachelor of Arts degree, and the holder of a Life State Teachers' Certificate in the state of Missouri.

Has a wife and three children. Pastor Lawson will have charge of the Methodist congregations at Carrizozo, Ancho and Capitan.

This Week in History

Nov. 11—Mayflower compact, 1620; Armistice signed, 1918

Nov. 12—Remarkable two-day star shower started, 1833.

Nov. 13—St. Augustine born, 354; Robert Louis Stevenson, 1850.

Nov. 14—Name "Austria-Hungary" chosen by dual monarchy, 1868.

Nov. 15—Articles of Confederation adopted, 1777; Pike's Peak discovered, 1806; William Pitt born, 1708.

Nov. 16—New York Evening Post first issued, 1801; Oklahoma admitted to the Union, 1907

Nov. 17—President Wilson announced that he would attend the peace conference in Paris, 1918; Steamer Vestus foundered off Virginia capes with loss of 110 lives, 1928

To Rest in New Mexico

Washington, Nov. 8—Being informed of the government's order to remove the bodies of some two hundred veterans of American Wars, from Arizona to New Mexico, Senator Bratton issued the following statement: "This is indeed one of the most solemn occasions in the history of our glorious state. New Mexico is honored in being chosen as the hallowed ground in which America's heroic dead will find eternal peace. The surviving relatives and friends of these heroes may rest assured that New Mexico will forever guard this sacred treasure."

The statement was made by Senator Bratton following a government announcement that the bodies of a large number of veterans of the Civil, Spanish, and World Wars would be transferred from Arizona to New Mexico in the near future. It was also indicated that plans would be made by the state to fittingly receive the hero dead, who will be reinterred in the National Cemetery near Santa Fe.

Report of Committee on School Events 3rd Annual Fair

| Girls | |
|----------------------|-----------------------|
| 100 yard dash | Carrizozo 6 Capitan 3 |
| Basket Ball throw | 2 " 9 |
| Broad jump | " 1 " 8 |
| 75 yd. dash | " 4 " 5 |
| Girls Relay 300 yds. | " 3 " 5 Corona 1 |
| Totals | 14 30 1 |

| BOYS | |
|----------------|-----------------------------|
| 100 yd. dash | C'zozo 5 Capitan 1 Corona 3 |
| Shot put | 3 5 1 |
| High jump | 8 1 1 |
| 220 Hd Hurdle | 4 5 5 |
| 440 yd dash | 1 3 5 |
| Broad jump | 1 8 8 |
| Discus throw | 3 6 4 |
| 220 yd dash | 5 6 3 |
| Pole vault | 5 1 3 |
| 1-2 mile relay | 5 1 3 |
| Totals | 35 21 33 |

Score for Each School Boys and Girls

| | Boys | Girls | Total |
|---------|------|-------|-------|
| Capitan | 22 | 30 | 52 |
| C'zozo | 35 | 14 | 49 |
| Corona | 33 | 1 | 34 |

High Point Men of Each School

| | | | |
|----------------------|---------|---------------------|-----|
| 1 Boucher, Corona | 16 pts. | 13 Rayme, Capitan | 1-2 |
| 2 Carl, Carrizozo | 15 | | |
| 3 Lewis, Carrizozo | 14 | Totals | 90 |
| 4 Davidson, Corona | 11 | 1 Frits, Capitan | 20 |
| 5 Clements, Capitan | 10 | 2 Pockham, C'zozo | 12 |
| 6 Traylor, Capitan | 8 | 3 Brockwell, C'zozo | 5 |
| 7 Perkins, Corona | 8 | 4 Hall, Capitan | 4 |
| 8 Lopez, Carrizozo | 3 | 5 Kelt, C'zozo | 2 |
| 9 Cavanaugh, Capitan | 2 | 6 Ferguson, Capitan | 1 |
| 10 Robinson, C'zozo | 1 | 7 Curry, Corona | 1 |
| 11 Serna, Capitan | 1 | | |
| 12 Coor, Capitan | 1-2 | Totals | 45 |

Basket Ball Games

| | | | |
|---------------------|-------------------|---------|------|
| 1 Hondo Carrizozo | Girls 3 Carrizozo | Corona | Boys |
| 3 | 42 | 18 | 16 |
| 2 Capitan Carrizozo | Girls 4 Carrizozo | Capitan | Boys |
| 19 | 9 | 15 | 25 |

Grade School

| | Boys | Girls | Total | Capitan | 8 | 8 | 16 |
|-----------|------|-------|-------|---------|---|---|----|
| Corona | 18 | 10 | 28 | Ancho | 3 | 3 | 3 |
| Carrizozo | 9 | 15 | 24 | Hondo | 1 | 1 | 1 |

Personal Points

| | | | |
|--------------------|----|---------------------|----|
| Curry, Corona | 10 | Pitcock, Corona | 12 |
| Lewis, Carrizozo | 8 | Crenshaw, Carrizozo | 9 |
| Chavez, Carrizozo | 7 | Lynch, Capitan | 6 |
| Herrera, Capitan | 5 | Kilbur, Corona | 5 |
| Warden, Ancho | 3 | Coe, Capitan | 2 |
| Brockwell, Capitan | 1 | Salcido, Hondo | 1 |
| Chavez, Capitan | 1 | Lucero, Corona | 1 |
| Leslie, Capitan | 1 | | |

Records Made High School

| Girls | | Boys | |
|-------------------|--------------|--------------|-------------------|
| 50 yd dash | 7 sec | 100 yd dash | 10.5 sec. |
| Basket Ball throw | 79 ft. 1 in. | Shot put | 34 ft. |
| Broad jump | 15 ft. 5 in. | High jump | 5 ft. 8 in. |
| | | 440 yd dash | 56.3 sec. |
| | | Broad jump | 18 ft. eleven in. |
| | | Discus throw | 86 ft. 6 in. |
| | | Pole vault | 9 ft. 3 in. |

J. C. BURKETT, Chairman

Audit Committee Reports

We the undersigned committee beg to advise that we have audited the books and accounts of the Manager of the 3rd Annual Lincoln County Fair and Track Meet; that we have checked the receipts and disbursements and find the accounts in accurate balance and the financial report to be as shown in the report published in both local papers Nov. 1st, 1929 and as set out in the records of the Chamber of Commerce. We find the net receipts to be \$924.19

Signed:

J. B. French,
G. T. McQuillen.

V. H. Montgomery's Memo of His Religious Views

Victor Hope Montgomery died two weeks ago, at his home in Estancia, from heart failure. At his funeral the following Sunday, according to the Estancia Herald, the officiating clergyman read the following, which the Herald states was found among the papers of Mr. Montgomery:

Emory, Texas, Feb. 18, 1910
MY HOPE, MY FAITH, MY RELIEF, MY RELIGION

"I belong to no particular cult or creed, but I do know, beyond the peradventure of a doubt, that the Mighty Universe is not without a Master. His origin and attributes are beyond my comprehension. I cannot understand the creatures, how, then, can I comprehend the Creator? I know nothing of the future. I spend no time speculating upon it. I am overwhelmed by the past and at death's grip with the present. At the grave God draws the line between the two eternities. Never has living man lifted the sombre veil and looked beyond. "Revealed Religion" was not born of reason or love, or pain, and lives within the rosy breast of Hope. There is a deity I have felt his presence and heard his voice; I have been called in his imperial robe. All that is, or was, or can be is but the visible garment of God. I seek to know nothing of his plans or purposes; I ask no written covenant with God, for he is my Father. I trust him without requiring priests or prophets to endorse his note.

As I write my letter, my little son awakes, alarmed by some unusual noise, and comes groping through the darkness to my door; he sees the light beyond, returns to his bed and lies down to dream. He knows beyond that light his father keeps watch and ward and asks no more.

Through a thousand celestial transoms streams the light of God. Why should I fear the steep of death, the unknown terrors of the starless night, the waves of the "River Styx"? Why should I seek assurance from the lips of man, that wisdom, love and power of my Heavenly Father will not fail? "Live and have thy being," and, in the immortal words of Bryant:

"So live that when thy summons comes to join

The innumerable caravan, which moves

To that mysterious realm, where each shall take

His chamber in the silent halls of death,

Thou goest, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed

By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave

Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch

About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

(Signed) V. H. Montgomery.

No One Will Build Up Carrizozo Except the Citizens of Carrizozo

If Carrizozo is ever going to be a bigger or a better town it will be because the citizens of Carrizozo make it so.

No matter how much of our trade we throw to the big city neighbor it will never do anything to contribute to the growth of our town.

That will have to be done by its citizens.

If the people spend their money out of town and patronize the mail order houses, business will suffer. When the business of a town is on the down grade, it doesn't take long before the entire community feels it.

This is our town. Our investments, our homes, our interests are here and it is up to us to protect and safeguard these in every way that we can. If we slip off and spend our money in the city or with the mail order house; we must concede to everyone else in the community the same privilege. If everyone does it, or even a considerable number of the citizens of the community send their money out of town the town will be deprived of support in just that measure. Life is so constituted and organized that we can't be forever taking away from it. We must put something of ourselves into it.

It is likewise true if we are to profit from this community we must put something into it. We must be willing to give as well as always take.

Noted Sunday School

Specialist to Speak Here

Miss Mary Alice Biby, noted Sunday School specialist of the Baptist Sunday School Board, Nashville, Tenn., accompanied by Mr. S. S. Bussell, State Sunday School Secretary of New Mexico, and Dr. Catherine Crawford, of Raton, New Mexico will speak at the Baptist church next Monday night 7:30. This will be the only stop off these speakers will make in the entire Association and we are very fortunate in having an opportunity to hear them. A number of out of town workers are to be expected. All Sunday School workers and others, regardless of denominational affiliation, are welcome.

History of the Month

November was one month the Romans never troubled themselves to give a specific name. "The ninth month" it was called for that was originally its place in the calendar. From the Latin word "novem" meaning nine has come our name for the month.

Later when two extra months were added and November became the eleventh month its name was not changed. At one time, however, a change was suggested. July had been named for Julius Caesar and August for Augustus Caesar, so a subservient senate offered to call the eleventh month after Tiberius Caesar. He declined saying, "What will you do if you have thirteen emperors?"

First National Bank

CARRIZOZO, N. M.

THE dollar we waste now may help out a lot when we are older or when we need it to meet an emergency.

Save it now and have it later

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

"Try First National Service"

REMAINS OF SUN YAT-SEN REMOVED TO NEW TOMB



This photograph from Nanking shows the solemn removal of the casket containing the body of Dr. Sun Yat-Sen, hero of Nationalist China, to the recently completed tomb built for the remains of the statesman.

Under Social Pressure

By M. K. THOMSON, Ph. D.

THERE is a lot of hard work and dirty work that is classed as drudgery. No one would do such work were it not for the force of necessity and social pressure.

We naturally shrink from what is too difficult for us or is decidedly distasteful. It requires some special force to keep us at it. And this force is social pressure.

Social pressure is the force that society exerts over the individual to make him toe the mark, to make him a good social animal. For example, because society places a premium on education the boy is sent to school and kept there despite his desire to be out playing.

None but the social outcasts, such as tramps and bums, escape social pressure and even these are not altogether free. They must obey the laws of the state. The man who violates the rules of polite society is ostracized. And if he violates the laws

of the state he lands in jail. On every hand the social screw tightens on every one who would in the least evade the social code.

Social pressure functions through rewards and punishments. These may be in the form of material things such as money, gold, medals, prizes or they may be honors, social recognition, position of trust and responsibility, power over others, etc.

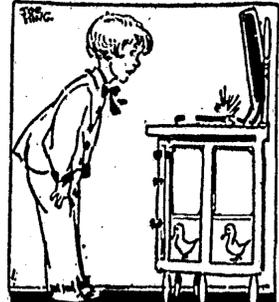
The remarkable thing about social pressure is that it operates against the great and good as well as against the criminal. Every one who undertakes to do things in his own way is likely to feel the force of social pressure. Society is suspicious of all innovations.

We are subject to social pressure because we cannot help ourselves. We are born in it. The individual is helpless against society. There is no way of avoiding the ever-present social pressure.

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

What Does Your Child Want to Know?

Answered by BARBARA BOURJAILY



DO I GROW WHEN I'M ASLEEP? You grow the most when you're asleep. And settled safe at rest, your body uses up its food and grows its very best.

