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Carrizozo News

OFFICIAL COUNTY PAPER --- DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF LINCOLN COUNTY, NEW MEXICO

VOLUME 19

CARRIZOZO, LINCOLN COUNTY, NEW MEXICO, FRIDAY, JANUARY 4, 1918.

NUMBER 1

Red Cross Going

over the Top

The much heralded campaign of the Red Cross for "ten million new members by Christmas," was again intensified. It was hardly more than a week ago that the Red Cross headquarters at Washington indicated an enrollment in excess of the goal. Early and scattering returns for the first day of enrollment, which was Monday, showed that several of the thirteen national divisions of the Red Cross had gone over their quotas for the day, with hundreds of chapters enroute from. The city of Seattle alone reported an enrollment practically equalling the day's quota for the entire Northwestern Division, which embraces the States of Washington, Oregon and Idaho.

Early in the campaign week it became a matter of rivalry between the divisions not to see whether they would reach their quotas, but to see how far above the quota each division might push its enrollment by Christmas Eve. Millions of Americans await eagerly the final word from Washington as to how many crosses were illuminated on service flags in the windows of Red Cross homes on Christmas Eve.

Ancho

Mrs. P. M. Duncan, of Dearborn, Missouri, is spending the holidays with friends in and around Ancho.

There will be a dance at Ancho Saturday night, January 12th, a lunch will be served for dancers. The best of music and a cordial invitation to all lovers of music and dancing is extended by the Ancho people.

A very sad accident occurred at Corona last Saturday night when the residence of Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Locke caught on fire and burned to the ground in a few moments. Mr. and Mrs. Locke lost every thing except the clothing they wore. The fire was caused by the explosion of a lamp.

Bryan Hightower is at home spending the holidays. Bryan is a young man with a host of friends who were made very happy by his return from the training camp in California, where he had been for several weeks.

The Ancho school has been closed during the Christmas time.

Prof. Funk spent the holiday week with his family in Alamogordo. School started again Wednesday with renewed interest after a week of rest.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Dufany, of Webb, Arizona, are spending the holidays with their relatives, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Ghent, of Luna. They came overland in their car from Arizona and report a fine trip.

The son of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Kelly, who has been in the training camp for some time, came home to a furlough to spend the holidays with his folks here.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Cooper entertained their friends and a few friends New Year day. Their spacious home was full of good cheer and the day was a happy one to begin the New Year of 1918. Much was a happy feature and the merry songs were heartily enjoyed by all the guests. Mrs. Cooper is a fine hostess.

Every one is cordially invited to attend the entertainment at the Ancho school house on Saturday night, January 12. Part of the proceeds to be given to the school and Sunday school to purchase lights for the house. These entertainments will be pulled off morally and no one in the community should miss them.

Watch-Night Party

Say! Have you heard about the party held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. A. Stevens Monday night. I never tell any thing unless I am by myself or with some one, but I would like to slip you a word about the fine bunch of Epworth Leaguers. I never before saw so much real life. They had fun, fun of the good wholesome kind. They were not contented to operate at one place. In a body, about fifty strong, they visited the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Fetter, to wish them every good blessing for the New Year. After a pleasant hour at the Fetter home they returned to the Stevens home to watch for the coming of the New Year and to say good bye to the Old.

When Father Time drew the curtain on the old year and opened the doors of the New the young folks entered with glad hearts, each resolving, in his own words, for a higher life. If you are not in line with those youngsters, my advice is to "line up". They will put a smile on you, which is the most beautiful bouquet known to the human race; and if you are not very careful it will take root and grow on you. They say the league is to have another social soon. If it does not rain you can count on my being present. If it does rain I will give the credit to that hunch. If it rains on people according to their hospitality the Stevens are sure to drown. "Null Sed".

Baptist Church

Rev. J. B. Davidson, Pastor

Revival meetings are now in progress. Cottage prayer meetings have been held this week with Messdames Patty, Pine, Benson and Allen. Next week they will be held on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday afternoons at 3 p. m., same as this week at homes which will be announced at the Sunday services. These meetings will continue for three or four weeks then the pastor will begin preaching every night except Mondays and Saturdays. These days will be observed as rest days. Everybody is invited to attend the cottage prayer meetings and to pray for a great revival.

The pastor will preach Sunday at 11 a. m. on "Bringing Men to Christ"; at 7:30 p. m. on "Christ Converts a Crazy Man".

Sunday School at 10 a. m.

Junior B. Y. P. U. and Sunday school at 4 p. m. Senior B. Y. P. U. at 6:30 p. m.

Friendship Bible Class

"I would like to join a good Bible class." "I would. Then come and join our class, the Friendly Bible Class, which meets every Sunday at the Baptist church at 10 a. m." "I did not know you had an Adult Bible class." "Well we have and it is growing and aiming to get every man and woman in Carrizozo who will do so to join, and we would like to see you in the class next Sunday." "Well I believe I will come and visit you any way and if I like the class I will join." "I am sure you will like the class just fine, good-bye."

A Call for Help

Funds are needed to pay or partially pay Mrs. Rowden for painstaking care of Mrs. Green and the Green children. This is a case of the sick man at our door. Please be a good samaritan. Leave money at either of the banks and obliged.

R. H. LEWELLING.

THE TWO ATLARS

By WILL M. MARSH, in Carrizozo, New Mexico. "Huh"

Jack Smith belonged to the Y. M. C. A.;
Pat Mehan to the K. of C.
Both marched away "neath the flag one day,
To fight for the Land of the Free;
Jack bowed his head as he said a prayer;
Pat knelt with his parish priest;
Then they stood up square to go "over there"
To grapple the Hunnish beast.

Now, their altar calls were not the same;
Though they messed in the same old shack,
But just the same 'twas the same Great Name
They worshiped, both Pat and Jack.
While Jack stood straight as he humbly prayed,
Pat knelt at a candle shrine,
But the same God heard each whispered word
That harkens to yours and mine.

They didn't agree, did Jack and Pat,
On methods of worship true;
But what of that? They went to the mat
For the old Red, White and Blue.
They knelt apart, but 'twas side by side
They fought for their homes and right,
And the blood-red tide of the Kaiser's pride
They battled by day and night.

Each bullet his billet has got, they say,
And always will find its mark.
And Pat and Jack in a trench mud black
Lay side by side in the dark.
Their life's blood ebbed with a falling tide
As they came to the great unknown;
But hand in hand from that far-off land
They know they were not alone.

So "over the top" to the Glory Side
Where never is war nor tears;
Where the true and tried in God's love abide
With nothing of doubts nor fears.
And the God they met as they entered
Where the souls of all men are free
Was the God of Jack's Y. M. C. A.
And the God of Pat's K. of C.

Local Board Highly Praised by President

November 25, 1917.
To the members of the Local and District Boards:

You have now practically completed the great work of selecting the first contingent of the National Army. Upon you was devolved the difficult task of selecting those who can best serve with the battle flags from those whose duties and responsibilities require that they serve at home.

The successful performance of this duty has undoubtedly brought to you a proud satisfaction in the privilege to serve the Nation in the hour of need. Commendation can add little to such satisfaction, but I would not be true to my own feelings did I not extend this expression of gratitude to you for the success of this great achievement.

Many members of the Boards have felt that they should render this service without compensation and as a testimonial of such action I have directed that a copy of this letter bearing a notation of such service be sent individually to those who have thus so generously served.

WOODROW WILSON,
Official Copy
E. H. CROWDER,
Provost Marshal General.
To Mr. O. T. Nye,
County Clerk,
Carrizozo, N. M.

Who during the War with Germany gratuitously rendered his services from July 10th, 1917, to January 1st, 1918, as a member of The Local Board for Lincoln County, New Mexico.

W. E. LINDSEY,
Governor of New Mexico

Announcement

The Carrizozo Theatre will open Saturday night.

Curtain rises at 7:45 o'clock. Watch for the bulletin in front of the theatre, for title and plot of the pictures, which will be shown.

The prices of admission are as follows: Adults, 18 cents, war tax, 2 cents; Children, 9 cents, war tax, one cent.

"A Poor Little Rich Girl" To-morrow at Crystal

"A Poor Little Rich Girl" will disclose Mary Pickford in a picture which, although of typical Pickford charm, presents the famous girl-star in a character quite different from anything in which she has appeared heretofore. For instance, who ever heard of Mary Pickford being a regular little bobcat when it comes to fighting? Yet this is just what proves to be the case in "Little Mary's" new film when a gang of street archers attack her at her palatial home.

In the luxurious conservatory, with its lily pond and gigantic palms she battles with a half dozen sturdy youngsters and finally sets them to route at the cost of much expensive furnishings as well as her own immaculate appearance. Bespattered from head to foot with mud from the erstwhile lily pond and severely scratched she stands triumphant as the remains of the gang are set to flight. The archers used in these scenes were instructed to give real battle and in fighting them off the popular little star had her hands full in every sense of the expression—as well as her teeth and feet. After this fight Miss Pickford's activities for the day at the studio ceased right then and there and those who will witness the affair on the screen of the Crystal theatre Saturday, January 5 will easily understand why this was the case.

To the Oil Fields

Mayor Lutz left yesterday for Electra, Texas. He was accompanied by Lin Branum and A. J. Lahann, who are stockholders in the New Mexico-Electra Oil Co. Frank Pru is also expected to join the party at Amarillo.

Mayor Lutz let a contract for two wells while in the field recently, one in the shallow well section, on the lot area, the other on the 60-acre tract in the deep well section. The mayor says he will have oil before he returns, and all New Mexico stockholders have confidence in his ability to do so. Let the good work go on, Mr. Mayor, we believe in you.

Special Tractor Course

A special tractor course will be given at the New Mexico College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, commencing Farmers' Week, January 14 to 19.

As many farmers are well aware, this country is faced with an enormous shortage in farm labor, and in fact the success of our armies in the present conflict may depend upon the ability of the American farmer to increase the food supply of the world. This farm labor shortage is being met in practically all the western states by turning to tractor farming. In New Mexico itself the number of tractors in use have increased materially during the last year, and the outlook is that their use will continue to grow by leaps and bounds. The tractor is a piece of farm machinery that has come to stay. At the present time there is a great shortage of men properly trained to handle tractors and keep them in repair. So great is this that editors of agricultural magazines and other influential men have requested that the New Mexico College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts this year give a short course on the upkeep and operation of gas tractors. Many of the tractor manufacturers have agreed to co-operate with us, and we will have on hand excellent equipment to carry out this plan. The work will be taught by a man who has not only studied tractors, but has had practical farming experience with them. It will cover a general understanding of gas engines and tractors, together with experience in repair and operation.

If any farmer is contemplating the purchase of a tractor and is not familiar with its operation, he can come here, take this short course and go back with a knowledge of his machine that means success of operation during the first year. The greatest drawback in the use of farm machinery is the lack of understanding of its construction, and just such a course as this is what is needed to make its use successful. In such states as Iowa, Kansas and other large grain growing states, tractors have come to stay, and through courses of this kind at the agricultural colleges, farmers have found out how to properly handle this machinery. For young men this course is especially valuable for, although they may not expect to own a tractor, there will be excellent opportunities in this region for work as operators, and it is a trade that commands a good wage.

Application blanks and further information can be had by addressing Dean of Engineering, State College, N. M.

Ancho Red Cross

The ladies of Ancho gave a pie supper Monday evening for the benefit of the Red Cross. The house was very prettily decorated by Mrs. Henderson and Misses Sadie and Lucy Straley. Rev. Perkins led in prayer then Mr. Straley gave a brief talk on the Red Cross work. The ladies realized the next sum of twenty-five dollars and were well pleased with the results. The ladies are very enthusiastic over their work. They have now secured 53 members for the Red Cross. Most of the ladies have worked hard and deserve praise for their work.

Geo. W. Olney has purchased the Billiard Parlor on El Paso avenue formerly owned by H. S. Campbell. Mr. Olney has been manager of the business for a number of years and has a wide acquaintance with the public.

Red Cross in France

Works Fast

The degree of organization of the American Red Cross abroad, and the speed with which it can formulate and execute plans, is shown in its recent achievement of equipping a hospital and organizing its staff within two weeks after the hospital property was placed at its disposal.

The new link in the chain of institutions which the American Red Cross is forging to regain for France the health of her citizens is the Sainte Eugenie Hospital, at Lyons, for tuberculosis repatriates.

A cable dispatch from Paris headquarters of the American Red Cross, announcing the opening of the hospital, said in part:

"Sainte Eugenie is lent to the American Red Cross by the Hospital Board of Lyons, which supplies the building with heat, light, water and sanitation without cost to the Red Cross, and with food, linen and disinfection at cost. The American Red Cross provides the nurses and doctors and hospital supplies."

"Often as many as 65 tubercular repatriates arrive at Evian in one week, coming from occupied France and Belgium. Returning to their homes, they have spread infection. The new hospital cares immediately for 200 patients in five new hospital barracks and in the main building."

Watch Party

A large party gathered Monday night at the Wetmore home to "watch the old year out and the new year in". Whist furnished the amusement until about 11 o'clock, following which a dainty lunch was served. Mrs. Kimbell was awarded the prize for the highest score—a pair of hose.

Just as lunch was ended—5 minutes to midnight—bells were rung, tin pans beaten and every other form of noise indulged in to make night hideous. The noise kept up until after twelve and was superseded by the whistles at the round house and shops. After quiet was resumed some amusing pranks were pulled off, everybody suffering and enjoying the sport, until finally about one o'clock the merry makers wended their way home, having spent a most enjoyable evening—and part of the night.

Methodist Church

Rev. H. H. Lowelling, Pastor

A short sermon at 11 a. m., and at 7:30 p. m.

Sunday School at 9:45 a. m.

Epworth League at 6:45 p. m.

A special feature for each service.

School Re-Opens

School re-opened Wednesday, with a full corps of teachers on hand to meet the children after the holidays. Miss Ida Schimpff did not return, having tendered her resignation. After a visit to her old home in Kansas she went to Los Angeles and was there wedded yesterday to a Mr. Mason. Miss Mimie Zeech of Shenandoah, Iowa, was employed to take her place. Mrs. W. L. Gumm was added to the faculty, having charge of the school across the track. Miss Olivia Kennedy, who has been teaching across the track, was transferred to this side.

Supt. Conway reports the need of still another teacher, and hopes to have one here soon. The school has grown so rapidly that it is difficult to house all the pupils and to supply teachers for them.



ROSE STANTON ALDRICH MEETS A FAMOUS ACTRESS AND HEARS SOME PUZZLING STATEMENTS ABOUT THE RELATIONS OF HUSBANDS AND WIVES

SYNOPSIS—Rose Stanton, student at the University of Chicago, is put off a street car in the rain after an argument with the conductor. She is accosted by a young man who offers help and escorts her home. An hour later, this man, Rodney Aldrich, well-to-do lawyer, appears at the home of his sister, the wealthy Mrs. Whitney, to attend a birthday dinner in his honor. Mrs. Whitney suggests that it's about time Rodney looked around for a wife. He laughs at her, but two months later he marries Rose Stanton.

CHAPTER IV—Continued.

She refused to hear a word more in those circumstances. "I'm coming straight down," she said, "and we'll go somewhere for lunch. Don't you realize that we can't talk about it like this? Of course you wouldn't, but it's so."

Over the lunch-table she got as detailed an account of the affair as Rodney, in his somnolent condition, was able to give her, and she passed it on to Martin that evening as they drove across to the North side for dinner.

"Well, that all sounds exactly like Rodney," he commented. "I hope you'll like the girl!"

