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## Carrizozo News, 02-01-1918

J.A. Haley

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# The Real Adventure

By Henry Kittell Webster

Copyright 1916, Bobbs-Merrill Co.

COMES THE GREAT EVENT IN ROSE ALDRICH'S LIFE, THE PROSPECT OF A BABY, AND SHE REALIZES THAT WOMAN'S FINEST PROFESSION IS MOTHERHOOD—BUT PLANS GO SADLY AWRY

**SYNOPSIS**—Rose Stanton marries Rodney Aldrich, a rich young lawyer, after a brief courtship, and instantly is taken up by Chicago's exclusive social set and made a part of the gay whirl of the rich folk. It is all new to the girl, and for the first few months she is charmed with the life. And then she comes to feel that she is living a useless existence, that she is a social butterfly, a mere ornament in her husband's home. Rose longs to do something useful and to have the opportunity to employ her mind and utilize her talent and education. Rodney feels much the same way himself. He thinks he ought to potter around in society just to please his wife, when in reality he'd rather be giving his nights to study or social service of some sort. They try to reach an understanding, following the visit of two New York friends, who have worked out satisfactorily this same problem.

## CHAPTER XI—Continued.

But she went steadily on. "You were always so dear about it. But tonight—oh, Rodney . . . ! Her silly, ragged voice choked there and stopped, and the tears brimmed up and spilled down her cheeks. But she kept her face steadily turned to his.

"That's what I said about being married and not sowing wild oats, I suppose," he said glumly. "It was a joke. Do you suppose I'd have said it if I meant it?"

"It wasn't only that," she managed to go on. "It was the way they looked at the house; the way you apologized for my dress; the way you looked when you tried to get out of answering Harry Lake's questions about what you were doing. Oh, how I despised myself! And how I knew you and they must be despising me!"

"The one thing I felt about you all the evening," he said, with the patience that marks the last stage of exasperation, "was pride. I was rather crazily proud of you."

"As my lover you were proud of me," she said. "But the other man—the man that's more truly you—was ashamed as I was ashamed. Oh, it doesn't matter! Being ashamed won't accomplish anything. But what we'll do is going to accomplish something."

"What do you mean to do?" he asked.

"I want you to tell me first," she said, "how much money we have, and how much we've been spending."

"I don't know," he said stubbornly. "I don't know exactly."

"You've got enough, haven't you, of your own . . . I mean, there's enough that comes in every year, to live on, if you didn't earn a cent by practicing law? Well, what I want to do, is to live on that. I want to live, however and wherever we have to—live on that—out in the suburbs."

That was why she could listen with that untroubled smile of hers to the terrible things that Rodney and James Randolph and Barry Lake and Jane got into the way of burling across her dinner table, and to the more mildly expressed but equally alkaline cynicisms of Jimmy Wallace. Jimmy was dramatic critic on one of the evening papers as well as a bit of a playwright. He was a slim, cool, smiling, highly sophisticated young man, who renounced all privileges as an interpreter of life in favor of remaining an unbiased observer of it. He never bothered to speculate about what you ought to do—he waited to see what you did.

Well, in the light of the miraculous transformation that lay before her, Rose could listen undaunted to the tough philosophicisms of her husband and Barry Lake delighted in as well as to the mordant merciless realities with which Doctor Randolph and Jimmy Wallace confirmed them. She wasn't indifferent to it all.

"Jim's pretty weird when he gets going," Eleanor Randolph said to Frederica, on the next day after they had been dining at the Aldriches'. "But that Barry Lake has a sort of surgical way of discussing just anything, and his wife's as bad."

"We never got off women all the evening," Barry Lake had their history down from the early Egyptians, and Jim got off a string of pathological freaks. And then Rodney came out strong for economic independence, only with his own queer angle on it, of course. He thought it would be a fine thing, but it wouldn't happen until the men insisted on it. When a girl wasn't regarded as marriageable unless she had been trained to a trade or a profession, then things would begin to happen. I think he meant it, too."

"Well, and all the while there sat Rose, taking it all in with those big eyes of hers, smiling to herself now and then: saying things, too, sometimes, that were pretty good, though nobody but Jimmy seemed to understand, always, just what she meant. They've talked before, those two. But she was no more embarrassed than as if we'd been talking embroidery stitches."

So far as externals went, her life, that spring, was immensely simplified. The social demands upon her, which had been so insistent all winter, stopped almost automatically. The

lying slack in her lap, all as if she hadn't heard. The long silence irked him. He pulled out his watch, looked at it, and began winding it. He mended the fire so that it would be safe for the night; bolted a window. Every minute or two he stole a look at her, but she was always just the same. Except for the faint rise and fall of her bosom, she might have been a picture, not a woman.

At last he said again, "Come along, Rose dear."

"It'll be too late in October," she said. "That's why I wanted to decide things tonight. Because we must begin right away." Then she looked up into his face. "It will be too late in October," she repeated, "unless we begin now."

The deep, tense seriousness of her voice and her look arrested his full attention.

"Why?" he asked. And then, "Rose, what do you mean?"

"We're going to have a baby in October," she said.

## CHAPTER XII.

### The Door That Was to Open.

What a silly little idiot she'd been not to have seen the thing for herself! She'd been, all the while, beating her head against blind walls when there was a door there waiting to open of itself when the time came. Motherhood! There'd be a doctor and a nurse at first, of course, but presently they'd go away and she'd be left with a baby. Her own baby! She could care for him with her own hands, feed him—her joy reached an ecstasy at this—from her own breast.

That life which Rodney led apart from her, the life into which she had tried with such ludicrous unsuccess to effect an entrance, was nothing to this new life which was to open before her in a few short months now. Meanwhile, she not only must wait—she could well afford to.

That was why she could listen with that untroubled smile of hers to the terrible things that Rodney and James Randolph and Barry Lake and Jane got into the way of burling across her dinner table, and to the more mildly expressed but equally alkaline cynicisms of Jimmy Wallace. Jimmy was dramatic critic on one of the evening papers as well as a bit of a playwright. He was a slim, cool, smiling, highly sophisticated young man, who renounced all privileges as an interpreter of life in favor of remaining an unbiased observer of it. He never bothered to speculate about what you ought to do—he waited to see what you did.

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exception was the Junior League show to Easter week, for which she put in quite a lot of work. She was to have danced in it.

This is an annual entertainment by which Chicago sets great store. All the smartest and best-looking of the younger set take part in it, in costumes that would do credit to a chorus dresser, and as much of Chicago as is willing and able to pay five dollars a seat for the privilege is welcome to come and look. Delirious weeks are spent in rehearsal, under a first-class professional director; audience and performers have an equally good time, and Charity, as residuary legate, profits by thousands.

Rose dropped in at a rehearsal one day at the end of a solid two hours of committee work, found it unexpectedly amusing, and made a point, thereafter, of attending when she could. Her interest was heightened, if not wholly actuated, by some things Jimmy Wallace had been telling her lately about how such things were done on the real stage.

He had written a musical comedy once, lived through the production of it, and had spent a hard-earned two weeks' vacation tramping with it on the road, so he could speak with authority. It was a wonderful Odyssey when you could get him to tell it, and as Rose made a good audience, she got the whole thing at her dinner table.

The thing got a sociological twist eventually, of course, when Jane wanted to know if it were true that the chorus girls received inadequate pay. Jimmy demolished this with more wrath than he often showed. He didn't know any other sort of job that paid a totally neutral girl as well. It took a really accomplished stenographer, for instance, to earn as much a week as was paid the average chorus girl. The trouble was that the indispensable assets in the business were not character and intelligence and ambition, but just personal charms.

"But a girl who's serious about it, who doesn't have to be told the same thing more than once, and catches on, sometimes, without being told at all, why, she can always have a job and she can be as independent as any body. She can get twenty-five dollars a week or even as high as thirty."

The latter part of this conversation was what she was to remember afterward, but the thing that impressed Rose at the time, and that held her for hours looking on at the League show rehearsals, was what Jimmy had told her about the real deal side of the work of production, the labors of the director, and so on.

As the weeks and months wore away, and as the season of violent alternations between summer and winter, which the Chicagoans call spring, gave place to summer itself, Rose was driven to trench herself more and more deeply behind this great expectation. It was like a dam holding back waters that otherwise would have rushed down upon her and swept her away.

And then came Harriet, Rodney's other sister, and the pressure behind the dam rose higher.

Rose had tried, rather unsuccessfully, to realize that there was actually in existence another woman who occupied, by blood anyway, the same position toward Rodney and herself that Frederica did. She felt almost like a real sister toward Frederica. But without quite putting the notion into words, she had always felt it was just as well that Harriet was an Italian contessa, four thousand miles away. Rodney and Frederica spoke of her affectionately, to be sure, but their references made a picture of a rather formidable correct, seriously aristocratic sort of person.

She'd discovered, along in the winter sometime, that Harriet's affairs were going rather badly. It was along in May that the cable came to Frederica announcing that Harriet was coming back for a long visit. "That's all she said," Rodney explained to Rose. "But I suppose it means the finish. She said she didn't want any fuss made, but she hinted she'd like to have Freddy meet her in New York, and Freddy's going. Poor old Harriet! We must try to cheer her up."

She didn't seem much in need of cheering up, Rose thought, when they first met. All that showed on the contessa's highly polished surface was a

disposition to talk humorously over old times with her old friends, including her brother and sister, and a sort of dismayed acquiescence in the smoky seriousness, the inadequate civilization, of the city of her birth.

Toward Rose herself, the contessa was, one might say, studiously affectionate. She avoided being either disagreeable or patronizing. Rose could see, indeed, how she avoided it.

About this time the question where Rose and Rodney were going to live after their lease on the McCrea house ended, had begun to press for an answer. October first was when the lease expired, and it wasn't far from the date at which they expected the baby. They spent some lovely afternoons during the days of the emerging spring, cruising about looking at possible places.