In 22 minutes and enabled help to be given to a badly damaged machine. In the Crabtree flying race from Lymington the winning pigeon flew 2,745 yards a minute, or 100 miles an hour.

Domesticated birds are not generally as far-sighted as wild birds.



A Sour Stomach

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

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

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

FIND "FRIEND IN NEED"

Mother and Daughter Praise Vegetable Compound

Johnson City, N. Y. — "My daughter was only 20 years old, but for two years she worked in misery. She was all run-down, nervous, had aches and pains and no appetite. I was taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound with good results so she decided to try it. Before she had taken two bottles her appetite was better, she was more cheerful and was able to work. I cannot praise your medicine too highly. It is wonderful for mothers and for daughters. It's surely a friend in need!" — Mrs. L. E. HALL, 223 Floral Avenue, Johnson City, N. Y.



Health Giving Sunshin E All Winter Long. Marvellous Climate — Good Hotels — Tourist Camps — Splendid Roads — Gorgeous Mountain Views. The wonderful coast town of the West. Write Once & Obey Palm Springs CALIFORNIA

New Brunswick Once French. What is now the Canadian province of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick was known in the days of the French regime as Acadia. The country passed to Great Britain under the treaty of Utrecht in 1713 and became known as Nova Scotia, the Latin for New Scotland.

Baby's little dresses will just simply handle if Red Cross Ball Blue is used in the laundry. Try it and see for yourself. At all good grocers. — Adv.

A mother is a person who thinks the girl her son married isn't half good enough for him.

Is life a journey to some, a treadmill to others?

over 25,000,000 Sold. All wearers can't be wrong. LEVI STRAUSS Overalls.

the Leading Brand for over 56 years. Every pair sold with This guarantee. A NEW FREE IF THEY PAIR. RIP.

Ask for Levi's Reliable Merchandise since 1853.

W. N. U., DENVER, NO. 25-1922.

TO ME AND YOU

By Douglas Malloch.

FULL many a toast Good men declare To royal host, To lady fair, To some one, too; But I'll drink mine To me and you.

The ladies sweet Get tonics enough, So why repeat A lot of stuff? Their gowns is cooked, You'll all agree, If no one looked, Like you and me.

What makes a host, With all he spends? What does he boast About? His friend! Without a guest What would he do? So here's his heat To me — and you!

A Test for a Prospective Wife

By JEAN NEWTON

FROM Switzerland we have a new way of testing the character of a prospective wife. It is a variant in Geneva, the home of the League of Nations, who shares with the young men of today his secret for choosing the right kind of a wife. He reveals for them a test by which they can be certain of marrying the right girl, an infallible protection against those who would not make them good wives.

Ah, the test. Is it for the quality of their love, the strength of their backbone, the kindness of their spirit, the possession of a brain, a sense of beauty or a sense of humor?

Nay, nay. The test is one in preparing potatoes! It, says the Swiss savant, a girl peels the potato, cutting thick rings, she is extravagant. If she leaves the eyes she is lazy. If she uses a great deal of fat while frying them she is greedy, and if she lets them burn she is negligent!

If, on the other hand a girl performs the test of peeling a potato without falling into any of these revealing traps, the man should marry her whether she is rich or poor, ugly or pretty, for she will prove a good friend and wife and bring him prosperity and happiness!

It reminds me of a certain old lady's test of housemaids who applied to her for a place. She always left a broom on the floor across their path as they entered the door. If they fell over the broom they were too stupid to even consider. If they stepped over it they were too lazy to be worth their salt. If they picked it up they were pretty sure to be good housemaids!

But, all joking aside, if we are to accept the standards of the Swiss savant who would judge the character of a woman and her value as a wife by the way in which she peels a potato, we may judge the character of a man and his eligibility as a husband by the way he blacks his boots! And

that's all wrong. Most girls would prefer men who patronize a boot-black!

What you want, Mr. Swiss Savant, is not a wife but a good kitchen maid.

(© by the Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

France Honors Pigeon for World War Service

The President of the French Republic recently unveiled a memorial to a carrier pigeon. On June 4, 1916, Commander Regnal, in the field, released his last carrier pigeon, bearing an urgent call for reinforcements, and the pigeon safely reached its destination. Reinforcements were sent and victory assured, and for this achievement the pigeon was awarded the Legion of Honor. Although the flying powers of pigeons are well known, few realize the amazing speeds at which they travel. In one case at Dundee during the war a pigeon flew 22 miles from an airplane

SUPERSTITIOUS SUE



A FRIEND TOLD HER THAT— You must be careful not to step on the cracks in the sidewalk, because if you do—oh, oh, black, black woe—something terrible is liable to happen to you.

TO THE EDITOR:

By Fred Barton.

TO ENTER Memphis from the north or west you cross the Mississippi on a high steel bridge. That's all right, but there's also a two-mile wood toll bridge that's more perilous than the Bridge of San Luis Rey.

However, Memphis is worth the trip. There's an atmosphere of politeness here. Men doff their hats even in office buildings' elevators. The taxi driver thanks you for a dime tip. And eating breakfast in the hotel lunchroom is like dining with intimate friends. Here friendliness is prevalent all about one.

It's interesting to me to see how people can make a living and still remain courteous. Perhaps northern people can learn something from southerners if they try.

May Be Eye Teeth

Joe Jenkins told his friends recently that his new set o' teeth are giving him the first enjoyment he's had out of food in several years. "It's funny," mused Joe, "that it should take false teeth to make me see food in its true light." —Farm and Fireside.

The Children's Corner

Edited by DOROTHY EDMONDS

SAILING THE SEAS

Big Paulo and little Gretchen ran up and down the beach, for salt breezes from the ocean would have ripped their hands and faces quickly enough had they stood still.

Suddenly Gretchen saw out over the ocean, a group of moving, glimmering lights.

"See, Paulo!" she shouted. "Lights! Is it a ship passing?"

"Aye," answered Paulo. "Would you like to pretend something, Gretchen?"

"Oh, yes, Paulo." "All right, lass. We'll make believe many, many years have slipped away. We'll journey back thousands and thousands of years and look at ancient ships of many lands. Already now? All aboard!"

Paulo had been to sea once upon a time. He knew much of ships and sailor men, and as he stood pointing outward over the dark night sea he told Gretchen of the ships that you find here.

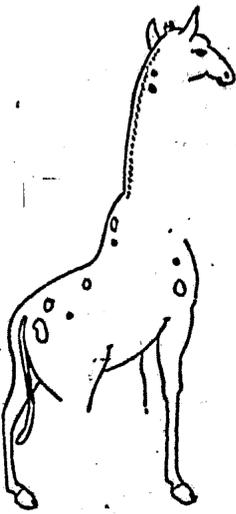
"See, Gretchen," began Paulo, "far out there on the sea, sails an ancient Grecian warship. One great orange-and-yellow sail in the center, one small one over the bow and one middle-sized one over the stern, carry it swiftly on its destructive errand. See the two sharp points on its bow. Those are to ram an enemy ship. Down inside the vessel, where you cannot see, are more rowers, all slaves chained to their places and forced to work hours without rest. A man with a whip walks back and forth among the slaves watching for any slow or lazy ones.

And what a strange, fantastic vessel is this next one! A Viking ship! In one of these ships it is said, very daring adventurers journeyed even before Columbus was born! See, it is steered by a large oar fastened to the right stern side. You've heard of the starboard side? Long years ago it was the "steerboard" side for the side upon which the steering oar was placed. How splendid are the warriors' shields hanging in rows over the side of the ship! They look like large round buttons from a distance, but close by, you can see their beautiful designs.

"To on, Paulo," whispered Gretchen, "oh, please go on. What ship is next?"

"Just appearing above the horizon," continued Paulo, "if you watch closely is a more splendid ship, the Venetian

HOW GOOD IS YOUR MEMORY?



Here is an unfinished picture. Can you finish it accurately? —Harvey Peake.

Argosy. It is built of rarest woods and rigged with silken sails of gay and varied colors. Rich nobles and merchants spend hundreds of dollars trying to outshine their fellows in magnificent rigging. Galley slaves are again at work, not because their strength is needed, but because the merchants think that the more oars they can display, the finer will be their ship. On the forward deck we see a striped tent in which, perhaps, the merchant displays his most valuable wares or the nobleman who sails grandly in this, his floating palace, finds a pleasant shelter.

"What is this beautiful vessel sailing so swiftly, with sails full set, toward us? An American clipper, noted the world over for speed and dazzling speed of sails! Not silken sails, not painted ones, but plain, strong, white ones of canvas that will catch and hold the most fierce breeze. See, Gretchen, this ship has cabins and it is built to cut through the water in record

time. No make-believe splendor about this one, but only strength and swiftness like the wind itself—one of the first ships to be built for long voyages.

"How different it is from the little Chinese junk with awkward matting sails and lost aides inviting every wave to dash over them. John Chinaman doesn't care about his sails, however. They are quite all right to carry his cargoes up and down the rivers. The breeze makes a strange musical sound as it plays against the strips of matting, and such heavy loads are carried that the little low ship travels very slowly and lazily along its way.

"And now comes a strange sight, indeed! The little sails over bow and stern are not in use at all. They seem to be there only in case they should suddenly be needed. A large wheel at one side of the boat turns over and over, pushing it on its way. Smoke rises in black clouds from a smokestack. It is the brave little Clermont, plying its way along the river. Its steam power is so new and untried that it could not venture on the ocean, but it is proud to show this

much of change and progress. Sometimes it must use its sails when the engine won't work just right, but wait, Gretchen, a few more years pass by and another ship looms before us.

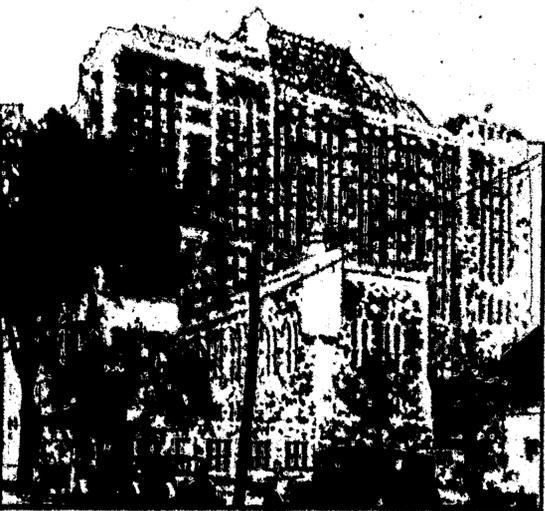
"After thousands of years, the greatest ship of all comes gracefully steaming across the vast sea. It is big enough to carry five thousand people back and forth across the ocean. No sails can be seen on this great giant of today, for its engine power is great enough and sure enough to need no further help. While it used to take several months in a sailing vessel to cross the sea, it takes now only six or seven days, and sometimes less than that."

As Paulo finished talking the morning lights of the ship they had seen, passed from view. The ocean was once more dark as far as he could see, and the wind was cold.

"Well, Gretchen, which of all these ships do you think you really saw sailing across the sea?" he asked.

But Gretchen was fast asleep, dreaming, no doubt, of them all, just as Paulo had told of them.

Yale's New Library One of Finest



The Sterling Memorial library of Yale university as it appears today. When completed it will be one of the best and best equipped libraries in the world.