"That isn't what I hope," said Frederica. "At least it isn't what I'm most concerned about. I hope I can make her like me. Rodney's the only brother I've got in the world, and I'm not going to lose him if I can help it. That's what will happen if she doesn't like me."

As it happened, though, she forgot all about her resolution almost with her first look at Rose. Rodney's attempts at description of her had been well-meant; but what he had prepared his sister for, unconsciously of course, in his emphasis on one or two phases of their first acquaintance, had been a sort of stately Amazon. But the effect of this was, really, very happy; because when a perfectly presentable, well-bred, admirably poised young girl came into the room and greeted her neither shyly nor eagerly, nor with any affectation of ease, a girl who didn't try to pretend it wasn't a critical moment for her, but was game enough to meet it without any evidences of panic—when Frederica realized that this was the Rose whom Rodney had been telling her about, she fell in love with her on the spot.

Amazingly, as she watched the girl and heard her talk, she found she was considering, not Rose's availability as a wife for Rodney, but Rodney's as a husband for her. It was this, perhaps, that led her to say, at the end of her leave-taking: "Roddy has been such a wonderful brother, always, to me, that I suspect you'll find him, sometimes, being a brother to you. Don't let it hurt you if that happens!"

CHAPTER V.

The Princess Cinderella.

When the society editor of "America's foremost newspaper," as in its trade-mark it proclaims itself to be, announced that the Rodney Aldrichs had taken the Allison McCrae's house, furnished, for a year, beginning in October, she spoke of it as an ideal arrangement. As everybody knew, it was an ideal house for a young married couple, and it was equally evident that the Rodney Aldrichs were an ideal couple for it.

In the sense that it left nothing to further realization, it was an ideal house; an old house in the Chicago sense, built over into something very much older still—Tudor, perhaps—Jacobean, anyway. In the supplementary matters of furniture, hangings, rugs and pictures, the establishment presented the least politely spoken word in things as they ought to be. If you happened to like that sort of thing, it was precisely the sort of thing you'd like.

The same sort of neat, fully acquired perfection characterized the McCrae's domestic arrangements. Every other year they went off around the world in one direction or another, and rented their house, furnished, for exactly enough to pay all their expenses. On the alternate years they came back and spent two years' income living in their house.

Florence McCrae was an old friend of Rodney's and it was her notion that it would be just the thing he'd want. Rodney knew for himself what the house was—complete down to the corkscrews. And six thousand dollars a year was simply dirt cheap.

To clinch the thing, Florence went around and saw Frederica about it, and Frederica, after listening, non-committally, dashed off to the last meeting of the Thursday club (all this

happened in June, just before the wedding) and talked the matter over with Violet Williamson on the way home, afterward.

"John said once," observed Violet, "that if we had to live in that house, he'd either go out and buy a plush Morris-chair from feather-your-neat Saltzman's, and a golden-oak side-board, or else run amuck."

Frederica grinned, but was sure it wouldn't affect Rodney that way. As for Rose, she thought Rose would like it—for a while, anyway. But this wasn't the point. "I'm so—foolish about old Rodney, that I can't be sure I haven't—well, caught being mad about Rose from him. It all depends, you see, on whether Rose is going to be a bit this winter or not. If she doesn't—go (and it all depends on her; Rodney won't be much help), why, having a house like that might be pretty bad. So, if you're a true friend, you'll tell me what you think."

"What I really think," said Violet—"of course I suppose I'd say this anyway, but I do honestly mean it—is that she'll be what John calls a 'knock-out.' She's so perfectly simple. She's never—don't you know—being anything. She just is. And she thinks everybody all so wonderful that she'll make everybody feel warm and nice inside, and they'll be sure to like her."

"She's got a real eye for clothes, too," said Frederica. "We've been shopping. Well, then, I'm going to tell Rodney to go ahead and take the house."

Rose was consulted about it, of course, though consulted in perhaps not the right word to use. She was taken to see it, anyway, and asked if she liked it—a question in the nature of the superfluous. One might as well have asked Cinderella if she liked the gown the fairy godmother had provided her with for the prince's ball.

It didn't occur to her to ask how much the rent would be, nor would the fact have had any value for her as an illuminant, because she would have had no idea whether six thousand dollars was a half or a hundredth of her future husband's income.

The new house was just a part, as so many of the other things that had happened to her since that night when Rodney had sent her flowers and taken her to the theater and two restaurants in Martin's biggest limousine had been parts of a breath-arresting fairy story. The conclusion Frederica and Violet had come to about her chance for social success, was amply justified by the event, and it is probable that Violet had put her finger upon the main-spring of it. So it fell out that what with the Junior League, the women's auxiliary boards of one or two of the more respectable charities, the Thursday club and the Whiffles (this was the smallest and smartest organization of the lot), fifteen or twenty young women supposed to combine and reconcile social and intellectual brilliancy on even terms. What with all this, her days were quite as full as the evenings were, when she and Rodney dined and went to the opera and paid fabulous prices to queer professionals, to keep themselves abreast of the minute in all the new dances.

Portia had been quite right in saying that she never had to do anything; the rallying of all her forces under the spur of necessity was an experience she had never undergone. And it was also true that her mother, and for that matter, Portia herself, had spoiled her a lot—had run about doing little things for her, come in and shut down her windows in the morning, and opened the register, and, on any sort of excuse, on a Saturday morning, for example, had brought her her breakfast on a tray.

But these things had been favors, not services—never to be asked for, of course, and always to be accepted a little apologetically. She had never before known what it was really to be served.

"I haven't," Rose told Rodney one morning, "a single, blessed mortal thing to do all day." Some fixture scheduled for that morning had been moved, she went on to explain, and Eleanor Randolph was feeling seedy and had called off a little luncheon and martini party.

"Oh, that's too bad," he said with concern. "Can't you manage something?"

"Too bad!" said Rose in lively dissent. "It's too heavenly! I've got a whole day just to enjoy being myself; being—she reached for his hand, and, getting it, stroked her cheek with it—"being my new self. Portia used to think I faked pretty well. But I never was—don't you know?—right. So, you see, it's a real adventure just to say—well, that I want the car at a quarter to eleven and to tell Otto exactly where I want him to drive me to. I always feel as if I ought to say that if he'll just stop the car at the corner of Diversey street, I can walk."

He laughed out at that and asked her how long she thought this blissful state of things would last.

"Forever," she said. But presently she looked at him rather thoughtfully. "Of course it's none of it new to you," she said, "not the silly little things, nor the things we do together—oh, the dinners, and the dances, and the operas. Do you sort of—wish I'd get tired of it? Is it a dreadful bore to you?"

"So long as it doesn't bore you," he said; "so long as you go on—shining the way you do over it, and I am where I can see you shine"—he took hold of both her hands, "so long as it's like that, you wonder," he said. "Well, the dinners and the operas and all that may be piffle, but I shall be blind to the fact."

She kissed both his hands and told him contentedly that he was a darling. But, after a moment's silence, a little frown puckered her eyebrows and she asked him what he was so solemn about.

Well, he had told her the truth. But precisely as he said it, he felt that he was not the same man he had been six months ago. Not the man who had tramped impatiently back and forth across Frederica's drawing-room, expounding his ideals of space and leisure. Not the man who despised the clutter of expensive junk. That man would have derided the possibility that he could ever say this thing that he, still Rodney Aldrich, had just said to Rose—and meant. And the terrifying thing was that he hadn't resisted the change—hadn't wanted to resist—didn't want to now, as he sat there looking at the alabaster glow of her eyes.

So, when she asked him what he was looking so solemn about, he said with more truth than he pretended to himself, that it was enough to make anybody solemn to look at her.

CHAPTER VI.

The First Question and Its Answer.

Rose's instinctive attitude toward the group of young to middle-aged married people into which her own marriage had introduced her was founded on the assumption that, allowing for occasional exceptions, the husbands and wives felt toward each other as she and Rodney did—were held together by the same irresistible, unanalyzable attraction.

Oh, there were bumps and bruises, of course! She had seen Rodney drop off now and again into a scowling abstraction, during which it was so evident he didn't want to talk to her, or even be reminded that she was about, that she had gone away flushed and wondering, and needing an effort to hold back the tears.

These weren't frequent occurrences, though, and did not weaken her idea that, barring tragic and disastrous types—unfaithful husbands, cold, mer-



"I've Got a Whole Day Just to Enjoy Being Myself."

cenary wives—which had to be admitted as existing—marriage was a state whose happy satisfactoriness could, more or less, be taken for granted.

It was something, that Simone Greville said which gave rise to her first misgiving that marriage was not, perhaps—even between people who loved each other—quite as simple as it seemed. No one has studied our leisure and cultivated classes with more candor and penetration than this great Franco-Austrian actress. She had ample opportunities for observation, because, while she played to houses that couldn't be dressed to look more than a third full, she was enormously in demand for luncheons, teas, dinners,

suppers, Christmas bazars, charity dances, and so on.

Rose had met her a number of times before the incident referred to happened, but had always surveyed the lioness from afar.

She hung about, within earshot when it was possible, and watched, leaving the active duties of entertainment to heavily cultured illuminati like the Howard Wests, or to clever creatures like Hermione Woodruff and Frederica, and Constance Crawford, whose French was good enough to fill in the interstices in Madame Greville's English.

She was standing about like that at a tea one afternoon, when she heard the actress make the remark that American women seemed to her to be an exception to what she had always supposed to be the general law of sex attraction.

It was taken, by the rather tense little circle gathered around her, as a compliment; exactly as, no doubt, Greville intended it to be taken. But her look flashed out beyond the confines of the circle and encountered a pair of big, luminous eyes, under brows that had a perplexed pucker in them. Whereupon she laughed straight into Rose's face and said, lifting her head a little, but not her voice:

"Come here, my child, and tell me who you are and why you were looking at me like that."

Rose flushed, smiled that irresistible wide smile of hers, and came, not frightened a bit, nor, exactly, embarrassed; certainly not into pretending she was not surprised, and a little breathlessly at a loss what to say.

"I'm Rose Aldrich," she didn't, in words, say, "I'm just Rose Aldrich." It was the little bend in her voice that carried that impression. "And I suppose I was—looking that way, because I was wishing I knew exactly what you meant by what you said."

Greville's eyes, somehow, concentrated and intensified their gaze upon the flushed young face—took a sort of plunge, so it seemed to Rose, to the very depths of her own. It was an electrifying thing to have happen to you.

"Mon Dieu!" she said. "J'ai grande envie de vous le dire." She hesitated the fraction of a moment, glanced at a tiny watch set in a ring upon the middle finger of her right hand, took Rose by the arm as if to keep her from getting away, and turned to her hostess.

"You must forgive me," she said. "If I make my farewells a little soon, I am under orders to have some air each day before I go to the theater and if it is to be done at all today, it must be now. I am sorry. I have had a very pleasant afternoon."

"Make your farewells also, my child," she concluded, turning to her prisoner, "because you are going with me."

No sooner were they seated in the actress' car and headed north along the drive, than, instead of answering Rose's question, the actress repeated one of her own.

"I ask you who you are, and you say your name—Rose something. But that tells me nothing. Who are you—one of them?"

"No, not exactly," said Rose. "Only by accident. The man I married is—of them, in a way. I mean, because of his family and all that. And so they take me in."

"So you are married," said the Frenchwoman. "But not since long?"

"Six months," said Rose. She said it so with the air of regarding it as a very considerable period of time, that Greville laughed. "But tell me about him, then, this husband of yours. I saw him perhaps at the tea this afternoon?"

Rose laughed. "No, he draws the line at tea," she said. "He says that from seven o'clock on, until as late as I like, he's—game, you know—willing to do whatever I like. But until seven, there are no—well, he says, seven o'clock for him."

"Tell me—you will forgive the indiscretion of a stranger—how has it arrived that you married him? Was it one of your American romances?"

"It didn't seem very romantic," said Rose. "We just happened to get acquainted, and we knew almost straight off that we wanted to marry each other, so we did, and—it came out very well."

"It came out?" questioned the actress.

"Yes," said Rose. "Ended happily, you know."

"Ended!" Madame Greville echoed. Then she laughed.

Rose flushed and smiled at herself. "Of course, I don't mean that," she admitted, "and I suppose six months isn't so very long. Still you could find out quite a good deal—"

"What is his affair?" The actress preferred asking another question, it seemed, to committing herself to an answer to Rose's unspoken one. "Is he one of your—what you call, tired business men?"

"He's never tired," said Rose, "and he isn't a business man. He's a lawyer—a rather special kind of lawyer. He has other lawyers, mostly, for his clients. He's awfully enthusiastic about it. He says it's the finest profession in the world, if you don't let yourself get dragged down into the stupid routine of it. It certainly sounds thrilling when he tells about it."

The actress looked round at her. "So," she said, "you follow his work as he follows your play? He talks seriously to you about his affairs?"

"Why, yes," said Rose, "we have wonderful talks." Then she hesitated. "At least we used to have. There hasn't seemed to be much—time, lately. I suppose that's it."

"One question more," said the Frenchwoman, "and not an idle one—you will believe that? Alors! You love your husband. No need to ask that. But what do you mean by love? Something vital and strong and essential—the meeting of thought with thought, need with need, desire with desire?"

"Yes," said Rose after a little silence, "that's what I mean."

There was another silence, while the Frenchwoman gazed contemplatively out of the open window of the limousine.

Then Rose said: "But you are going to tell me what you meant about—American women?"

Madame Greville took her time about answering. "They are an enigma to me," she said. "I confess it. I haven't ever seen such women anywhere as these upper-class Americans. They are beautiful, clever; they know



"Make Your Farewells Also, My Child."

how to dress. For the first hour, or day, or week, of an acquaintance, they have a charm quite incomparable. And, up to a certain point, they exercise it. Your jeunes filles are amazing. All over the world, men go mad about them. But when they marry . . ."

She finished the sentence with a ghost of a shrug, and turned to Rose. "Can you account for them? Were you wondering at them, too, with those great eyes of yours? Alors! Are we puzzled by the same thing? What is it, to you, they lack?"

Rose stirred a little uneasily. "I don't know," she said, "except that some of them seem a little dissatisfied and restless, as if—well, as if they wanted something they haven't got."

"But do they truly want it?" Madame Greville demanded. "I am willing to be convinced; but myself, I find, of your women of the aristocratic class, the type most characteristic in—she paused and said the thing first to herself in French, then translated: "Is a passive episcrite in sensations—sensations mostly mental, irritating or soothing—a pleasant variety. She wants to be made to feel; she particularly—tastes. They give a stranger like me the impression of being perfectly frigid, perfectly passionless. And so, as you say, of missing the great thing altogether. A few of your women are great, but not as women, and of second-rate men in petticoats you have a vast number. But a woman, great by the qualities of her sex, an artist in womanhood, I have not seen."

"Oh, I wish," cried Rose, "that I knew what you meant by that!"

"Why, regard now," said the actress. "In every capital of Europe (and I know them all), wherever you find great affairs—matters of state, diplomacy, politics—you find the influence of women in them—women of the great world sometimes, sometimes of the half-world. They may not be beautiful—I have seen a faded woman of fifty, of no family or wealth, whose salon attracted ministers of state; they haven't the education nor the liberties that your women enjoy, and, in the mass, they are not regarded—how do you say?—chivalrously. Yet there they are!"

"And why? Because they are capable of great passions, great desires. They are willing to take the art of womanhood seriously, make immense sacrifices for it, as one must for any art, in order to triumph in it."