This was the situation when Harriet took a hand in it. It was a situation made to order for Harriet to take a hand in. She'd sized it up at a glance, made up her mind in three minutes what was the sensible thing for them to do, written a note to Florence McCrea in Paris, and then bided her opportunity to put her idea into effect. To her Rose was simply a well-meaning, somewhat inadequately



She Stared, Bewildered.

civilized young person, the beneficiary, through her marriage with Rodney, of a piece of unmerited good fortune.

When she got Florence McCrea's answer to her letter, she took the first occasion to get Rodney off by himself and talk a little common sense into him.

"What about where to live, Rodney?" she asked. "Made up your mind about it yet? It is time someone with a little common sense straightened you out about this."

Harriet couldn't be sure from the length of time he took seeing that his pipe was properly lighted, whether he altogether liked this method of approach or not.

"Common sense always was a sort of specialty of yours, sis," he said at last, "and straightening out. You were always pretty good at it." Then out of a cloud of his own smoke, "Fire away."

"Well, in the first place," she said, "if you had your house today you'd be lucky if the paint was dry and the thing was fit to move into by the first of September."

"But we've got to get out of here, anyway, in October. And that means we've got to have some sort of place to get into. It is an awkward time, I'll admit."

"No, you haven't," she said. "You can stay right here another six months, if you like. I've heard from Florence. When I found how things stood here, I wrote and asked her if she'd lease for six months more if she got the chance, and she wrote back and simply grabbed at it."

Rodney smoked half way through his pipe before he made any comment on this suggestion. "This house isn't just what we want," he said. "In the first place, it's expensive."

Harriet shrugged her shoulders, picked up one of Florence's poetry books and eyed the heavily tooled binding with a satirical smile before she replied.

"I'd an idea there was that in it," she said at last. "Freddy said something. Rose had been talking to her." Then, after another little silence and with a sudden access of vehemence: "You don't want to go and do a regular fool thing, Rodney. You're getting on perfectly splendidly. But if you pull up and go to live in a barn somewhere and stop seeing anybody—people that count, I mean—"

Rodney grunted. "You're beyond your depth, sis," he said. "Come back where you don't have to swim. The expense isn't a capital consideration, I'll admit that. Now go on from there."

"That's like old times," she observed with a not ill-humored grimace. "I wonder if you talk to Rose like that. Oh, I know the house is rather solemn and absurd. It's Florence herself all over, that's the size of it. But what does that matter for six months more?"

He pocketed his pipe and got up out of his chair.

"There's something in it," he admitted. "I'll think it over."

"Better cable Florence as soon as you can," she advised.

Rose protested when the plan for living six months more in Florence McCrea's house was broached to her. She made the best fight she could. But Harriet's arguments, re-stated now by Rodney with full conviction, were too much for her. When she broke down and cried, as she couldn't help doing, Rodney soothed and comforted her, assured her that this notion of hers about the expensiveness of it all, was just a notion, which she must struggle against as best she could. She'd see things in a truer proportion afterward.

Very fine and small and weak, Rose Stanton, lying in a bed with people about her, let her eyes fall heavily and shut lest they should want her to speak or think. . . . Then, for a long time, nothing. Then presently, a hand, a firm, powerful hand, that picked up her heavy, limp wrist and two sensitive finger-tips that rested lightly on the upper surface of it. After that, an even, measured voice—a voice of authority, whose words no doubt made sense, only Rose was too tired to think what the sense was:

"That's a splendid pulse. She's doing the best thing she can, sleeping like that."

And then another voice, utterly unlike Rodney's and yet unmistakably his—a ragged voice that tried to talk in a whisper but couldn't manage it—broke queerly.

"That's all right," it said. "But I'll find it easier to believe when—"

She must see him—must know what it meant that he should talk like that. With a strong physical effort, she opened her eyes and tried to speak his name. She couldn't; but someone must have been watching and have seen, because a woman's voice said quickly and quietly "Mr. Aldrich."

And the next moment, vast and towering and very blurred in outline, but like his voice, unmistakably, was Rodney—her own big, strong Rodney. She tried to hold her arms up to him, but of course she couldn't.

And then he shortened suddenly. He had knelt down beside her bed, that was it. And she felt upon her palm the pressure of his lips, and his unshaven cheek, and on her wrist a warm wetness that must be—tears.

And then she knew. The urgency of a sudden terror gave her her voice.

"Roddy," she said, "there was going to be a—baby. Isn't there?"

Something queerly like a laugh broke his voice when he answered. "Oh, you darling! Yes. It's all right. That isn't why I'm crying. It's just because I'm so happy."

"But the baby?" she persisted. "Why isn't it here?"

Rodney turned and spoke to someone else. "She wants to see," he said. "May she?"

And then a woman's voice (why, it was the nurse, of course! Miss Harris, who had come last night) said in an indulgent, soothing tone: "Why, surely she may. Wait just a minute."

But the wait seemed hours. Why didn't she bring the baby—her baby? There! Miss Harris was coming at last, with a queer, bulky, shapeless bundle. Rodney stepped in between and cut off the view, but only to slide an arm under mattress and pillow and raise her a little so that she could see.

And then, under her eyes, dark red and hairy against the whiteness of the pillow, were two small heads—two small, shapeless masses leading away from them, twitching, squirming. She stared, bewildered.

"There were twins, Rose," she heard Rodney explaining triumphantly, but still with something that wasn't quite a laugh, "a boy and a girl. They're perfectly splendid. One weighs seven pounds and the other six."

Her eyes widened and she looked up into his face so that the pitiful bewilderment in hers was revealed to him.

"But the baby," she said. Her wide eyes filled with tears and her voice broke weakly. "I wanted a baby."

"You've got a baby," he insisted, and now laughed outright. "There are two of them. Don't you understand, dear?"

Her eyes drooped shut, but the tears came welling out along her lashes. "Please take them away," she begged. And then, with a little sob, she whispered: "I wanted a baby not those."

Rodney started to speak, but some sort of admonitory signal from the nurse silenced him.

The nurse went away with her bundle, and Rodney stayed stroking Rose's limp hand.

In the dark, ever so much later, she awoke, stirred a little restlessly, and the nurse, from her cot, came quickly and stood beside her bed. She had something in her hands for Rose to drink and Rose drank it dutifully.

"Is there anything else?" the nurse asked.

"I just want to know," Rose said. "Have I been dreaming, or is it true? Is there a baby, or are there twins?"

"Twins, to be sure," said the nurse cheerfully. "The loveliest, liveliest little pair you ever saw."

"Thank you," said Rose. "I just wanted to know."

She shut her eyes and pretended to go to sleep. But she didn't. It was true then. Her miracle, it seemed somehow, had gone ludicrously awry.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## "BEST MEDICINE FOR WOMEN"

What Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Did For Ohio Woman.

Portsmouth, Ohio.—"I suffered from irregularities, pains in my side and was so weak at times I could hardly get around to do my work, and as I had four in my family and three boarders it made it very hard for me. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended to me. I took it and it has restored my health. It is certainly the best medicine for women's ailments I ever saw."



—Mrs. SARA SHAW, R. No. 1, Portsmouth, Ohio.

Mrs. Shaw proved the merit of this medicine and wrote this letter in order that other suffering women may find relief as she did.

Women who are suffering as she was should not drag along from day to day without giving this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a trial. For special advice in regard to such ailments write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of its forty years experience is at your service.

### Meant Business.

She—I like the way the men had of talking in the days of old when knights were bold.

He—How did they talk?

She—They had a habit of saying "Ah, marry, will I?"

**Catarhal Deafness Cannot Be Cured** by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Catarhal Deafness, that is by a constitutional remedy. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE acts through the blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. Catarhal Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result. Unless the inflammation can be reduced and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing may be destroyed forever. Many cases of Deafness are caused by Catarrh, which is an inflamed condition of the Mucous Surfaces.

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for any case of Catarrhal Deafness that cannot be cured by HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE. All Druggists & Co. Circulars free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

### Great Men.

The thoroughly great men are those who have done everything thoroughly, and who have never despised anything, however small, of God's making.—John Ruskin.

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

### Kaiser Eats War Food.

War menus recently figured on the Kaiser's table, for he is reported to have entertained the chancellor, Von Hindenburg, and Von Ludendorff to vegetable soup, pudding and cheese.

### Soothe Itching Scalps.

On retiring gently rub spots of dandruff and itching with Cuticura Ointment. Next morning shampoo with Cuticura Soap and hot water. For free samples address, "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston." At druggists and by mail. Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50.—Adv.

### Chinese Bells.

Chinese and Japanese bells are clapperless and are never swung, their tones being produced by striking them with wooden mallets.

Mrs. Laura Berryhill of Chattanooga, Tenn., recently obtained the fourth in her collection of divorces.

## HEALTH WAS WRECKED

Nothing Brought Relief Until Doan's Was Used. Wonderful Improvement Was Effected.

"I had such awful cutting pains in the small of my back and hips, I often had to cry out," says Mrs. Ernest Wiethoelter, 650 Madison St., St. Charles, Mo. "The pain was knife-like and I couldn't turn in bed, in fact I was almost helpless. My feet and ankles swelled badly, my hands were puffed up and there were swellings under my eyes."

"I often got so dizzy I had to sit down to keep from falling and my health was completely broken down. The kidney secretions pained terribly in passage and in spite of all the medicine I took, I kept getting worse until I was a wreck."

"By chance I read about Doan's Kidney Pills and bought some. After I had used half a box there was a change and I continued to improve; the pains, aches and swellings left and my health returned."

