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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, MARCH 8, 1918.

NUMBER 10

A MESSAGE TO THE NATION

Nature has implanted in every human being a sense of justice. This sense of natural justice does not emanate from any religion or creed; it is the common possession of humanity. It constitutes the one great distinguishing mark between man and the animal. And the more highly educated, the more highly refined a man becomes, the stronger is his sense of natural justice. We condemn a violation of natural justice, not because we learn from a man or a book that such an action is worthy of condemnation, but because it violates that conception of justice which was born in us.

We do not have to be told that it is wrong to torture a helpless child. We do not have to be told that it is wrong to go to a farm house and burn it to the ground, torture its inmates, and then throw them into the burning ruins of their own home. Such things are repugnant to our sense of natural justice.

It is this elementary attribute of humanity, this quality which distinguishes man from the beast, which has been violated by Germany. Not only has natural justice been violated, but its violation defended by emperors, preachers, philosophers, teachers, and that mass of individuals who sympathize with the German cause.

While the most enlightened teachers of humanity are telling us that man by aspiration and effort can raise himself to partake of the Divine nature, Germany is teaching and practicing the doctrine that man should invert the theory and take his place amongst the lowest types in the animal world. They hold forth as the goal of human ambition, after centuries of upward struggle, the figure, type and mentality of a beast rather than that of a God. The animal which lives on the flesh of others, whose right to existence is based only upon its strength and its ability to crush its prey, would appear to be the German ideal.

It is largely because the German idea is so repugnant to us as enlightened Americans, because their practices send a shudder through every fibre of our bodies and produce such nausea in our souls, that we are at war with Germany today; and it is because of these conditions that every decent, honorable, thinking man must pledge, if necessary, his fortune, his life, his all, to eradicate this unspeakable thing which has fallen like a curse upon the sons of men.

Conceive, if you can, the condition of this world if we allowed such doctrines to prevail. Property would go to the man with the strongest arm and the most unscrupulous mind. Liberty would die a shameful death. Freedom would shriek as Justice falls. Religion would perish from the earth and a false God—one of blood, iron and beastiality, would be set up for the worship of a cringing, cowering humanity.

There are indifferent ones who say that such things can never happen in this country. These people do not realize that one of the penalties—the greatest of all penalties—which we should pay for defeat would be the Germanization of our people. One of the terms of our defeat would be the privilege of Germany to trade, teach and colonize freely in this land of ours. One of the things coveted most by the German mind is the souls of men, for when they have these they have their bodies, their wealth their all, and if during the course of the next generation

Local Mining Interest

The J. C. Mining and Smelting Co., the principal owners of which are W. B. Crabtree and Lon Jenkins, operating iron mines at Tecolote, have sold their holdings to the Cannon Ball Motor Co., of Texico, New Mexico. The J. C. M. & S. Co. has been shipping its product to Pueblo, Colorado, the past two years, but the product, since the sale of the property to the Cannon Ball Motor Co., is being held subject to the order of the purchaser. The development of the property continues and ore extraction goes on as before.

The Cannon Ball Motor Co. was organized less than a year ago with a capitalization of \$10,000,000.00, of which 1,500,000 shares, of the value of \$2.00 each, have been sold. J. D. Hamlin is the president and C. A. Roberson is the promoter and active vice-president of the concern. The company will make five classes of cars and trucks and by acquiring the raw product and its treatment by a smelter on the ground will have the principal material for construction right at home.

W. B. Crabtree, one of the owners of the J. C. company, and A. Holloway, representing the Cannon Ball Motor Co., were News visitors one day this week and we received the information from them concerning the new merger. A number of our citizens are already interested in the Cannon Ball Motor and a greater interest will no doubt now result from the purchase by that company of local mines. This company is the pioneer automobile company west of the Mississippi.

the Germans could capture or even deeply influence the soul of America they would consider that they had won the greatest victory in the history of their Nation.

As citizens of an enlightened democracy we must fight by every means in our power this menace which would steal our souls and those of our children. No greater tribute was ever paid to a human being than that paid to one of the old kings of England of whom it was said:

"His life was gentle, and the elements so mixed in him That nature might stand up and say to all the world 'This was a man'."

It is for such an eulogy we all yearn, unconsciously, if not consciously, and those who would lay restraining hands upon us as we aspire are our mortal and immortal enemies.

There is a practical side to every question, however great and spiritual that question may be. The warfare on behalf of your better self, for your higher interest, and that of your children, is being waged by brave men who have the profoundest claims upon your sympathy and assistance. It seems a pitifully small and totally inadequate thing that you can do, but yet if that is all—do it, and do it to the limit of your ability. Place on record your purchase of a Liberty Bond when the Government calls upon you in the very near future.

Card of Thanks

We wish to express our most sincere thanks to all who so kindly assisted us during the illness of our dear Elbert. The love and sympathy extended by our friends meant much to us in this time of bereavement.

Our loss is Heaven's gain. God bless and help us all.

Sincerely,

MR. AND MRS. E. T. COLLIER,
MAURINE COLLIER.

Little Son Dies

Elbert, the eleven-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Elbert T. Collier, White Oaks, died Saturday afternoon, following an operation of two days previous for appendicitis. The funeral services were conducted the following afternoon at the White Oaks cemetery by Rev. R. H. Jewelling. A number of friends accompanied the remains from here and were met at the cemetery by a large concourse of friends from White Oaks.

In the loss of their only son the grief-stricken parents and the sorrowing sister have the sincerest sympathy of a large circle of friends. The hopes and aspirations of the fond parents lie buried in its narrow vault and a home is left desolate.

"There is no flock, however watched and tended, But one dead lamb is there! There is no fireside, however defended, But has one vacant chair."

Johnson-Harris

Ira C. Johnson and Miss Pearl Harris were quietly married Monday morning at 9:30 at the Methodist parsonage, Rev. R. H. Jewelling officiating. Following the ceremony the young couple left for Roswell to visit the Cattlemen's convention and to spend their honeymoon.

These two young people are well known here and throughout the county, are members of two old Lincoln county families and favorites in a large circle of young people. The bride is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Harris and the groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. P. M. Johnson. The News extends heartiest congratulations and best wishes for the future welfare of the principals in the game of hearts.

Pastor Active

Rev. R. H. Jewelling had an active day Sunday. Two infants were baptized and three young ladies were received into the church on profession of faith, following the morning service. In the afternoon he conducted the funeral services of the little son of Mr. and Mrs. Elbert T. Collier, White Oaks, and in the evening he preached to a large congregation and administered the sacrament. The duties were symbols of life—joy and sorrow interwoven.

For the Red Cross

Philip H. Blanchard, of the Gallo-Macho Sheep Co., was in town Saturday and gave the Red Cross Chapter \$25.00. The chapter appreciates the donation and heartily thanks the donor for his generosity.

Baptist Church

Rev. J. M. Gorman, Pastor

The pastor will preach next Sunday, March 10, at 11 a. m., "The Cost of Being a Christian;" at 7:30 p. m., "The Cost of Not Being a Christian." The Evangelistic meetings are still in progress. The prayers of God's people are earnestly desired that his people may be relieved and many unsaved brought into the kingdom of his blessed Son.