Rose thought this over rather dubiously. It was a new notion to her—or almost new. "But suppose," she objected, "one doesn't want to triumph at it? Suppose one wants to be a—person, rather than just a woman?"

"There are other careers indeed," Madame Greville admitted, "and one can follow them in the same spirit—make the sacrifices—pay the price they demand. Mon Dieu! How I have preached. Now you shall talk to me. It was for that I took you captive and ran away with you."

After her talk with the actress, Rose began to understand more why it is that married folks don't always get along very well together. An interesting problem is unfolded in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



It isn't so much a matter of time as it is of disposition that so many things we could do are left undone.

Some men seem to have the horseless brand of horse sense.

KIDNEY TROUBLE OFTEN CAUSES SERIOUS BACKACHE

When your back aches, and your bladder and kidneys seem to be disordered, go to your nearest drug store and get a bottle of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root. It is a physician's prescription for ailments of the kidneys and bladder.

It has stood the test of years and has a reputation for quickly and effectively giving results in thousands of cases.

This preparation so very effective, has been placed on sale everywhere. Get a bottle, medium or large size, at your nearest druggist.

However, if you wish first to test this preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

Out of Debt.

Many a man would feel like a fish out of water if by chance he should manage to get out of debt.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo Lucas County—
Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence this 6th day of December, A. D. 1900.

(Seal) A. W. Gleason, Notary Public, HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. Druggists, No. Testimonials free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

HELPED ITALY INTO WAR

D'Annunzio, Poet-Aviator, Alleged to Have Inflamed Minds of People, Declaration Following.

Perhaps more than any one individual, D'Annunzio, the poet-aviator, helped to bring Italy into the war. This is an aspect of his career not by any means generally understood, says the New York Evening Post.

In the spring of 1915 Italy was still uncertain as to her final decision. Giolitti, advocate of peace, while no longer in control of the government, still retained enormous political power. The action of the country was as yet doubtful, when this maker of overwrought, sensuous poetry and prose, this writer who had been termed the last word in decadent and hot-house literature, landed on his native soil after a five years' absence, and commenced his crusade. The ostensible reason for his visit was an address he had to make at Quarto, where 55 years before Garibaldi had embarked with his valiant "thousand"; the real object his desire to drive Italy into the war. From Quarto his trip to Rome was a triumphal progress, punctuated with impassioned oratory. He arrived in Rome just in time to forestall Giolitti, who had forced the Salandra cabinet to announce its resignation.

One hundred and fifty thousand people welcomed D'Annunzio in the Piazza delle Terme. In the chamber of deputies he was hailed as the country's savior, and the Italian parliament answered his appeal with a declaration of war. Surely a strange Tyrranus, but one not afraid to sacrifice his life on behalf of his country.



Here's a new one—a most delicious desert that can be made in a hurry.

To one and one-half cups of milk add one cup of

Grape-Nuts

and one level tablespoonful of sugar, boil six minutes, cool and serve with milk or cream. Add raisins if desired.

Get a package of Grape-Nuts from your grocer and try this pleasing recipe.



The Lucky Horseshoe

By George Elmer Cobb

(Copyright, 1917, Western Newspaper Union.)

"Please, Mr. Bangs, I've got a present for you, and I cleaned it and polished it all up, and Sister Marie laughed at me, because she said it was hardly good enough for you, but she put it in these papers, and tied that pretty piece of ribbon around it, and—many happy returns of the day."

Breathless but ardent, spelling out a lesson palpably acquired by rote—thus little Benny Driscoll. He stood by the wagon that Joe Bangs was driving, and the latter beamed down on him from that jolly round face of his, half contentedly interested, for Benny was one of his many juvenile favorites, and Benny's sister—quite recently his great weather-beaten hands touched the soft silky bit of ribbon which the delicate fingers of Marie Driscoll had adjusted.

"And how did you know it was my birthday, Benny?" quizzed Joe.

"Sister remembered it," and Joe experienced a quick thrill of delight at this manifestation of interest on the part of the lovely girl he had always worshipped at a distance.

"It isn't much of a present, Mr. Bangs," went on Benny soberly, "but it's all I had."

"What may it be now, Benny?" questioned Joe, balancing the concealed object in his hands and noting that it weighed several pounds.

"It's a horseshoe, Mr. Bangs," explained Benny. "Sister found it in the road. It's a whopper, too. Guess it belonged to one of those big mill horses. You see, I know you like to pitch quails with horseshoes, so I just made a present of it, see, that's all."

"And a great big 'all,' Benny, and it's a famous gift, and I appreciate it," and Joe stowed the unexpected present behind the wagon seat, stretched out his hand to stroke the sunny head of his donor and went on his way all smiles and satisfaction.

There never was such a splendid "big brother" to the minds of the village urchins as Joe Bangs. He was always giving them a lift in his wagon, letting them drive old Dobbin, bring-



Took in His Surroundings Closely.

ing them some little toy or knick-knack from his journeys, making them kites, or play boats, or soldier cups and guns. He had saved Benny from drowning and the little fellow remembered it, and Joe was his ideal of a hero. As to Benny's wondrously lovely sister, when Joe had undone the gift parcel he carefully stowed the bit of ribbon in an inner pocket as a cherished memento. Then when he reached home he got a letter and called the horseshoe twenty feet up above the front door, for it was too lucky and cumbersome to tuck in his quilt set.

"It may be my good luck in helping me to get better acquainted with my us's sweet sister, Marie," whispered Joe fervently to himself.

Joe Bangs was an important and useful element in the business economy of the little town. Merion was twenty miles away from the railroad and depended on Butteville for supplies. Three days a week Joe drove to that intervening city to bring to Merion freight and supplies and fill orders for local storekeepers. He was trusty, prompt and reliable, as well as always cheerful and accommodating, and everybody was his friend.

Little Benny came over to see a quilt game played with his present and was much disappointed to discover that it had been otherwise employed. Joe soon contented his juvenile favorite, however, by imparting to him the information that he valued too sincere the gift to have it tossed about in the mud like any common, every-day horseshoe!

It was about a week after that when Joe received a very important commission from the local bank. He was to exchange five thousand dollars in bank notes for the same amount in gold at the Butteville bank. Joe had in the past been entrusted with even larger sums and there was not an iota of suspicion or doubt as to his fidelity and safety by his employers. Joe executed his various errands at Butteville before he went to the bank. The gold was packed in a piece of wire netting and then stowed in a heavy canvas satchel, and with this under his foot on the front seat started on his return journey.

It was late afternoon when Joe struck off across what was known as the swamp road. He had been made uneasy several times from noting that four suspicious looking men were apparently following him. They slunk from cover in his rear, gained on him by a detour, and Joe made up his mind that they had some unaccountable knowledge of the treasure he carried and were after it.

He was less than five miles from home when he became assured of the fact that the men were closing in upon him. Looking back, he observed two of the men starting on a run in his direction. Viewing the road ahead, Joe noticed the other two peering from a thicket.

"I'll beat them!" he muttered resolutely, and suddenly turning the horse from the main road he dashed off along a mere trail, confusing and distancing his pursuers until the vehicle struck a rut and both hind wheels smashed into fragments.

All four of his would-be despoilers were to be seen making for the wrecked cart, and at break-neck speed. Joe jumped from the vehicle, seized the satchel and darted down an obscure footpath. His heavy burden impeded rapid progress, however. Joe noted that two of the men had circled about to head him off. He made a desperate resolve, took in his surroundings closely, gave the satchel a fling into the deep water at the side of the path and, unhampered now with the weight of the gold, made a run in the direction of home.

Joe had just cleared a cove of willows when a report rang out. He felt a cracking, tearing sensation inside of his head. The missile had struck a section of the skull, denting it without penetrating, but a strange numbness momentarily spread over him. Then a strange light-headedness succeeded. He fled like some wild being. He was white and breathless as he dashed into the yard of the home of his married sister.

"Quick, Lizzie!" he gasped, sinking to the doorstep, "telephone the bank and then the police. Tell them I was pursued by some thieves and—"

There Joe sank senseless. So they found him when two men from the bank and the marshal arrived. Joe roused up. He seemed none the worse for the escape, the details of which he narrated with perfect coherence. At the point where he had thrown the satchel of gold into the water, however, he paused blankly, stumbled over his words, and when the banker anxiously inquired where was the spot, Joe shook his head in a dazed way with the words: "I can't remember."

Nor did he in the course of a week, or a month. Perfectly lucid on any other subject, the bullet that had grazed on his skull seemed to have knocked out the one important item of his adventure. The swamp was searched, Joe went over it with the bank police, but with no encouraging discoveries.

"We had no right to leave you to take the responsibility of all that money without a guard," the banker reproved himself. "If you ever locate it, Joe, you shall have half as a reward."

But this incentive had no result. There was a corner knocked away in the memory of the honest fellow and nothing could straighten it out.

Joe Bangs resumed his old business and was trusted and liked as of old. The doctors marvelled, but he was an clear-headed and sensible as ever except as to the hiding place of the gold. For Joe one happy result of his adventure transpired. Pretty Marie Driscoll became his fiancée after a long courtship. All that postponed the wedding was the fact that Joe's savings had not yet reached the amount he deemed necessary to start housekeeping.

One summer afternoon Joe was waiting for Marie, who was to ride away to Butteville with him. The air was breezy and Joe fell asleep leaning on a bench outside of the house. Marie, appearing, stood waiting at her chambering door and had just picked up a loose pillow to playfully throw at him, when something came hurtling down from the top of the house. It was the old horseshoe. Time and weather had loosened its rusted nails. It landed directly on the head of Joe. He sprang to his feet with an echoing yell.

His hand sought the bump raised on his head. He rubbed it thoughtfully. His eyes noted the horseshoe at his feet. Then of a sudden, as if intercepting a vivid flash of memory, he shouted: "And I flung the satchel directly in a line with two crooked stumps near a flat rock at the edge of the water!"

In fact, what the bullet had knocked out of Joe's brain the horseshoe had knocked in again—he remembered!

The banker kept his promise when the long-hidden treasure was found, and Marie kept hers, and there was a wedding, and the emblem of good luck, the old horseshoe, with twined roses about it was conspicuous at the bridal feast!

GERMAN ATROCITIES PART OF DELIBERATE SCHEME OF WARFARE

Murder, Pillage, and Arson Result of Orders Given by Officers in High Command.

FACTS TOLD BY COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC INFORMATION.

Responsibility for Bestial Acts Which Have Had No Parallel in Warfare for Centuries Cannot Be Evaded—Official Proclamations That Speak Volumes.

The Committee on Public Information, a body appointed by the president to make known to the people of the United States the truth concerning the conduct of the war by Germany, has published some astonishing revelations. Among others, proof is offered that German officials deliberately lied in their statements concerning atrocities committed by the Belgians and allies. That their own soldiers practiced at the order of high officers of the kaiser is also shown. Extracts taken from a pamphlet issued follow:

The Vorwaerts of Berlin, October 22, 1914, said:

"We have already been able to establish the falseness of a great number of assertions which have been made with great precision and published everywhere in the press, concerning alleged cruelties committed by the populations of the countries with which Germany is at war, upon German soldiers and civilians. We are now in position to silence two others of these fantastic stories."

"The war correspondent of the Berliner Tageblatt spoke a few weeks ago of cigars and cigarettes filled with powder alleged to have been given out or sold to our soldiers with diabolical intent. He even pretended that he had seen with his own eyes hundreds of this kind of cigarettes. We learn from an authentic source that this story of cigars and cigarettes is nothing but a brazen invention. Stories of soldiers whose eyes are alleged to have been torn out by franc-tireurs are circulated throughout Germany. Not a single case of this kind has been officially established."

"It matters little that reports of this nature bear an appearance of positive certitude, or are even vouched for by eye-witnesses. The desire for notoriety, the absence of criticism, and personal error play an unfortunate part in the days in which we are living. Every nose shot off or simply bound up, every eye removed, is immediately transformed into a nose or eye torn away by the franc-tireurs. Already the Volkzeitung of Cologne has been able, contrary to the very categorical assertions from Aix-la-Chapelle, to prove that there was no soldier with his eyes torn out in the field ambulance of this town. It was said, also, that people wounded in this way were under treatment in the neighborhood of Berlin, but whenever inquiries have been made in regard to these reports, their absolute falsity has been demonstrated. At length these reports were concentrated at Gross Lichterfelde. A newspaper published at noon and widely circulated in Berlin printed a few days ago in large type the news that at the Lazarett of Lichterfelde alone there were ten German soldiers, only slightly wounded, whose eyes had been wickedly torn out. But in a request for information by Konrad Ebeling to the following written reply was sent by the chief medical officer of the above-mentioned field hospital, dated the eighteenth of the month:

"We have no such cases. It is a truth whatever in these stories."

"Yours obediently,"

"PROFESSOR RAUTENBERG," German Soldiers Protested.

Here is the protest of a German soldier, an eye-witness of the slaughter of Russian soldiers in the Masurian lakes and swamps:

"It was frightful, heart-rending, as these masses of human beings were driven to destruction. Above the terrible thunder of the cannon could be heard the heart-rending cries of the Russians: 'O Prussians! O Prussians!'—but there was no mercy. Our captain had ordered: 'The whole lot must die; no quarter!' As I have heard, five men and one officer on our side went mad from the heart-rending cries. But most of my comrades and the officers looked on the unarmed and helpless Russians shrieking for mercy while they were being suffocated in the swamps and shot down. The order was: 'Close up and at it harder!' For days afterwards these heart-rending yells followed me and I dare not think of them or I shall go mad. There is no God, there is no morality and no ethics any more. There are no human beings any more, but only beasts. Down with militarism."

"If you are a truth-loving man,

be punished without mercy. For this purpose hostages have been taken from all places in the vicinity of railways in danger of similar attacks; and at the first attempt to destroy any railway, telegraph, or telephone line they will be immediately shot."

"Furthermore, all troops entrusted with the protection of railways have received orders to shoot anyone approaching railways or telegraph or telephone lines in a suspicious manner."

"The Governor General of Belgium, 'BARON VON DER GOLTZ,'

HOSTAGES SEIZED AND THREATENED.

This proclamation was posted at Brussels and elsewhere, October 5, 1914:

"September 25th, in the evening, the railroad track and telegraph were destroyed on the line Lovensjoul-Vertryck."

"Hereafter the villages situated nearest the spot where such events take place—it is of no consequence whether they are guilty or not—will

please receive these lines from a common Prussian soldier."

Soldier Tells of Atrocities.

Here is the testimony of another German soldier on the eastern front: "Russian Poland, December 18, '14. 'In the name of Christianity I send you these words."

"Wounded Russians are killed with the bayonet according to orders. 'And Russians who have surrendered are often shot down in masses according to orders, in spite of their heart-rending prayers."

"In the hope that you, as the representative of a Christian state, will protest against this, I sign myself, 'A GERMAN SOLDIER AND CHRISTIAN."

The third letter, from the western front, shows the same horror of the system which the writer was a witness.

"To the American Government, Washington, U. S. A."

"Englishmen who have surrendered are shot down in small groups. With the French one is more considerate. I ask whether men let themselves be taken prisoner in order to be disarmed and shot down afterward? Is that chivalry in battle? It is no longer a secret among the people; one hears everywhere that few prisoners are taken; they are shot down in small groups. They say naively: 'We don't want any unnecessary mouths to feed. Where there is no one to enter complaint, there is no judge.' Is there then no power in the world which can put an end to these murders and rescue the victims? Where is Christianity? Where is right? Might is right."