Spurn to before me, WM. F. WOLTER, Notary Public. ALMOST TWO YEARS LATER, May 25, 1917, Mrs. Wiethoelter said: "I think as highly of Doan's as ever. Whenever I have used them, they have benefited me."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box. DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. FOSTER-McLURE CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

## A BAD COUGH

is risky to neglect. Take it in hand, and safeguard your health by promptly taking

PISO'S







## Carrizozo News

Published Friday at Carrizozo,  
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JNO. A. HALEY, Editor and Publisher

## Ancho

Several of W. L. Kelly's children have been very ill with sore throats, colds and fever this week.

The ladies of the Red Cross are going to give a Basket Supper in the school house Friday night, February 1st. It is to be hoped there will be a large crowd.

Mrs. Harvey Yancy has been suffering from an acute attack of neuralgia and tonsillitis the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. McDonald and little son have gone to house-keeping. They have been boarding with Mrs. Eve.

Another entertainment will be given at the school house Saturday night, Feb. 9th. Every one is cordially invited to attend—everything will be high class and educational. A percentage goes to the school and Sunday school.

The roads are nearly impassable for autos on account of the frequent storms lately, but the snow is the finest thing ever to insure good pasture for the cattle, sheep and goats this next season.

Many men are idle in Ancho now on account of the inclemency of the weather.

Don't forget to come to the Red Cross Basket supper and help win the war. Ladies, bring well filled baskets and gentlemen, bring your pockets full of money to buy them with.

Dr. Whitacre seems to be unusually busy since the holidays and our real winter weather is here.

Jack Cleghorn was a business caller in Ancho this week.

Don't forget to attend the Dance at Ancho Saturday, February 2nd, free lunch will be served and a jolly good time insured. The Ancho people are becoming noted for their hospitality.

## Notice for Posting and Publishing

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR  
United States Land Office  
Hoswell, New Mexico, January 12th, 1915

Notice is hereby given that the Santa Fe Pacific Railroad Company, by Howell Jones, its land commissioner, has filed in this office its application, Serial No. 104226 to select under the provisions of the Act of Congress approved April 22, 1904 (33 Stat., 211), the following described lands:

SW 1/4, Sec. 25,  
T. 3 S., R. 12 E.,  
Lot 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 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2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 20



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## Grey Serge Clothcraft Suit for \$22.50

Men's O. D. All Wool Flannel Shirts  
Sizes 14½ to 16½ \$3.00 \$4.00

### ZIEGLER BROS.

## This Is Our Winter of Test



SHAVING food is a local problem for each community. Prices and definite rules for every one cannot be formulated. It is a duty for each one to eat only so much as is necessary to maintain the human body healthy and strong. This winter of 1918 is the period when it is to be tested here in America whether our people are capable of voluntary individual sacrifice to save the world. That is the purpose of the organization of the United States Food Administration—by voluntary effort to provide the food that the world needs.

## NEED BIG HERDS

Europe's Meat Supply Must Come From America.

Warring Nations Have Depleted Live Stock at Enormous Rate, Even Killing Dairy Cattle For Food.

American stock breeders are being asked to conserve their flocks and herds in order to meet Europe's tremendous demands for meats during the war and probably for many years afterward.

The United States food administration reports that American stock raisers have shown a disposition to co-operate with the government in increasing the nation's supply of live stock.

Germany today is probably better supplied with live stock than any other European nation. When the German armies made their big advance into France and then retreated virtually all the cattle in the invaded territory—approximately 1,800,000 head—were driven behind the German lines.

But in England—where 2,400,000 acres of pasture lands have been turned into grain fields—the cattle herds are decreasing rapidly. One of the reasons apparently is the declining maximum price scale adopted by the English as follows: For September, \$17.75 per 100 pounds; October, \$17.25; November and December, \$16.08; January, \$14.40. The effect of these prices was to drive beef animals on the market as soon as possible.

In France the number of cattle as well as the quality have shown an enormous decline during the war. When France had 14,807,000 head of cattle in 1913, she now has only 12,341,000, a decrease of 16.6 per cent. And France is today producing only one gallon of milk compared to two and one-half gallons before the war. Denmark and Holland have been forced to sacrifice dairy herds for beef because of the lack of necessary feed. Close study of the European meat situation has convinced the Food Administration that the future problem of America lies largely in the production of meat producing animals and dairy products rather than in the production of cereals for export when the war will have ceased.

FOR SALE—Good ranch, good Cattle, plenty of grass and water. P. Box 173, White Oaks, N. M.



## Hotel Zieger

EL PASO, TEXAS

Rates:  
Rooms, \$1.00 and \$1.50 per day with detached bath

Rooms, \$2.00 and \$2.50 per day (with private bath)

The Hotel Zieger Dining Room is known all over the Southwest as serving "The best of everything and everything of the best."

Hotel Zieger caters particularly to mining and cattle men and their families.

CAFE OPEN ALL NIGHT

## FACE the FACTS

LET us face the facts. The war situation is critical. Unless the Allies fight as they never yet have fought, defeat threatens. Hungry men cannot fight at their best; nor hungry nations. France, England, and Italy are going hungry unless we feed them.

**Wheat Savings**—They must have wheat. It is the best food to fight on. It is the easiest to ship. We alone can spare it to them. By saving just a little—less than a quarter of what we ate last year—we can support those who are fighting our battles. And we can do it without stinting ourselves. We have only to substitute another food just as good.

**The Corn of Plenty**—Corn is that food. There's a surplus of it. Providence has been generous in the hour of our need. It has given us corn in such bounty as was never known before. Tons of corn. Trainloads of corn. Five hundred million bushels over and above our regular needs. All we have to do is to learn to appreciate it. Was ever patriotic duty made so easy? And so clear?

**America's Own Food**—Corn! It is the true American food. The Indians, hardest of races, lived on it. Our forefathers adopted the diet and conquered a continent. For a great section of our country it has long been the staff of life. How well the South fought on it, history tells. Now it can help America win a world war.

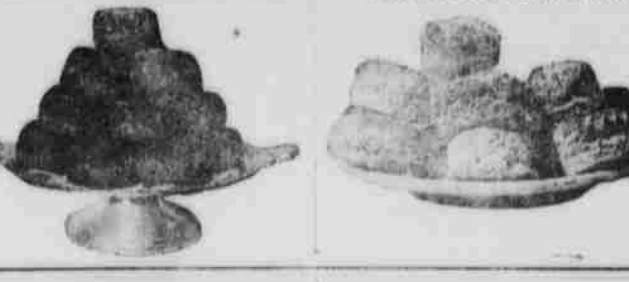
**Learn Something**—Corn! It isn't one food. It's a dozen. It's a cereal. It's a vegetable. It's a bread. It's a dessert. It's nutritious; more food value in it, dollar for dollar, than meat or eggs or most other vegetables. It's good to eat; how good you don't know until you've had corn-bread properly cooked. Best of all, it's plentiful and it's patriotic.

**Corn's Infinite Variety**—How much do you know about corn? About how good it is? About the many delicious ways of cooking it? And what you miss by not knowing more about it? Here are a few of its uses:

There are at least fifty ways to use corn meal to make good dishes for dinner, supper, lunch or breakfast. Here are some suggestions:

<b>HOT BREADS</b>	<b>DESSERTS</b>
Boston brown bread.	Corn-meal molasses cake.
Hocake.	Apple corn bread.
Muffins.	Dumplings.
Biscuits.	Gingerbread.
Griddle cakes.	Fruit gems.
Waffles.	
<b>HEARTY DISHES</b>	
Corn-meal croquettes.	Corn-meal fish balls.
Meat and corn-meal dumplings.	
Italian polenta.	Tamales.

The recipes are in Farmers' Bulletin 565, "Corn Meal as a Food and Ways of Using It," free from the Department of Agriculture.



## PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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THROUGH DAILY SERVICE  
ROSWELL-CARRIZO MAIL LINE  
Leave Roswell, N. M. 7:00 a. m.  
Leave Carrizo, N. M. 1:00 p. m.  
Arrive Roswell, N. M. 8:30 p. m.  
Arrive Carrizo, N. M. 2:15 p. m.

INTERMEDIATE POINTS  
Pueblo - Tinnie  
Hondo - Lincoln  
Capitan - Nogal

Through fare one way \$8.00.  
Intermediate points 8 cents per mile.

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ROSWELL AUTO COMPANY  
OWNERS AND OPERATORS

### STATE OF NEW MEXICO

#### CERTIFICATE OF FILING

United States of America 188  
State of New Mexico 188  
It is hereby Certified that there was filed for record in the office of the State Corporation Commission of the State of New Mexico, on the third day of January, A. D. 1918, at 10 o'clock P. M.

Certificate of Incorporation and  
Certificate of Stockholders' Non-Responsibility of  
CARRIZO DEVELOPMENT COMPANY  
(No Stockholders' Liability)

WHEREFORE, The undersigned Secretary, Public in and for said state and county, on this day, 1918, solemnly declared and certified, that the above named certificate of incorporation and certificate of stockholders' non-responsibility, were duly filed and recorded in the office of the State Corporation Commission of the State of New Mexico, on the third day of January, A. D. 1918, at 10 o'clock P. M.

In Testimony Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and official seal at the City of Santa Fe, on this 3rd day of January, A. D. 1918.

EDWIN F. COVARD,  
Notary Public in and for the State of New Mexico,  
County of Grant.

My commission expires May 31, 1919.

STATE OF NEW MEXICO  
County of Grant 188  
Before me, the undersigned Secretary, Public in and for said state and county, on this day, 1918, solemnly declared and certified, that the above named certificate of incorporation and certificate of stockholders' non-responsibility, were duly filed and recorded in the office of the State Corporation Commission of the State of New Mexico, on the third day of January, A. D. 1918, at 10 o'clock P. M.