The Sunday school extends a hearty welcome to every one. If you are a new comer to Carrizozo remember we would be glad to have you give us a visit and if you like the school join.

J. T. Greeno returned Wednesday from El Paso to which point he went Saturday last.

A Tale of Frightfulness

A young lady living in an east Texas town not more than 125 miles from Kemp, received a letter some days ago from her sweetheart, who is a prisoner in Germany. In the letter he stated that he was getting all he wanted to eat and wear and that the Germans were as kind to him as could be asked for. He also said he was sending her his watch as a keepsake. Later she got the watch and when she went to wind it, it would not wind, she carried it to a jeweler and down in the works the man had a note in which he stated that all he had said in the letter was a lie; that his nose and ears had been cut off by Germans and he would never see her again for he was a sight that would turn the strongest stomach into a vomiting fit.

The girl who received the letter lives at Nacadoches and there are people in Kemp who know her and the story to be true. —Kemp (Texas) News.

Cooperate With Farmers

The Farmers of the state will need the aid and backing of every patriotic citizen this year. The task the farmer has of raising food stuffs sufficient to meet the needs of the country is a very large one.

The part of the task consisting of preparing the ground and seeding is the small end of his proposition. As the season advances and the crops near harvest the greater becomes his problem—the problem of sufficient help.

The coming draft will take many who could be useful in handling this year's crop. The going of those men only increases the need for food stuffs if they do their duty well.

Every person able to do a few hours work a day must expect to be of some gainful occupation, particularly that which furthers the production of food stuffs. This can be done by actually producing a crop or by substituting for and relieving those who are able to get into the field and work.

In some sections of the country last year merchants, bankers, and professional men closed their places of business in order that they and their employees could go into the fields and help. Helping at the time of the peak load may save the day for the community, so far as cleaning up the harvest is concerned.

If the growing scarcity of labor continues, an appeal may be made to business to help, and business, for its own sake if not for patriotic reasons, must be ready to help.

For the want of a bushel of beans some New Mexico boy may be lost and for the loss of a field of wheat many a soldier may have to go into battle hungry to fight for his country and home.

The American would not knowingly permit such a situation but the situation is confronting us and inertia on the part of the business man as well as the farmer in planning now to handle this year's harvest may have disaster spelled into it.

The State Council of Defense, the Agricultural College, the U. S. Department of Labor and the U. S. Department of Agriculture are all working cooperatively in this matter of farm labor. The farmers by communicating their plans to any of these departments will aid materially the work these organizations are trying to do at this critical time.

Feed Chopper

(Deming Graphic)

Wm. G. Blodgett, noted engineer and machinist, who recently came from Michigan to the warmer climate of the southland, certainly conferred a great boon upon the cattle interests of the southwest when he invented a simple, solid, inexpensive machine that chops yucca plants into a perfect feed for cattle, sheep and goats at the rate of over 4,000 lbs. per hour at an expense of less than one dollar per ton. The machines are so cheap that a farmer with a half dozen cows can afford to own one and the cowman, with his herds of thousands, has only to run his machine for a longer period of time, or buy additional machines. It is profitable to any man with more than a half dozen cows, and is of inestimable value to the big cattle growers.

Any farm hand can learn how to operate it in two minutes and any power down to a four-horse power gas or oil engine will grind the hitherto useless yucca, any size, into fluffy perfect sized pieces that milk cows around Deming prefer to eat when bran is standing by. This statement is vouched for by the Fowler and Farmer ranches south of the city, where the Ideal Yucca Chopper is chopping this nutritious feed every day.

The excellent reports of government chemists as to the value of yucca plants, properly chopped, as a stock feed, is supplemented by such well known cattlemen as John D. Weems, of Sear, who likewise operates an Ideal machine.

It takes only one man to operate the machine and engine.

Wherever yucca grows, the Ideal choppers will be worth their weight in gold, but they don't cost that much.

State Land Sales

Santa Fe, N. M., March 4. — Two important sales of state land took place last week, in which Land Commissioner R. P. Ervin sold at public auction 28,082.33 acres in Mora county and 41,863.94 acres in Colfax county, the land being divided into thirty-two tracts ranging in acreage from 40 to 21,000 acres. The Mora county sales brought an aggregate selling price of \$175,430.60, or an average of \$6.25. One tract of 600 acres sold for \$16.00 an acre, while a tract of 11,952.11 acres went for \$7.11. In Colfax county the total of selling prices was \$221,254.81, or an average per acre of \$5.30 an acre. The tracts for the most part were small, and the bidding in the Colfax county sale was not as active as that in Mora county. Practically all of the lands in both these sales was grazing land of the better grade.

The land commissioner on March 1 paid to the state treasurer a total of \$89,000, income from the lands during the month of February, the total setting a new high record for that month which usually is one of the dull months for the land department.

Draft Evaders

Romaldo Chavez and Aristoteles Romero were before Commissioner Scott yesterday on the charge of evading the draft. Both entered pleas of guilty and signified their willingness to enter the army. They will be sent to Camp Funston at once. Their places of registration were Lincoln and San Patricio. Lack of knowledge of the draft law was given by the prisoners for their failure to register.

TO THE OLD WOMAN AND THE NEW WOMAN

Greeting. The best kind of men, the men who count for most in the world, the men who have "done things", almost without exception have been inspired by women. Dante was inspired by Beatrice—whom he saw only once. Socrates was inspired by a lady of whom he saw and heard too much. Henry VIII of England made history at the instigation of a number of ladies. Shelley wrote some of his best work under the influence of Mary Wollstonecraft—before she became his wife. But these women never did anything. They stood on pedestals and radiated inspiration.

Times have changed, and apparently women have changed. I do not know today of a single woman of my acquaintance, nor do I read of one in contemporary history, who is willing to be a silent partner in the business of a man's life, whether that business be running a kingdom, writing poetry, thinking great thoughts, or running a business.

The influence which women now exert and the inspiration which they offer to the male of the species comes from their leadership in human activities.

Those of us who are interested in the raising of the Liberty Loan in this section gladly accept the new order of things and call upon the new order of women to inspire and influence the men of the district by their actions and their example rather than by any attempt to stand on a pedestal and let somebody else do the work.

Woman today is claiming equal rights with man, and cannot expect to enjoy these unless she is willing to take her share of the responsibilities which rights and privileges always carry with them. The woman who believes in the equal civic right of the sexes is bound to take at least as active a part in the war as do the men. She can do no less unless she wishes to violate her own creed.

Let no one suppose for one moment that the writer of these lines imagines that the modern woman is less approachable on the grounds of her womanhood and her motherhood than the old fashioned woman who was content to knit socks, wash the children, and inspire her husband; but it is permissible to point out that the newer type of woman should help in the Liberty Loan Movement because she is a woman, a wife and a mother, and because in addition to all these things she is bound absolutely by the creed of the new womanhood to vie with men for supremacy in the realm of initiative and action.