"A SOLDIER AND A MAN WHO IS NO BARBARIAN."

Socialists Oppose System.

Many of the Germans, as has been already indicated, do not believe the reports of the atrocities committed by the Belgian civilians and refuse to accept the system of frightfulness. The Vorwaerts, the leading socialist paper, which has a very wide circle of readers, has opposed the policy of frightfulness. All honor to its editors who have so courageously opposed the powerful military authority! Its editorial, entitled "Our Foes," published August 23, 1914, reads as follows:

"What should one say when even such an organ as the Deutsches Offizier-Blatt expresses its sympathy with a demand that 'the beasts' who are taken as franc-tireurs should not be killed, but only wounded so that they may then be left to a fate 'which makes any help impossible'? Or what should we say when the Deutsches Offizier-Blatt states that 'a punitive destruction even of whole regions' cannot afford full recompense for the bones of a single murdered Pomeranian grenadier? Those are the desires of blood-thirsty fanatics and we are thoroughly ashamed of ourselves because it is possible that there are people among us who urge such things."

"Barbarian," Declares Vorwaerts.

On the following day, August 24, 1914, the Vorwaerts returned to the attack in an editorial "Against Barbarism."

"One might, in the first place, possibly believe that such a demand for a bloody vengeance [against alleged Belgian outrages] emanates from a single diseased brain; but it appears that whole groups among certain classes who represent German culture want to indulge in orgies of barbarism and to devise a whole system for the purpose of organizing 'a war of revenge'."

Three years later, August 28, 1917, the Vorwaerts quoted the following passages from the Deutsche Tageszeitung:

"We have a ring of politicians who add that might makes right (Macht macht recht), who despise the forces of the inner life and believe that they must eliminate all ethical points of view— from foreign and social politics. For them, Germany of the present and of the future is the country of the Krupps and Borgses, of the Zeppelins and the U-boats. Any idea of a connection between politics and morals is rejected and any reference to the right of a moral method of consideration is ridiculed as delusion and sentimentalism."

The German officers were provided with the forms to be used in terrorizing the conquered people. The common soldiers were provided with phrase books which would enable them to impose their will upon the terrified people. Minister Brand Whitlock in his report to the state department on September 12, 1917, writes:

"The German soldiers were provided with phrase books giving alternate translation in German and French of such sentences as:

"Hands up! (It is the very first sentence in the book.)

"Carry out all the furniture."

"I am thirsty. Bring me some beer, gin, rum."

"You have to supply a barrel of wine and a keg of beer."

"If you lie to me, I will have you shot immediately."

"Lead me to the wealthiest inhabitants of this village. I have orders to requisition several barrels of wine."

"Show us the way to —. If you lead us astray, you will be shot."

"Every day more and more American workers are beginning to feel in their hearts that in this critical period of the nation's history they should be devoting their energies to the actual war needs of their country. By enrolling in the United States public service they enjoy a happier conscience, for they know that they have thereby declared their patriotism and that the moment a war industry needs men of their type they will be given a chance to serve the country without leaving civilian life."

Miss Abby P. Morrison of New York City is the first woman in the United States to become a naval wireless operator. She had passed the tests making her a first-class electrician of the radio bureau of navigation.

Woman Becomes Navy Radio Operator.

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Any neighborhood that does not have enough enterprises to keep two or three log road drags going for a couple of weeks during the late fall, is sadly behind the times. Farmers who are too lazy to do this ought to be compelled to drag their weary legs through the mud to town next spring—as they surely will.

Best Results from Dragging.

The best results from dragging are obtained only by repeated application.

Good Roads.

Concrete Highways Being Built in Twenty-Two Cities and Towns—Cost \$15,000 a Mile.

The construction of concrete highways is going on in 22 cities and towns in Connecticut, and when these contracts have been completed there will be about 70 miles of concrete-surfaced pavement in that state. The highways are 18 feet wide and cost \$15,000 a mile. The longest single stretch of concrete road in Connecticut is two miles in Cheshire, on the main highway from Plainville to New Haven.

Concrete Highways Being Built in Twenty-Two Cities and Towns—Cost \$15,000 a Mile.

UNCLE SAM ASKS MEN TO ENROLL FOR WAR WORK

PUBLIC SERVICE RESERVE BEING INAUGURATED BY THE DEPARTMENT OF LABOR.

Labor is Urgently Needed in the Shipyards and Factories—Men Not Now Engaged in Producing War Material to Be Called.

Washington.—In an effort to get men for work in the shipyards and in the industries producing war material, the department of labor is inaugurating a public service reserve and a campaign has been started to enroll men for the service. William Edwin Hall is the director of the public service reserve and state directors and local organizations are being perfected in every state.

"The primary object of this campaign," said Mr. Hall, "is to obtain a large list of skilled and semi-skilled men who are not now producing war material or doing work useful to the prosecution of the war, and to get them into the shipyards and the factories which must be maintained at the highest speed if industry is to meet the insatiable demands of a large army at the front."

"It appears from published reports, such as the arrival of the Rainbow Division in France, that the number of American troops at or near the firing line is constantly increasing, and we civilians whom these troops have gone over there to protect, would be shamefully derelict in our national duty and quite wanting in patriotism if we did not make every personal sacrifice to keep our soldiers 100 per cent supplied."

Labor Needed in War Work.

"A number of the non-essential industries are employing labor which is urgently needed for war work—in the shipyards, for example. One is surprised to see how many kinds of workers are needed to build a ship. The shipping board has prepared for the public service reserve a list of 88 different 'peace' occupations from which men must—absolutely must—be drawn in order that our tremendous shipbuilding can be carried out in time. You often hear it said that 'ships will win the war,' but today it is being put in a little different way by those who know the situation: A failure on the part of American civilians to build the necessary number of ships will make it impossible for the United States to continue to fight. A lack of ships may lose the war."

"The United States public service reserve," explained Mr. Hall, "is working at high speed today to obtain all those men needed for shipbuilding, for making equipment, for gun manufacturing, for mechanical draughting, for hundreds of other vital operations, from the 'non-essential industries'—that is, from industries which are important to a country at peace but, in the final analysis, virtually unnecessary to a country at war."

"Our effort is always to obtain the workers for war industry without crippling the peace industry. We will not draw away an over-production of employees from any one locality, from any one industry, from any one employer. War means suffering. A considerable disturbance of industry is inevitable. The public service reserve proposes to bring about the necessary shifting of labor with just as little disturbance as possible. We want no industry and no employer to have to bear any more than a fair, legitimate share of the burden which the peremptory demands of war throw upon all of us."

Differs From Army Enlistment.

"Men who enroll in the United States public service reserve state their trade and suggest other classes of work they could do, if necessary, for the war. The enrolled men will remain at their present jobs and when they are notified that an opportunity to put them into war work has arisen, they are under no obligation to accept the new jobs unless satisfied with wages and conditions. Thus their enrollment in the reserve differs from enlistment in the army, where the soldier has no choice but to obey."

"Every day more and more American workers are beginning to feel in their hearts that in this critical period of the nation's history they should be devoting their energies to the actual war needs of their country. By enrolling in the United States public service they enjoy a happier conscience, for they know that they have thereby declared their patriotism and that the moment a war industry needs men of their type they will be given a chance to serve the country without leaving civilian life."

Paid \$6 for Auto Glasses for Bulldog.

To prevent the flow of tears in her bulldog's eyes when he went motorizing, a Chicago woman recently had him fitted for automobile goggles. The oculist who fitted the goggles to the bulldog charged \$6.

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Good Roads.

Concrete Highways Being Built in Twenty-Two Cities and Towns—Cost \$15,000 a Mile.

The construction of concrete highways is going on in 22 cities and towns in Connecticut, and when these contracts have been completed there will be about 70 miles of concrete-surfaced pavement in that state. The highways are 18 feet wide and cost \$15,000 a mile. The longest single stretch of concrete road in Connecticut is two miles in Cheshire, on the main highway from Plainville to New Haven.

Concrete Highways Being Built in Twenty-Two Cities and Towns—Cost \$15,000 a Mile.

Good Roads.

Any neighborhood that does not have enough enterprises to keep two or three log road drags going for a couple of weeks during the late fall, is sadly behind the times. Farmers who are too lazy to do this ought to be compelled to drag their weary legs through the mud to town next spring—as they surely will.

Best Results from Dragging.

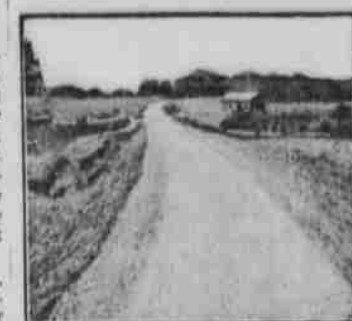
The best results from dragging are obtained only by repeated application.

GOOD ROADS

PROPER WIDTH OF HIGHWAYS

Writer Advocates Narrower Roads and Restoring Acres of Valuable Land to Farming.

Just at this time many are interested in the question, how wide should our public roads be? A number of things should be considered in answering this question, says a writer in Utah Farmer. The kind of material to be used in making the road. The topographical conditions through which the road will pass, the proper drainage of the road. The special use to which the road may be put, if any. For years very little attention has been given to the waste of land in our road building. Land has been cheap and plentiful and years ago we did not



Good Road in West.

give the attention to proper road building as we do now.

Public roads have been of a uniform width of 66 feet and the by-roads about 40 feet. They have been too wide if we were to judge by the condition in which we find many of them. Wasted land on either side is used only to grow weeds.

Why not make them the width that is used and plant trees on either side as we have advocated in these columns before? Then the thousands of acres of land that are now practically wasted could be put to some good use.

Some of the Eastern railroads are teaching us a lesson in this regard for they are farming their right-of-way. On a recent trip East I saw great long stretches of land on either side of the railroad track planted to alfalfa. Acres were planted to truck gardening. I understand similar conditions are to be found in some parts of California.

For the sake of economy in building and upkeep let's build our roads more narrow. Restore the acres of valuable land to farming. Build scientifically constructed roads the proper width and plant trees on both sides.

KEEPING UP COUNTRY ROADS

Whether or Not Farmer Lives on Public Highway He Should Take Interest in Nearest One.

Every farmer should feel his dependence upon good roads. Whether or not one lives on a public highway he should take an interest in the nearest one to his farm or the road he must use to market his farm, orchard and garden products.

There are many times when a day's work can be spared for the road. After heavy rains the road may need certain repairs or improvements when the overcast is not ready to call out the lands. Why not individual farmers donate a day's work on the road at such time?

By keeping a road drag and dragging the road along one's land after heavy rains the road may be greatly improved. It is an easy matter to have an agreement so each farmer will drag the road in front of his farm. This would maintain the road till the regular hands could be called out at stated intervals or till the commissioner could make the repairs.

The time has come when we must consider the roads an asset, indispensable to the well-being of the farmer and his family. This being true, is it not every man's duty to do all he can to keep the roads in good condition?

GOOD ROADS IN CONNECTICUT

Concrete Highways Being Built in Twenty-Two Cities and Towns—Cost \$15,000 a Mile.

The construction of concrete highways is going on in 22 cities and towns in Connecticut, and when these contracts have been completed there will be about 70 miles of concrete-surfaced pavement in that state. The highways are 18 feet wide and cost \$15,000 a mile. The longest single stretch of concrete road in Connecticut is two miles in Cheshire, on the main highway from Plainville to New Haven.

Good Roads.

Any neighborhood that does not have enough enterprises to keep two or three log road drags going for a couple of weeks during the late fall, is sadly behind the times. Farmers who are too lazy to do this ought to be compelled to drag their weary legs through the mud to town next spring—as they surely will.

Best Results from Dragging.

The best results from dragging are obtained only by repeated application.

Carrizozo News

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JNO. A. HALEY, Editor and Publisher

THE FARMERS' WAR

Let us think for a while how the
War concerns the farmer.

We went to war with Germany partly because the rulers of that country refused to let us send to Europe our ships laden with grain and cotton. They sank the ships and cruelly murdered our sailors. Now suppose we allowed them to stop all our shipping, where would you be? None of your goods would be sold in foreign countries with the result that you would get nothing like the prices which you get today. This war is being waged partly that you may obtain fair prices for your goods.

What is going to happen if we lose this war? Prices of farm produce will drop; the Germans will impose taxation upon you which will cripple you for the next twenty years. Worse than that, if the Germans get over here, they will treat you in just the same way as they have the farmers of France, Belgium and Italy. In those sections farm houses have been shot to pieces, crops wasted and burned; even fruit trees chopped down; the cattle stolen; the men sent into slavery to work for German masters; their women ill-treated in ways that cannot be talked of in print; their little children have had their hands chopped off in order that they may never fight or do any more useful work again.

You may say "such things will not happen here." They said this in France, in Belgium and in Italy. Such things will happen here just as sure as you are alive, unless we smash the Germans so utterly that they are unable to reach this country. The German fleet and the German army will take just one week to get here if we are beaten. They have made up their minds that America shall pay.

Is there a farmer who will stand forward now and say, "This war does not concern me?"

You have money that you do not need at present. Loan it to the government at good interest; when you want the money back again, you can borrow on your bond, or sell it. Uncle Sam will take care of your money until you need it and pay you interest on it.

Go and buy a Liberty Bond tomorrow.

The Banks have some Bonds on hand. They are holding them for people like yourself.

Don't be a slacker, and don't fool yourself with the idea that you are too far away from the war for it to hurt you. Remember 1914, when the Germans upset the world's shipping, and you took what you could get for your products.

Think of the twenty years starvation prices ahead of you, in case we are beaten.

This is your war, and if you won't get in it you deserve to lose your American Citizenship.

Call in at the bank tomorrow, and ask it over.

ABOUT THOSE CHILDREN
OF YOURS

One word to the women of America who live peaceful lives in happy homes.

Let us draw a picture for you of a scene at Evian, in France. Six hundred and eighty Belgian children are leaving a train—thin, sickly, from four to twelve years of age—children of men who refused to work for the Germans and of mothers who let their children go rather than to let them starve. They are pouring off the train, little ones clinging to the older ones, girls all crying, boys trying to cheer. They have come all the long way alone. On the platform are the Red Cross workers to meet them. These children who can walk at all march along crying. "Meat, meat, we are going to have meat." Their little claw-like hands are significant.

Two such trains pull into Evian every day.

Another picture—it appeared in the illustrated papers recently. It showed an English widow with her eight children and the warding underneath ran as follows: "If the mother recovers from her injuries she will have six less mouths to feed—a bomb smashed their poor little home to pieces."

Do you care to see a picture of Italian life where women and children are marched in front of the German army in order that the Italian soldiers may kill them if they are?

Would you care to think of such scenes as are described in these words:—"All along the Po River (in Italy) last night we could hear the screams of women in the hands of the Germans?"

Women of America, it is to save your children from such a fate that you are asked to economize and save and loan to the government all the money you can.

N. B. Taylor & Son

HERE is the place to get that brace with bits and drills to match it.

ASSORTED locks and shotgun stocks, a jack-knife or hatchet.

RAZORS, tacks, the saw, the ax, powder, paint and fuse.

DRINKING JARS and iron bars, rope, squares, spades and screws.

WRENCHES right; we treat you white and sell the best that's sold.

AND we have stoves to bake your loaves, they're hottest when they're coaled!

REVOLVERS, rasps, files, hinges, hasps, bolts, hammers, nails and wire.

EXTRA blades for different trades, and all that you desire.

N. B. Taylor & Son



EXCHANGE BANK, CARRIZOZO, N. M.