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(No Stockholders' Liability)

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## USE OF WOOL IN CLOTHES LIMITED

New York.—Patriotic action is demanded of women in clothes as well as in food. There was an important meeting in New York which consolidated the cooperation of the trade with the commercial economy board, which has its headquarters in Washington. The government knew that it



This suit protects from the cold and conserves wool. The short skirt, which is of beige-colored wool, extends to the bust and is met by a deep yoke and sleeves of chiffon. The velvet coat has collar and cuffs of peltry and huge pockets made from pieces that were left from the skirt.

was useless to appeal to women to save wool in the building of their clothes, under the present commercial circumstances of clothes selling. The great majority of women buy their clothes. They do not make them at home. They buy what they can get, and they do not know the amount of material contained in a garment.

Therefore, the government made its appeal for cooperation in the conservation of wool to those who make and design women's garments. At this meeting it was resolved and rules were formulated that no man or woman in America would use over 4½ yards of wool in any costume, and less, if possible.

The response to these rules was given not only by the dressmakers, but by the manufacturers, the mill people, the ready-to-wear department stores and private dressmakers. The decision was far-reaching. It is now up to the women of America to carry out for the government a continued process of conservation in wool. It will not be a hardship. One will not have to face the chaos of doubt and despair that opened up with the conservation of food. The government does not want a standardized uniform for women, such as hosts of unwise but well meaning women advisors have offered as a solution of the clothes question.

All that the women of the country are asked to do is not to make a gown that has over 4½ yards of wool in it, and it is the appeal of the government that a woman should refuse to buy from a tailor, and a retailer should refuse to buy from a manufacturer, garments that have been made in defiance of this urgent appeal.

### Long Jackets to Go.

The American tailors and manufacturers of ready-to-wear clothing will cut out the long jacket for women when it is made of wool, no matter how light the weave; they will eliminate fullness in the skirt and cut it as short as decency will permit. Three and a half yards of wool is a good average measurement for the majority of women, but the government will look kindly upon those retailers and dressmakers who must deal with large and stout customers, and even here it is believed that individuality of design and a plentiful use of other materials, rather than wool, will produce a gown of charm and satisfaction.

The slim silhouette will be accepted between Hudson Bay and Palm Beach and then crosswise. The woman who cries out against a narrow skirt either because of tradition or an artistic perception of what her figure needs, need not sit in the corner and wall and gnash her teeth. All she has to do is to eliminate wool from her gown or suit to combine the governmental measure of wool with another material.

Coming, as the reform does, at the hour when spring and summer fashions are being conceived, the necessity for being careful with worsted material brings less hardship than if the reform had been launched last July. It is true that the great mass of people who do not live in the South and Southwest buy a vast quantity of lightweight worsted clothes for February, March and April; but they are quite

willing to have the worsted enlivened by chiffon, satin, silk or georgette crepe.

If the women of this country understand what is behind the new fashions, they will enter into the spirit of conservation with as much eagerness and zealous desire to do right as they have in the saving of meat, wheat, sugar and cereals.

### As History Did It.

These men on the commercial economy board need have no fear of obstinacy or rebellion against their decree. The women of other days and other countries entered into the spirit of economy in clothes with as much eagerness as they entered into the extravagance of apparel. The whole thing is in giving women an emotional idea which they are to work out to completion and success among themselves. Obedience does not appeal to them, but cooperation through persuasion sends them into a flame of endeavor.

It may be prophesied right here that there will be more novelty shown in clothes than there has been for several years or, possibly, ever before. It may not be shown by the women, but it will be expressed by the dressmakers.

One of the quick ways which has leaped into fashion for women to conserve wool for the army is the use of a short, slim separate skirt with a cutaway coat of velvet, heavily lined. Women who have such costumes declare that they will wear these skirts with corset blouses of satin or silk and in the spring, thereby saving cotton for the government.

Hats made of worsted have already been replaced by those of satin and velvet.

Entire coat suits made of worsted have narrow bias flounces mounted on a tulle or satin foundation. The short jacket which goes with these skirts is so heavily trimmed with fur and has such a wide waistcoat of satin or mink that it can be considered a bit enigmatical.

### Much Peltry Used.

One of the very smart gowns made for a bridal trousseau, which used up less than 4½ yards of thin woolen material, had two bias flounces across a tulle skirt with a deep hem of peltry, and a blouse of embroidered satin with wristlets of peltry, over which was a corset of the wool with wide Chinese sleeves—the only bit of extravagance—edged with peltry and lined with colored satin. There was a sailor collar of peltry and a Japanese bow of satin pulled through two loops in the back of the coat, to flare from the waistline.

There is another coat suit in which less than four yards of wool have been used. The skirt is narrow and slim and extends into a loose corset effect over the waist to the bust. Above that is a chiffon yoke with long sleeves in the same color. The cut-



Woolen suit that meets decree. The skirt has two flounces of wool laid on a silk lining which gets its depth by means of a hem of peltry. The short coat shows a waistcoat and sleeves of satin with a Japanese bow pulled eddy through buttonholes at the back, to flare out from the waist.

away top coat, which drops below the knees, is loosely hung from the shoulders and made of dull green velvet with an immense cape collar of peltry held closely about the neck with a scarf of velvet. As a bit of trickery, to show that the coat and skirt are intended to go together, odd bits of the wool that were left from the cutting of the skirt have been stretched across the neckline of the jacket in the form of loose pockets. These are brilliantly lined and held in place with a fur button.

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### Velvet Hats.

Velvet hats have returned. A delightful and becoming feature in their makeup is the almost invariable facing of a pale tone of georgette crepe, which brings out the color in blue or gray eyes, deepening their color and making them look larger. When the lining is pale pink it chimes in with the tone of the skin.

## PRICE CONTROL NOTHING NEW

Oriental Laws Forbade Selling Over or Under Standard Price Ancient Banking and Business Methods Same as Ours

By S. W. STRAUS  
(President New York and Chicago Bankers)

(Copyright, 1917, Western Newspaper Union.)

We consider ourselves very much advanced in our control of food prices. It might do us some good to look back a little and see what the ancient Orientals did in this regard thousands of years ago.

The Brahmanic and Rabbinical laws fully equal the measures we have adopted. For example, besides seeing that not too much was charged for food or other articles, the former law provided a penalty for selling under a standard price. Rabbinical law limited storekeepers' profits to 16 2/3 per cent.

Economic history—the story of banking and business—indicates that some of our so-called "modern institutions" are in reality as old as the hills. Some economists claim that the "division of labor"—that is, the specializing by one individual in a single operation in manufacturing—is something comparatively new and did not exist to any extent prior to the eighteenth century. But against this we have the statement made by someone that caste in India is "division of labor gone to seed."

And the socialist's dream of an ideal state is also nothing new. Plato once proposed an elaborate plan for a new state. He figured it out very carefully and decided to limit the population to 5,040. If the number of inhabitants ran over that amount colonies were to be established; if below, prizes were to be offered to stimulate its increase. Another suggestion of Plato's was that the children were to be the property of the state and common to all. In Sparta everyone ate at a common table. No payments of money were required and the products of all were shared by everyone.

Further, in Greece factories of considerable size existed. Some employed hundreds of workmen. A factory would be devoted to the exclusive production of one article, such as a tunic. Most of the labor was performed by slaves. Even the most humble citizens of Athens had at least one slave. They were sent to the river to drink

## Government Financing of Past

Present War Taxes Mild in Comparison; Nations at War Must Make Sacrifices

By S. W. STRAUS  
(President New York and Chicago Bankers)

(Copyright, 1917, Western Newspaper Union.)

To you who are hit by the new war tax legislation read the following and cease grumbling:

By Sydney Smith, an Englishman (in 1815).

"The school boy whips his taxed top; the beardless youth manages his taxed horse; with a taxed bridle, on a taxed road; and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine which has paid 7 per cent in a spoon that has paid 20 per cent, makes his will on an 18 stamp and expires in the arms of an apothecary who has paid a license of £100 for the privilege of putting him to death. His whole property is then immediately taxed up 10 per cent. Besides the probate, large fees are demanded for burying him in the churchyard. His stricken arm is handed down to posterity on taxed marble, and he will then be gathered to his fathers to be taxed no more."

In England at that time there were taxes levied on lands, houses, horses, carriages and windows. There was also an income tax. During the seventeenth century England was as rabid in its policy of tariff protection as it is now in favor of free trade.

In ancient Athens taxes were very high. So zealous were the Athenians in the collection of revenues, that a public debtor could, ten days after a judgment was obtained, be condemned and banished forever from public affairs. The children and grandchildren then became responsible. Slaves were employed to take care of private accounts, because if the government suspected that a citizen was not making a truthful statement to the tax authorities, the slaves could be tortured to give evidence of their master's affairs.

Athen's extensive taxes were largely due to the immense officialdom. Enormous numbers of public officials were dependent upon the government. There were public physicians, artists, professors. The Athenians were very fond of holding great banquets and festivals, the expenses of which were paid out of the public purse. At religious gatherings as many as three hundred cattle would be sacrificed and distributed to the people. A public speaker would be paid for his efforts in oratory, and the people paid for listening.

Today, the problem of raising money for government expenditures occupies the time of some of the keenest financial brains of the country. We are now participating in the greatest war of history. We are fighting side by side with nations which are years ahead

with the horses and were branded on the forehead.

Contracts in Athens were bound in two ways. One method was the informal handshake and the other was the formal contract where something was pledged. At one time men pledged themselves, but this was stopped under the laws of Solon.

Were the Athenians familiar with apartment houses? It seems so. Witness the following statement by a well-known French economist: "People built for speculation a sort of inn, the apartments of which were let to strangers whom politics or commerce attracted to Athens, and who had no right of citizenship there." Rentals in Athens amounted to about 8½ per cent of the capital invested in the property.

In the claim of Germany that she has secured control of the seas through the destruction of shipping, by submarines, we have a parallel case in the history of Rome. The Romans were never fond of going to sea and had a peculiar horror of commerce. In Carthage they destroyed 500 vessels. Augustus, who brought victory in a naval battle at Actium, greatly feared water. It was through their wholesale destruction of ships that the Romans gained control of the sea.