THEN AND THERE
HISTORY TOLD AS IT WOULD BE WRITTEN TODAY
By IRVIN S. COBB
When North and South First Grappled

At the time of the opening battle of importance in our great war between sections curious aberrations beset the North as well as the South.
In the North there was prevalent a somewhat common delusion that the Confederates were not really in earnest—that is, their early campaigning operations were no more than defiant gestures. It was argued that when sober second judgment reasserted itself in the seceded states there would follow overtures for arbitration and peace. Even some military leaders on the Union side shared in this mistaken conception touching on the gravity of the situation. They spoke of a three months' truce; volunteers were enrolled for ninety days.
The southerners, on the other hand, proclaimed that the northerners would not fight—that they were a breed of Yankee shop keepers who had no stomach for war. Undoubtedly a vast number actually believed it. To do so they must blind themselves to various incontrovertible facts, to wit; that, North and South, the masses of the people had sprung from precisely the same stocks; that hundreds of thousands of native Southerners living mainly in the Border States, already had taken up arms for the Union; that the prior history of the Republic showed in the qualities of courage, determination, and hardihood, there was no difference between men from the South and men from the North.
At the first battle of Bull Run—our Manassas, as the southerners called it—the opposing forces had their eyes opened. The Union forces, counting on numerically superior numbers, went forth in confidence, figuring an easy victory. Members of congress, members of Lincoln's cabinet, even women rode out from Washington in carriages to witness the unfolding of the enemy and to share in the rejoicings to follow. It has been recorded that certain misguided commanders hurried along in their baggage trains supplies of handkerchiefs and soap—the captured Confederates were to be hitched in chains-gangs and paraded through the streets of the rejoicing "Capital" after the manner of a Roman Emperor's triumph.
A few hours later those jubilant "conquerors" were fleeing pell-mell back to the northern bank of the Potomac, filled with a senseless terror which did not abate until they had hidden themselves behind the fortifications about Washington.
For the moment it would appear to the Confederates that indeed their enemies did lack appetite for battle. But they, too, speedily were undeceived, for the disgraceful initial reverse brought the North to its senses and there followed such preparations for a prolonged struggle as proved the Union to be thoroughly aroused and thoroughly determined.
It is to the writings of a foreigner that the Americans of this generation must turn for the most authentic and most graphic account of the retreat from Manassas. William Howard Russell, an Irishman by birth, was one of the greatest war correspondents of his time. Accompanying the Federals, as the staff representative of the London Times, he set down his own observations in a fashion which made him famous. Afterwards Queen Victoria knighted him, but to the end of his days he was known as "Bill Russ" Russell, rather than as Sir William Russell. Another man on that same field was a nickname which will live forever—"Stonewall" Jackson.
The material for this installment of our series of Eye-Witnesses' Stories is lifted from Russell's memorable dispatch to his paper.

"I SIT down to give an account (so Russell begins)—not of the action yesterday, but of what I saw with my own eyes, hitherto not often deceived, and of what I heard with my own ears, which in this country are not so much to be trusted. Let me, however, express an opinion as to the affair of yesterday. In the first place, the repulse of the Federals, decided as it was, might have had no serious effects whatever beyond the mere failure—which politically was of greater consequence than it was in a military sense—but for the disgraceful conduct of the troops.
"The retreat on their lines at Centreville seems to have ended in a cowardly rout—a miserable, senseless panic. Such scandalous behavior on the part of the soldiers I should have considered impossible, as with some experience of camps and armies I have never even in alarms among camp followers seen the like of it.
The Action Begins.
"The North will, no doubt, recover the shock. Hitherto she has only said, 'Go and fight for the Union.' The South has exclaimed, 'Let us fight for our rights.' The North must put its best men into the battle or she will inevitably fall before the energy, the personal hatred and the superior fighting powers of her antagonist. In my letters as in my conversation, I have endeavored to show that the task which the Unionists have set themselves is one of no ordinary difficulty, but in their state of arrogance and supercilious confidence, either real or affected to conceal a sense of weakness, one might as well have preached to the Pyramid of Cheops.
"Last Centreville appeared an slight—a few houses on our front, beyond which rose a bald hill, the slopes covered with bivouac huts, commissariat carts, and horses, and the road crested with spectators of the fight. . . . The scene was so peaceful a man might well doubt the evidence of one's sense that a great contest was being played out below in bloodshed. . . . But the cannon spoke out loudly from the green bushes, and the plains below were mottled, so to speak, by puffs of smoke and by white rings from bursting shells and capricious novelties. . . . With the glass I could detect now and then the flash of arms through the dust clouds in the open, but no one could tell to which side the troops who were moving belonged, and I could only judge from the smoke whether the guns were fired towards or away from the hill.
"In the midst of our little reconnaissance Mr. Vintetly, who has been living and, indeed, marching with one of the regiments as artist of the Illustrated London News, came up and told us the action had been commenced in splendid style by the Federals, who had advanced steadily, driving the Confederates before them—a part of the plan, as I firmly believe, to bring them under the range of their guns. He believed the advantages on the Federalist side were decided, though won with hard fighting.
"A Disgraceful Rout.
"As I turned down into the narrow road or lane . . . there was a forward movement among the large four-wheeled tilt wagons . . . when suddenly there arose a tumult in front of me at a small bridge across the road, and then I perceived the drivers of a set of wagons with the horses turned towards me, who were endeavoring to force their way against the stream of vehicles setting in the other direction. By the side of the new set of wagons there were a number of commissariat men and soldiers whom at first sight I took to be the baggage guard. They looked excited and alarmed, and were running by the

Even the cavalry charge was a rumor. "Several officers said they had carried guns and lines, but then they drifted into the nonsense which one reads and hears everywhere, about 'masked batteries.' One or two talked more sensibly about the strong positions of the enemy, the fatigue of their men, the want of a reserve, severe losses, and the bad conduct of certain regiments. Not one spoke as if he thought of retreating beyond Centreville. The clouds of dust rising above the woods marked the retreat of the whole army, and the crowd of fugitives continued to steal away along the road. There was no choice for me but to resign any further researches. . . . On approaching Centreville . . . I turned up on the hill half a mile beyond. . . . I swept the field once more. The clouds of dust were denser and nearer. That was all. There was no firing—no musketry. I turned my horse's head and rode away through the village, and after I got out upon the road the same confusion seemed to prevail. Suddenly the guns on the hill opened and at the same time came the thuds of artillery from the woods on the right rear.
"The stampede then became general. What occurred at the hill I cannot say, but all the road from Centreville for miles presented such a sight as can only be witnessed in the track of the runaways of an utterly demoralized army. Drivers flogged, lashed, spurred and beat their horses, or leaped down and abandoned their teams and ran by the side of the road; mounted men, servants, and men in uniform, vehicles of all sorts, commissariat wagons thronged the narrow ways. At every shot a convulsion, as it were, seized upon the morbid mass of bones, sinew, wood and iron, and thrilled through it, giving new energy and action to its desperate efforts to get free from itself. Again the cry of 'Cavalry' arose. . . . In silence I passed over the Long bridge. Some few hours later if quivered under the steps of a rabble of unarmed men . . . the Federals, utterly routed, had fallen back upon Arlington to defend the capital, leaving nearly five batteries of artillery, 8,000 muskets, immense quantities of stores and baggage, and their wounded and prisoners in the hands of the enemy!"
Handwriting on the Wall.
That was the retreat from Bull Run as an unbiased spectator watching in the Union lines saw it. The first important action of the war between sections had ended in a senseless rout for the stronger side.
The South was aflame with jubilation. Down in Kentucky, Mrs. Warfield, "The Poetess of Dixie," was writing the poem called "Manassas" which began:
" They have met at last, as storm-clouds
Meet in heaven,
And the Northern, back and bleeding
Have been driven;
And their thunder has been stilled,
And their leaders crushed or killed,
And their ranks with terror thrilled
Rent and riven."
Within two weeks rejoicing thousands would be chanting that rejoicing verse throughout the Confederacy. But the affair had consequences infinitely more important than the panicky repulse of one army and the exultation of the other. All over the North the lesson was being driven home to the consciousness of the people that the South was not to be crushed at a single stroke by green undisciplined troops led by officers who owed their commissions to political influence rather than to military dress—that the struggle would be long and hard and that organization a husbanding of resources and energies, and in the last extremity a starting out of the enemy through blockades at sea and lightning raids of men on land, all would be needed. Even so, it nowhere entered into the calculations of the leaders that before the end came, to which Bull Run had been the ghastly inaugural, there would be four years of such civil war as rarely any country has known.
What Russell could not see, seasoned correspondent and observer, though he was; what no one could foresee was that Bull Run was some thing more than a bloody baptism by fire for green troops. It was North and South, a dedication of the man power and the womanhood, the material resources and the moral strength of a divided country to a grim, stern, long-drawn-out struggle.

Corrected the Court.
A Pendleton (Ore.) girl in court to answer a charge of reckless driving, was forced to stop the proceedings and correct a gross error through which she was accused unjustly. The complaint read that she had knocked down five persons within the year. "Pardon me," interrupted the young lady, "there were only four. One of them was the same person twice."—Capper's Weekly.

WHY WE BEHAVE LIKE HUMAN BEINGS

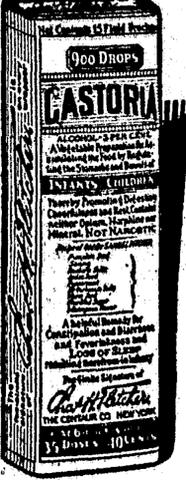
By GEORGE DORSEY, Ph. D., LL. D.

Can We Control Our Own Evolution?

CAN we control our own evolution? Do we want to? To what end? In which direction? Presumably we could; and this is as far as eugenics has any standing in a court of science. All the rest of eugenics is, politics—based on assumptions open to opposite views or on race prejudice put and simple.
Man could probably breed a race of human beings with the following "traits": bald, fat, long chest, short and crooked legs, left-handed, six fingered and all fingers thumbs and webbed, near-sighted, deaf and dumb, feeble-minded, curly haired, cataract, albino, long-lived, and prolific, with a tendency to twing; at any rate, these are a few of the many so-called Mendelian traits capable of transmission. There are said to be at least thirty-four different hereditary eye defects alone, eight of which can produce blindness.
With nothing more to work with than normal variation in wild rock pigeons, man has bred over twenty races of pigeons. What could he do to do with the human race if . . . The "if" introduces politics. And to "breed" a race of humans involves a decision as to what is desirable; a thousand-year-long dynasty of cast-iron despots with such power over subjects as Herod, never hoped for or breeder of slaves dared exercise.
What are we to breed at? What is the new race to go in for? Stature, tow hair, blue eyes, eight fingers, toothless, one .oe. fecundity, mental precocity? The list of heritable traits is indefinite. "Marry dissimilars" is probably good eugenic advice if we are not bent on handing down our own personal traits—but most people are satisfied with their traits. At any rate, the sex impulse itself generally chooses its mate, and that impulse is not primarily concerned in offspring.
Take stature. If height is the criterion for desirable citizens, early-and-often marriage should be encouraged in Iowa, Kentucky and Missouri; made late and rare in New York, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts; and prohibited in Rhode Island. Meanwhile, close Ellis Island to all but native Patagonians.
What shall we do with the Attic Greeks? Raise their "quota," or exclude them because they do not look like the Harvard graduates who fathers an average of only three-fourths of a son and the Vassar graduates who mothers one-half of a daughter?
If there is anything in the "continuity of the germ-plasm" theory, there should be some good germs left in a country which in 150 years produced such statesmen as Millard, Themistocles, Aristides, and Pericles; such poets as Aeschylus, Euripides and Sophocles; such scientists as Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle; such artists as Phidias and Praxiteles; such historians as Thucydides and Xenophon; such orators as Aeschines, Demosthenes, and Lyssia. The whole earth, in no centuries before or since, declared Galton, produced such a galaxy of illustrious men.
Some of that germ-plasm may be blacking boots today on a Staten Island ferry or running a short-order restaurant in El Reno. Who knows? One thing is certain: If it is, it is more interested in a short shirt or a long order than it is in eugenics.
Could anyone, even Francis Galton himself, from the hill behind Athens to the year 600 B. C., have predicted that within a hundred years the little Rhode-Island-sized state of Attica would begin to bud germs so fast and so big that the world has not stopped wondering about it yet?
Could Galton have predicted Lincoln? Could Ellis Island? Can Ellis Island spot the Jukes from the Altians, or have the faintest idea when it holds up a Steinmetz—or an Edward Bok?
What carries eugenics into politics is that the Jukes are neither big nor thickets, and we do not yet know just how feeble a mind has to be before it has to be locked up to protect those who have minds and refuse to use them.
Many Jukes have too much brain to be segregated, not enough to carry a rifle to the front. Selection. That kind of selection is a modern specialty. The sound-minded able-bodied get shot, the priests and scholars will not marry, and the ambitious women and the selfish men transmit their names but not their germs.
Is civilization now breeding a "pure" dumb-bell type—no teeth, no lower jaw? Chigarettes may save the lower lip, and chewing gum may save enough of the lower jaw to support a chewing gut. But a full and sound set of teeth these days is about as primitive as is a perforated olecranon fossa of the humerus.
Evolution produced a human brain, our only remarkable inheritance. Nothing else counts. Body is simply brain's servant. Treat the body right, of course; no brain can function well without good service. But why worry more about the looks, color, and clothes of the servant than the service it performs?
(© by George A. Dorsey.)