IT'S NO LONGER

POSSIBLE

to do business in the small way of our fathers, the cash drawer and the money till have largely passed out of sight. In their place is the commercial bank, with all its many advantages and help to trade. If you are one of those who have not yet a bank account, we invite you to open an account with us.

GROW WITH US

Our Facility for Handling
Your Business Equals anyIt is convenient for you
and a pleasure for us

Interest Paid on Time Deposits

THE LINCOLN STATE BANK



With a Cold Supper

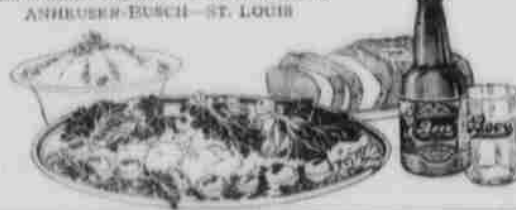
Try this delicious combination of dainty food and appetizing drink:

Cold salmon on lettuce leaves—mayonnaise dressing—cottage cheese—Bevo.

Every one of the foregoing foods will give you an added enjoyment if you also Bevo as you eat. But while thinking of Bevo as the ideal table beverage, do not overlook its goodness as a refresher at all times. Unusual and unusually good.

Bevo—the all-year-round soft drink.

Bottled in bottles only and bottled exclusively by ANHEUSER-BUSCH—ST. LOUIS

CALLED HER FAMILY
TO HER BEDSIDESix Years Ago, Thinking She Might Die, Says Texas Lady, But Now
She Is a Well, Strong Woman and Praises Cardui For
Her Recovery.

Royce City, Tex.—Mrs. Mary Kilman, of this place, says: "After the birth of my little girl...my side commenced to hurt me. I had to go back to bed. We called the doctor. He treated me...but I got no better. I got worse and worse until the misery was unbearable...I was in bed for three months and suffered such agony that I was just drawn up in a knot... I told my husband if he would get me a bottle of Cardui I would try it... I commenced taking it, however, that evening I called my family about me... for I knew I could not last many days unless I had a change for

the better. That was six years ago and I am still here and am a well, strong woman, and I owe my life to Cardui. I had only taken half the bottle when I began to feel better. The misery in my side got less... I continued right on taking the Cardui until I had taken three bottles and I did not need any more for I was well and never felt better in my life... I have never had any trouble from that day to this."

Do you suffer from headache, backache, pains in sides, or other discomforts, each month? Or do you feel weak, nervous and fagged-out? If so, give Cardui, the woman's tonic, a trial.

J. T.

The Titsworth Company
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

APPLES

WRITE FOR PRICES

MAIL ORDERS GIVEN
PROMPT ATTENTIONThe Titsworth Company
CAPITAN, NEW MEXICODIDN'T KNOW WHAT
TO DO WITH HIS MONEY

A farmer came to one of the biggest business men in the Southwest last week and said: "I have done pretty well this season. I've \$500.00 that I can spare. It's earning me nothing in the bank. You know something about investments, tell me what to do with it."

"Well," said the big fellow, "You can put your money into Railroad Stocks, you can buy Standard Commercial Stocks, or you can take long chances and buy stock in some Gold Mine which may or may not make you a Millionaire. Do you know anything about stocks, shares, or investments generally?"

"Not a thing."

"Well, what is your first requirement in an investment, do you want high interest, or absolute safety?"

"Absolute safety—no chances for me. Why I wouldn't sleep nights and my wife would never quit worrying if I took chances."

"Well," was the reply, "I can advise you to buy some good Commercial Stock but I want to warn you that owing to trade conditions being upset of course the Stock might be low just when you wanted to sell. Would you mind that?"

"Yes, I believe I would. Of course, I know all Stocks go up and down a little in price, but I must have something that can't go down too low, because I might want my money any time, and I can't afford to lose 5% to 10% of my investment just for the sake of securing 5% to 10% interest."

"So you want something that is so safe it will not cause you one moment's worry, you want something that you can purchase, hold, and feel safe about without your having to learn anything about stocks, shares, or market prices."

"That's it, exactly."

The business man had known right along what investment this man needed, but he wanted the farmer to sell himself first. "Well," he said with a smile, "What's the matter with investing with the United States Government? You won't have to sit up nights wondering whether they are going to fail. You don't have to know one thing about stocks, shares or markets, in order to get in on the proposition, and your little 4% comes around twice a year regularly."

"Oh, you mean buy a Liberty Bond?"

"Yes, why not?"

"Well, I guess I can't do better." "Better, why, man, you can't do as well. It's the only kind of investment for a fellow like yourself who knows all about farming and nothing about finance. Your bond is the best collateral in the world, you can always sell it if you have to, and believe me there is a feeling of satisfaction about owning one of those bonds that you can't buy with any other security. The bond is Uncle Sam's certificate that you are an American in good standing and you feel that you are helping our boys in the great fight. Look at it any way you like, it's the finest investment in the world."

We pay the highest prices for hides and pelts. Ziegler Bros.

At the present time Uncle Sam requires men and money, but the family requires **Something to Eat**. If you want it fresh, at a reasonable price, and from a

Sanitary **Bell's Grocery**

We are now located in the New Wetmore building and invite the public to inspect our new quarters.

FEED YARD

HAY AND GRAIN IN CAR LOTS

All Competition Met in Prices on These Commodities

Roomy Yard - Stalls - Water

Coal and Wood

Wm. Barnett EL PASO AVENUE

Phone 86

Special Facilities
For Banquet and Dinner Parties.

Carrizozo Eating House

F. W. GURNEY, Manager.

Table Supplied with the Best
the market affords.WE ARE THE EXCLUSIVE
DISPENSERS OF

Nayal's Compounds

PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY
COMPOUNDEDKodaks, Kodak Supplies and Stationery
Ice Cream and all Kinds of Iced Drinks

Rolland Bros.

OUR OWN PEOPLE IN THE WAR

THE STORY OF A HOME
REGIMENT THAT IS TRY-
ING TO PULL THE KAIS-
ER FROM HIS
THRONE.

Few people know that there is a regiment in the Southwest playing a great part in the war. In its ranks are to be found a girl school teacher; a confederate veteran of 77, maimed for life in the war; there is an old man, some locomotive engineers, a doctor, and several clergymen. Many women are in the ranks of this strange regiment.

The uniform consists of well-worn civilian clothing, the regimental motto is "Service"; its standard the Stars and Stripes.

To explain further, there is in a certain city in the Southwest of about 12,000 inhabitants a set of people, drawn chiefly from those not rich in this world's goods, who have made up their minds that they must personally help win the war. They have read carefully the advice given by the Government, they have devised ways and means of their own to accomplish their object, and they have placed themselves on record, in writing, over their signature, that they have done certain things, and will do certain things in the future, to win this war.

Their records and pledges constitute

Human Stories of the Deepest Interest

Here are a few of them:

"Doing without meat, give up my only boy for the cause."

"I am raising quite a nice garden, and trying to save, while my husband is away in the army."

"I am seventy-seven and one-half years of age, half of my face was shot away in the Civil war. Have nothing but the rent of a very small farm. Took \$100.00 Liberty Bond—one-fifth of all I had."

"Helpless with a broken limb, but paying \$4.00 monthly for a Liberty Bond."

"Preserved lots of food for winter use, teaching thrift and helped to sell Liberty Bonds in school. Purchased one Liberty Bond, and intend to buy more. Managing my mother's business while two brothers in the army."

"Father is a soldier, two brothers soldiers, two sons soldiers. No money because have to try to keep my own and relatives' families."

"Family of five. Try to live entirely on goods we produce. Bought Liberty Bond, and will buy one of each issue. Supporting Red Cross and Young Men's Christian Association. Am a teacher and pastor, preaching the needs of the Government."

"Am an old man of seventy-seven. Will do my best every day, and invest every dollar I can spare in Bonds."

"Buy half what I used to. Make more stuff on the farm. Bought a \$80.00 sow and pigs. Made more than twice as much farm products this year than ever, and expect to make more next year. Bought two Liberty Bonds and expect to buy more."

"Am doing work that I used to employ others to do. Will set aside money regularly for purchase of Bonds."

"Reduced living expenses to minimum. Putting aside 10 per cent of income for Bonds. Will invest everything I possess if necessary to win the war."

"Using practically no meat. Will buy \$500.00 worth of each issue of Bonds. Am working to produce more."

"Am an alderman. Economizing and working for greater efficiency in Departments under my care."

"Am a teacher. Living on half my salary, and investing the other half in Bonds."

"Am a boy. I bought Bonds, and am raising pigs to help feed our soldiers."

Hats Off to Them!

True Americans everywhere pay their deepest respects to

you brave little woman "ear-rying on," while your loved one is fighting, and to you M'am, toiling night and day to keep the home together while brother is away. They pay their tribute to you old soldiers, still trying to "do your bit" in spite of age and poverty, and to you men, who unable to accept the heavier burdens of youth, are still denying yourself of food and recreation in order that you may help financially to win the war. They honor you men who are preaching the gospel of patriotism and service, and you one enlightened farmer producing "over twice as much as ever before." To you doctors trying to conserve health, to you men cutting down unnecessary labor, to you boys who are raising a pig to help the world's food supply, honor and credit is due.

What of the Reverse Side of the Picture:

You will note that not one of the members of the Regiment referred to writes in this way:

"I am a merchant. I have done a splendid business owing to good conditions in this section. Out of gratitude to the country that has educated and protected me I propose to cut out extravagances and subscribe 10 per cent of my savings to the Liberty Loan."

The one solitary pledge from a farm owner brings into strong relief the attitude of several hundreds of men in this community referred to who, undoubtedly, own farm lands. We hoped to have been able to report many replies along the following lines:

"I derive my income from products of the land. I have made more money this year than ever before. I feel it to be my duty to subscribe to the limit of my ability to the Liberty Loan, and to raise or encourage the raising of hogs, winter wheat and every thing else which will help feed our soldiers."

Unfortunately, there is but one such reply. In fairness it should be said that the farmer living out on his farm was not approached to enlist in this regiment, but the fact remains that many an owner of farmland lives in this purely agricultural community.

Again, not one said, "I have made money to the extent that I do not have to work now. I cannot remain idle, I will get to work producing something needed by our boys 'over there'. My little fortune is at the disposal of the Government."

Hundreds of trim little houses, automobiles, and well-dressed people lead one to believe that there are plenty of people in this thriving little city who could have written in this strain. They did not do so.

Without These People the War Cannot Be Won

It is useless for the tired little school teacher to wear herself out, for the war veteran to "do his bit" clear through to the grave. It will be in vain that the mother and the wife gave their flesh and blood and their dearest possession in life, unless the wholesale and retail merchants, the farmer, the lawyer, all come forward, throw off that indifference which hangs like a pall of death over so many of our communities, and come out strong as preachers and practitioners of economy, production, and self-denial.

May the blush of shame, and the resolution to amend come to many as they read this little story—every word of it true.

ISN'T IT TRUE?

When the power and resources of this Country can be applied effectively, the war will be won. Are you doing your share?

It has been reserved to the producer of today to feel the satisfaction derived from patriotism and personal profit at one and the same time.

It is not money, but goods and service that will win the war.

But as goods and service must be bought, the Government sells Liberty Bonds.

Be doubly a patriot by producing, making money, and buying Bonds.

Million Letters In the Mails Today Bearing Magic Words "With the Colors"

Keynote of the Splendid Work the Y. M. C. A. Does Among
Our Men In Uniform Is Keeping Them In
Touch With the Folks at Home.

STAMPED WITH STARS AND STRIPES AND RED TRIANGLE

Multifarious Ways in Which the Association Appeals to Your Boy, Your Neighbor's Boy, or Some Boy You Know and Love—Creates a Helpful Environment in Cantonment, on Way Overseas, in Front Line Trench and Beyond—First to Aid as He Comes Tottering Back—Give Your Share of the \$35,000,000 Required to Accomplish This "Last Evidence That Somebody Cares."

It was evening on the broad Hempstead Plain, Long Island, where the Rainbow division was spending its last night before embarking for France. It had been raining hard in the afternoon—a cold, steady autumn downpour—and there was nothing to suggest the rainbow in the outward aspect of the camp. Lines and lines of sudden canvas houses, 27,000 men, gathered from 27 different states. The ground was dotted with pools and quagmires. Under the wet canvas it was damp and cold, with a penetrating chill. Lit by flickering candles, the tents were far from cheerful shelter for a man's last night in his native land.

But there were seven big tents where electric lights, numbers and friendliness made the night pleasant.

least is on its way to you. Each one of our 18 cantonments, where the new national army is being trained, is using more than a million sheets of this paper every month. In the draft army alone that means 16,000,000 sheets of love every month reaching out from the great encampment where the men are being trained into the greatest army this nation has ever dreamed and blinding them to the heart at home. Multiply that by thinking of all the other places where Uncle Sam has men with the flag—in navy yards, on the high seas, in arsenals and officers' training camps and "Over There" in France. In all these places men are writing home. These unassuming little sheets of notepaper gladden millions of hearts a day. They transfer more love from one



Music, Games, Good Reading and Correspondence Facilities in Y. M. C. A. Building.

In each of these a soldier was strumming on a piano; others were reading books and magazines; hundreds were writing letters home. Behind the raised counter at one end three or four young men were busy passing out notepaper and envelopes, selling stamps and weighing parcels, which the men were sending home. One of the soldiers said to me as I stood in the tent used chiefly by men from Iowa: "We came all the way here from Des Moines, and we were mighty lonely. Then we found this Y. M. C. A. on the job, and it's been a home and more than a home to us. It gave us what we wanted when we needed it most. We'll never forget it. The boys' best friend is the Y. M. C. A."

How close those benches were packed with men, bending over the long tables absorbed in their writing! With an appeal to the sympathies these great groups of soldiers make! Fine, clean-cut, upstanding fellows, some of them mere boys, one thinks immediately of the sacrifice they have made for the rest of us and how precious they are to some one back home somewhere, in far off farm or village or city street, there are parents or brothers or wives who would give all they possess for one glimpse of those embrowned faces as you and I see them in their last night before going across. And it was with a thrill of the heart that I watched them, bent over their letter paper, in one after another of those seven big tents.

Those were the tents of the Y. M. C. A. On that last night in America the association was serving the soldiers in the best of all ways—giving them an opportunity to write home. On previous nights they had enjoyed boxing bouts, movies, concerts, dramatics and a score of healthful entertainments as well as religious meetings. But on this last night home ties were stronger. And perhaps that is the keynote of the splendid work the Y. M. C. A. is doing among our men in uniform—keeping them in touch with home.

Magic Words, "With the Colors"

In these times there are some letters that mean more to us than any we have ever read before. They are written on sheets of paper stamped with the Stars and Stripes and the red triangle of the Y. M. C. A., and they bear the magic words, "With the Colors." There are many more than a million such letters in the mails now while you read this. Perhaps one at

part of the world to another than statistics can express. Statistics are pretty poor anyway when it comes to reckoning in terms of love and human tenderness. Let's put it this way: That the Y. M. C. A. is the biggest express company the world has ever seen, and the parcels it is handling are the loves and devotions of human beings.