Ancient Rome faced the same problem we do in the congestion of cities and neglect of agriculture. Virgil lamented this tendency and contrasted the artificialities of city life and the simple pleasures of rural living.

Rome, too, had "big business." The great bulk of her commercial and financial affairs were in the hands of the "Equites," or Roman knights. The entire industrial fabric was dependent on them. Roman "big business," just like that of today, was not immune from attack. It was constantly being assailed and accused of graft.

The Romans even used checks about the same as we do today.

Today we boast of our world fairs. But Europe, during medieval times, was not unfamiliar with fairs fully equal to ours. They were really an economic necessity, as people were attracted from far and near, and exchange of products from every part of the world was facilitated. The largest fairs were held at Novgorod, in Russia, Leipzig, in Germany, and Stourbridge, England. An English fair at St. Giles covered an area of seven miles and lasted sixteen days.

Even in this day who has heard of a bank with 9,000 branches? Such an institution existed in medieval times in the Knights Templar. They conducted a general banking business and maintained 9,000 branches.

of us in military preparations. We are facing an enemy whose military establishment has been so highly developed that it brought on the war. To carry on our part successfully and bring the war to a speedy conclusion, billions have been and will be spent. The aggregate total of the two Liberty loans has defied our comprehension. Yet this amount, in proportion to our wealth and resources, does not equal the burden placed upon us in the previous wars.

In the Revolutionary war the Continental congress was forced to depend upon credit bills and requisitions drawn against the colonies. Our first interior war loan was made in 1775. It amounted to about \$20,000. A year later a second loan of \$5,000,000 was authorized, but only \$3,587,000 was subscribed. Then paper money was issued and by the end of 1779 congress had authorized \$200,000,000. An equal amount was paid by the various states. Continental bills of credit depreciated 90 per cent in value. Robert Morris came to the assistance of the government and by his great ability financed the war. He even made personal loans.

In the Civil war the financial difficulties were also great. The country was suffering from a business depression when hostilities began. One of the first efforts to raise capital was an issue of \$150,000,000 of legal tender notes, and a bond issue of \$500,000,000. The bonds bore interest at 6 per cent and were issued in popular denominations of from \$50 up. As in the Revolutionary war, a financial genius appeared in the person of Jay Cooke, who was extremely active in making the loan a success. He advertised extensively and employed 2,850 agents. The same year congress issued another \$150,000,000 in treasury notes. In all, the aggregate amount of government loans during the Civil war was \$2,000,700,000. About 6 per cent was paid on most of the loan.

Certainly, we are now in an infinitely better position to finance the present war. Where the interest rate was 6 per cent on the first Civil war loan the initial rate on the first Liberty loan was 3½ per cent. Our wealth is many times greater in proportion to the population than in 1861. We can afford to, and will, push this war vigorously to a successful conclusion. Any strong nation that hopes to endure strong cannot shirk its duty.

### All Aglow.

"Now they say the brain is radioactive."

"Um."

"And emits a faint glow."

"I don't know about the brain, but I've seen the nose do that."

### A Bargain.

"Does your wife care anything for baseball?"

"She never did until one day she learned they were going to play two games for one admission."

Thrift is the exercise of the will, the development of character, the daily practice of sensible living.

## The CHIMES of FLANDERS



Spire of Notre Dame, Antwerp.

**A**CROSS the pointed roofs and wayward streets of Antwerp there fell one day 400 years ago the mellow din of bells.

In a gay and golden peal the carillon of Notre Dame sang to the town until every eye turned toward the belfry and every foot hastened to the cathedral door.

Over the threshold paced a procession rich with the color and stiff with the pomp of the middle ages. As the company went up the nave, where velvet and jewels caught added radiance from the crimson and amber of stained windows, the bells beat upon the air again with a louder triumph before they at last fell silent.

There was good cause for the lusty strokes which the carillon ringers tugged at their ropes on that pleasant day in 1507. For the new bell, the Big Bell, had come safe from the casting furnace; the bishop in his robes was there to consecrate it, and the king himself was standing as its sponsor.

When the final reverent word had been spoken that dedicated the bell at the service of God and Antwerp, Charles struck from the bronze sides one loud tone. The noise rose clear and deep through the hush of the cathedral. It floated among the dim rafters as a voice that promised blessings and it hummed into oblivion with a slow, portentous melancholy that might well have been a prelude of its doom.

### Big Bell into a Furnace.

For doomsday had dawned upon the big bell of Notre Dame and upon the bells of all the other steeples in Flanders—the Germans need metal. They have taken the doorplates and piano ornaments from the homes of Brussels and the splendid bronze horses from the Avenue Louise. They have taken the chimes from Leuven and Roulers, from Bruges and a dozen villages.

The bells are being made into guns. When next day they speak it will be in a roar that means ruin to the very fields over whose harvests they so long have rung the curfew and the angelus.

The bells have always meant much to Flanders. A wealthy lowland beset by greedy neighbors, the little kingdom has countless times been warned of marching armies by the clangor from a steeple. In days of peace the Flemish developed their chimes into the lively lit of the carillons which made their guilds of ringers noted throughout Europe. To hold the carillons they built some of the noblest towers the world has seen, and when the towers were built the cities vied with each other in filling them with noble bells. There were forty bronze voices in the tower of Bruges cathedral and the same number at Louvain. There were forty-four at Malines and almost a hundred in Antwerp's Notre Dame.

### Bells Roused the Towns.

Every one of these had its baptismal name, as well as a popular nickname. "That's 'Douceur,'" the villagers would say as a high tone trembled on the air at evensong. Or, in the dawn, "La Pucelle" is calling to matins. Or as an alarm crashed forth some anxious night, "The Thunderer!" Here comes the enemy—

Usually the alarm bell, which was as a matter of course the largest in the church, belonged not to the cathedral, but to the town. It was owned by the municipality because the tocsin proved vital in primitive times to the town's existence. No fewer than three bells in Notre Dame were the property of Antwerp itself. The

burghers cocked their ears when any of these spoke, and bade one another hearken to "Carolus" or "Curfew" or "St. Mary's." Under the name engraved on the metal there was also cut a rhymed prayer, for the people half believed that the consecrated music could frighten away evil spirits.

It was a summons to matins from Notre Dame that stole softly into the ears of Mary of Burgundy when she rode out of Bruges one fatal morning. The Emperor Maximilian, catered by the side of his young wife as the hunting party, hawk at wrist, went its way to the woods at the edge of the town. Before angelus the ladies and lords came slowly back, the duchess—white faced, but gallant—striving to make light of a fall from her horse. She was about to become a mother, and the injuries were mortal, but for love of her husband Mary long kept that knowledge secret.

End of the House of Burgundy. When she died, at 25, the hopeless tolling from the belfries threw all Flanders into mourning.

They buried her in the south chapel of Notre Dame, in a tomb next to that of her father, Charles the Bold. The last of the house of Burgundy, the two were also the last native rulers of the Netherlands. Their resting place is very dear to the Flemish. It is not likely to be spared. For the gilded effigies of father and daughter are made of the copper that Germany covets for shells.

The Ambieve still flows by Stavelot. In that fact lies a gleam of hope. How to save part of its treasure was a lesson which this village on the road to Luxembourg taught the rest of Belgium when the French revolution raged. As the vandals drew near, the townspeople rallied to protect St. Remacle's relics. St. Remacle had been bishop of Liege from 652 until 682. His bones were enclosed in a case six feet long, fashioned of enamelled copper plates. The coffin sparkled with a hundred gems—beryl, opal, amethyst. Into a sack the townspeople slipped their priceless reliquary, and they sank the cask in the waters of the Ambieve to wait the arrival of gentler times. It will be Stavelot's one stroke of modern good luck if today the coffin is again at the bottom of the stream.

### Money Men Also.

A chauffeur is not usually unbending enough to add to his burden of dignity duties not essentially belonging to his place, muses the New York Post. Yet when recently an automobile stopped at the curb in front of a department store and the chauffeur all in green leaped out of his seat to stand at attention on the sidewalk while a young woman, the only other occupant of the machine, alighted and walked toward the entrance of the store, it did not end for him even with being chauffeur and footman. Suddenly the young woman turned as though she had forgotten something.

"My money, John," she said. The man in green reached into his pocket, drew out a purse of feminine build, and extracted from it a roll of bills.

"Twenty-five will do," she ordered. He handed the money to her and replaced the rest of the money in the purse, which was returned to his pocket to await the next call upon it.

### Out of Style.

Anne—She said that she had to get some warm clothes for winter. Nan—How hopelessly out of style she always is!



# NEWS and GOSSIP of WASHINGTON

## Cupid Kept Busy During Week-Ends at the Capital

WASHINGTON.—Oh, Mister Dan Cupid, when did you make Washington your headquarters? The national capital on Saturday and Sunday is just one great big "Lover's Lane," a mecca for military lovers. There ten thousand or more soldier boys and their sweethearts in Washington over every week-end.



From four of the nearby military establishments the soldiers flock to Washington, and from all over America their sweethearts come. Up and down Pennsylvania avenue they stroll, arm in arm. In the restaurants and theaters these war lovers are everywhere. For two days they forget the war and what the future may hold in store for them. The war has made Washington's social week-ends brilliant. Social leaders have plunged into the effort to make the life of America's soldiers a happy one. Dances, teas, receptions and dinners abound over the week-ends for the soldiers and their sweethearts.

And here and there among the many sweethearts are "the dearest sweethearts." Little gray-haired mothers come to see their boys—perhaps for the first time before they "go over there."

In the midst of hurried war preparations and the mobilizing of men for battle, Washington seems to be a continual semblance of strife. But the week-ends bring relief with the sweethearts and lovers. One forgets the horrors of war and sees only the happiness of love.

Fine work, Mister Dan Cupid; keep it up!