It seems not unlikely that the women of the Eleventh Federal Reserve District will be the determining factor in campaign work during the Third Liberty Loan Campaign, and these remarks are addressed to the women of the District in the hope that they will take in this important work the position which they have claimed as their own; namely, that of comrade, co-worker, even leader, in all matters in which both men and women are jointly concerned for the national good.

Mrs. Corn Ill

Mrs. Sherwood Corn is suffering from a serious attack of erysipelas. She was at the Corn ranch home, about fifty miles north, when the malady made its appearance, and a wire was sent Dr. Johnson. The case was somewhat advanced when the doctor arrived and he brought her at once to the Paden hospital. Her condition is still quite serious, but the ravages of the disease appear to be checked and she is thought to be improving.

The Real Adventure

By Henry Kitchell Webster

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THE FIRST PERFORMANCE OF "THE GIRL UPSTAIRS" IS GIVEN WITH HUGE SUCCESS FOR ROSE—JIMMY WALLACE, DRAMATIC CRITIC, MAKES A DISCOVERY

Synopsis.—Rose Stanton, of moderate circumstances, marries wealthy Rodney Aldrich, on short acquaintance, and for more than a year lives in idleness and luxury in Chicago. The life pulls on her, she longs to do something useful, but decides that motherhood will be a big enough job. She has twins, however, and they are put in the care of a professional nurse. Rose again becomes intensely dissatisfied with idleness, so over the protest of her doting husband she disappears into the business world to make good on her own initiative, gets a job in the chorus of a musical comedy in rehearsal and lives in a cheap rooming house. Her taste and intelligence soon get her a place as assistant to the producer. Her fashionable friends think she has gone to California.

CHAPTER XIX.

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Success—And a Recognition.

There is a kaleidoscopic character about the events of the ten days or so preceding the opening performance of most musical comedies which would make a sober chronicler of them seem fantastically incredible. This law of nature made no exception in the case of "The Girl Upstairs." There were rehearsals which ran so smoothly and swiftly that they'd have done for performances; there were others so abominably bad that the bare idea of presenting the mess resulting from six weeks' toil, before the people who had paid money to see it, was a nightmare.

Of all the persons directly, or even remotely, affected by this nerve-shattering confusion, Rose was perhaps the least perturbed. The only thing that really mattered to her was the successful execution of those twelve costumes. The phantasmagoria at North End hall was a regrettable, but necessary, interruption of her more important activities.

She awakened automatically at half-past seven and was down-town by half-past eight, to do whatever shopping the work of the previous day revealed the need of.

At nine-thirty—an unheard-of hour in the theater—the watchman at the Globe let her in at the stage door, and Rose had half an hour, before the arrival of the wardrobe mistress and her assistant, for looking over the work done since she had left for rehearsal the day before.

She liked this quiet, cavernous old barn of a place down under the Globe stage; liked it when she had it to herself before the two sewing women came and later, when, with a couple of sheets spread on the floor, she cut and basted according to her canonic patterns, keeping ahead of the dying needles of the other two. After her own little room, the mere splendor of it seemed almost noble.

In keeping with the good luck which had attended everything that happened in connection with this first venture of hers, she was able to tell Galbraith that both sets of costumes were finished and ready to try on the very day he announced that the next rehearsal would be held at ten tomorrow at the Globe.

She persuaded the girls to wait until all six were dressed in the afternoon frocks and until she herself had had a chance to give each of them a final inspection and to make a few last touches and readjustments. Then they all trooped out on the stage and stood in a row, turned about, walked here and there, in obedience to Galbraith's instructions shouted from the back of the theater.

It was dark out there and disconcertingly silent. The glow of two cigars indicated the presence of Goldsmith and Black in the middle of a little knot of other spectators.

The only response Rose got—the only index to the effect her isbors had produced was the tone of Galbraith's voice. "All right," he shouted, "Go and put on the others."

There was another silence after they had filed out on the stage again, and this time in the evening gown—a hollow, heart-constricting silence, almost literally sickening. But it lasted only a moment. Then:

"Will you come down here, Miss Dane?" called Galbraith.

There was a slight, momentary, but perfectly palpable shock accompanying those words—a shock felt by everybody within the sound of his voice. Because the director had not said, "Dane, come down here," he had said: "Will you come down here, Miss Dane?" And the thing amounted, so rigid is the etiquette of musical comedy, to an accolade. The people on the stage and in the wings didn't know what she had done, nor in what character she was about to appear, but they did know she was, from now on, something besides a chorus girl.

Rose obediently crossed the runway and walked to the aisle to where Galbraith stood, with Goldsmith and Black, waiting for her. She was feeling a little numb and empty.

Galbraith, as she came, held out a hand to her. "I congratulate you, Miss Dane," he said. "They're admirable. With all the money in the world,

I wouldn't ask for anything handsomer."

The rest of it didn't matter to Rose—the more guarded but nevertheless cordial approval of the two owners, who had yet to make sure on the figures; and the details of settlement, which left her more than a hundred dollars' profit, even after she had deducted the hundred she owed Rodney. The point—the point—settled by Galbraith's praise—was that she had succeeded.

It was, on the whole, a good bargain on both sides. But Goldsmith and Black came back next day and drove another bargain, principally to their own advantage.

"You've certainly got a good eye for costumes, Miss Dane," Goldsmith said, "and here's a proposition we'd like to make. A lot of these other things we've got for the regular chorus don't look as good as they might. You'll be able to see changes to make in them that'll improve them maybe fifty per cent. Well, you take it on, and we'll begin paying you your regular salary now; you understand, twenty-five dollars a week, beginning today."

Rose accepted the proposition with a warm flush of gratitude. But, from the moment her little salary began, she found herself retained, body and soul, exactly as Galbraith himself was. They'd bought all her ideas, all her energy, all her time, except a few scant hours for sleep and a few snatched minutes for meals.

She gave her employers, up to the time when the piece opened at the Globe, at a conservative calculation, about five times their money's worth. Even if she hadn't been in the company, she'd have found something like two days' work in every twenty-four hours, just in the wardrobe room. There wasn't a single costume outside Rose's own twelve that didn't have to be remodeled more or less.

On top of all that, the really terrible grind of rehearsals began; property rehearsals, curiously disconcerting at first; scenery rehearsals that caused the stage to seem small and cluttered up, and last and ghostliest, a dress rehearsal, which began at seven o'clock one night and lasted till four the next morning.

If you had seen them that morning, utterly fagged out, unassisted by a single gleam of hope, you'd have said it was impossible that they should give any sort of performance that night—let alone a good one. But by eight o'clock, when the overture was called, you wouldn't have known them for the same people. There was the feeling, on the edge of this first performance, that they were now on their own.

The appearance, back on the stage, of John Galbraith in evening dress, just as the call of the first act brought them trooping from their dressing rooms, intensified this sensation. He was going to be, tonight, simply one of the audience.

Rose herself was completely dominated by the new spirit. Her nervous black, frayed, numb an hour ago had sprung miraculously into tune. She not only didn't feel tired, it seemed she never could feel tired again.

It wasn't until along in the third act that the audience became, for her, anything but a cold mass—something that you squeezed and thumped and worked as you did clay, to get it into a properly plastic condition of receptivity, so that the jokes, the songs, the dances, even the spinning little shafts of romance that you shot out into it, could be felt to dig in and take hold.