World's Best Loved Trademark

This war has made us think hard and fast. Your boy or your neighbor's boy or some boy you know and love has been called to do his share in the big job of putting the world for democracy and human liberty. Is it any comfort to you to know that while over his duty may call him your boy will have a friend that will serve him in body, mind and soul? Are you glad to know that this friend will place books and magazines at his disposal, organize classes to teach him what ever he wants to learn, give him a pocket testament and invite him to join religious meetings of the faith that he was brought up in? Did you realize that the association provides athletic equipment for his favorite games, teaches him games if he knows none and holds concerts, lectures, movies, Bible classes, dramatic entertainments and every kind of wholesome amusement to keep him interested? Are you glad to know that this friend will go with him overseas, help to shield him from a score of gilets and dangerous temptations and follow him right up to the front line trench and beyond it? The last contact the soldier has with this life he loves so well is a cup of tea given him by the Y. M. C. A. free just before he goes "over the top" to a hand to hand struggle with the enemy. And as he comes tottering back from No Man's Land, wounded, but strong enough and plucky enough to keep on his feet, even before his wounds are dressed the Y. M. C. A. is waiting for him with tea and sweet chocolate, the great comfort of the man in the trenches. Do you wonder that the Red Triangle is called "the best loved trademark in the world"? One soldier in France has called it "the last evidence that anybody cares."

If every thinking citizen could see with his or her own eyes something of the actual work being done for our men by the association there would be no question of the Y. M. C. A. having to appeal to the public for money. Rather than let this essential work falter for an instant rich men would sell their motor cars.

See MOORE, the Painter

For Painting, Tinting, Paperhanging
and Interior Decorating of all kinds

Signs, Show Cards and Bulletins

Winter Is Coming On

But it has not caught us unprepared
to combat the ills of the season

In our line of DRUGS you will find a remedy for every human ailment, and you will not be taking chances of getting old or inferior articles. Our line of drugs are all new, standardized, tested and cured for by men who know "How" to compound medicines.

All Prescriptions are Filled by a Graduate
and Registered Pharmacist

We also carry a complete line of Sundries, Candies, Cigars, etc.,

and at our fountain you will always find the Refreshing Drinks you like so well. When you are in Captain come over and be convinced.

The Sunshine Pharmacy CAPITAN, N. MEX.

Your Chance

By calling early at the
Western Garage you may

Secure a Ford

Two shipments in, another coming;
but they won't last. We may be
unable to get more for sometime

Come in at Once

WESTERN GARAGE

CRAWFORD & BILES

Cleaning, Pressing and Alterations. Work Guaranteed

Next door south Exchange Bank, Phone 92

Seat Covers—Auto Top Recovering



Strayed or Stolen

One sorrel horse, no brand but left ear split, scar on shoulder, weight about 1000 lbs., 11 years old. One bay horse branded T V on left shoulder, right hip knocked down and had a bell on. Notify S. R. Sedillo, Parsons, N. Mex., and get reward.

Notice to Stockholders of The Lincoln State Bank

The annual meeting of The Lincoln State Bank, for the election of directors for the coming year and any other business that may come before you will be held in the office of this bank on Tuesday, January 8th, 1918.

H. S. CAMPBELL,
Cashier.

Until further notice by paying up back payments new members will be accepted in the Christmas Banking Club.—The First National Bank, Carrizozo, N. M.

At the Front



POPULAR MECHANICS MAGAZINE

360 ARTICLES 360 ILLUSTRATIONS

BETTER
THAN
EVER

15c a copy
At Your Newsdealer
Yearly Subscription \$1.50
Send for our new free catalog of mechanical books
Popular Mechanics Magazine
6 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago

CLOSED THEIR DOORS

Big Lot of \$5.00
Gillette Razors
go at
\$2.48

Big Lot of
Dining Room
Chairs \$1.50
values
go at
69c

Big Lot of
Iron Beds \$4.50
values
go at
98c

Big Lot of Bed
Mattresses, values
up to \$9.00
go at
\$1.98

Big Lot of
Cups and Saucers
20c value
go at
9c

The Most Sensational Announcement Ever
Made in Carrizozo History

**The Big \$15,000 Furniture and Hardware Stock
Of Kelley & Son, Carrizozo, N. M., Must be Sold in 10 Days**

The stock is now in the hands of G. W. GROVES & Co., Merchandise Brokers, Buffalo, N. Y., and Albuquerque, N. M., with positive instructions from this firm to sell off one-half of this stock regardless of loss, cost or value in ten days.

ANY REASONABLE OFFER ACCEPTED

STOCK CONSISTS OF

Furniture, Rocking Chairs, Kitchen and Dining Chairs, Leather Rockers, Dressing Tables, Kitchen and Dining Tables, Wardrobes, Kitchen Cabinets, Bedroom Sets, Kitchen Safes, Buffets, Library Tables, Beds, Springs, Mattresses, Baby Buggies, Pillows, Blankets, Stoves, Ranges, Hardware, Graniteware, Tinware, Chinaware, Aluminumware, Crockery, Cutlery, Paints, Varnishes, Guns, Ammunition, Rifles, Sporting Goods, Etc.

**WILL BE PLACED ON PUBLIC SALE
Wednesday, January 9, 10 A. M. SHARP**

**AND CONTINUE
10 DAYS**

**Furniture and Hardware
Will Go at Your Own Price**

Notice: The mightiest undertaking ever attempted--\$15,000 worth of high grade furniture, hardware, etc., must be sold in ten days. So hop the first train, auto, bicycle, horse, mule or anything that will get you here the opening morning. It will pay you good. In many instances

25c Here WILL DO THE WORK OF \$1 Elsewhere

Big Lot of \$1.50
Dish Pans
go at
29c

Big Lot of Granite
Coffee and Tea
Pots 80c values
go at
19c

Big Lot of Bed
Springs, values
up to \$4.75
go at
98c

Big Lot of Sewing
Rockers \$2.75
values
go at
98c

Big Lot of Feather-
ed Pillows
\$1.25 values
go at
48c

Under Lock and Key

by order of this big company, and will remain closed until Wednesday morning, Jan. 9, at 10 a. m. to rearrange and remark this big stock. Positively no goods sold and no one allowed in building until that time.

W. E. GROVES, in charge

....NOTICE....

Merchants from town or out of town wishing to purchase portion of this stock can make appointment by telephone.

Watch Bills for Prices and Descriptions

....Read....

You all know Kelley & Son and you know the class of high grade Furniture and Hardware they carry. All new and from some of the best manufactures of this country. Their reputation is known far and wide.

WANTED--- 25 Salespeople, women and girls. Apply at once at the old stand of Kelley & Son, Carrizozo, N. M.

Big Lot of \$1.25 Granite
Tea Kettles go at

69c

Big Lot of Kitchen Tables
\$3.75 values

\$1.98

Furnish 2 to 3 Rooms at the Price of One

READ: We guarantee everything to be exactly as represented. If you value a dollar, act now. Note the reason for this big sale: tight money and war prices did it, consequently this big company's services were secured and the order is to "make a clean sweep of everything in 10 days." Nothing reserved, it will pay you to come even if you live 50 miles from here.

**Opening days: Wednesday, Thursday Friday,
Saturday and Monday 9-10-11-12-14**

Terms of sale strictly cash. Phone and mail orders will not be filled

Big Lot of 15c Coal Shovels
go at

3c

Big Lot of 50c Bread
Knives go at

19c

THE OLD STAND OF

KELLEY & SON

CARRIZOZO
NEW MEX.

G. W. GROVES & CO., Merchandise Brokers

W. E. GROVES, Representative

PARISIANS PLACE BUSTLE IN FRONT

New York.—France puts a bustle in front of a gown, and America puts it in the back. Such is the interesting struggle going on between designers.

Two men, one of this continent and one of that, were responsible for the 1917 bustle, and it may be confidently asserted that no woman designer had a part in its creation or development. It took the public just six weeks to level the fashion to the commonplace. It is because of this public acceptance that the style must be dealt with generously by the reporters



Suit of green velvet and cashmere, with jacket that has the upward tilt at the back and is finished with a high-waisted belt. Waistcoat of bottle-green suede. The gown was made for a descendant of the famous Annie Laurie.

of fashion who usually can give only passing attention to each new idea as it is shot across the battlefield of apparel. One man's idea attracts attention, but that attention is deflected by every other man's idea, but when this individual idea is multiplied a thousand times by buyers and sellers, by women who pretend to be fashionable and by those who care nothing about the word, then the fashion becomes "the style," as we term it in this country.

If you talk earnestly with those who deal in exclusive clothes, you will hear them say that the silhouette must change and that it is more than probable that the bustle will become more of a feature in the spring among high-class designers than it is today.

There is no disposition on the part of the American woman to have in the buying of clothes despite all the propaganda on this subject, and no matter what comes later, if the war continues, the process of buying goes on merrily today.

No Return to Fullness.

There is not the slightest idea of a return to fullness in frocks or coats. There are two good reasons for this announcement—a scarcity of material in certain quarters and the wish of the various governments of the world for strict conservation, and also the fact that we have been over-saturated with fullness in clothes and the very sight of such a gown gives us a squintish attack of sartorial indignation. It is almost unbearable today to look upon a looped, panned, befrilled or belted costume. We were hooped, even though they were disguised under the name of the farthingale, until we felt ashamed to look at a barrel, and it is not possible for either the French or the American designers to compel us to turn our attention to such clothes in the immediate future.

We want slimmness, we look our very best in slimmness, and we are quite willing to wear less material than since the Civil war, but we are tired of tules. Our trouble is that we don't want a return to the small waist, we will not have more material put into our clothes and we insist upon a straight line from armpit to hips, but something must be done with our skirts if our pants for clothes is to be tickled any further.

Under the influence of this impatience and annoyance with a continuity of line in clothes, there is no reason why something approaching the de-back skirt and the bustle of 1870-80 should not appear quite gradually over the horizon for the better class of clothes.

Nothing More Than Soft Drapery.

You know by this time, of course, that the bustle is nothing more than a hideous word for a bit of soft drapery arranged to break the tight and often fantastic line across the figure at the end of the spine. This drapery is the saving grace on certain types of broad, stout figures. It may

be almost impossible to believe that among this race of flat-hipped, long-limbed, slim-chested, big-waisted American women, which the last ten years have produced, there are still women, and many of them, who have what is called the ancient figure. Of course, it is not the ancient figure at all, for that is the new figure to which all modernists aspire, but what the dressmakers mean by the phrase is the 1880 figure, which has never been controlled or suppressed or even treated with contempt by a certain segment of American women. Chests out, stomachs in, hips rounded and waists tightened in the artificial figure that was stamped upon three generations of American women and has not entirely died out.

There are other women who have long since forgotten that they ever had a waist, but they cannot submerge the flesh around their hips and back and they look their worst in chemise, tunic and sandwich gowns. Therefore, the bustle drapery is for them. If the dressmakers can handle it in a manner that suggests novelty and achieves artistic results, we shall probably see it in the foremost fashions.

Now as to the French bustle—it was copied from the Directoire period and taken, like all the Directoire clothes, from the fashions of a century before Napoleon aspired to control of France. It merely transposes the drapery as the Americans use it, from the back to the front.

Bulloo is the apostle of this bustle. If you can call the drapery in front by that name. Bulloo, through his color schemes and his daring, has assumed something of the widespread authority in clothes that Paul Poiret held, undisputed, until he went to war. Bulloo dips his hands deep into history, pulls out anything his fingers can grasp and puts all that he finds into the most modern of clothes. Two years ago his efforts were not taken seriously in this country; today, all the designers over here who wish to enter to an exclusive patronage, buy freely of Bulloo.

The hallmark of his work this season is that drapery across the front of the figure below the waist. It is deftly done. This drapery really sinks down into the cascades that run below the knees at each side.

Uplifted Line in Skirt.

The entire dressmaking world of Paris was a bit touched with this fashion. When you look at all the new gowns that smart women appear in, and when you gaze at the shop windows to try to choose the frock you would like to wear, you may notice that a common thread of idea runs through them all in this uplifted line in the front of the skirt.

This trick, as you remember, is not new to the twentieth century. It belongs to the days out of which Goethe created Faust. Throughout the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, there was a disposition to drag the clothes up in the front and tie them in loops and drapery below the waistline by running a cord under the fullness.

It looks as though a revival of this fashion were upon us. The skirts are dragged up so definitely in front either



This ermine cape was designed for afternoon wear. It is short in front, long in back and has ripple sleeves. The fronts cross to the back and tie, the long ends finished with ermine tails.

by the cut of the hem or by the placement of the lace or fur, that we have become accustomed to watching for that upward tilt in every new frock that appears. The house of Callot has always tilted the movement of her skirt at its hem upward in the middle of the back or the middle of the front, but this is a different type of fashion and it is taken from more primitive days.

(Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

New Shades in Neckwear.

The newest shades in satin neckwear are tea and corn; the first a delicate shade just off the white, the other a deep rose.

NEWS and GOSSIP OF WASHINGTON



Her Many Journeys on "The Way of the Sorrowful"

WASHINGTON.—"The Way of the Sorrowful" is one name for the long, straight mile that leads to an iron gate. The directory calls it the Bladensburg road. One woman who was going that way overlooked another laden with chrysanthemums enough to decorate a ballroom rather than a grave. When the offer to help with the basket was accepted, the one who owned it explained the cause of profusion.

"This is the anniversary of our wedding. When we stood up I held a bunch of white chrysanthemums—like these—and he wore one in his coat—like this. The supper table was gay with dark red ones—like these—and the parlor was dressed out in bushels and bushels of yellow ones—like these. My husband was a dear lover of roses, and though he worked long and hard, he had to have his hour's time every morning in his garden. He was such a handsome young man. Everybody remarked it. His hair was light with a wave to it, and he had blue eyes and a skin as fair as a baby's. Oh, ma'am, isn't it heart-breaking? But God's holy will be done—I feel that he is waiting for me at the heavenly meeting place to welcome me fondly when I come. He wasn't out of his twenties when he was killed in the war, and I haven't missed coming to his grave a single Sunday, except for sickness at times, since I laid him here, August 14, 1913."

If a mathematician had been around he could doubtless have calculated how much 52 trips a year for 54 years would amount to, if reckoned by miles. But only the God who made a human heart could compute the sum of its devotion.

And as the younger woman climbed the cobble to a place of grass and gray stone she wondered—and wondered—what the woman of the chrysanthemums would do if the youth who was blue-eyed and fair as a baby failed to recognize the toothless old creature at the eternal gates? And if all else that heaven could give her would compensate?

Old Man Found Comfort in Silent Companion

HE WAS so old that he might have been twin to Father Time, and so young that his skin bloomed like a pink rose on a bush. He was so busy that it was taking a kit of tools to fix a door knob, and so idle that he paused at his tinkering, under the impression

that a woman at a table ought to know the history of his life. "Yessum, I'm an old soldier—artillery. Some Johnny gave me a bullet that makes me remember him every time it rains. Gettysburg. Sometimes the old fight feels so close behind me that I can smell powder and hear the pounding of drums—but when I get to figurin' that I've passed my Bible limit, and that all my folks are gone—well, I tell you, it's a mighty lonesome job bein' the last button on old Gabe's coat, as the sayin' is." The woman who was having the door knob fixed admitted that it was a mighty lonesome job. She had experience to go by.

"Yessum, it's nature for a man to want companionship, and if he can't do any better, he takes to dumb critters—and he might go farther and fare worse. I got so lonesome one time last year that I paid out a dollar and a half for a duck, and that duck, ma'am, is almost as much company as an entire family."

"Yessum, a duck is real sociable when you can't do any better. Some of these here writer men claim that dumb critters lacks sense, but I tell you, mum, it seems to me that duck has got the knowledge to talk, if so be it mout. It has got bright, knowin' eyes—and it's a right purty little thing, too, with fine bluish, greenish feathers and a sort of speckled down under its tail and wings."