One Way Out
Teacher—Would you say I feel bad or I feel badly?
Pupil (after deep thought)—Oh, I feel terrible.

If Baby has COLIC
A cry in the night may be the first warning that Baby has colic. No cause for alarm if Castoria is handy! This pure vegetable preparation brings quick comfort, and can never do the slightest harm. Always keep a bottle in the house. It is the safe and sensible thing when children are ailing. Whether it's the stomach, or the little bowels; colic or constipation; or diarrhea. When tiny tongues are coated, or the breath is bad. Whenever there's need of gentle regulation. Children love the taste of Castoria, and its mildness makes it suitable for the tiniest infant, and for frequent use.
And a more liberal dose of Castoria is always better for growing children than some needlessly strong medicine meant only for adult use. Genuine Castoria always has Chas. H. Fletcher's signature on the wrapper. Prescribed by doctors!



Garfield Tea
Was Your Grandmother's Remedy
For every stomach and intestinal ill. This good old-fashioned herb home remedy for constipation, stomach ill 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.
When the world hears only of a man's mistakes it always discounts his real merits.

Bayer-tablets Aspirin
To Identify Genuine Aspirin
THE increasing use of Bayer Aspirin every year is proof that it has no ill effects. It is the accepted antidote for pain. It always helps; it never harms. Quick relief when you've a headache, or cold, or are suffering from neuralgia or neuritis. Rheumatic pains yield, too, if you'll only give these tablets a chance. But you want genuine Aspirin, so look for the Bayer Cross on every tablet. The box always bears the name Bayer and the word "genuine" printed in red. Follow directions inside.
Aspirin is the trade mark Monacetylaceticester of Bayer Manufacture of Salicylicacid

Backache Bother You?
A Persistent Backache Often Warns of Sluggish Kidneys.
DOES every day find you lame and achy—suffering nagging backache, headache and dizzy spells? Are kidney excretions too frequent, scanty or burning in passage? These are often signs of sluggish kidneys and should not be neglected.
To promote normal kidney action and assist your kidneys in cleansing your blood of poisonous wastes, use Doan's Pills. Endorsed the world over. Sold by good dealers everywhere.
50,000 Users Endorse Doan's:
Mrs. L. Dietz, 2015 S Street, Sacramento, Calif., says: "I surely feel grateful to Doan's Pills. Daily spells bothered me and I felt tired and nervous. At times I had such a lame back that I was very hard to get around. My kidneys were not acting normally. I started to use Doan's Pills and I am glad I did. Now I enjoy good health."

Lincoln County News

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W. A. HALEY Editor and Publisher

FRIDAY, NOV 15 1929

The Bible on the Campus

National Industrial News Service

Critics of the present day college student, who declare that almost the only examination he can pass is the blindfold cigarette test, will find only partial support in the results of a recent inquiry by the Bible Guild.

Replying to the Guild's question whether Bible reading and knowledge of the Bible is decreasing among the student body, college presidents and deans expressed varied opinions. Fewer freshmen, probably, pack a Bible in their trunks when they get ready for college, but on the other hand the registration in Bible study courses is increasing.

Less perfunctory and mechanical, more spontaneous and sincere than forty years ago is the average student's interest in the Bible today, according to Doctor Thomas Arkle Clark, dean of men at the University of Illinois. A study of twentythree colleges and universities has revealed that only about half the students read the Bible occasionally or oftener.

It is an unknown book to many of our students," declares one president, "consequently they do not recognize Biblical references in their reading." Another writes that this lack of knowledge, he fears, has a bad effect on conduct.

President Hoover's words might well be broadcast to every campus. "The study of the Bible is a post-graduate course in the richest library of human experience." It would be a pity if this priceless heritage were to be neglected by young men and women preparing to face the realities of business and professional life. Every parent of a college student, regardless of religious beliefs, should make sure that the student has his or her own Bible and knows how to read it as an essential of a good education.

Chance for Small Towns

Not long ago the nation was stirred by the drift of population away from farms and rural areas into the great cities. Young men, attracted by the high wages paid by industry and what appeared to be the superior social and economic advantages of urban life deserted the soil for the city.

In the past quarter-century rural America has made tremendous progress. Better schools, good roads, the automobile, telephone and radio have created a rural civilization greater than any in history.

Industrialists, attracted by such factors as lack of labor difficulties, low taxes and uncongested, pleasant living and working conditions, were barred from entry into the small towns only because of lack of power.

Then rural electrification on a large scale was inaugurated. And now, according to authorities, the smaller towns are on the road to industrial leadership of America and the countryside is staged for the next scene of our industrial progress. The drift of population has turned. At present the only pronounced gain in industrial wage earners is taking place in the country.

It is safe to say that many towns which are almost unknown today will be the great industrial centers of the future. The industrial revolution of the eighteenth century apparently doomed rural progress—the electric revolution of the twentieth is reversing the process—the manufacturer.

Dance at the Community Hall Saturday, 16th.



The J. L. Graves Music Mixers of Roswell could not reach Carrizozo last Saturday night on account of muddy roads. They will fill the date Saturday. Adm. \$1.00 spectators 25c ladies free

Made Twenty Millions



Jesse L. Livermore, famous as a "bear" speculator, is said to have cleaned up between twenty and thirty million dollars in a few days through the decline in prices on the Stock Exchange.

NEW MEXICO BROADCASTING ASSOCIATION TO HOLD A MEETING, SAT., NOV. 16

The New Mexico Broadcasting association will hold a meeting at State College at 10:00 o'clock, November 16th, to make plans for New Mexico programs for the coming winter months, to be broadcast from KOB, every Friday night at 7:30. All of the chambers of commerce and others interested, are invited, according to Tom Charles, of Alamogordo, who is secretary of the association.

N. M. Program for Friday, Nov. 15. The program for next Friday night, November 15th, will consist of music numbers and three New Mexico stories. Edward Edgington, former assistant state leader for the U. S. Biological survey, will provide a story of "Old Sam," one of the State's outstanding lion dogs, owned by H. C. Pickett. Old Sam, Mr. Edgington declares, has been in at the killing of 97 mountain lions.

Will Robinson, of Roswell, for many years known as the Dean of the New Mexico press, will tell of the oldest highway—one which followed the stakes across eastern New Mexico, "The Staked Plains of the Great American Desert," now the Panhandle country, and draws a comparison between the highways of then and now.

Mrs. H. B. Jones, of Tucuman, contributes to the program the legend concerning how Tucuman got its name. The legend relates both fact and fiction regarding Tucuman mountain and the love affair of Karl and Tucum and of their burial in the cave on Mount Tucumari.

NUTRITION IMPORTANT TOPIC AT STATE COLLEGE CONFERENCE

The all-important question "What shall we have to eat?" was freely discussed in the nutrition section of the Western States Regional Conference, held at State College, November 4-5. This conference was marked as a gathering of authorities on human foods such as New Mexico has never seen before. The sessions were devoted to a review of the accomplishments in the western region and the methods used in the various states for the successful promotion of the work.

Dr. Louise Stanley of the Research Laboratories of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, Miss Miriam Birdseye, Nutrition Specialists of the Department, and Dr. Helen Thompson, of the University of California at Los Angeles, gave to the conference the summary results of many years of research in foods laboratories, where experiments have ascertained that the basic diet of the American people of meat, potatoes, white bread, butter, cheese and milk, must be supplemented by an adequate amount of fresh, dried and canned fruits and vegetables and of whole grain products if the American health is to be maintained at a point of efficiency.

Industrial revolution of the eighteenth century apparently doomed rural progress—the electric revolution of the twentieth is reversing the process—the manufacturer.

MAY TRAP ON GAME REFUGES

Predatory Animals Are Increasing As Fast As Deer.

Santa Fe, Oct. 30.—The state game commission has decided to let down the bars against trapping on the game refuges, but the trappers must get permits. State Game Warden Edgar L. Perry announced today.

Heretofore the carrying of firearms has been prohibited on the refuges. Under the new rule, trappers will be permitted to carry 22-caliber rifles. "It has been found that predatory animals are increasing as rapidly as the deer on the refuges," said Mr. Perry explaining the change.

If it were not for the commercial trappers the state would be overrun with predatory beasts, he said. As an illustration of the work of the trappers, he said he had been told that \$25,000 worth of coyote pelts was handled in Magdalena alone last year. Furs are bringing high prices and Mr. Perry believes there will be a ready response to the decision to permit trapping on the refuges.

NEW MEXICO SPENDS TAXES LARGELY ON SCHOOLS

Gov. R. C. Dillon, of New Mexico, in the United States Daily.

The times demand that children of today be afforded better educational opportunities than their parents had. I am proud to say that the two largest items on New Mexico's public budget are spent for schools and for roads.

The cost of public education in the State last year ran over \$8,000,000 or about 43 per cent of the total governmental expenditures, and 25 per cent to the roads. From these figures it will be observed that New Mexico apportions nearly half of its public budget to the schools. The duties of school teachers are almost endless, and their responsibility are great and sacred. The value of the services of a faithful and efficient school teacher can not be measured in dollars and cents.

The youth of the country is in its most impressionable years is placed in the hands of school teachers. In the school house they get their moral training and their outlook on life. In the school house they should get their ideas of good habits, good citizenship, good homemakers.

The program in the school house that affects the destiny of the child is so far reaching and vital it is almost impossible to make a correct survey of it.

SEN. CUPPER WOULD PROTECT NEWSPAPER SOURCES OF INFORMATION FROM QUIZZES

Washington, D. C., Nov. 11.—Stirred by the fallings of three Washington Times reporters for alleged contempt of court, Senator Arthur Capper, chairman of the senate district committee, today started work on the drafting of an act for the protection of newspaper confidantes.

The reporters, sentenced to 45 days in the district jail, were adjudged in contempt of court by Justice Peyton Gordon when they refused to betray confidences in connection with an expose of bootleggers and speakeasies in the national capital.

Senator Capper, himself a distinguished editor, said today that the bill will be drafted along the lines of a similar act on the Maryland statutes, which makes a newspaper reporter immune to duress testimony concerning the sources of any information gathered by him for publication.

As the other part of the program was on range livestock, in order to tie the two parts of the conference together, Miss Lucy Alexander, of the Bureau of Home Economics, Washington, D. C., gave a talk on the "Utilization of Meat" following a meat-cutting demonstration. Later in the conference she prepared certain cuts of beef and mutton, using some of the tender and some of the less tender cuts.

Eight of the states represented reported on specific phases of nutrition work which had been carried on and told the methods used in each state. A nutrition committee was appointed that drew up recommendations for further work in the state, which was to be adapted to the conditions and also to the programs of the various states.

DIPHTHERIA PREVENTION

By C. W. Gerber, Health Officer for Dona Ana County, in Rio Grande Farmer and Las Cruces Citizen:

Diphtheria, the dreaded disease, is preventable at comparatively slight cost to the individual. There are at present nine cases and four carriers scattered over the county, with a fair chance of it increasing by healthy "carriers" of the germ.

"Carriers" are produced by a healthy or immune person coming in very close contact with one who has the disease or with another carrier.

A "Carrier" is a healthy or immune person who harbors the diphtheria germ in his nose or throat or both, coughing or sneezing by a person who is a carrier usually transmits to another's nose or throat who, unfortunately, may not be immune to the disease, and a case of diphtheria is thus produced. In most instances children are less immune than adults. Healthy carriers do not show the least sign of illness and are usually unaware of their condition and, therefore, not appreciative of their state as a menace to health and lives of those with whom they come in contact.

The usual site for the disease is in the throat, and in a majority of instances, the true nature of the sore throat can be determined only by microscopic examination. Diphtheria and some of the other communicable diseases are readily transmitted through a milk supply, the milk having been handled by one who is a carrier or is ill with one of these diseases. Milk supplies, therefore, are kept under strict observation at all times.

The cure of diphtheria lies principally in the early detection of it and the administration of antitoxin.

The action of the remedy is prompt and decisive. During the prevalence or the impending prevalence of diphtheria, various methods of protection should be resorted to. For the person who has been exposed, the use of the prophylactic dose of antitoxin immediately gives a maximum protection from contracting the disease. This is only a temporary measure, effective for a period of about three weeks, when you again lapse into a susceptible state. Those exposed should always be tested for the "carrier" state, as they may harbor the germ and, after the immunity of the prophylactic dose of antitoxin has expended itself, be stricken with the disease, besides, as "carriers" they are a menace to their fellowmen.