But along in the third act, as she came down to the footlights with the rest of the sextette in their "All Alone" number, one face detached itself suddenly from the pesty gray surface of those that spread over the auditorium; became human—individual—and intensely familiar; became the face, unmistakably, of Jimmy Wallace!

It is probable that of all the audience, only two men saw that anything had happened, so brief was the frozen instant while she stood transfixed. One of them was John Galbraith, in the back row and he let his breath go out again in relief almost in the act of catching it. He guessed

well enough what had happened. But it was all right. She was going on as if nothing had happened.

The other man was Jimmy Wallace himself. He released, too, a little sigh of relief when he saw her off in her stride again after that momentary falter. But he hardly looked at the stage after that; stared absently at his program instead, and presently availed himself of the dramatic critic's license and left the theater.

As for Rose herself, in her conscious thoughts she didn't recognize the hope already beating tumultuously in her veins, that he would tell Rodney—that perhaps even before she got back to her dismal little room, Rodney, pacing his, would know.

It was so irrational a hope—so unexpected and so well disguised—that she mistook it for fear. But fear never made one's heart glow like that.

That's where all her thoughts were when John Galbraith halted her on the way from the dressing room after the performance was over.

"I know you're tired," he said brusquely. "But I fancied you'd be tired in the morning, and I have to leave for New York on the fast train. So, you see, it was now or never."

Strangely enough, that got her. She stared at him almost in consternation. "Do you mean you are going away?" she asked. "Tomorrow?"

"Of course," he said, rather sharply. "I've nothing more to stay around here for." He added, as she still seemed not to have got it through her head: "My contract with Goldsmith and Black ended tonight, with the opening performance."

"Of course," she said in deprecation of her stupidity. "And yet it's always seemed that the show was you; just something that you made go. It doesn't seem possible that it could keep on going with you not there."

The sincerity of that made it a really fine compliment—just the sort of compliment he'd appreciate. But—the old perversity again—the very freedom with which she said it spoiled it for him.

"I may be misled," he said—it was more of a growl, really—"but I shouldn't be regretted. There's always a sort of 'Hallelujah chorus' set up by the company when they realize I'm gone."

"I shall regret it very much," said Rose. The words would have set his blood on fire if she'd just faltered over them. But she didn't. She was hoping.

"I'm sorry I haven't been able to do more," Rodney said—"do anything, really, in the way of showing you a good time. As a matter of fact, I've spent every evening this week here in the office."

"Oh, I haven't lacked for entertainment," the man said. "We hayseeds find the city a pretty lively place. I went to see a show just last night called 'The Girl Upstairs.' I suppose you've seen it."

"No," said Rodney. "I haven't."

"Well, it was downright funny. I haven't laughed so hard in a year. If you want a real good time, you go to see it."

The last part of this conversation took place in the outer office. Rodney saw the man off with a final handshake, closed the door after him, and strolled irresolutely back toward Miss Beach's desk.

It was true, he'd been taking it on rather recklessly during the past two months. But they'd been pretty sterile, those long, solitary evening hours. He'd worked furiously, grinding away by brute strength for a while, and then, in a frenzy of impatience, thrusting the legal rubbish out of the way and letting the enigma of his great failure usurp his mind and his memories.

"Telephone over to the University club," he said suddenly to Miss Beach, "and see if you can get me a seat for 'The Girl Upstairs.'"

The office boy was out on an errand and in his absence the switchboard was in Miss Beach's care. She arose obediently and moved over to the switchboard, then began fumbling with the directory.

"Why, Miss Beach!" said Rodney. "You know the number of the University club?"

He was looking at her now with undisguised curiosity. She was acting, for a perfectly inflexible machine like Miss Beach, almost queer. Without looking around at him, she said: "Mr. Aldrich, you won't like that show. If you go, you'll be sorry."

While he was still staring at her, young Craig came bursting blithely out of his office. "Oh, Miss Beach!" he said, and then stopped short, seeing that something had happened.

Rodney tried an experiment. "Craig," he said, "Miss Beach doesn't want me to see 'The Girl Upstairs.' She says I won't like it. Do you agree with her?"

A flare of red came into the boy's face, and his jaw dropped. Then, as well as he could, he pulled himself together. "Yes, sir," he said, swun-

d all along. I suppose it's the season I feel you never could be an actress. You see the thing the way I do—the whole fun of the game is getting the thing. Once it's got . . ." He snapped his fingers, and with an eager nod she agreed.

"Well then, look here," he said. "I've an idea that I could use you to good advantage as a sort of personal assistant. There'll be a good deal of work just of the sort you did with the sextette, teaching people to talk and move about like the sort of folk they're supposed to represent. It would be done more if we could teach chorus people to act human. Well, you can do that better than I, that's the plain truth. Under this new contract of mine that I expect to sign in a day or two, I'll simply have to have somebody. And then, of course, there's the costuming. That's a great game, and I think you've a talent for it."

"There you are! The job will be paid from the first a great deal better than what you've got here. And the costuming end of it, if you succeed, would run to real money. Well, how about it?"

"But," said Rose, a little breathlessly—"but don't I have to stay here with 'The Girl Upstairs'? I couldn't just leave, could I?"

"Oh, I shan't be ready for you just yet, anyway," he said. "I'll write when I am, and by that time you'll be perfectly free to give them your two weeks' notice. They'll be annoyed, of course; but, after all, you've given them more than their money's worth already. Well—will you come if I write?"

"It seems too wonderful to be true," she said. "Yes, I'll come, of course."

He gazed at her in a sort of fascination. Her eyes were starry, her lips a little parted, and she was so still she seemed not even to be breathing. But the eyes weren't looking at him. Another vision filled them. The vision—oh, he was sure of it now!—of that "only one" whoever he was, "that mattered."

"I won't keep you any longer," he said. "I'll have them get a taxi and send you home."

She said she didn't want a taxi. He didn't demur to her wish to be put on a car, and at the crossing where they waited for it after an almost silent walk, he did manage to shake hands and tell her she'd hear from him soon.

But he kicked his way to the curb after the car had carried her off, and marched to his hotel in a sort of baffled fury. He didn't know exactly just what it was he'd wanted. But he did know, with a perfectly abysmal conviction, that he was a fool!

CHAPTER XX.

Anticlimax.

It was out of the limbo of the unforeseeable that the blind instrument of Fate appeared to tell Rodney about Rose. He was a country lawyer from down-state, who had been in Chicago three or four days, spending an hour or two of every day in Rodney's office in consultation with him, and, for the rest of the time, dangling about, more or less at a loose end. A belated sense of this struck Rodney at the end of their last consultation.

"I'm sorry I haven't been able to do more," Rodney said—"do anything, really, in the way of showing you a good time. As a matter of fact, I've spent every evening this week here in the office."

"Oh, I haven't lacked for entertainment," the man said. "We hayseeds find the city a pretty lively place. I went to see a show just last night called 'The Girl Upstairs.' I suppose you've seen it."

"No," said Rodney. "I haven't."