To fight for one's country, and to suffer for it for more than a half century, and to have nothing better than a fowl for one's intimate comrade rather touched the woman, for she shoved aside the pencil and asked with real heart interest:

"What kind of a duck is it?"

"A stuffed duck, mum."

Zoo Symbolical of the Future of the World

LITTLE Miss Ellen Wilson McAdoo, daughter of the Secretary of the Treasury and Mrs. McAdoo, wandered through the zoo one bright Sunday afternoon. She went past the bear cages without so much as a glance at the variety of brutes to be seen there. Children never look at the bears. It is a strange fact, but true.

Small Miss McAdoo was intent upon her doll, which she wheeled in a little doll baby carriage. Down the path she went with her precious burden, the sun glancing on her bright face.

A man loomed in her path. He was a big fellow.

"Watch out! you'll get run over," smiled Miss McAdoo. And the man, jumped out of the way of the oncoming doll baby carriage, wheeled by the little more than baby girl. Someway or other the child made me think of the good forces of the world, and the zoo represented to my mind the world itself, and the animals therein the restrained forces held in leash.

So with the world, be, some day, when the unrestrained evil forces of Germany are put behind the bars by the stronger forces of humanity.

Old "Blood and Iron" will be put in a cage at last. The "Will to Power" will lead a somewhat uneventful life where he can harm no longer. The "Matted Fist," whose habitat was Germania, will eat peanuts from the hands of Uncle Sam and his family.

All Uniforms Looked Alike to These Frenchmen

FIVE dashing French soldiers were walking up F street toward the treasury the other afternoon. The guests of the nation were the center of all eyes. Though their country lay bleeding across the water, and the sorrows of

their land were deeply etched in their hearts, the French soldiers could not but respond that afternoon to the crisp fall weather, the approving glances of the people they met, the thrill of life itself.

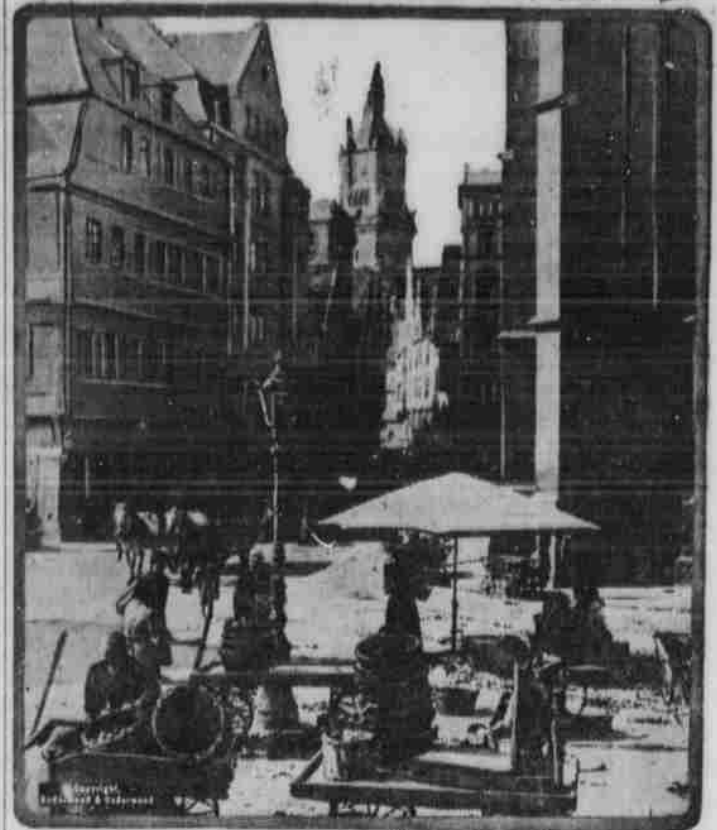
Washington was very beautiful. The people of the capital of America were very kind.

The soldiers of France walked in a little group, and every time they passed an American soldier they saluted gravely. A man in khaki passed them. The French officers saluted. Next they met an American naval officer. The French officers saluted. A marine came next. Punctiliously the officers saluted. No brave sily, no matter what uniform he wore, should escape the courtesy due him.

Soon thereafter along came a young man in a neat, blue uniform. The French officers took one look at the neat blue uniform, and at the cap which surmounted it, and then all saluted as one man.

On the cap which they saluted was written: "Western Union."

CAPITAL OF WURTEMBERG



Street Scene in Stuttgart.

WHEN the German armies a little while ago bombarded the beautiful and ancient city of Bar-le-Duc in France, the French promptly retaliated by an air raid on the model city of Stuttgart.

No two cities could be more unlike or more characteristic of their respective countries than Bar-le-Duc and Stuttgart. As Bar-le-Duc is the symbol of poetry, romance and antiquity, Stuttgart is the personification of all that is modern, scientific and military.

Stuttgart is the capital of Wurtemberg and before the war had a population of 280,000, which included some of its suburbs and a garrison of 32,000 men which was stationed there. It is delightfully situated, surrounded by attractive suburbs and amid vine-clad heights. It is two and a half miles from the Neckar river, in the valley of the Nesenbach. All around it are vineyards which cover the nearby hills, while the distant mountains are in sight.

It is a thoroughly modern town, although its charter does date back to 1220. There are few buildings of an earlier date than the nineteenth century and many of them are of architectural importance. The stately appearance of the city is owing to the pronounced adherence of its architects to the Renaissance type of building.

Instead of the varieties of styles most cities permit. Nowhere else in the world is the revival of the Renaissance style as well illustrated as in Stuttgart.

Some of Its Great Buildings.

A spacious street, the Koenigsstrasse, extends diagonally from southwest to northeast through the city and borders the beautiful park, the Schlossplatz, which is adorned with statues, flower beds and pleasure grounds. In the center is a jubilee column in memory of William I. The most prominent buildings are clustered around the Schlossplatz. Among these are the old palace, from the sixteenth century; the new palace, from the eighteenth century and containing 276 apartments; the splendid Koenigsbau, a huge modern building with a fine colonnade containing ball and concert rooms; the Akademie, formerly the seat of the Karlsruhe where Schiller received part of his education; the Royal library, the Court theater, the palace of the Duchess Vera of Wurtemberg and the palace of the crown prince. Besides these there are numerous fine churches, museums and other institutions. Not far from the Schlossplatz are the court of justice, the royal stables, the new post office, the Central railroad station, the finest in Germany, and many fine statues. Besides the jubilee column there is another to the memory of Emperor William I; one to Duke Eberhard the Bearded; a really splendid one to Schiller by Thorwaldsen and one to Christopher, duke of Wurtemberg.

The art galleries and museums of Stuttgart are numerous and valuable. The Museum of Art has a fine collection of pictures, casts and engravings. The Royal library contains about 800,000 printed volumes; 5,550 manuscripts, many of them of great value, and the largest collection of Bibles in the world, there being 7,900 volumes in more than a hundred different languages. There are 2,400 specimens of early printing. It is perhaps the finest library in Germany and is considerably larger than our own Carnegie library of Pittsburgh.

Fine Industrial Museum.

The industrial museum contains samples and specimens of the textile fabrics, machines, tools, patterns, models, etc., of nearly every country in the world, all labeled with specifications of patents, trade marks and price lists. The importance of this collection to the German industries cannot be overestimated. Of French and English fabrics alone there are 280,000 samples, while of French and German carpets there are 70,000 specimens. There is a museum of natural history that is wonderful and valuable. In one of the palaces is a collection of Majolica vases that was purchased in Venice in the eighteenth century. The Wurtemberg Museum of Antiquities contains every sort of relic imaginable from royal cabinets and armor to a pack of cards painted in the fifteenth century. To see all the objects in these museums and galleries would take a lifetime and then one would not have seen half.

Stuttgart is the center of a network of railroads. It is also the center of the bookmaking and publishing industry of south Germany. It is noted for its excellent educational institutions, and especially its Conservatory of Music, where many Americans have received their musical education. It has a technical high school that confers the degree of doctor of engineering, also a veterinary high school, and a school of art.

Home of Famous Men.

There are a number of great men who have lived in Stuttgart. Among them are Hegel, the philosopher, who was born in 1770; Dannecker, the sculptor, also claimed it as his birthplace; the poet Schiller was educated there, his father being the inspector of the gardens of the Karlsruhe; Gustav Schwab, the poet, lived there and is buried in the Hohenstaufen cemetery; and the tomb of Johann Reuchlin, the humanist, is in one of the churches.

We can imagine the pride the Germans have in this beautiful city, which is a model for all municipalities, and the consternation there must have been when it was attacked by airplanes. It seems an outrage to destroy what is beautiful and valuable, and when the Germans realize the danger and perhaps loss of some of their own art treasures it is to be hoped they will recognize the perils of their own act in destroying the cathedrals of Louvain and Reims.

Beau Brummell Story.

In Gen. Sir George Haggis's "Seventy-One Years of a Guardsman's Life," there is a good story of Beau Brummell.

The author had it from the late Lord Lyndhurst, who knew him well. Someone, who no doubt wished to discredit him by allusion to his parentage, asked in the presence of some of his admirers:

"Pray, Mr. Brummell, how are your good father and mother?"

"Thank you," was the reply, "quite well when I left them half an hour ago; but by this time they have probably cut their throats!"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed several of the bystanders, "you must be speaking in joke."

"Not at all," he said with a quiet tone of appreciation of the motives of his questioner; "they were eating peas with their knives."

Conscience Satisfied.

"Lizzie, will you be mine?" "Not on your life!" "Don't you love me?" "No, I don't, and never did." "Are you sure?" "Absolutely sure! I would rather be shot than marry you!" "Thank you for them kind words, Lizzie, I had to ask somebody to marry me in order to do my duty, but now that I have been refused I will never have to ask anybody else. Now my conscience will allow me to be a merry old bachelor and have money for my old age."—Exchange.

Why That Lame Back?

Morning lameness, sharp twinges when bending, or an all-day back-ache; each is cause enough to suspect kidney trouble. Get after the cause. Help the kidneys. We Americans go it too hard. We overdo, overeat and neglect our sleep and exercise and so we are fast becoming a nation of kidney sufferers. 72% more deaths than in 1890 is the 1910 census story. Use Doan's Kidney Pills. Thousands recommend them.

A Wyoming Case

Ed Miller, painter and carpenter, Cody, Wyo., says: "I suffered severely from back-ache and I think it was caused by a cold settling on my kidneys, also from straining and bending at my work. My back got so bad that I couldn't bend without sharp pains catching me. Doan's Kidney Pills relieved me of this trouble and whenever I have taken them since, they have brought me the best results."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Enquire for the **J. H. WILSON**
SADDLERY CO. DENVER

Guaranteed

Status of Arab Nation.

The Arab nation is without money for natural resources. Its territory contains neither mineral nor external agricultural wealth—but the redemption of Mesopotamia will afford the Arab of the future opportunity for aggrandizement. There, under semi-independence, after battles on the Tigris and Euphrates have been built by British energy and cash, Baghdad may rise to a higher sense of learning, splendor and wealth than under the caliph of Haroun al Raschid.

Of the entire outcome from the war, therefore, notes a correspondent, the Arab renaissance is assuredly not the least momentous. Historically, it will mark the advent of a new era; ethnologically it becomes a charming study of futurists of literature.

Collecting Military Stamps.

Collectors in the United States are now gathering postmarks of letters sent from the American camps in France, which are stamped "U. S. Army Postal Service." They figure that if anything definite results from the peace talk, the expeditionary force's postmark will be valuable because of its comparative rarity, as they believe that most of the letters coming to the United States from the soldiers abroad are sent to close friends and relatives who, for sentimental reasons, will have the missives, envelopes and all.

Most every man is lazy, but he doesn't like to admit it.

Flattery is always dished out to other people—never to us.

Lungs Are Weakened By Hard Colds

CASCARA QUININE

The old family remedy—in tablet form—safe, sure, easy to take. No opium—no unpleasant after effects. Cures colds in 24 hours—Grip in 3 days. Money back if it fails. Get the genuine box with Red Top and Mr. Hill's picture on it. 24 Tablets for 25c. At Any Drug Store.

A GREAT DISCOVERY
(By J. H. Watson, M. D.)

Swollen hands, ankles, feet are due to a dropsical condition, often caused by disordered kidneys. Naturally when the kidneys are deranged the blood is filled with poisonous waste matter, which settles in the feet, ankles and wrists or under the eyes in bag-like formations. As a remedy for these easily recognized symptoms of inflammation caused by uric acid—as swelling urine, backache and frequent urination, as well as sediment in the urine, or if uric acid in the blood has caused rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, gout, it is simply wonderful how quickly Anuric acts: the pains and swelling rapidly disappear, for Anuric, (double strength), is many times more potent than litia and often eliminates uric acid as hot water melts sugar.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets for the liver and bowels have been favorably known for nearly 40 years. Anuric is a recent scientific discovery by Dr. Pierce, Chief of Staff at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Inst. in Buffalo, N. Y. Send the there for a trial pkg. of Anuric. Large package 50c.

Carter's Little Liver Pills

You Cannot be Constipated and Happy

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

Genuine bears signature *Wm. Wood*

ABSENCE of Iron in the Blood is the reason for many colorless faces but

CARTER'S IRON PILLS will greatly help most pale-faced people

COLT DISTEMPER

You can prevent this loathsome disease from running through your stable and cure all the colts suffering with it when you begin the treatment. No matter how young, SPON'S is safe to use on any colt. It is wonderful how it prevents all distempers, no matter how colts or horses at any age are "exposed." All good druggists and turpentine houses and manufacturers sell SPON'S at 50 cents and if a bottle, 15 and 15 a dozen.

SPON'S MEDICAL CO., Mrs. A. Dennen, Ind., U. S. A.

Best Soldier & Middleweight.

It isn't the big 170-pounders that the examining boards who have been choosing recruits for the new National army greet with enthusiasm, says Milstones. It's the little chap who weighs about 140 and hasn't a pound to spare that is the real prize for military service.

Tests made at Princeton and in the training camps go to show that, weight for weight, a man of this build handles himself more effectively. He scores relatively low in strength tests, but remarkably high in endurance. He is adaptable when it comes to the modifications of diet that life in camp makes necessary and he can stand inspection with full equipment on a hot day and smile, while the big fellow wits and falls out.

Only One "BROMO QUININE" is the genuine, call for full name, LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE, look for signature of A. W. GUY'S. Cures a Cold in One Day. 50c.

Peace Consistent With Honor.

Let us have peace, permanent, secure and, if I may use the term, independent. Peace which depends not on the pity of others, but on our own force. Let us have the only peace worth having, peace consistent with honor.—Governor Morris.

Thoroughness.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "I have decided to keep a goat."

"A goat?"
"Yes. You know what a lot of vegetables were preserved. I don't intend to have the tin cans wasted. They shall be eaten."

BOSCHEE'S GERMAN SYRUP

Why use ordinary cough remedies, when Boschee's German Syrup has been used so successfully for fifty-one years in all parts of the United States for coughs, bronchitis, colds settled in the throat, especially lung troubles. It gives the patient a good night's rest, free from coughing, with easy expectoration in the morning, gives nature a chance to soothe the inflamed parts, throw off the disease, helping the patient to regain his health. Sold in all civilized countries. 50 and 90 cent bottles.—Adv.

What Convinced Him.

Defendant's Lawyer—You say my clients called you names! How did you know for sure that they were talking to you and not to somebody else?