The prophylactic dose should always be followed by the permanent immunization known as the toxo-antitoxin immunization and commonly referred to as T. A. T.

T. A. T. is given in three doses at weekly intervals, and as far as is known, produces a permanent immunity in 97 per cent of instances. It cannot be used in those exposed as an immediate protection because it does not produce the immune state until three or four weeks or longer after the last dose has been received. Owing to the fact that only 97 per cent become immune after a full course, it is necessary to test the person for immunity six months after, in order to detect the three per cent left susceptible after the first course and to administer a second course which is invariably all that is necessary.

All parents are urged to seek protection for their children against diphtheria. Don't wait until they have become exposed to infection, but consult your physician now, state the situation and follow his advice. In-

The Best Purgative for

Advertisement for a purgative medicine, featuring the word 'Colds' and an illustration of a person holding their head in pain.

We're proud of the friends these tires make for us

(By V. Reil)

IT'S a real satisfaction to sell tires that make a real friend of every customer. Goodyear Tire mileage so high that we are building up the best and steadiest growing business around here.

—ASK FOR—

GOODYEAR DOUBLE EAGLE

CITY GARAGE Carrizozo, N. M.

Patronize the

CARRIZOZO EATING HOUSE

Open Day and Night.

Dinner Parties Our Specialties.

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



Thousands of prescriptions for this remarkable formula were filled by druggists last year, over 23,000,000. A-Vol now comes in handy tubes of 12 tablets, 36, 30 tablets or medicine chest size \$1.00 at any prescription druggist or on receipt of pain, depression, fever, cold, flu, A-Vol stops pain in headaches, neuralgia, dental pain, rheumatism. A-Vol now comes in handy tubes of 12 tablets, 36, 30 tablets or medicine chest size \$1.00 at any prescription druggist or on receipt of pain, depression, fever, cold, flu.

Contains No Aspirin or Other Heart Depressants.

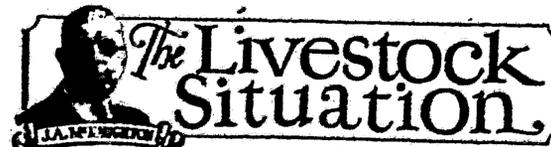
Relieves! Colds! Neuralgia! Dental Pain!

ROOMS FOR RENT

Clean, Comfortable and Rates Reasonable . . .

NEXT DOOR TO CITY GARAGE

MRS. MARY FORSYTH.



Alfalfa continues to be by far as any increase in beef cattle the most important and most feeding must be dependant upon valuable field crop in most of the western states. In California, Southwestern cattlemen have the alfalfa crop brings in more splendid feed conditions than money each year than all of the deciduous fruits combined, excepting grapes. Despite the fact that there has been a very large increase in the acreage given over to alfalfa, prevailing prices fail to indicate any tendency towards overproduction. As a matter of fact, there has been a decided shortage of alfalfa hay during the past two years. The reason for the continued broad and ever increasing demand is very evident.

Not only has there been a steady increase in the number of dairy cows in most of the western states, particularly in California and the Intermountain country, but there has been a tremendous swing towards dry-lots feeding of beef cattle. Drought conditions also have caused beef cattlemen to buy more alfalfa hay than would normally have occurred. There seems to be every reason to encourage alfalfa hay production on land suitable for its production.

WANTED—Second hand adding machine stand, cheap. Apply at this office.

FOR RENT—Three room house 44 Mrs. A. H. Harvey.

THE METRO GOLDWYN MEYER PRODUCTION
"THUNDER"
 WITH LON CHANEY

SPECIAL DANCE ACT

By
Ernest Prehm

At

Crystal Theatre

THURSDAY and FRIDAY, NOV. 21-22

For The Benefit of
 High School Athletic Association

Get your tickets from the High School
 Boys and Girls. 25 and 50c

"44 Flappers"

The Junior Class assisted by selected students will present "44 Flappers" a novelty play at the High School Auditorium, Friday December 6, 1929 at 8:00 p. m.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Mr. Day.....George Young
 Mrs. Day.....Gladys Gardenhire
 Sue Modern..Marguerite English
 Don Green.....Bill Spencer
 Maryan Day....Margie Rolland
 Ted Smith.....Marvin Roberts
 Plato.....Mose Lewis
 Hannah.....Dorothy Dozier
 Jonah.....Gladney Zumwalt
 Grandma Modern...Mary Bell
 Grandpa Modern...C. Martinez
 Father Time.....Tom Cook
 Miss 1944.....Evelyn Grumbles
 Spirit of Dreams...Eva Vigil
 Fairies { Avella Young
 Virginia Charles
 Dollie Dee.....Hada Corn
 Miss Arabella Nightingale.....
 Beatriz Boughner

Models
 Georgia Peckham, Katherine Kelt, Julia Romero, Rhea Boughner, Mabel Harmon, Helen Huppertz, Ruth Kelley, Lala Joyce, Mary Ellen McMillion.

Chorus Girls...Girls' Glee Club
 This promises to be the Fashion Show of the season. Prices 50 and 25 Remember the date.

Deer Hunters Out

Our town was almost depopulated the early part of the week. It was almost a manless Eden—the deer and turkey season having opened Sunday. And from reports that have drifted in, the rural sections have been just as busy, trying to get their'n before the season closes. There have also been many out of state hunters in our mountains, and they have, it is said, met with good luck. A number have returned with deer and turkey, but it is too early to get anything like an accurate report on results.

Capitan News

The school was closed Monday in honor of Armistice Day.

Tuesday evening the high school seniors entertained the other classes and the teachers at a play party and dance in the gym.

The Freshman class will attend a party Friday night. Arrangements are being made by Ruth Merrell, Trina Artiaga, Aurora Anaya, and Billy Hobbs.

Sales Ahead of Quota

The healthy business condition of the Carrizozo area was reflected in the sales record of the City Garage, local Chevrolet dealers, who sold 177 per cent of their quota during the months of September and October in the national Chevrolet Fall selling contest. In attaining this goal the City Garage sold a total of 46 cars.

"Because of the tremendous popularity of our product we entered this campaign with plenty of optimism," the City Garage salesmen state. "The growing preference throughout the country for six-cylinder cars, especially a Six in the Price Range of the Four, has made 1929 a big year for Chevrolet salesmen. We wish to thank all the enthusiastic Chevrolet Six owners in Carrizozo for the good they have done us in telling others of the pleasure and satisfaction to be experienced in driving this economical Six." Sales of the 1929 Chevrolet Six have surpassed all previous records for six cylinder automobiles, proving that the luxury and dependability combined in a car in the low-priced field have met with public approval.

Special recognition has been accorded the City Garage, and its proprietor, Vincent Reil, by the Chevrolet Motor Company for the splendid sales performance and prizes awarded the individual salesmen who were highest in car sales.

Some things in this world have to be accepted on faith, among them is the statement that Chase's picture is on the new \$10,000 bills.

Over Million in 10 Months

Detroit, Nov. 9.—All October production records in the history of the Chevrolet Motor Company were broken last month with an output of 85,915 cars and trucks, it was announced at the central offices here today.

Compared with the output of 65,062 units for October of last year, the 1929 October manufacturing volume shows a gain of more than 20,000 units. It indicates an increase of more than 900 cars and trucks a day over the showing for the corresponding month of a year ago.

Chevrolet's October performance brings output up to 1,275,778 units as of November first. This is more cars than Chevrolet has ever built in an entire year and is nearly five times the number of any other six cylinder car built in an entire year.

Highest prices paid for hides and pelts—Ziegler Bros.

THE SANITARY DAIRY

-is ready-
TO SUPPLY

Sweetmilk and Cream
 to the Trade

Table and whipping cream on demand

Joe West,
 Proprietor

Nogal and
 Carrizozo.

ADDITIONAL LOCAL

Joe Bickman was up Monday from El Paso.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Philips were here Sunday from Alamogordo. Born, a baby girl, Wednesday, the 13th, to Mr. and Mrs. Joe Chavez.

A. B. Zumwalt and Thomas V. Ludlow were week-end visitors in El Paso.

County Treasurer M. B. Paden drove to Albuquerque this morning to attend a tax meeting that has been called at that point.

Raymond Lackland was up from Roswell Saturday to Wednesday with his parents. Raymond is attending the Military Institute.

Mrs. M. B. Paden and Mrs. Elsa Charles, and the latter's two daughters, Frances and Virginia, leave tonight for Tucumcari to spend the week-end with relatives and friends.

Dan Martinez had a finger crushed one night this week, while working on No. 1's engine. Company Physician F. H. Johnson amputated the digit and Dan is now carrying his arm in a sling.

Mr. and Mrs. Bryan Casier and Mrs. Ira Greer and children were down from Tucumcari the first of the week. Mrs. Greer and children returned to Tucumcari later in the week.

Mrs. Frank Abel, Frank Jr., and Mrs. Elbert Brown and Miss Lorene Stimmel went to El Paso Saturday morning and spent the week-end with Mrs. L. E. Ayres and daughter Miss Lassie, and also visited Mrs. D. A. Saunders.

Mrs. W. J. Ayers and daughter, Miss Gertrude, who recently came back from Apache, Arizona, are disposing of their yearlings, preparatory to a return to Arizona. The mother's health has slightly improved during their absence.

Pat Dolan got a deer Sunday, but shipped it to Nebraska, not retaining a piece, and had to mooch a cat from a neighbor to get a taste. Pat relied on his brother-in-law to get a buck, but the visitor fell down—and that's how it came about.

Noticia

La lista de tasaciones de 1929 se sizo recibidas, y las tasaciones se devien y son pagables Diciembre 1ro. Despues de dicha fecha quedaran delinquentes. Hebitese la penalidad con remitir prontamente.

M. B. Paden,
 Colector y Tesorero.

Athletic Association to Give Benefit Program

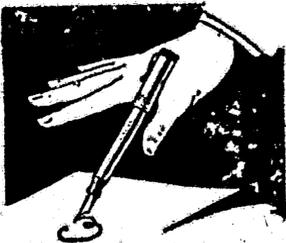
The Carrizozo High School Athletic Association will give a picture show next Thursday and Friday, November 21-22, at the Crystal Theatre. The picture will be "Thunder", a railroad drama with Lon Chaney as a railroad engineer and Phyllis Haver as the feminine star. There will be an added attraction before the picture. Ernest Prehm will give a special Spanish dance with orchestra accompaniment. You will enjoy the entire program; so plan to be there. The proceeds will be used to buy supplies for the Athletic Association to start off the season. Boys and girls basket-ball players will have tickets to sell. Your support of this program will be appreciated, and we will bet you get your money's worth from this production.

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.



Make School Work Easy via Parker Pressureless Touch

For the new school term get a Parker Duofold—the pen that clears the track for thinking. Its feather-light weight is sufficient to start and keep it writing. No pressure needed. No effort. No fatigue. Non-Breakable Barrels—Maximum Ink Capacity—Jewel-Smooth Points. We have all sizes and colors. Price \$3 to \$10. Pencils 25 to 35.

Paden's Drug Store
 Phone 20

Old Time Dances

(Tucumcari News)

The figures of the old-time square dances were called off in the quaint vernacular couched in loose rhyme, and the variations that took a wide range, occasioned much merriment. Following is a sample of one of the characteristic calls of the period: "Swing yer pardner and let 'er go; Balance all and do-as-do. Swing yer gal and run away; Right and left and gents esshay. Gents to the right and swing or cheat; On to the next gal and repeat. Balance next and don't be shy, Swing your pard and swing'er high. Bunch the gals and circle round; Whack your feet until they bound. Form a basket and break away, Swing around and all get gay. All gents left and balance all; Lift your hoofs and let 'em fall. Swing your opposite, swing again, Ketch the sageshen if you kin. Back to pardner, do-as-do; All join hands and off you go. Gents, s'lute your little sweets; Hitch and promenade to seats."

The time-honored square dance or quadrille included other figures, one of them being called "bird in the cage." Others were made up and interpolated, such as "Swing yer Long Cornstalk," which had its origin in Arkansas. Usually the dance "caller" of those days had a foghorn voice, and he contributed much to the "shindig" of the period, that often lasted until daylight before the final strains of "Home, Sweet Home" broke up the party.