"Well, it was downright funny. I haven't laughed so hard in a year. If you want a real good time, you go to see it."

The last part of this conversation took place in the outer office. Rodney saw the man off with a final handshake, closed the door after him, and strolled irresolutely back toward Miss Beach's desk.

It was true, he'd been taking it on rather recklessly during the past two months. But they'd been pretty sterile, those long, solitary evening hours. He'd worked furiously, grinding away by brute strength for a while, and then, in a frenzy of impatience, thrusting the legal rubbish out of the way and letting the enigma of his great failure usurp his mind and his memories.

"Telephone over to the University club," he said suddenly to Miss Beach, "and see if you can get me a seat for 'The Girl Upstairs.'"

The office boy was out on an errand and in his absence the switchboard was in Miss Beach's care. She arose obediently and moved over to the switchboard, then began fumbling with the directory.

"Why, Miss Beach!" said Rodney. "You know the number of the University club?"

He was looking at her now with undisguised curiosity. She was acting, for a perfectly inflexible machine like Miss Beach, almost queer. Without looking around at him, she said: "Mr. Aldrich, you won't like that show. If you go, you'll be sorry."

While he was still staring at her, young Craig came bursting blithely out of his office. "Oh, Miss Beach!" he said, and then stopped short, seeing that something had happened.

Rodney tried an experiment. "Craig," he said, "Miss Beach doesn't want me to see 'The Girl Upstairs.' She says I won't like it. Do you agree with her?"

A flare of red came into the boy's face, and his jaw dropped. Then, as well as he could, he pulled himself together. "Yes, sir," he said, swun-

d around, and marched back into his own cubbyhole.

"You needn't telephone, Miss Beach," said Rodney curtly. And, without another word, he put on his hat and overcoat, walked straight over to the club and told the man at the cigar counter to get him a ticket for tonight's performance of "The Girl Upstairs."

It was after five, and he decided he might as well dine here. So he went up to the lounge, armed himself with an evening paper, and dropped into a big leather chair.

But all his carefully contrived environment hadn't the power, it seemed, to shift the current of his thoughts. They went on dwelling on the behavior of Miss Beach and young Craig, which really got queerer the more one thought about it. . . .

He flung down his paper and went into the adjoining room. The large round table nearest the door was pre-empted by a group of men he knew, and he came up with the intention of dropping into the one vacant chair. But just before the first of them caught a glimpse of him his ear picked up the phrase "The Girl Upstairs." And then a lawyer in the group looked up and recognized him. "Hello, Aldrich," he said, and the flash of silence that followed had a galvanic quality. The others began urging him to sit down, but he said he was looking for somebody, and walked away down the room and out the farther door.

He knew now that he was afraid. Yet the thing he was afraid of refused to come out into the open where he could see it and know what it was. He still believed that he didn't know what it was when he walked past the framed photographs in the lobby of the theater without looking at them and stopped at the box office to exchange his seat, well down in front, for one near the back of the theater.

But when the sextette made their first entrance upon the stage, he knew that he had known for a good many hours.

He never stirred from his seat during either of the intermissions. But along in the third act he got up and went out.

The knot that flogged his soul had a score of lashes, each with the sting of its own peculiar venom. Everybody who knew him, his closer friends and his casual acquaintances as well, must have known, for weeks, of this disgrace. His friends had been sorry for him, with just a grain of contempt; his acquaintances had grinned over it with just a pleasurable salt of pity. "Do you know Aldrich? Well, his wife's in the chorus at the Globe theater. And he doesn't know it, poor devil."

The northwest wind which had been blowing telly since sundown, had increased in violence to a gale. But he strode out of the lobby and into the street unaware of it.

He found the stage door and pulled it open. An intermittent roar of hand-clapping, increasing and diminishing with the rapid rise and fall of the curtain, told him that the performance was just over.

A doorman stopped him and asked him what he wanted.

"I want to see Mrs. Aldrich," he said. "Mrs. Rodney Aldrich."

"No such person here," said the man, and Rodney, in his rage, simply assumed that he was lying. It didn't occur to him that Rose would have taken another name.

He stood there a moment, debating whether to attempt to force an entrance against the doorman's unmistakable intention to stop him, and decided to wait instead.

The decision wasn't due to common sense, but to a wish not to dissipate his rage on people that didn't matter. He wanted it intact for Rose.

He went back to the alley, braced himself in the angle of a brick pier, and waited. He neither stamped his feet nor fished his arms about to drive off the cold. He just stood still with the patience of his immemorial ancestor, waiting, unconscious of the lapse of time, unconscious of the figures that presently began straggling out of the narrow door that were not she.

What do you suppose happens when Rodney meets Rose at the stage door? It is a thrilling meeting they have—and the emotional stress takes them almost to the breaking point. The next installment tells you all about what happened.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Why He Came Home.

Rosecoe Boone, a Muncie electrical contractor, went home late the other afternoon to find Mrs. Boone entertaining a company of women at cards. He had forgotten about the party and besides it was the usual period of the day for him to remember about the evening meal.

"Oh, Mr. Boone," said one of the guests as he stumbled upon the room filled with women, "did you come home to supper?"

"Oh, no; not at all," he replied gallantly, even if somewhat confusedly. "I just came home to see what time it was."—Indianapolis News.

Spend More for Sweets.

American people are spending more for candy every year, according to figures compiled recently by the census bureau. They spent over \$185,000,000 for factory-made sweets last year, which is an average of about \$1.80 for every man, woman and child. Figures recorded 55 years ago show that the annual per capita consumption of candy was then about 15 cents.



WASH THE KIDNEYS!

All the blood in the body passes thru the kidneys every few minutes. This is why the kidneys play such an important role in health or disease. By some mysterious process the kidney selects what ought to come out of the blood and takes it out. If the kidneys are not good-workmen and become congested—poisons accumulate and we suffer from backache, headache, lumbago, rheumatism or gout. The urine is often cloudy, full of sediment; channels often get sore and sleep is disturbed at night. So it is that Dr. Pierce, of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute in Buffalo, N. Y., advises "Washing the Kidneys," by drinking six to eight glasses of water between meals and then if you want to take a harmless medicine that will clear the channels and cure the annoying symptoms, go to your drugist and get Anuric (double strength), for 60c. This "Anuric," which is so many times more potent than lithia—will drive out the uric acid poisons and bathe the kidneys and channels in a soothing liquid. If you desire, write for free medical advice and send sample of water for free examination. Experience has taught Doctor Pierce that "Anuric" is a most powerful agent in dissolving uric acid, as hot water melts sugar. Send Dr. Pierce 10c for trial package.

One thorn of experience is worth a whole wilderness of warning.—Lowell.

Piles Cured in 6 to 14 Days. Druggists refund money if PARSOLINER fails to cure itching, blood, hemorrhoids or protruding piles. First application gives relief. See.

Had a Fellow Feeling.

The village concert was in progress, and although all the local talent was mustered, Johnny, the squiro's son and heir, was bored, badly bored.

His mother grew anxious about him but when a small girl started piping "The Minstrel Boy," and reached the line, "His father's sword he has girded on," Johnny fairly pricked up his ears in excitement.