## Flock to See Prominent Men and Their Wives

FORGET the "Diamond Horseshoe," for it has been eclipsed by the brilliancy of Washington's concert audiences. There was a time when just plain ordinary women gazed at the mention of the "Diamond Horseshoe." It meant the very essence of society and brilliance. But Washington's concert audiences have the "Diamond Horseshoe" if New York's opera far outclasses for real brilliant people—the sort of people that you gaze at in the Sunday supplements.

These concerts come just at "tea time," twice a week. Soon after four o'clock the stream of carriages—yes, equipages are still considered quite proper in Washington—and limousines begin to gather in front of the theater wherever the afternoon's concert may be. Down out of the carriages step some of the world's famous people. Even New York's brilliancy has been dimmed by the war, for many New York women are here now, giving their services to their country.

Women, of course, give the real brilliancy to these concerts, but then there are the men, too. Straight-backed men in military uniform, erect naval officers, and here and there some gayly clad allied soldier of France, Italy or England, add to the brilliancy of the occasion. Washington, despite the fact that it is the center of America and has for many years had famous men in its midst, is not entirely immune to curiosity. And then the big men of the Washington of today are of a different type. The man who gained prominence through politics has passed from the center of the state. He has been supplanted by the man who has made a name for himself in business. These men are a curiosity to Washingtonians and then everybody wants to see what their wives look like.



## Where Royalty Rubs Shoulders With Democracy

ROYALTY and democracy mix in Washington today just as though there was not a world war going on to make democracy supreme. Dukes and lords, barons and counts walk side by side with American civilians. The royalty, however, is not the royalty of autocracy. It is the royalty of democracy.

Since America entered the war England, France and Italy have sent some of their brightest men to Washington to aid America in her preparations for war. Many of these are of the nobility, but they have forgotten their noble birth and are giving their lives to the cause of democracy.

Witness a few. First of all there is Lord Northcliffe, an English peer. Yet I saw him sit at a round table in a moderately priced restaurant eating a 60-cent dinner with apparent relish, while he talked with a group of American newspaper men.

Italy has her men of nobility. Her ambassador is of noble birth. There is also Vittorio Falsani, of the embassy staff, a man who came to Washington to see that the Italian mission did not suffer at the hands of the newspaper men. He is still here and always a source of information on things Italian. In Italy he has rank and noble bearing. In Washington he is just a plain citizen.

We women in our days of lurid romance reading were wont to sigh and wish for a lord or duke to happen along and propose marriage, writes a correspondent. Now that I have seen a few of the nobles at close range I want to tell those of my sex who still long for a title that they will find nobility of today nothing more than any American boy can offer.

## Two Months Dry, and Not a Case of Snake Bite

AFTER two months not a physician or druggist in Washington has reported a single case of snake bite. The zoo authorities have actually taken down the strong wire netting which had been placed in front of the snake cage, as it will be needed no longer. A few peddlers who carried a small stock of reptiles have gone to other parts in preference to going into bankruptcy. Nobody will buy a snake.

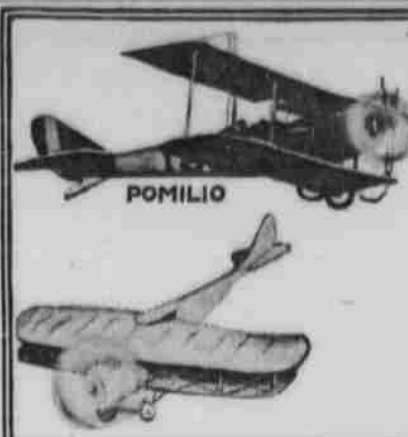
But in place of the snake bite has come the old-fashioned "tummy ache." Every little while a sufferer makes his way to a drug store and almost begs for a dose of Jamaica ginger to cure a "tummy."

This does not mean that Washington really has an epidemic of stomach ache. The remedy for stomach ache is Jamaica ginger. And Jamaica ginger is esteemed as a substitute for booze. But the druggist is suspicious of the man who habitually has an internal ache.

There are few chronic Jamaica ginger drinkers in Washington, as few druggists will assume the large risk for a small profit.

A paregoric or Jamaica ginger addict enters the drug store with a bottle. He tells of a stomach ache or a colicky baby. Woman "dopes" seem to be more numerous than men. They sometimes go from drug store to drug store, seeking something to soothe their nerves.

Druggists are increasing the price of Jamaica ginger and paregoric to discourage their use or are refusing to sell.



THEY were just airplanes two years ago, but the demands of war have stimulated the evolution of aircraft so intensively that in the last few months at least three different species of airplanes have been developed, and these are as distinct from each other as condors, pigeons and swallows.

The monoplane has gone the way of the high-wheeled bicycle; it is seen no more in the air. And instead of just airplanes, we have bombing machines, reconnaissance machines and battleplanes, each a specialized type designed for a specific duty. Then, in a class by themselves, there are the hydroplanes, writes Arthur Benington in the New York World.

Bombing machines are the heavy artillery, the condors, the Percherons, the bullocks of the air. Reconnaissance machines are the intelligence service, the carrier pigeons, the hunters, the pointers, of the air.

Battleplanes, which combine the duties of light cavalry and machine-gun squads, are the swallows, the thoroughbreds, the terriers, the wasps, of the air.

"You might as well ask me what kind of horse I consider the finest," replied an Italian aviator when asked for his opinion on the finest airplane. "It all depends upon what service you want your plane for. For dropping bombs on cities there is nothing like our own Caproni; the finest climbers I personally have encountered were German machines; the swiftest flyer up to date is the Italian S. V. A.; and I think the Austrians have the most reliable hydroplanes."

Of course this was merely the aviator's personal opinion, and it is given here not at all because of its value as a judgment on the several makes of machines, but merely to illustrate the diversity of type and the wisdom of not confusing the different types in one's mind.

For a bombing machine the primary requirement is ability to carry a heavy load. Then, in order of importance, come: Medium speed (80 to 100 miles an hour); climbing power (13,000 feet); defensive armament and a radius of action from 60 to 100 miles. Load-carrying power involves strength of construction, great stability, and engines that shall develop tremendous power and yet be as light as possible. Types of the bombing machine are the Italian Caproni, the British Handley-Palmer, and the German Gotha G III and Friedrichshafen G. H.

The reconnaissance machine must have room for at least two persons—the pilot and the observer; installation for wireless apparatus and cameras for taking both still and moving pictures; fuel capacity sufficient for three or four hours of flight; fairly high speed—say from 115 to 120 miles an hour—and ability to carry a machine gun with which to defend itself if attacked. The camera installation makes great stability necessary. Types of this machine are the Italian Pomilio S. V. A. and Savoia-Pomilio; the French Voisin, and the German Brandenburg, Albatross C III and Aviatik C III.

Speed and climbing power are the essentials in a battleplane. The latest types of this sort—the Italian S. V. A. and a new model of Pomilio; the French Nieuport and Spad, and the German Albatross D I and Albatross D II—can carry only one man, who acts as pilot, observer and gunner. Most of them have only one gun, which is not mounted on a swivel, but is an integral part of the engine itself, for, as it discharges its bullets between the blades of a propeller revolving so rapidly that it cannot be seen, it must be perfectly synchronized with the motor, otherwise a bullet might strike a blade of the propeller. These machines are nothing but flying cannons. They carry no passenger, no cameras, no bombs, nothing except a single operator and the ammunition for the gun.

The difference between reconnaissance and battleplanes appears slight when set down in figures, but then every fraction of an inch affects the speed and stability of an airplane.

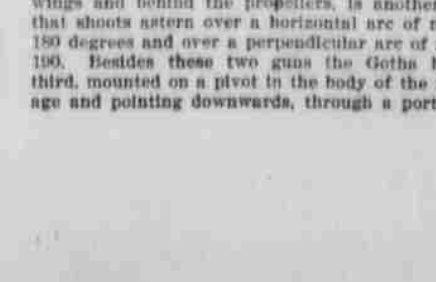
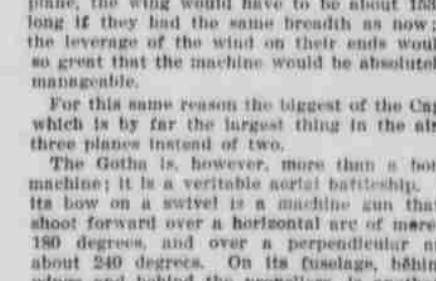
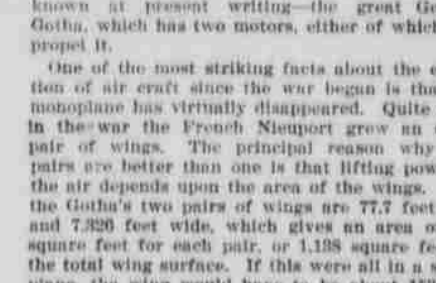
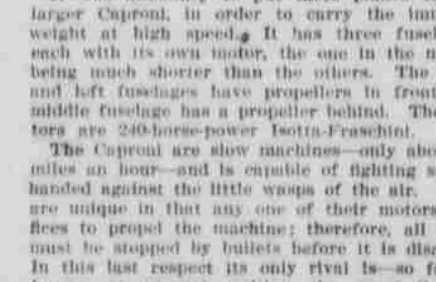
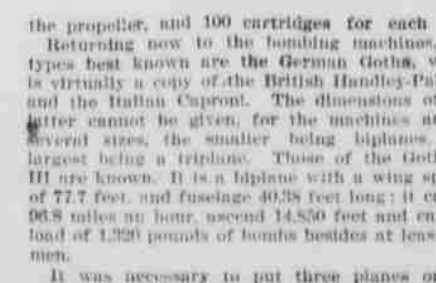
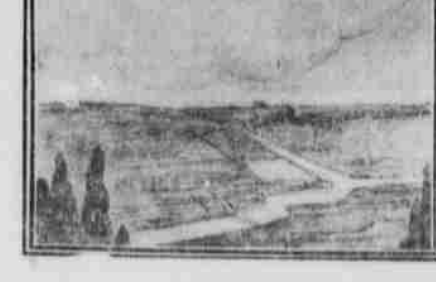
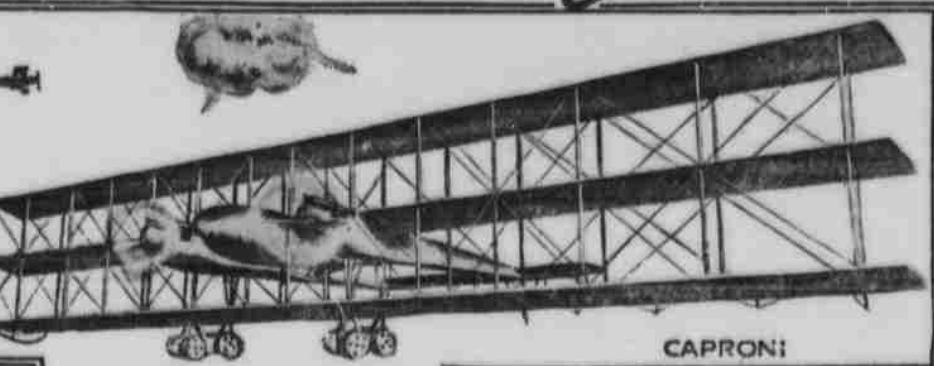
Some idea of the differences may be obtained from the dimensions, and these can be given only approximately except in one or two cases. It is, of course, impossible to describe our own American planes, so the comparisons that follow are based on foreign machines.