NOTICE

State of New Mexico
 County of Lincoln

In The Probate Court

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:
 Notice is hereby given that Paul Mayer Administrator of the Estate of James Morris Deceased, will file his final report of his acts and transactions as Administrator of said Estate; and the Honorable Blerdo Chavez, Probate Judge of Lincoln county, New Mexico, has set the 6th day of January, A. D., 1930, the same being the first day of the regular January Term of the Probate Court, within and for the aforesaid county, at the hour of 10 a. m., at his office in the Court House in Carrizozo, New Mexico, as the time and place for hearing any objections to the same. Therefore, any person or persons objecting to said final report may do so by filing their objections on or before the above named date. Dated at Carrizozo, N. M., this 4th day of November 1929. (Seal) S. E. Greisen, Probate Clerk.

What We Think

BY FRANK DIXON

One reason some people never get any higher up the ladder of success is that they spend too much time kicking others in the face.

When I hear a knocker at work I always think, well, what have you done and it does not require any investigation to find that he has done nothing.

Maybe it doesn't just apply here, but this brings to mind the saying, "You can't saw wood with a hammer."

The latest one is about the Scotchman who paid five dollars for a sightseeing trip in an airplane. After he got up in the air he tried to persuade the pilot to try for an endurance record.

Scientists have found that castor oil given once in awhile to plants will make them grow faster. Children will no doubt be glad to see it used that way.

It is reported that Harry Luder, even though a Scot, has offered \$100,000 to the first man or woman to swim the Atlantic ocean.

Some people have a head a foot long, but they don't use it as a rule.

A subscriber writes in to ask if a burglar entered the cellar, would the coal chute? No but perhaps the kindling wood

Notice

The 1929 Tax Rolls have been received, and the taxes are due and payable December 1. After that date they become delinquent. Save penalty by remitting promptly.

M. B. Paden,
 Collector and Treasurer.

FOR SALE—School Books, Tablets, Etc.—The Titworth Company, Inc., Capitan, N. M.

PUBLIC NOTICE

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned has been appointed by the Probate Court for the County of Lincoln, State of New Mexico, Executrix of the last will and testament of Edward J. Payton, Deceased, and has duly qualified as such. All persons having claims against the said estate are required to present the same within the time and in the manner required by law; and all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to settle at an early date.

11-5-4 Susan Alice Payton
 Executrix.

Leads List in 1930

Tribute to its leadership as an automobile producer is again paid the Chevrolet Motor Company in the announcement by the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce, that Chevrolet has again been awarded first place at the 1930 national automobile show.

The award is given annually to the members company doing the largest annual volume of business, and is one of the most coveted honors that the automobile industry can bestow on an individual automobile manufacturer.

In addition to the distinction that goes with the award, Chevrolet is given first choice of exhibition space at the national automobile shows in New York and Chicago.

HOT BARBECUED MEATS
 Every day of the week—and all day—at Burnett's Cash Market

MAHILL BOY FATALLY SHOT WHILE HUNTING

Alonso Latham, 17, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Latham, Mayhill, was fatally shot about 3 p. m. Tuesday afternoon while he was hunting deer five miles from his home. The fatal bullet was fired by J. R. Pendergrass, 15, intended for a fleeing buck. The bullet struck Latham 400 yards away. The wounded boy was carried on an improvised stretcher for the five miles to his home, and from there was rushed by automobile for the Arceola hospital but died 15 miles from town.

Funeral services were held at Mayhill Wednesday afternoon. Besides the parents, the deceased is survived by several brothers and sisters.

ARIZONA DEFINES ITS STAND ON COLORADO RIVER PROBLEM

Says Proposed Development Consider Only Needs of Nation and State of California.

Phoenix, Ariz., Nov. 9.—Declaring the proposed development of the Colorado river under the provisions of the Swing-Johnson bill takes into consideration only the interests of the federal government and the State of California, Governor John C. Phillips has telegraphed Secretary of the Interior Wilbur, Arizona's reasons for withdrawing from further conferences with California and Nevada on allocation of the Colorado river water and Boulder dam power.

Governor Phillips' message, sent last night, was in answer to a communication from Secretary Wilbur regarding Arizona's recent withdrawal from efforts to reach a tri-state agreement. At the same time, the Arizona Colorado river commission announced its intention of filing suit in the supreme court of the United States to test the right of congress to allocate the river water and power. The suit, if filed, is expected to postpone construction of the project. In his communication to Governor Phillips, Secretary Wilbur advised the Arizona executive that the allocations of power objectionable to Arizona were made with a view to serving the best interests of all concerned. In the allocation announced recently by the secretary of the interior, Arizona was allotted 18 per cent of the power to be generated at Boulder Dam.

THE TRAIL OF '98

A Northland Romance

Robert W. Service

Illustrations by Irwin Myers
WNU Service

CHAPTER XI—Continued

I am in a box at the Palace Grand. The place is packed with rowdy men and ribald women. I am at the zenith of my shame. Right and left I am buying wine.

How I loathe myself! But I think of Berna, and the thought goads me to fresh excesses. I will go on till flesh and blood can stand it no longer, till I drop in my tracks. I realize that somehow I must make her pity me, must awake in her that guardian angel which exists in every woman. Only in that way can I break down the barrier of her pride and arouse the love latent in her heart.

Always amid that lurid carnival of sin looms the figure of Blossom, blossom with her child-face of dazzling fairness, her china-blue eyes, her round, smooth cheeks. How different from the pinched pallid face of Berna! Poor, poor Berna! I never see her, but amid all the saturnalia she haunts me. The thought of her is agony. I cannot bear to think of her. I know she watches me. If she would only stoop and save me now! Or have I not fallen too enough? I must go. I must go. Faster and faster must I swirl into the vortex.

In all that fierce madness of debauch, thank God, I retained my honor. They beguiled me, they tried to lure me into their rooms; but at the moment I went to enter I recoiled. It was as if an invisible arm stretched across the doorway and barred me out.

And Blossom, she, too, tried so hard to lure me, and because I resisted it inflamed her. She would coax me with the prettiest gestures, and coo to me with the sweetest endearments; then, when I steadfastly resisted her, she would fly into a fury and flout me with the foulness of the stew.

It was in one of the corridors of the dance hall in the early hours of the morning. The place was deserted, strewn with debris of the night's debauch. We were up there, Blossom and I, in a strange state of mind, a state bordering on frenzy. Not much longer, I felt, could I keep on this pace. Something had to happen, and that soon.

She put her arms around me. "Come," she said.

She led me toward her room. No longer was I able to resist. My foot was on the threshold and I was almost over when—

"Telegram, sir."

It was a messenger. Confusedly I took the flimsy envelope and tore it open. Blankly I stared at the line of type. I stared like a man in a dream. I was sober enough now.

"Ain't you coming?" said Blossom, putting her arms round me.

"No," I said hoarsely. "Leave me, please leave me. Oh, my God!"

Her face changed, became vindictive, the face of a fury.

"Curse you!" she hissed. "Oh, I know. It's that other, that white-faced doll you care for. Look at me! Am I not better than her? And you curse me. Oh, I hate you. I'll get even with you and her. Curse you, curse you—"

She snatched up an empty wine bottle, swinging it by the neck she struck me square on the forehead. I felt a stunning blow, a warm rush of blood. Then I fell limply forward, and all the lights seemed to go out.

There I lay in a heap, and the blood spurting from my wound soaked the little piece of paper. On it was written:

"Mother died this morning, Garry."

"Where an it?"

"Here, with me."

Low and sweet and tender was the voice. I was in bed and my head was heavily bandaged, so that the cloths weighed upon my eyelids. By my bedside some one was sitting, and a soft, gentle hand was touching mine.

"Is that you, Berna?"

"Yes, please don't talk."

I thrilled with a sudden sweetness of joy. A band of sunshine bathed me. It was all over, then, the turmoil, the storm, the shipwreck. I was drifting on a tranquil ocean of content. Blissfully I closed my eyes.

Yet there was something, some memory darker than the others, some shadow of shadows that baffled me. As I battled with a growing terror and suspense, it all came back to me, the telegram, the news, my collapse. A great grief welled up in me, and in my agony I spoke to the girl.

"Berna, tell me, is it true? Is my mother dead?"

"Yes, it's true, dear. You must try to bear it bravely."

I could feel her bending over me, could feel her hand holding mine, could feel her hair brush my cheek, yet I forgot even her just then. I thought only of mother, of her devotion and of how little I had done to deserve it. So this was the end: a narrow grave, a reading grief and the haunting specter of reproach.

My nose were choking me, and Berna was holding my hand very tightly, yet in a little I grew calmer.

"Berna," I said. "I've only got you now, only you, little girl. So you must love me, you mustn't leave me."

"I'll never leave you—if you want me to stay."

"God bless you, dear. I can't tell you the comfort you are to me. I'll try to be quiet now."

I will always remember those days as I grew slowly well again. Berna sat me up each night, alone with my

thoughts. Often when all was quiet I knew she was sitting there beyond the curtain, sitting thinking, just as I was thinking. Quiet was the keynote of our life, quiet and sunshine. That little cabin might have been a hundred miles from the gold-burn city. It was so quiet. How sweet she looked in her spotless home attire, her neat waist, her white apron with bib and sleeves, her general air of a little housewife. And never was there so devoted a nurse.

It was sweet prolonging my convalescence, yet the time came when I could no longer let her wait upon me. What was going to happen to me? Was ever a stranger situation? She slept in the little kitchen, and between us



The Place is Packed With Rowdy Men and Ribald Women.

there was but that curtain. The faintest draught stirred it. There I lay through the long, long night in that quiet cabin. I heard her breathing. Sometimes even I heard her murmur in her sleep. I knew she was there, within a few yards of me. I thought of her always. I loved her beyond all else on earth. I was gaining daily in health and strength, yet not for the wealth of the world would I have passed that little curtain. She was as safe there as if she were guarded with swords. And she knew it.

"I'll play the game fair," I said to myself. I must be very careful. Our position was full of danger. So I forced myself to be cold to her, and she looked both surprised and pained at the change in me. Her heart was innocent, and she could not understand my sudden coldness. The girl was winsome beyond words, and I knew I had but to say it and she would come to me. Yet I checked myself. I retreated behind a barrier of reserve. "Play the game," I said; "play the game."

So as I grew better and stronger she seemed to lose her cheerfulness. Always she had that anxious, wistful look. Once came a sound from the kitchen like stifled sobbing, and in the night I heard her cry. Then the time came when I was well enough to get up, to go away.

I dressed, looking like the cadaverous ghost I felt myself to be. She was there in the kitchen, sitting quietly, waiting.

"Berna," I called.

She came, with a smile lighting up her face.

"I'm going."

The smile vanished, and left her with that high proud look, yet behind it was a lurking fear.

"Are you ready?" I went on.

"Ready?"

"Yes, you're going, too."

"Where?"

I took her suddenly in my arms.

"Why, you dear little angel, to get married, of course. Come on, Berna, will you find the nearest parson. We won't lose any more precious time."

Then a great rush of tears came into her eyes. But still she hung back. She shook her head.

"Why, Berna, what's the matter? Don't you come? Don't you love me?"

"Yes, I love you. It's because I love you I won't come."

"Won't you marry me?"

"No, no, I can't. You know what I said before. I haven't changed any. I'm still the same—dishonored girl. Everybody knows. No, I could never marry you, never take your name, never bind you to me. You must go away, or—stay."

"Stay?"

"Yes. You've been living alone with me for a month. I picked you up that night in the dance hall. I had you brought here. I nursed you. Do you think people don't give me credit for the worst? I am supposed to be your mistress. Everybody knows nobody cares. There are so many living that way here."

"What shall I do?"

"Just stay. Oh, why can't we go on as we've been doing? What does the ceremony matter? We love each other. Isn't that the real marriage? It's more. It's an ideal. We'll both

be free to go if we wish. There will be no bonds but those of love. Oh, stay, stay?"

Her arms were round my neck. The gray eyes were full of pleading. "The sweet lips had the old, pathetic droop. I yielded to the empery of love."

"Well," I said, "we will go on awhile, on one condition—that by-and-by you marry me."