"You like this, Johnny?" said his mother. "It is—"

"Be quiet, mother, do," said Johnny. Impatiently. "I want to hear what happens when his father gets to know!"—London "Tid-Bits."

Lesson in Geography.

Readers of General Allenby's dispatches, unfamiliar with the peculiarities of the Dead sea, were not a little puzzled at his description of British airplanes flying four hundred feet below the sea level. But reference to a geography brought the information which solved the riddle; the Dead sea lies 1,292 feet below the surface of the Mediterranean, so that airplanes sailing four hundred feet below sea level were still at an elevation of eight hundred and ninety-two feet. Lessons in geography abound in the papers nowadays!

Tied His Dog to "Fliver."

When Henry Ward, prominent in Seelina (Kan.) business affairs, tied his vicious bulldog to his "fliver," merely as a protection to dogs with better dispositions, he was arrested.

"Guilty?" asked the court, after informing the defendant he was charged with violating a city ordinance against attaching a tin can to a dog's tail.

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"Eleven dollars," said the court. And Mr. Ward paid.

Seems Impossible.

"I can imagine many things, but—" "But what?" "But a Russian making peace."



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"There's a Reason"

Heart of Pan-German Conspiracy of World Conquest

Whole Scheme of Prussian Dominion Based Upon Absolute Control of Middle Europe From Hamburg to Bagdad

By HARRY PRATT JUDSON, President of University of Chicago

The pan-German plot to dominate the world has been worked out with characteristic German thoroughness. There is no land on the globe in which the web of intrigue has not been woven. Every country has its place in the scheme and is expected to fall into its place at the proper time and in the proper way. Bribery at one point, battery at another, the dexterous use of innocent visionaries, the careful encouragement of dissensions everywhere, the industrious dissemination of falsehoods tending to embroil nations with one another, class with class, and all to weaken and demoralize any peoples who might by union become strong—this sort of thing for years has been going on in the hands of German agents everywhere.

The progress of the world implies the growth of good will and mutual helpfulness wherever men make their homes. Pan-German intrigue fomenta

to the full the medieval ideas of absolutism. It is only since 1806 that the title of emperor of Austria has been used; in fact the head of the House of Hapsburg reigns in many of the crown lands of the empire by inheritance, as duke, count or whatnot. In 1826 the duke of Austria was elected king of Bohemia, and in the same year he was elected king of Hungary. These titles and the regal authority which they gave, although in each case the crown was by right elective, the Hapsburgs have kept as hereditary and despotic, quite as much as in their hereditary upper and lower Austria. Thus, in the first place, we have as an essential factor in the dual monarchy a medieval and aristocratic monarch—and a monarchy in a German family.

The second striking fact is the diversity of races and languages. Germany is nearly homogeneous. It has on its borders some non-Germanic subjects, inhabiting lands which represent some of the plunder of Prussian wars—Poles in Posen, Danes in Schleswig, French in Alsace-Lorraine. But the great mass of the people of the empire are German in blood and speech.

Germans in Dual Monarchy.

In Austria-Hungary, however, the Germans are a minority; in a total population of about 50,000,000 there are only 12,000,000 Germans. The other races are, in round numbers, Slavs, 24,000,000; Magyars (Hungarians), 10,000,000; and Latins, 4,000,000.

In other words, the population is 24 per cent German, 48 per cent Slav, 20 per cent Magyar, and 8 per cent Latin.

But note that the German Hapsburgs, as long as they could, ruled autocratically in the interest of Germanizing the entire empire. German was the official language. German were the laws, German the officers. The collapse of the Austrian armies in 1859, in the war with France and Sardinia, and again in 1866, in the war with Prussia, compelled the Hapsburgs to modify their methods. A simulacrum of elective parliaments was introduced, and in 1867 the empire was divided. The Magyars were taken into partnership and the dual monarchy was formed. In Vienna the head of the house of Hapsburg reigns as emperor of Austria; in Budapest he reigns as king of Hungary. Each monarchy has its own parliament and cabinet, and there are joint ministries of foreign affairs, war and finance, with a sort of joint parliamentary committee for common purposes.

But while in this arrangement of 1867 the Magyars were given their freedom, pains were taken by both the Germans of Austria and the Magyars of Hungary that the Slavs should be pushed to the wall. Said the Austrian representative, Count Beust, at that time to his Magyar colleague: "We will take care of our barbarians; you must take care of yours."

Whom did he mean?

Germans Control Austria.

Austria has a population of some 28,000,000. Of these there are 10,000,000 Germans, the remaining 18,000,000 being mainly Slavs—Poles and Bohemians, Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes, with many Italians in the provinces bordering Italy. It is these non-Germans, especially the Slavs, whom Beust called "barbarians." The Austrian parliament is cunningly juggled in the membership of its elective lower house. At the sitting last spring—the first meeting since the war broke out—a rabid pan-German was elected to the presidency of the lower house by a vote of 215 to 105—215 Germans to 105 non-Germans in a nation in which the Germans are in a minority with a ratio of 10 to 18. The electoral law puts about an average of 42,880 Germans in a parliamentary district, while it takes about 65,470 Slavs to elect one deputy.

Polish Galicia is a fragment of Poland, the ancient kingdom destroyed by Prussia, Austria and Russia near the end of the eighteenth century; Galicia was Austria's share of the loot.

The Bohemians, with their neighbors, the Slovaks of Moravia, are descended from the sturdy race of John Huss and of Comenius. Their forefathers unwisely elected the head of the house of Hapsburg as their king in 1526, and the ancient constitution of St. Vaclav soon was disregarded, and the liberty-loving Czechs became little more than helots of their Austrian overlords. The house of Hapsburg is not noted for fidelity to engagements.

Serbs Virtually Serfs.

The Croats, Serbs and Slovenes are a remnant of the great Serbian monarchy of the fourteenth century, which was overrun and crushed by the Turks. Austria protected them, gladly used them in her armies, and in turn made them virtual serfs. They are essentially the same people and speak the same language as the Serbs of Serbia and Montenegro.

The Italians in Austria are reminders of the time when a large share of Italy was under the Austrian yoke. The wars of 1859, 1866 and 1867 drove the Hapsburgs out of the Italian peninsula, but it will take another war for the rest of the really Italian lands, Italia Irredenta, to be secured from the ancient tyrant.

Hungary, too, has by no means a homogeneous Magyar population. There are some 10,000,000 Magyars,

perhaps 2,000,000 Germans and some 8,000,000 Slavs, Romanians and Italians. The Hungarians, like the Germans of Austria, manage their electoral districts so as to keep a majority of parliament always Magyar.

But besides the two parts of the dual monarchy there are the imperial provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina, with a population of about 2,000,000, nearly all Serbians. These provinces by the great general European treaty of 1878, by which the war between Russia and Turkey for the liberation of the races of the peninsula from the age-long tyranny of the Turks was ended, were turned over to Austria-Hungary to administer, with the specific provision that they should not be annexed. They were to be held in trust. In justice both provinces should have formed a part of the kingdom of Serbia, to which country they naturally belonged by race, language and historical traditions. But Austria-Hungary was determined to keep Serbia weak, and in 1908 the dual monarchy annexed them, in flagrant disregard of the treaty of 1878.