Plaintiff—Well, maybe I was mistaken, but when they accompanied their conversation with blows on my jaw and swears on my ribs I naturally couldn't be blamed for thinking they were addressing their remarks to me.—Judge.

The Pollu Magnificent.

After one of the battles near Verdun a Pollu who had distinguished himself for conspicuous gallantry was called over by an officer. "Of what religion are you?" he asked. The sailor saluted and respectfully replied: "I am of that religion that looks God in the eyes." He is the "Pollu magnificent."—Capt. Gustav P. Capart in the New York Herald.

If you wish beautiful, clear white clothes, use Red Cross Bag Blue. At all good grocers. Adv.

The Singer and the Song.

"Higgins says his objection to our national anthem is that he can't sing it."

"He's telling the truth. But we can't possibly postpone this war until some body digs out a tune that Higgins can sing."

Brooklyn, N. Y., finds many more more than fifty years old unable to go jobs.

NOTHING STANDS AS HIGH, as a remedy for every womanly ailment, as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It's the only medicine for women certain in its effects.

"Favorite Prescription" is an invigorating, restorative tonic, soothing and strengthening nervine, and a well known remedy for all the functional derangements, painful disorders, and chronic weaknesses peculiar to the sex. For young girls just entering womanhood, for women at the critical time, nursing mothers, and every woman who is "run down," tired or overworked—it is a special, safe, and certain help. In liquid or tablet form. Tablets 50c. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules, easy to take.

How to preserve health and beauty is told in Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. It is free. Send Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. Fifty cents, or stamps, to cover wrapping and mailing.

"A Rich Man's War"

By HARVEY O'HIGGINS

He had been drafted. He had been refused exemption. He was a young back driver, with no one dependent on him. But he was not eager to fight; he had been reading "The Masses." "What 've I got to fight for?" he argued. "It's a rich man's war."

It is. But not in the sense that he meant.

As long as this country, at peace, was supplying Europe with food and munitions the rich man gained. The munition makers drew enormous dividends. The steel trust, the coal trust, the meat trust, the railroad and the shipping magnates charged all that the war-time traffic would bear, and had no war taxes to pay. It was to their interest to keep this nation out of the conflict in order to preserve their gains. With our entrance upon hostilities, the government obtained the power to tax profits, to fix prices, to control the food supply, to protect the poor from exploitation and deprive the rich of the fruits of exploitation. That power has been sought, for how many decades, in times of peace, by how many social reformers. The war won it. If it is a rich man's war, the rich have been singularly deluded in procuring it.

And, in the matter of the draft, they have been equally blind. The first conscription act of our Civil war allowed the rich man to buy exemption by paying \$300 for it. There is no such clause in the present law. In the later day of the Civil war the rich man could buy exemption by paying a substitute to take his place. He cannot do so in this war. The only exemptions allowed today are allowed to the poor man who has dependents or to the workers in the industries and professions that are necessary to the life and efficiency of a modern nation in war time.

It is a rich man's war, therefore, in the sense that the sons of the rich are the most liable to die in it. It is a rich man's war in the sense that the rich are chiefly paying for it with their lives, with their money, with their time and service, and with the loss of their special privileges, while the workingman, the small farmer, the producer, the productive laborer and the poor are everywhere comparatively exempt.

For the first time in the history of the world a war is being waged that falls most heavily upon the classes who, in times past, have most profited by war.

In this country, as yet, the results of that new aspect of the conflict are not glaringly evident. But in England they are so striking that they amount to a revolution. There, it is the poorer classes that have gained in material comfort, in political power, in control of their conditions of life, in happiness and in freedom. It is not merely that wages have been raised, that the cost of living has been controlled, that the people have taken over the direction of the railroads, and of the coal mines, and of the food supply, and of the organized industries of the nation. It is not merely that the workingman has been given a larger place in the government councils and the legislative chamber and a smaller place—his income taxed to the bone and his profits reduced to extinction. It is, above all, that industry itself has obtained a democratic government of its own, so that the workingman now sits with the employer at the board of business management and helps to make the rules under which he works and to regulate the conditions of his labor.

The reforms for which British socialists have been struggling for 50 years have been obtained overnight. A revolution that could not have been effected in a century of peace has been forced by three years of war. The conditions which forwarded that revolution are the conditions that are so rapidly advancing a similar revolution here. Our socialists, who cry, "This is a rich man's war; let the workingman oppose it," are as blind as those socialists in Great Britain who originally raised the same cry and similarly opposed their own advance.

We have already obtained, in this country, measures of state socialism that looked as far away as the millennium to our socialists three years ago. We shall have to carry the still more incredible reforms that have carried in England if we are to defend ourselves as well as the English are defending themselves. We, too, shall have to "democratize industry," as the phrase is, if we expect our workingman to reinforce our battle line as the British workingman has reinforced the British front. And not only that. After the war is over, our industry and our commerce will not be able to live in the same world as British industry and commerce—to say nothing of the French and German. If our workingman is not as loyal and satisfied and happy and efficient as theirs. Our revolution will have to continue, because the life of the nation in peace, as in war, will depend upon continuing it.

A rich man's war! A war that has exterminated half the evils of oppression of which the predatory rich have been accused! A war that has reduced their power, curtailed their privileges, confiscated their profits! A war that has made England, in three years, a radical democracy, not only politically, but industrially!



PERUNA Best All Around Medicine Ever Made

I Hope You Will Publish This Letter

Mr. W. H. Edgar, 49 Cooper St., Atlanta, Georgia, writes:

"I suffered for fifteen years with rheumatic symptoms. Peruna cured me and I think it is the best all around medicine ever made. I hope you will publish this letter for the benefit of others who suffer."

Those who object to liquid medicines can procure Peruna Tablets.

Bananas Cheap and Nutritious. During the year 1917 more than six billion bananas were imported into North America. Three of these bananas weigh about a pound and cost generally about five cents. At five cents a pound bananas may claim to be as cheap and nutritious a food as any on the market at present prices.

WATCH YOUR SKIN IMPROVE

When You Use Cuticura—The Soap to Purify and Ointment to Heal.

On rising and retiring gently smear the face with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off Ointment in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Continue this treatment for ten days and note the change in your skin. No better toilet preparations exist.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Optical Illusion.

"I think I ought to speak to the police. I saw Willie Okersmeier grab an ax and try to assassinate his mother."

"Don't let it worry you. Willie's father is an artist. The boy was probably posing for his next comical sketch."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the original little liver pills put up 40 years ago. They regulate liver and bowels. Adv.

New York city will give returned soldiers preference on municipal jobs after the war.

Cold, Cough, Headache and Grip. LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE relieves the cause. There is only one "Bromo Quinine." A. W. GUY'S signature is on box. 50c.

Diplomacy is the art of yielding gracefully to the inevitable.

Spain has a shipbuilding boom.

Overworked Women must learn not to neglect their health

How Women are Restored to Health

Spartanburg, S. C.—"For nine years I suffered from backache, weakness, and irregularities so I could hardly do my work. I tried many remedies but found no permanent relief. After taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I felt a great change for the better and am now well and strong so I have no trouble in doing my work. I hope every user of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will get as great relief as I did from its use."—Mrs. S. D. McABER, 122 Dewey Ave., Spartanburg, S. C.

Chicago, Ill.—"For about two years I suffered from a female trouble so I was unable to walk or do any of my own work. I read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in the newspapers and determined to try it. It brought almost immediate relief. My weakness has entirely disappeared and I never had better health. I weigh 165 pounds and am as strong as a man. I think money is well spent which purchases Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. J. O'BRYEN, 1755 Newport Ave., Chicago, Ill.

YOU CAN RELY UPON

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Subject to Amendment.

"Spike told me last night that he had never loved anybody else, and would love me, and me alone, as long as life lasts; just like that!" said a waitress in the rapid fire restaurant. "Hoh! He told Goldie the same thing before they were married," returned another waitress. "Aw, yes! But that was almost a year ago."—Kansas City Star.

He is Mistaken.

After a man has been married eight or nine years and his wife goes away for a visit the first thing he discovers is that those nights down town aren't half the fun he thought they were going to be.

Woman's Viewpoint.

A woman's idea of a good husband is one who is liberal with his money, and always leaves the bathroom as tidy as he found it.

Use for Molehills.

Molehills are foundations upon which real estate dealers have been known to build mountains.

When Your Eyes Need Care

Try Murine Eye Remedy. No stinging—Just Pure Comfort. It cures all eye troubles—Redness, Itch, Pain, Swelling, and all eye ailments. Write for Free Book. MURINE EYE REMEDY CO., CHICAGO



Queen Mother's Gift Bible.

Upon one of his journeys during the Antarctic expedition Sir Ernest Shackleton was obliged to reduce his luggage to the smallest possible amount.

He states that up to this point the Bible given by Queen Alexandra to the ship's library (provided by the British and Foreign Sailors' society) had been carried with the party. In leaving other things behind it was decided with reluctance that this also must be abandoned.

As the Bible contained on its flyleaf a message written by Queen Alexandra, the flyleaf was cut out, also the pages containing the Twenty-third psalm and the chapter in the Book of Job which speaks of the sea being frozen. These three pages were carried to the end of the journey and brought back to this country.

Sir Ernest has promised to present the three pages to the society to be sold on behalf of its funds.

Schools of Bahia, Brazil.

Bahia, Brazil, has 13,464 children in 238 public schools employing 838 teachers.

Camouflage Helps.

Beauty unadorned may be all right in some cases, but a little dressing always improves the turkey.

True Perhaps.

Lady—I should think you would work instead of begging for your living.

Tramp—I do, ma'am.

Lady—Then why are you asking me for money?

Tramp—That's my profession, ma'am. But if you knew how hard it is to get a nickel out of some folks you'd never accuse me of not working.

Red Cross Bag Blue makes the laundress happy, makes clothes whiter than snow. All good grocers. Adv.

Philadelphia Kenedeth Israel Jewish temple has celebrated its seventieth anniversary.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Mothers Know That

Genuine Castoria

Always

Bears the

Signature

of

Dr. J. C. Hatcher

In Use

For Over

Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Exact Copy of Wrapper.

ALCOHOL—3 PER CENT. A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food by Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of INFANTS & CHILDREN. Therapy Promoting Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC. Recipe of DR. J. C. HATCHER. Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Dr. J. C. Hatcher. A helpful Remedy for Constipation and Diarrhoea, and Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP resulting therefrom in Infancy. Facsimile Signature of Dr. J. C. Hatcher. THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK. At 6 months old. 35 Doses—35 CENTS.

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REDUCED

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MORE FOR YOUR MONEY

**Our Great Removal Sale Starts Monday
January 7, and Continues for 10 Days Only**

We will cut prices deep during this sale and welcome you in our new home on January 25th.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SAVE DOLLARS. WE HAVE WHACKED OUR PRICES AWAY DOWN LOW. COME IN WHILE THE PICKING IS GOOD. AND BUY WHAT YOU NEED. WHEN WE FIRST MARK OUR GOODS WE PUT A LOW PRICE ON THEM ASKING ONLY WHAT THEY ARE WORTH. REMEMBER YOU ARE LOSING MONEY UNLESS YOU ATTEND THIS REMOVAL SALE

Ladies' and Misses' Coats and Suits

Tailored Suits, late fall models. Only about 30 suits that we offer at almost your own price.

Plush and Cloth Coats

Our line is very complete and a coat bought now at our removal sale will mean a big saving.

Boys' Clothing

Our stock of Boys' Suits is what you, mothers, have been looking for. Good serviceable garments, at prices below wholesale cost. We must sell them during this sale.

Regular \$8.00 Suits now	\$6.00
" 7.00 " "	5.25
" 6.50 " "	5.00
" 6.00 " "	4.90
" 5.00 " "	3.75
" 4.50 " "	3.90
" 4.00 " "	3.00
" 3.50 " "	2.90

We place on sale our entire line of Men's Hats and Caps. The styles and colors are all new, quality guaranteed.

Regular \$4.00 Hats now	\$3.65
" 3.50 " "	3.10
" 3.00 " "	2.65
" 2.50 " "	2.10

Remember this this sale closes on January 17th, after which time we will welcome our many customers and friends in our new home

Extra Special!

For the next ten days during this removal sale Outing Flannels—plain colors and fancies—extra heavy.

Regular 20c value, 15c yard.

Millinery at Half Price

Beautiful pattern hats at almost your own price---

Regular \$6.00 Hats	Now \$3.00
" 5.00 " "	2.50
" 4.50 " "	2.25
" 4.00 " "	2.00

Men's Clothing

Suits and Overcoats

Now is the time to keep warm and you can do it now and save money. We have the stock. Come in and investigate

Blue Serge Suits Included

Regular \$30.00 Suits	Now \$25.00
" 28.00 " "	24.00
" 25.00 " "	21.00
" 22.50 " "	19.00
" 21.00 " "	17.50
" 20.00 " "	17.00
" 18.00 " "	16.00
" 16.00 " "	14.00

All Overcoats Reduced.

Men's Furnishings

Our furnishing goods have always been the best selected in town. We are now offering these at very low prices.

One lot Men's Dress Shirts at 65c Neckwear, regular \$1.00 Now 75c

Extra Special Heavy Fleece-Lined Underwear at per garment 65c.

Ribbed Fleece \$1.30 Suit.

Bleached Muslin

Good quality bleached muslin 36-inch wide—Regular 16c value, during our Removal Sale,

Special at 12 1/2c

Muslin Underwear and White Goods

While these lines are low now, we will have our new spring goods in and these will be placed on sale at very low prices.

Watch this space for prices next week. Be sure and see these goods.

Women's Skirts, Dresses and Shirtwaists

Nothing reserved—every skirt in the house must go, regardless of cost.

Our dresses including all silk and serge dresses have been greatly reduced.

While they last, Shirtwaists up to \$2.50, now \$1.15.

Sweaters and Knit Goods at a Saving

Next season these goods will cost you at least 25 per cent more. We have placed our full line on sale at a discount of

25 1/2%

Gloves, Mittens, Caps, Hoods, every thing in knit goods included. Come in today.

China and Glassware

Beautiful colored plates, regular 25c and 35c values now only 8c per doz.

Glass Tumblers, good quality at per doz. 55c.

Food Choppers at a special discount of 25 per cent.

Out of town customers should use the mails. We will pay all parcel post charges, and guarantee satisfaction.

Our Grocery department will save you money during this Removal Sale. Stocks are large filled with all new goods. Look over this list and then compare quality and be convinced:

El Reno Best Flour, Cash Price per Cwt.	\$0.25
Cream of Wheat Flour, Cash price per Cwt.	0.45
Superior Flour, Cash price	0.25
Standard Pack Tomatoes, regular 3c, now	10
" Corn, 3c, now	10
" Beans, 2c, now	10
Large Can Tomatoes, special can	2.25
Condensed Lamb, Swift quality, now	1.70
3 pound milk, special	48
Kansas Eggs at per Doz	1.00
Crisco, large pails, per pail	

Extra Special—Soap and Washing Powders—Removal Sale

Crystal White Soap, 5 Bars	25c
Fairbank Jar Soap, 10c Bar now	15c
Cream of Oil Soap, Special	\$1.20 Doz.
Light House Cleaner, 10c can	15c
Dolly Prince Cleaner, 10c	15c
Gold Dust 3c size lot	25c
Laundry Soap, "El Paso Brand" 6 bars for	25c
Pink Beans reconditioned, 8 lbs.	\$1.00
Seeded Raisins at	12 1/2c per lb.

THE CARRIZOZO TRADING CO.

Quality First—Then Price

Phone No. 21—Get Our Prices