"Yes, I will, I will; I promise. If you don't tire of me; if you are sure beyond all doubt you will never regret it, then I will marry you with the greatest joy in the world."

So it came about that I stayed.

The year following, in which Berna and I kept house, was not altogether a happy one. Somehow we had both just missed something. The thought of her terrible experience haunted her. I knew, and I, too, suffered.

I tried to make her forget, yet I could not succeed; and even in my most happy moments there was always a shadow of Locasto; there was always a fear, the fear of his return.

My partners and I were up to our necks in business these days. Our gold mine property had turned out well. Jim was busy installing his hydraulic plant on Ophir creek, and altogether we had enough to think about. I had set my heart on making a hundred thousand dollars, and as things were looking it seemed as if two more years would bring me to that mark.

"Then," said I to Berna, "we'll go and travel all over the world, and do it in style."

"Will you, dear?" she answered tenderly. "But I don't want money much now, and I don't know that I care so much about travel either. What I would like would be to go to your home, settle down and live quietly."

She was greatly interested in my description of Glengyle. Particularly was she interested in my accounts of Garry, and rather scoffed at my enthusiastic description of him.

"Oh, that wonderful brother of yours! One would think he was a small god, to hear you talk. I decline I'm half afraid of him. Do you think he would like me?"

"He would love you, little girl; any one would."

"Don't be foolish," she chided me. And then she drew my head down and kissed me.

"Oh, I'm so happy," she said with a sigh.

"Are you, dear?" I caressed the soft tress of her hair.

Aye, she was happy, and I will always bless the memory of those days, and thank God I was the means of bringing a little gladness into my married life. She was happy, and yet we were living in what society would call sin. Conventionalism we were not man and wife, and yet were man and wife more devoted, more self-respecting. Never were man and wife endowed with purer ideals, with a more exalted conception of the sanctity of love.

CHAPTER XII

Two men were crawling over the winter-laced plain. One, the leader, was of great bulk and of a vast strength; while the other was small and wiry, of the breed that clings like a louse to life while better men perish.

The small man was breaking trail. Down almost to his knees in the soft snow, he sank at every step; yet ever he dragged a foot painfully upward and made another forward plunge.

"Come on there, you darned little shrimp; get a move on you," growled the big man from within the frost-forged hood of his parka.

The little man started as if galvanized into sudden life. His eyes, thickly widened with frost, glared out with the fear of a hunted beast.

"Curse him, curse him," he whined.

Pleasure and Profit in Scorpion Hunting

One of the most peculiar hunting expeditions on record is that which takes place at more or less regular intervals in the town of Mardine, in Asip Minor. The town is surrounded by ancient walls built to protect it from invaders, and hidden in various places in these walls are holes of scorpions which often become a menace to the population. In order to keep down the number of these pests, said to be death-dealing, a bonus is offered by the municipality and regular hunts are organized. The hunts take place at night when the hunters, armed with lanterns, poke around the walls and dislodge the scorpions. The next day they carry them to the town officials

Oddities in Language

A great many American Indian languages do not use the sound of "B." The famous Aztec language of Mexico does not have it and the majority of North American Indians are unable to pronounce the sound. However, some Indian languages have the "B"—for example, the James tongue of New Mexico has a perfect "B," and in California the Pomo Indians, the most expert basket makers in the world, have it. A good example of a proper name beginning with "B" is Bagli, a woman heroine in Pomo mythology, about whom stories are told. Her name is pronounced Bah-gal.

pered; but once more he lifted those leaden snowshoes and staggered on. The big man lashed fiercely at the dogs, and as they screamed at his blows he laughed cruelly.

"Mustn't on there, you curs, or I'll cut you in two," he stormed, and the heavy whip fell on the yelling pack. They were pulling for all they were worth, their heads down, their shoulders squared. Their breath came pantingly, their tongues gleamed redly, their white teeth shone.

Wary and worn were men and dogs as they struggled onward in the growing gloom, but because of the feeling in his heart the little man no longer was conscious of bodily pain. It was black murder that raged there.

At last they reached the forest fringe, and after a few harsh directions the big man had the little one making camp. The little man worked with a strange willingness. As he gathered the firewood and filled the Yukon stove, he hummed a merry air. He produced sourdough bread which he fried in bacon fat, and some dried moose-meat.

To men of the trail this was a treat. They ate ravenously, but they did not speak.

The silence was broken by a whining and a scratching outside. It was the five dogs crying for their supper, crying for the frozen fish they had earned so well. They wondered why it was not forthcoming.

"Dog feed all gone?"

"Yep," said the small man.

"H—H! I'll silence these brutes anyway."

He went to the door and laid onto them so that they slunk away into the shadows. But they did not bury themselves in the snow and sleep. They continued to prow round the tent, hunger-mad and desperate.

Then rolling himself in a robe, the big man lay down and slept.

The little man did not sleep. He was still turning over the thought that had come to him. Outside in the atrocious cold the whining malamutes crept nearer and nearer. In the agonies of hunger, they cried for fish, and there was none for them, only kicks and curses. They howled their woes to the weary men.

The little man crawled into his sleeping bag, but he did not close his eyes. He was watching.

About dawn he rose. An evil dawn it was, mallow, sinister and askew. The little man selected the heavy-handled whip for the job. Carefully he felt its butt, then he struck. It was a shrewd blow and a neatly delivered, for the little man had been in the business before. It fell on the big man's head, and he crumpled up. Then the little man took some rawhide thongs and trussed up his victim.

He gathered up the rest of the provisions, made a pack of the food and lashed it on his back. Then, after a final look of gloating hate, he went off and left the big man to his fate. At last the Worm had turned.

The dogs were closing in. Nearer and nearer they drew. They wondered why their master did not wake; they wondered why the little tent was so still; why no plume of smoke rose from the alim stovepipe. All was oddly quiet and lifeless. Closer and closer they crept to the silent tent.

The man opened his eyes. Within a foot of his face were the fangs of a malamute. At his slight movement it drew back with a snarl, and retreated to the door. Locasto could see the other dogs crouching and eyeing him fixedly. What could be the matter? What had gotten into the brutes? Where was the Worm? Where were the provisions? Why was the tent flap open and the stove stone-cold? Then with a dawning comprehension that he had been deserted, Locasto uttered a curse and tried to rise.

At first he thought he was stiff with cold, but a downward glance showed him his condition. He was helpless. He grew sick at the pit of his stomach, and glared at the dogs. They were drawing in on him. Their gleaming teeth snapped in his face. Violently he abandoned. He must try to free himself, so that he could fight.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

South West NEWS ITEMS

Albuquerque High school won from the Phoenix, Ariz., High school in their annual debate.

Mrs. Tom Charles of Alamogordo was elected president of the Federated Women's Club of New Mexico for the coming year, at the recent meeting in Silver City.

Governor R. C. Dillon, addressing Las Cruces business men at the Dona Ana county fair, spoke at length of his desire to build an Elephant Butte lake shore highway before his term of office expires.

New Mexico winners in the third national radio audition, sponsored by the Atwater-Kent Foundation, are Miss Mary Ellen Severson, soprano, of Albuquerque, and Nicolas Escalada, lyric tenor, of Santa Fe.

Jerry W. Sullivan, 86, cattle and land baron of Yavapai county, died in Prescott, following a four months' illness. A resident of Phoenix for the last sixty-one years, his history has been a part of the history of Yavapai county.

Coolidge dam indebtedness, which will be retired over a period of forty-three years, will be paid off pari passu at the rate of \$155,000, according to the possible earning power of the dam, revealed C. H. Southworth, district engineer.

Leroy Kennedy, 64 years old, former president of the Arizona State Federation of Labor, a member of the Democratic state committee, former editor of the Arizona Daily Silver Belt at Miami, and a resident of Arizona for twelve years, died after a short illness at Apache Junction.

Miramontes Sanatorium, Inc., of Albuquerque was chartered by the New Mexico Corporation Commission recently. The authorized capital is \$50,000 and the company begins business with \$2,100. The incorporators are George Lougee, E. C. Clark and Viola F. Doering, all of Albuquerque.

The strident sipping of cowboys, the smell of smoke from the muzzles of "six guns," and the buzz, tinkle and laughter from rejuvenated barrooms, proclaimed that Tombstone, noted for its roaring comedy and tragedy in frontier days, is not dead. Tombstone recently celebrated its fiftieth birthday.

Hunters will be under stricter surveillance this year than they ever have been previously in New Mexico. State Game Warden Edgar L. Perry stated in Santa Fe, The department is ready for them with a force of forty extra deputies, prepared to take the field, besides the six full-time deputies.

Attracting much attention at the Dona Ana county project fair, which was held in Las Cruces, was a mule with a 2-month-old colt. It is said to be the second male mule in the United States. A principal attraction in the general exhibit of farm products showed six cuttings of alfalfa grown on the ranch of Seth Berrier of McCalla. The total height of the six cuttings is sixteen feet.

Santa Fe will soon witness perhaps the largest funeral procession to ever wind its way through the narrow streets of the ancient city, when the bodies of 212 soldiers are reburied in the national cemetery in that city. Superintendent G. W. Reese of the national cemetery has received orders from the quartermaster department in St. Louis to request bids from New Mexico undertakers on receiving and burying the bodies of the American soldiers, which will be interred from the cemetery at Fort Apache in eastern Arizona.

The state of New Mexico had \$9,234.63 in deposits in the closed San Marcial State bank. State Treasurer Emerson Watts announced in Santa Fe. The money is secured by \$5,000 in fourth Liberty loan bonds, now selling at 93, and \$5,000 in federal farm loan bonds, now at 83 on the market.

In connection with this year's Arizona state fair at Phoenix, there will also be held the second annual Arizona flower show, the fifteenth annual Arizona art exhibit, and a championship dog show, under the auspices of the American Kennel Club.

The New Mexico counties have a chance of obtaining \$2,500 for "the promotion of child health measures in county health programs." Dr. George E. Luckett, New Mexico state health director, has been notified by the American Public Health Association that the Rockefeller Institute has given it \$100,000 for this sort of work. Doctor Luckett was invited to put in a request for New Mexico. Twenty-five hundred can be used handily in this state, the director said. If the request is granted the money is to be used in Eddy, Chaves, Santa Fe, Union and Valencia counties, which can comply with the conditions of the gift.

The Arizona Pharmaceutical Association will meet in Prescott next year, it was voted at the closing session of the seventh annual convention of the organization in Tucson. F. C. McAlpin of Kingman was elected president, succeeding Edward Dorsey, Phoenix, who becomes chairman of the executive committee.

H. J. Trammell was awarded \$5,243.36 workman's compensation by the Arizona State Industrial Commission for injuries sustained when he fell from a pole while employed as an electrician at Coolidge dam.

ONLY A DOCTOR KNOWS WHAT A LAXATIVE SHOULD BE



Danger lies in careless selection of laxatives! By taking the first thing that comes to mind when bad breath, headaches, dizziness, nausea, biliousness, gas on stomach and bowels, lack of appetite or energy warns of constipation, you risk forming the laxative habit.

Depend on a doctor's judgment in choosing your laxative. Here's one made from the prescription of a specialist in bowel and stomach disorders. Its originator tried it in thousands of cases; found it safe for women, children and old folks; thoroughly effective for the most robust man. Today, Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, as it is called, is the world's most popular laxative. It is composed of fresh herbs and other pure ingredients. You can get it, in generous bottles and ready for use, at any drugstore.



Cold In Head, Chest or Throat?

RUB Musterole—well into your chest and throat—almost instantly you feel easier. Repeat the Musterole-rub once an hour for five hours... what a glorious relief!

These good old-fashioned cold remedies—oil of mustard, menthol, camphor—are mixed with other valuable ingredients in Musterole.

It penetrates and stimulates blood circulation and helps to draw out infection and pain. Used by millions for 20 years. Recommended by many doctors and nurses. Keep Musterole handy—jar, tube, All drugstores.

To Mothers—Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.



Typewriter Prints Music After several years of effort an Italian composer has made a typewriter for composing music which he calls a "dactylomusicograph." The machine resembles an ordinary typewriter, and is operated in the same manner. It types all kinds of music and is able to inscribe on the page either vertically or horizontally.

UGLY UPDIMPLES?

Water's working—be by nature clear your complexion and get rid of those ugly dimples. They're caused by the pores of the face being clogged with dirt. Take a course of treatment with Musterole. It's the best way to get rid of those ugly dimples. Try it today. You'll see the difference. It's the best way to get rid of those ugly dimples. Try it today. You'll see the difference.

NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALL-GRT

Petrified Tongues Found Iowa paleontologists are endeavoring to identify seven petrified tongues found in a gravel pit. It is thought they are buffalo tongues cached by Indians.

Make More Money This Easy Way

A Few Cents Invested in "Dandelion Butter Color" Will Put Dollars in Your Pocket.



Top prices for your butter are possible the year 'round with the help of "Dandelion Butter Color." Put in just a half-teaspoonful for each gallon of cream before churning and out comes butter of that Golden June Shade. It's purely vegetable, wholesome and meets all State and National Food Laws. All large creameries use it to keep their product uniform. It's fastidious and doesn't cut butterfat. Large bottles cost only 25 cents at all drug or grocery stores. Write for FREE SAMPLE. Wells and Richardson Co., Inc., Burlington, Vermont.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

The Methodist Missionary Society will hold a Bake sale Saturday 2:00 p. m. at Hedrick's

Henry Lutz, Jr., was here from Roswell this week, visiting his parents and his sister, Miss Belle.

Mrs. Rufus Hughes and children were here Saturday to Monday, visiting members of the family.

Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie Lee and Jimmie, Jr., came up Friday night and are with the mother, Mrs. E. H. Sweet

Mr and Mrs. C. M. Lucky returned Saturday from a two-months visit to relatives in Colorado and Kansas.

Mrs. George Stebbins arrived Sunday from Salina, Kansas, for a few weeks stay with her sister, Mrs. F. H. Johnson.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Campbell, of Clouderoft, spent Sunday here with relatives. Mrs Campbell was formerly Miss Lucile Fite.

Chili, Enchiladas, pie, etc., at Community Hall, served by the Woman's Club, tomorrow (Saturday) at 12 m and 6 p. m.

Frank Abel left home at four o'clock Monday morning, drove up Tortolita Canyon, killed a big buck and was back home by seven. He got his'n in a hurry.

Dr. Blaney scarcely notices anyone since Wednesday. On that date he drove into town and down the street high hatting all his friends. He had a monarch of the deer family lashed to the front bumpers of his car.

Lost—While enroute through Carrizozo to California, Nov. 5, a square suit case, containing articles and clothing. Will pay a reasonable reward for return of same. Dr. W. H. Brown, Santa Fe, N. M., or leave at this office.

Will Hale was in town Tuesday from Ruidoso. He and his family returned this fall from California where they have lived for a number of years. Will is an older brother of Pete and Albert, and their father was one of the early settlers on the Ruidoso.

Floy Skinner stepped into our office yesterday morning and handed us a neat package, which, upon investigation, proved to be a choice loin cut from a buck he had slain in Carrizo. We've enjoyed the juicy bon mot which, like the Hoggy cigar, is "Good as the Man."

Floy Zumwalt, who is teaching his fourth term of school at Malaga, Eddy county, took a leave to visit his parents at Nogal, and do a little hunting in the mountains. He bagged his buck on Carrizo. J S Williams, a member of his school board, accompanied him on his expedition.

Lemoyne Johnson and Ira Allison came in Friday night from Indianapolis, Indiana. Lemoyne will visit with his father, Dr. Johnson, and his companion has joined the highway force. Lemoyne, who is now a big six-footer, had not been here since he went to Alabama more than ten years ago, a mere shaver.

MALE HELP WANTED
RELIABLE man wanted to run McNess Business in Lincoln County. \$5 to \$12 daily profits. No capital or experience required. Wonderful opportunity. Write today, McNess Co., Dept. T, Freeport, Ill.

W. H. BROADDUS
OPTOMETRIST
CARRIZOZO
Fourth Monday and Tuesday of Each Month at the office of **DR. SHAVER**
Fees Limited to Living Classes

FOR RENT—Three room house #4 Mrs. A. H. Harvey.

Ft. Stanton News

One of the nicest parties ever held in Ft. Stanton was the house warming given by the Seamens Social Club Saturday night, Nov. 9th. The personnel of the post was well represented. Prizes were offered for the highest scores made in bridge and other games. Among the prize winners were: Mrs. Hill, Miss Gunn, Miss Brockwell and James Anderson, Jr. Refreshments were passed throughout the evening. Cakes of many kinds, baked by the friends of the boys, sandwiches, and delicious fruit punch all contributed to the enjoyment of the evening. The committee in charge deserves especial mention for their untiring efforts, and it is to be hoped we will be asked again to attend a party by our boys.

Col. H. A. Ingalla and Dr. Connors of Roswell were over night guests of the Cavanaugh and Sellars families Saturday night. Sunday morning they departed for Pajarita Rancho accompanied by James M. Cavanaugh and Billie where they expect to get a deer.

Mrs. C. H. Gylling is assisting the Titworth company for a few days.

Dr. and Mrs. Tappan will depart Nov. 30th for their new home in San Diego, California. A great many entertainments are being held in their honor and it is with sincere regret that we see Dr and Mrs. Tappan and their charming family leave us.

Mrs. Tom Hobbs and Mrs. Tom Burleson attended a community dinner at Mrs. Fred Phingsten's Wednesday, Nov. 13.

Several parties of hunters left here Saturday morning and more Sunday and Monday. Deer seem to be plentiful but as yet no venison.

Barney Aldas is quite ill in the Hospital with an infection in the index finger of the left hand. There is some improvement at this writing.

Henry Sanchez is enjoying a ten day leave.

Mrs. Juanita Basford is leaving for Carrizozo the 15th, where she will spend several weeks recovering her health.

Boy Badly Burned

J. B. ten-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. William N. Hightower, Alto, was seriously burned in a gasoline explosion last Sunday. J. B. had gone up the creek, about 1/2 mile above the Hightower home, to get some gas from an old car that had been standing there for some time. The gas was drawn into a vessel and the little fellow started down the road for home. It seems he struck a match to light a cigarette; it burnt his fingers and he dropped the match into the vessel containing the gasoline.

The explosion which followed ignited the boy's clothing from head to foot. His presence of mind, apparently, was all that saved him from a horrible death. He jumped off the creek bank into a pool of water and rolled around until the flames were extinguished. He made his way home, all his lower garments having been burned off and practically all the skin, as well, from the waist down. He suffered severe burns on the back also.

A physician was called immediately and relief administered, and the injured boy was resting very well at last accounts, but it is feared that the burns are so deep-seated and that so much skin was lost the little fellow has a hard fight ahead of him.

This family has been very unfortunate the past two years, in 1927 having lost a son who was shot while out hunting. Many friends deeply sympathize with this estimable family in their sufferings and misfortunes.

Married at Estancia

C. J. Burke and Miss Laboma Bigelow were married at Estancia last Saturday. The couple had intended to drive to Santa Fe and be married in the Capital City, but the condition of the roads were such that the idea was abandoned and the wedding took place at the point stated.

The bride is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. C. Bigelow of Carrizozo, is a very pleasant and attractive young lady and has a host of friends among her associates. She is a graduate of the Carrizozo High School, and at the time of her marriage was employed at the City Garage as bookkeeper. The groom is a traveling salesman for Camel cigarettes, makes this territory regularly and is well and favorably known in local commercial circles.

Mr. and Mrs. Burke returned Sunday, and have been the recipients of best wishes from many friends, with whom the News joins.

Come-Alive-Book Library

The Librarian of the Glencoe Woman's Club, Mrs. A. F. Roselle, made a visit to each of the six schools of the Ruidoso Valley and gave a talk in the interest of Libraries. She demonstrated the project of a Come-Alive-Book Library. The schools all adopted the plan to increase interest in a school library. Each school elected a captain to act as Supervisor. The Club Librarians follow:

- Hondo grade, Ivel Rose.
 - Hondo high, Nina Perry.
 - San Patricio, Ellen Chavez.
 - Lower Glencoe, Mary Bonnell.
 - Upper Glencoe, Earl Allison.
 - Lower Ruidoso, Alice Britt.
 - Upper Ruidoso, Earl Smith.
- Books from the Club Library were loaned to the schools.

W. H. Broadbuss—Optical Specialist—will be in Carrizozo, Wednesday, November 20, at the office of Dr. Shaver. Glasses fitted.

OLD DOC BIRD SAYS

Scientists say the mountains in California are moving slowly north. Probably to make room for Eastern tourists.



All The Requisites of Milady's Dressing Table can be Found Here

- Perfumes
- Face Powder
- Talcum
- Toilet Waters
- Creams
- Rouge

Toilet Preparations of leading Toilet Goods Houses are sold here.

Come in and select the kind you prefer.

Rolland's Drug Store

LINCOLN ABSTRACT and TITLE COMPANY

ABSTRACTS, BONDS, INSURANCE
GRACE M. JONES, Pres.
Carrizozo, New Mexico

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

Ziegler Bros.

DO YOU DEMAND STYLE IN YOUR CLOTHES?

YOUR'RE only as up-and-coming as the cut of your clothes for appearance does count in this busy world where first impressions are often the only impression.

COME!

To Ziegler Bros. and let us show you the newest styles in men's wear for fall in brands of men's furnishings that are giving national satisfaction.

Marx Made Suits 27.50 and at 27.50 up

Berlin Leather Coats \$22.50 at 12.50 to

Berlin LumberJacks at \$5.85 and up
Bradley Sweaters at \$4.85 to 10.00
Coopers Hosiery, Coopers Pajamas, Coopers Union Suits, John B. Stetson and Knox Hats, Florsheim Shoes
Sure-Fit Caps, Phoenix Long-Life Neckwear, Wilson and Arrow Shirts

This is The Good Merchandise you'll find at

ZIEGLER BROS.



Marrison-Chandler

Miss Mary Catherine Chandler, one of Carrizozo's most charming young ladies, but living the past year at Amarillo, Texas, where she had been employed, returned home last Saturday, presumably for a visit with her parents; but she was accompanied by a young man, Mr. Cliff Morrison, and the two were quietly married that evening at the home of the bride, only the family circle being present. Rev. F. C. Rowland, pastor of the Baptist church, who recently returned from a stay in the Veterans' hospital at Fort Bayard, performed the ceremony.

The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Chandler, of Carrizozo, and is a most amiable and lovely young lady, and her many friends, notwithstanding they were unapprised of Miss Catherine's intention to take this most important step of her life, wish her abundant happiness and prosperity. The groom is of a prominent Amarillo family and the couple will make their home there where the groom is employed by the Santa Fe Railway Company.

The News takes pleasure in adding its best wishes.

Turkey Shoot

The Golf Club is arranging a Thanksgiving Turkey Shoot, to take place at the club grounds Sunday, November 4. Twenty turkeys have been provided for the occasion, enough to give that number of families a big feed for Thanksgiving. Rules and regulations governing the shoot will be announced on the grounds.

T. E. KELLEY
Funeral Director and Licensed Embalmer
Phone 96
Carrizozo N. M.

Acho Thanksgiving Service

You are cordially invited to bring your family and a basket of good things to eat to Acho School house for a Thanksgiving dinner Sunday November 24. Thanksgiving services will follow the dinner. The Rev. Jno. L. Lawson the pastor in charge of the Methodist church here will preach. Please read Psalm 103 and invite your friends to come with you to render thanks unto the giver of every good and perfect gift for His many blessings toward us.

Preaching service at Capitán

Scarlet Fever

Six cases of scarlet fever have been reported this week in the county. Two here, both in the Earl Berry family; four at Alto, one in the Scott Hagee family, the other three in the Blood family. All cases have been quarantined.

next Sunday at 11 a. m. and at Carrizozo at 7:45 p. m. You are cordially invited to attend these services.

Jno. L. Lawson, Pastor of the Methodist church.

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 away only as long as the wind raised a dust in the air. Then it stopped as abruptly as it had started, while the other continued pumping for some time—then it finally came smoothly to rest with the last trace of the dying breeze.

That is the difference between a superior windmill and just a windmill. It is the difference between accurately machined and fitted gears and ordinary cast gears; the difference between turned, ground and polished shafts and ordinary steel shafts.

The difference between machined and polished bearings and ordinary bearings; the difference between running in oil and running with dry gears.

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

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

City Garage, V. Reil, Prop.
Carrizozo, New Mexico
FAIRBANKS-MORSE PRODUCTS
"Every Line a Leader"