One of the smallest of the battleplanes is a new Pomilio which has not yet been tested in America. American representatives of the Ansaldo company of Genoa, which makes the S. V. A., another very small one—decline to make its dimensions public at present, but Capt. Alessandro Pomilio, designer of the machines that bear his name, has no objection to it being stated that the Pomilio which flew from Fortress Monroe to Mineola and which soared over New York on Liberty Loan day, has a wing spread of approximately 38 feet. This, however, is a reconnaissance machine. The one that is coming is a battleplane and its wings have a spread of only a fraction over 30 feet. Both these Pomilio machines have exactly the same motor, a 200-horsepower Isotta-Fraschini, but the greater size of the one already here enables it to carry a passenger and cameras, while the smaller one can carry only one man. The reconnaissance Pomilio makes 120 miles an hour; a scout is said to have made on tests in Italy 100 miles an hour.

So far as official tests are known, the S. V. A. holds the record for speed. This is the machine that made the sensational flight from Turin to Rome, 396 miles, in two hours and fifty minutes, averaging 150.8 miles an hour. The French Nieuport machines are unofficially reported to have made as high as 175 miles an hour.

The dimensions of the German Albatross D I are known exactly, having been published by the French military authorities after measurement of captured machines. Its wings have a spread of 29.7 feet; its fuselage is 23.6 feet long; its speed is 124 miles an hour and it can climb to 18,150 feet. It carries two rapid-fire guns, discharging through

# NEW AIRPLANES DEVELOPED by WAR



In the bottom of the fuselage. By means of this last gun it can defend itself from enemy machines attacking it from below and behind, a position in which all other machines but the Gotha are vulnerable.

The Germans have been most ingenious in designing their airplanes for maximum effectiveness of gun fire. Their single-seated Albatross D. I and D. II, Fokker D. Halberstadt Roland D. and Ago D have two fixed guns firing ahead through the revolving propeller, and these machines are able to carry 2,000 cartridges for each gun. Their two-place reconnaissance machines Albatross, Rumpler, Aviatik and L. V. G. have one fixed forward gun firing through the propeller and a second lighter gun on a swivel mounted behind the planes and firing to the rear over an angle of 180 degrees. The French have adopted this system for the airplanes of similar type.

The most ingenious armament, however, is that of the new Pomilio scout plane. It is not advisable to betray the secret of this plane at present, but it is permissible to say that the single pilot controls five guns, all shooting ahead simultaneously, and that four of these are so perfectly concealed that even a photograph does not show where they are situated. It is in reality a five-barreled Gatling gun on wings. This machine is now on its way to America, if indeed it has not already arrived.

Talking with the Italian aviators now here about motors, I found them deeply interested in the new Liberty motor, but none would venture to express an opinion about it.

"I could not judge of its value," said one of them, "until I had taken it up 5,000 or 100,000 feet in the air and watched how it behaved there. The Fiat company, which has been making motors ever since these were first invented, needed two whole years of experimentation before it was able to turn out a satisfactory airplane motor. Several times it thought it had it; several times it offered a motor that performed perfectly under the most exacting laboratory tests, but each time it failed when tested in the rarefied air of 10,000 feet above the earth. After two years of trial the Fiat people produced the wonderful motors now so extensively used. The Isotta-Fraschini company had a similar experience. We all admire the perfection of mechanism of the Liberty motor and we all hope that actual flight will prove it to be as perfect as it looks, but no one of us would venture to give a verdict on it until he had flown with it at all possible altitudes."

These men, all of whom are youths who have had thrilling experiences in actual warfare, are fond of discussing the probabilities of a flight across the Atlantic. Any one of them would be willing to attempt it, but they disagree as to the machine most likely to be the first to make it. Some say the giant Caproni, which would need at least 24 hours, and probably 40, to fly from Newfoundland to Ireland (the shortest route), while others say some such machine as the S. V. A., as it could make the flight easily between sunrise and sunset. In the one case it would be like a giant condor relying on the power of its wings to sustain it a day and a night in flight, in the other case it would be a sea gull or a swallow relying on terrific speed to carry it over by daylight.

## NAMING OF WARSHIPS.

The law requires that all first-class battleships "shall be named for states and shall not be named for any city, place, or person until the names of the states have been exhausted," and a recent article by Walter Scott Meriwether in the *Illustrated London News* points out that Secretary Daniels' recent order assigning the names of New Mexico, California, Tennessee, Mississippi, and Idaho to the five superdreadnaughts now under construction completely exhausts the list of unused names. In selecting names for the five battle cruisers authorized by the last congress, recourse was had to names which never should have disappeared from the navy register—Constitution, Constellation, Saratoga, Ranger, and Lexington. The famous old frigates Constitution and Constellation, now preserved as relics of the wooden fleets of a century ago, will be known as "Old Constitution" and "Old Constellation." The present Saratoga was formerly the New York, the armored cruiser which served as Admiral Sampson's flag ship.

## EVERY MAN TO HIS LAST.

Because you are an excellent carpenter, declared Socrates in his famous Apologia at Athens, it does not therefore follow that you are the wisest of men. Yet the tendency persisted and persisted, and Alexander Cruden, a great maker of concordances, was found offering his services to the British government, over 150 years ago, as "corrector of morals," just as many rich business men in England today are offering their services to the government "under the conviction that they can do in one day what an expert can barely manage in three."—Christian Science Monitor.

## IN MONTENEGRO.

There's a peculiar superstition in Montenegro where the peasants believe that the iron kettle chain over the hot fireplace will not heat at all on Christmas night, as at all other times, but remains cool to the touch. To explain this they claim that a similar chain hung over the fire built on the floor of the stable at Bethlehem, and that at the birth of Christ, the virgin mother craved it for support. It became cool at her touch lest it burn the saintly hand.



## People in and Out of Carrizozo

Mrs. Austin Patty and children left Wednesday for the Patty ranch on Nogal Mesa.

C. A. Snow, who is with the Electric Light Co., returned this week from a visit to Texas.

P. G. Peters, a member of the County Council of Defense, came over from Capitan yesterday to attend a meeting of the council.

Dr. W. B. Edwards came in Monday from Albuquerque and is engaged in fitting glasses, treating eyes, etc. The doctor, who was located here last year makes this point regularly.

W. J. Langston was out at the French ranch during the last storm putting up a windmill tower. Towering in the air was not altogether a pastime.

No. 2 Corn \$4.00, Chops \$4.10, Mill Run Bran \$2.75 per cwt. In straight or mixed lots of 1000 lbs. ten cents less per cwt. We have no Cotton Seed Cake or Meal at the present time. — Humphrey Bros. 2-111

Ed C. Pfingsten was down Wednesday from the Mesa. Mr. Pfingsten is secretary of the Local Federal Loan Board, and had just completed a number of loans involving about \$20,000.

Ray Adams, who will be remembered as the pleasant and efficient butcher with Gray and Reilly, is now located on a "minesweeper", somewhere near Scotland at last report.

The Red Cross Chapter of Carrizozo have together with what has been sent in from auxiliaries, the following list of knitted garments packed and ready to ship: 51 pair of socks, 34 sweaters, 8 helmets, and 15 pair of wristlets.

Mrs. Joseph N. White is recovering from an attack of pneumonia. She has been ill for ten days, but the attending physician announces that she has past the crisis and is on her way to recovery.

L. B. Crawford, who went to El Paso last week to enter the aviation service, returned this week on a leave of absence. He expects to return tomorrow and maybe sent to an aviation camp in Georgia for training.

Mrs. Beula Williamson will be found at Groom's Sanitary Grocery now.

Mrs. C. B. Ellsworth left Saturday for an extended visit in Fort Worth, Texas.

Leslie Nichols with his family have returned to Alamogordo to make their home.

Miss Bell Lutz left Wednesday for San Antonio, Tex., where she will pay a short visit to her brother, Lieutenant Henry Lutz, who is stationed there.

Registration of Alien enemies begins Tuesday, February 5. Due notice has been made of the registration and those to whom the registration is applicable should not fail to heed the announcement.

A more rigid observance of meatless and wheatless days by our own people—right here, not somewhere else—will aid in preventing serious want later. Sugar should be used more sparingly also and food, hogs, generally, should be restrained.