Slavs Kept in Subjection.

Here, then, we have the essence of Austria-Hungary: An autocratic German monarchy; a pretense of parliamentarism with elective lower houses; a German minority dominant in Austria by aid of the German monarch; in Hungary the Magyars keeping down the Slavs and Latins with an iron hand.

Now comes in the German Kaiser. In order to save control from Hamburg to Bagdad, which is absolutely essential to the plan of German world dominion, there must be complete German ascendancy in the Balkan peninsula. Dependency of Bulgaria under a German king; dependency of Greece under a king ruled by his queen, the Kaiser's sister; Serbia crushed and made a dependency by conquest would secure this object. The crushing of Serbia was the keystone of the arch.

Control of Austria Necessary.

But German control of the Balkan lands could not be effected without absolute German control of Austria-Hungary. The alliance which has now prevailed for so many years is not enough. The bonds must be drawn far closer, and in such a way as to make Germany really the controlling force; to make Germany will law throughout Austria-Hungary. A confederation of the two countries in a customs union is the first step to be devised. This was the well-known device by which Prussia paved the way for political supremacy in north Germany. Then these economic ties would soon be supplemented by others, which would in fact make the dual monarchy, though under the guise of an alliance, little more than a satrapy of Prussia. The war has brought the two powers a long way on this path, the Austrian armies being under German command and Austrian policies being determined now in Berlin. This is the Mittel Europa of the pan-German schemes, to which reference has been made above.

Thus we see clearly the sequence of the Prussian plan: To dominate Austria-Hungary, then to dominate the Balkan peninsula, then to dominate Turkey, then to dominate the world. And the keystone of the arch is Austria-Hungary.

Security Only in Complete Victory.

The world can be made safe from the Prussian piratical attack only, first of all, by a military victory so complete that German militarism is definitely overthrown; in the second place by adequate securities against another such wanton breaking of the world's peace.

What these securities must be can be determined definitely only after the victory is made sure. But, whatever else may be decided to be necessary, surely the most essential thing of all will be to prevent Germany from adding to her military power the millions of subjects of Austria-Hungary, the great majority of whom are not Germans, are not Magyar, and who are themselves inherently hostile to all schemes of German aggression.

How can this insurmountable bar be put across the path of the German invasion of the East?

In either of two ways. Should the dual empire give freedom to its Slav subjects and become a federation of three—German, Magyar and Slav—or of four—German, Magyar, North Slav (Bohemian-Slovak), and South Slav (Serbo-Croat)—there would be no difficulty.

If this reorganization is refused, then the only alternative for the safety of the world will be found in a disruption of the ramshackle Austro-Hungarian empire of oppression. The Poles of Galicia should go to a free Poland, not a German-ruled Poland, but an independent Poland. The Bohemians, with their fellow Czechs in Moravia and Silesia, should be restored to their old freedom. The South Slavs should go where they belong, to a greater Serbia. The Roumanian Latins of Transylvania should go to their own kin of Roumania, and the Italian Latins to Italy. These free and strong states will be rescued from Austrian tyranny, and will put an impassable barrier between Prussianized Germany and Constantinople.

Promises Cannot Be Trusted.

Some such guarantees the world should secure to prevent another Prussian war of conquest. Treaties cannot bind the present German state or the present Austrian state. We remember the Belgian treaty and Prussia, the Berlin treaty of 1878 and Austria.

Then, too, we must recall that Austria is quite as guilty of bringing on the world war as is Germany. The arrogant ultimatum to Serbia, obviously not intended to be met in such a way as to make peace possible, was the act directly of the Austro-Hungarian government.

WASHINGTON SIDELIGHTS

United Service Club of America Proves Popular

WASHINGTON.—Washington has a historic Army and Navy club. Like everything else connected with the war and navy departments, the sudden expansion of the nation's fighting forces overtaxed this club. Officers swarmed to Washington too fast to be absorbed by the existing club. Hence the United Service Club of America had its inception. But the Washington problem is not the only one the new club hopes to meet. Henceforth officers will gather in many cities, near the great camps and cantonments in this country, and later behind the fighting lines abroad. Even greater will be the need in these places for some common meeting ground for men who wear shoulder straps. Last November three young officers put their heads together to find a way to meet this need. They were Capt. L. H. Ellison, engineers, U. S. R.; Capt. T. H. Messer, engineers, U. S. R.; and Lieut. E. C. Irion, infantry, N. A. Secretary of War Baker gave them his hearty indorsement of a project they worked out for a service club, to be launched in Washington, with auxiliaries wherever officers of the army and navy are gathered.

A historic Washington home was leased and opened as the headquarters of the parent club. This home is the so-called Westinghouse mansion, 1500 Twentieth street, facing Dupont circle. It was built by James G. Blaine, later belonged to his son, was occupied for a brief time by Joseph Leiter, and passed into the hands of the Westinghouse family, and now is the property of George Westinghouse, Jr., from whom it was leased.

So popular has the club become that options already have been obtained upon several other buildings in the neighborhood, which are under consideration for use as additional sleeping quarters. In the original club building there not only are rooms to be had for officers who remain here for a time, but the fourth floor is given over to a barracks to accommodate the overflow of transients who desire accommodations for a night or two as their assignments bring them to Washington.

Some of the Freaks Found in the Patent Office

THE man who said that the one place in all the United States where freaks existed and were to be found in great abundance was the patent office at Washington, certainly told the truth. The craziest offerings of the human mind may here be found in the various freak inventions which go forth each working day of the office. Almost daily some inventive genius offers a model of something which will benefit the great world at large, and perhaps within the same hour some mechanical lunatic seeks a patent on some "rattle brain" idea which he avows will cause people to live 600 years if they but follow "instructions on the perfect system of physical culture."

A certain poultry genius has sent in a model of a box-trap nest for nonproductive egg hens. The hen sits in the nest, the bottom of which contains a hole about three inches in diameter. When she lays an egg, down it drops through the hole into a box prepared with straw to insure nonbreakage, and when the old hen rises no egg is to be seen. Presto change! She resists, and thenceforth lays another shelled beauty.

There hangs a luminous harness which has been patented, so that a horse being driven through the country at night will look like a sheet of chained lightning. A pocketbook conceals a pistol, and we are assured that the hold-up men will not come along our way if they know we are loaded for them.

Old Bony, Slippery Street and a Good Samaritan

HE WAS one bony-ribbed old horse that couldn't skate. So he slipped on the ice and fell. In the wagon he was hitched to sat two women of the gingham-apron class, both with the comfortable shapelessness that comes from hog and cornpone. One sat behind on a sack of something, shrouded under a quilt and with her head bound all around with a pink nuby that had faded in the wash. The woman who drove was topped with a fur cap with ear flaps that was lawfully intended for a man. Everything else was lathes and scumpling picked up from some house wrecking, except for one chicken that craned its head above a wired box top.

The driver-woman lumbered to the asphalt when the horse began to slide and tried to hold him up. But he fell with a convincings that could have given points to Mother Eve and Old Rome.