Francis Blanchard was in yesterday from Blanchard Bros. Macho ranch. He reports good snows in his section, but no loss of stock. The prospects for spring grazing are good.

Another snow Sunday and Sunday night gave old mother earth further much needed moisture. The temperature did not fall radically and the moisture was quite acceptable.

Mr. and Mrs. B. J. McCarty and Mrs. M. McCarty, returned from Jacksonville, Texas, where they went to attend the funeral of Plummer Smith, a brother of the Mesdames McCarty. He died in Houston and was taken to Jacksonville for burial.

Governor McDonald returned Wednesday from Santa Fe and Albuquerque where he has been the greater part of the month looking after the fuel situation. The governor is in charge of the federal fuel control for New Mexico.

### Wm. Garvin Injured

William Garvin, in charge of the water service, Nogal Lake, was quite seriously injured Thursday night. He was returning home from this point and had reached the top of Nogal hill and his car turned over. He was found in an unconscious condition and brought at once to the Paden hospital. The most serious injury, it is feared is internal. The injured man was taken to the company hospital in El Paso this afternoon and was accompanied by Mrs. Garvin and Dr. Paden.

### Coal Chute Burns

The coal chute in the local yards was destroyed by fire Monday night. No explanation has been given as to the origin of the fire. There were about 100 tons of coal in the chute but the fire was extinguished before there was any appreciable coal tonnage lost, only about 5 tons having burned. Besides the loss of machinery and other material in the chute, the company has been greatly inconvenienced by having to coal its engines with shovels. The loss is estimated at \$6,000 to \$8,000.

## YOU WILL LIKE OUR GROCERIES.



YOU WILL LIKE OUR GROCERIES BECAUSE THEY ARE THE GOOD KIND. BECAUSE WE KEEP THEM FRESH AND THEREFORE PURE. IT'S A CRIME TO PUT POOR FOOD INTO YOUR STOMACH AND THE CHILDREN'S. THEIR VERY HEALTH AND HAPPINESS DEPENDS MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE UPON THE FOODS THEY EAT. THEN SERVE OUR GOOD FOODS ON YOUR TABLE. THEY WON'T COST YOU ANY MORE THAN POOR STUFF YOU BUY AT MANY PLACES.

**Carrizozo Trading Co.**

## Income Tax Returns

### PRELIMINARY STATEMENT

The following is a statement of my Gross Income and allowable deductions for the period from January 1, 1917 to December 31, 1917:

GROSS INCOME	
Salary.....	\$—
Profession or Vocation.....	—
Business or trade.....	—
Rent.....	—
Interest.....	—
All other sources.....	—
<b>Total.....</b>	<b>\$—</b>
DEDUCTIONS	
Business expenses.....	\$—
Interest paid.....	—
Taxes paid.....	—
Losses sustained.....	—
Bad debts charged off.....	—
Depreciation on business property.....	—
<b>Total.....</b>	<b>\$—</b>

There are two things the taxpayer must bear in mind. The first is that under Gross Income must be included all money or its equivalent received from any and all sources during the year 1917; and under the head of deductions he must not deduct any living or household expenses or depreciation on his residence or automobile which is used for pleasure purposes.

The above statement must be presented in person to the Collector of Internal Revenue or one of his deputies, in order that he may have the proper data to assist the taxpayer in making his return on the proper form.

LEWIS T. CARPENTER, Collector.

## Income Tax

We publish elsewhere a notice of the coming of K. C. Stamey of the Internal Revenue Department. Mr. Stamey will be at the First National Bank from February 18 to February 23. So many features are involved in the Income Tax Law that it will require the services of a specialist in that work to supply the needed information. Even to the business man and the banker knotty problems are met and doubts arise as to the inclusion of certain items in the return, and the presence of the department representative is for the purpose of classifying the situation.

## Busting Broncs

Orville Smith, who left here last October with seven other boys and later went to France, is breaking broncs as a side issue. A letter has just been received from him in which he tells of riding an "outlaw" horse which the cavalry had turned down, and which the authorities said could not be ridden. Orville received twenty-five francs—\$5.00—for his feat, besides giving the on-lookers a breezy western scene. The boys from New Mexico can and will show John Bull and John C. a lot of interesting stunts.

## When the Sun Shines

And the snow melts in the northern regions the demand for cars will be so great that few will reach this section. We have a number of Fords now and are taking every shipment the factory will make us, in anticipation of the big demand that will limit our supply soon. If you want a Ford this year make sure now while we have the cars.

WESTERN GARAGE.

Want Ads give results.

To My Customers:

I am now prepared to offer the "War Workers" Spirella Corset, of the same materials, boning, etc., as the regular styles, but which comes in standard sizes, suitable for normal figures, at a much lower price. Can be delivered within one week after ordering.

Mrs. G. T. McQUILLIN, Corsetiere.

## Classified Advertisements

For Sale.—Ranch and Horses. Write P. O. Box 283, Carrizozo, N. M. 9-14-17.

For Sale—Parke Davis & Co.'s Blacklegoids. The Tittsworth Co. Capitan.

Just received a car of Colorado potatoes and onions. Humphrey Bros.

FOR SALE.—Good saddle horse, bridle and saddle very cheap. Phone 113.

For Sale.—Yearling and two year old Hereford bulls. The Tittsworth Co. Capitan.

Highest Patent Hard Wheat Flour \$6.50 per cwt. at Humphrey Bros.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE:—1 Thorough-bred Durham Bull, 6 years old, P. O. Box 173, White Oaks, N. M. 12-21-17.

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

## Income Tax Returns

Mr. K. C. Stamey of the Internal Revenue Department will be in Carrizozo from the 18th to the 23rd of February 1918, for the purpose of assisting parties in Lincoln County to make out their Income Tax Report. While here his headquarters will be at the First National Bank, Carrizozo, N. M. During the time Mr. Stamey is in town the bank will throw open to the public all its office rooms and will provide pens, ink and stationery and any assistance that may be needed free of any charge.

E. M. BRICKLEY,

2-111 Cashier.

## Soldiers' Insurance

"Washington, D. C., January 17, 1918."

"Walter M. Danburg, State Council Defense, Santa Fe, N. M."

Time for soldiers and sailors insurance expires February twelfth. One million men remain unprotected. We join War Risk Bureau in urging you to start publicity campaign to reach soldiers and sailors families and through them urge action by the men. See our letter of November twelfth. Fuller explanation following by mail."

"W. S. Gifford, Director Council National Defense."

## Oil and Gas Leases

O. T. Nye and W. A. Franklin have secured oil and gas leases on about 20,000 acres of land in the Capitan-Lincoln country. They are negotiating with other holders and expect to add another 20,000 acres for similar purposes. The lessees expect to interest capital in the proposition and hope to have derricks erected within the next sixty days at various points in the field. For years oil has been known to exist in that section, but no actual development has ever been attempted; consequently no definite knowledge exists as to the extent of the field. The proposition appears meritorious and a producing oil field may be opened right at our doors.

## Proclamation

In accordance with the statutes in such cases made and provided, we, the undersigned County Commissioners within and for the County of Lincoln, hereby proclaim and give public notice of an election to be held in Precinct No. 17 on the 7th day of February, 1918 for the purpose of electing a Justice of the Peace and a Constable for said precinct; said election to be held at the Spindle Post Office, and the following persons are hereby appointed as judges of said election: D. E. Spindle, Jesse Van Winkle and W. B. Walworth.

MELVIN FRANKS, Chairman.

O. T. NYE, Clerk.

## Make Good

NO POWER or hardship or condition can keep you down in knowledge, virtue or influence, except yourself.

Personal success depends upon personal intentions.

Today is the best day the world has ever seen; and tomorrow will be the better if each makes use of today's advantages.

A bank has more valuable services that are less understood by those for whom they are intended, than any other business institution; and what a bank means by its services is its ability to back up your activities with its law-prescribed functions.

The personal service of this bank is one of the advantages of making this your banking home.

[Did you ever have a successful man without a Bank Account? A bank account bears 4% interest, compounded twice each year.]

Exchange Bank of Carrizozo

## See MOORE, the Painter

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

Signs, Show Cards and Bulletins

## NO EXTENDED CREDIT

Effective February 1, we changed our methods of handling credits. Our terms are

STRICTLY 30 DAYS

and accounts must be paid on or before the 10th of the following month. Credit will be denied to those who fail to comply with this announcement.

We will continue to extend credit to those who are entitled to it, in the future as we have in the past, but must insist on a strictly 30-day basis.

## WESTERN GARAGE

### — M-O-N-U-M-E-N-T-S —

We carry the largest stock in the Southwest. Freight prepaid every job guaranteed. Write for designs and estimates.

Bowers Monument Company

215 East Central Albuquerque, N. M.

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ASK  
ABOUT  
IT

JOIN OUR  
CHRISTMAS BANKING CLUB  
with 5 cents and  
in 50 weeks  
HAVE \$63.75

JUST ONE LITTLE NICKEL WILL START YOU IN OUR 5 CENT CLUB; OR YOU CAN START WITH 10 CENTS, 2 CENTS OR 1 CENT AND INCREASE YOUR DEPOSIT THE SAME AMOUNT EACH WEEK.

IN 50 WEEKS:

10-CENT CLUB PAYS	\$127.50
5-CENT CLUB PAYS	63.75
2-CENT CLUB PAYS	25.00
1-CENT CLUB PAYS	12.75

OR YOU CAN MAKE THE LARGEST PAYMENT FIRST AND DECREASE YOUR DEPOSIT EACH WEEK.

IF YOU WISH TO DEPOSIT THE SAME AMOUNT EACH WEEK, JOIN OUR 50 CENT, \$1.00 OR \$5.00 CLUB. WE HAVE A CLUB TO FIT YOUR POCKETBOOK.

**THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK**  
OF CARRIZOZO