Pink Nuby kept to her sack, but helped along with advice which the other was too wise to follow.

The old horse lay as rigid as a dead thing that needed burying, his eyeballs showing white and his exposed teeth hard and yellow, like winter corn. Just as it seemed the exciting moment for a policeman to come along and do things with his pistol, a good Samaritan crossed from the south side of the avenue—halted—unbuckled some harness—untangled the reins from the hind hoof—boosted old bony to his feet and set him between his harness—buckled him in and tossed the lines to Ear-flaps, who had lumbered back to her seat—waved a hand in jolly protest to ward off jubilating gratitude—and boiled out of the incident.

You couldn't expect an earth earthly chap with an unregenerate air of been at lunch—and maybe before and after—that prohibition had not yet succeeded in apothecizing out of his system to size up to the outward virtue of that other Samaritan of the Scripture, but the deed was equally helpful.

Washington Composer Designs Flag of Allies

TO A WASHINGTON composer and artist belongs the distinction of having put into tangible form the idea of the unity of purpose of the United States today with that of her allies in the great war. This has been done in the form of a flag that is unique in both the breadth and sentiment of its symbolism.

Designed and painted by Miss Winifred Gary, who as composer was awarded the medal and diploma for musical composition at the world's fair, this flag of America and her shield of the allies the motto: "Liberty, Humanity, Democracy."

Set upon a pure white ground, the flag is striking in appearance with its large circle of the flags of the 17 nations who had entered the war against autocracy at the date of its completion, August, 1917. Since that time Brazil has brought the number to 18. President Wilson was the first official to see the flag, and it bears the stamp of authority through the official sanction of Secretary of State Lansing, while the order of flags was compiled by Second Assistant Secretary of State Alvey Adee.

Beginning at the top of the circle and reading to the right, the flags represent the allies in the order of their entrance into the war. In the line the United States is twelfth in the list, which is as follows: Serbia, Russia, France, England, Montenegro, Japan, Belgium, Italy, Portugal, Roumania, Greece, United States, Cuba, Panama, Siam.

Within the circle of flags—the circle that is a symbol of eternity, with its background of white denoting purity of purpose—is a shield, the shield of the allies, crowned by the American eagle, in which protecting talons is held the motto—"Liberty, Humanity, Democracy"—a sentiment particularly fitting to the spirit of the hour.

There are 17 stars and 17 stripes in the shield. The stars are set against a chief of dark azure. The pales or stripes, caught from the colors of the allied flags, have been almost mathematically arranged so that any three of them, read successively, will form the colors of some one of the flags.



Harry Pratt Judson.

distrust and ill will; seeks out all the discordant elements of life with tireless unrelentingness. German agents are found stirring up anti-British sentiment in India and South Africa and Ireland; anti-American sentiment in Mexico and Colombia, in Argentina and Chile; animosity against the whites among southern negroes; dislike of Japan in America and dislike of America in Japan; discord between Walloons and Flemings in tortured Belgium. All this is to the definite end of smoothing the way for German arms when the time comes to strike. German military power finds German intrigue and treachery its handmaid.

Hamburg to Bagdad.

But the basis of the whole scheme of Prussian world dominion is absolute German control from Hamburg to Bagdad. This implies a fortress in the center of Europe, from which lightning blows can be struck in all directions. It implies an entrenched position on the North sea, on the Baltic, on the Adriatic, on the Aegean, on the Black sea and the Straits, on the Mediterranean and the Persian gulf. It implies domination, political, military and economic, of the Balkan peninsula, with all its rich lands, of the Suez canal and Egypt. It means the domination of Asia and Africa. It means as Napoleon said, Constantinople, the empire of the world. There might be the simulacrum of an alliance with Turkey and Bulgaria, Serbia, and Greece. But, throughout all, Germany would everywhere absolutely control, for German political power and for the development of German capital and German industry. For all practical purposes it would be a German empire from the Baltic to the Persian gulf.

But in order to carry out this vast scheme, grandiose as it may appear, but quite real and definite, as it is in point of fact, the first condition, without which all would fall to pieces like a house of cards, is to secure complete control by Germany over the dual monarchy, Austria-Hungary. The alliance at present and for so many years in force must be exchanged for a much closer relation, one which, whatever its form, will mean that Germany has the final voice in every essential question. As in the German empire under the guise of federation it is in the last analysis Prussia which determines all essential policies, so in the new Mittel Europa, it will be Germany, in other words Prussia, which will really govern. Whatever the outward semblance of things, in fact Austria and Hungary will then cease to be independent. The German Kaiser will make the Prussian will supreme throughout. The reasons for this German middle Europe plan will appear later.

Absolutism in Austria-Hungary.

But what is the dual monarchy which the Prussian king aims to make his footstool?

The House of Hapsburg has reigned in Vienna for centuries. It has come down from the middle ages and retains

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W. N. U., DENVER, NO. 7-1918.

Surely Meatless Day.
They didn't violate "meatless day" after all.

Food conservation bath its heroes and heroines no less than war.

A young housewife bought herself a lamb stew, and that evening set it forth for the delectation of her husband.

The stew was mostly lamb bone, the husband thought, as he searched the dish for a bit of meat.

His probe proved unsuccessful.

But he didn't say anything.

Neither did his wife, but she was thinking a lot.

All of a sudden the husband spoke up.

"Why, this is meatless day!" he gasped, horror struck in remembrance.

His wife looked sadly at the dish.

"It is," she said, grimly.

RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.

To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbe Compound, and 1/4 oz. of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Full directions for making and use come in each box of Barbe Compound. It will gradually darken streaked, faded gray hair, and make it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off. Adv.

Might Have to Say Them Twice.

While snowbound at his aunt's house my son Harold was put to bed temporarily, waiting for the storm to cease. Aunt Edith said to him: "Harold, why don't you say your prayers?" and he sweetly answered: "I don't know if I should say my prayers because I don't know if I'm going to sleep her tonight."—Chicago Tribune.

Pretty.

"Is she very pretty?"

"Very. She keeps her father broke buying gowns to equal her face."

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

Lots of men don't have to travel far when they go to the bad.

Ten smiles for a nickel. Always buy Red Cross Bag Blue, have beautiful, clear white clothes. Adv.

After all, the speculator is a sort of bargain counter.

The highest liberty is the liberty to do right.

Keep Yourself Fit

You can't afford to be laid up with sore, aching kidneys in these days of high prices. Some occupations bring kidney trouble; almost any work makes weak kidneys worse. If you feel tired all the time, and suffer with lame back, sharp pains, dizzy spells, headaches and disordered kidney action, use Doan's Kidney Pills. It may save an attack of rheumatism, dropsy, or Bright's disease. Doan's have helped thousands back to health.

A Colorado Case

J. K. May 2124 Main St., Sterling, Colo., says: "I was almost helpless with sharp pains in my back. My limbs were stiff and sore and I always felt tired and restless. The kidney secretions passed far too often. On a friend's advice, I used Doan's Kidney Pills and they freed me of the troubles. I seldom have need of a kidney medicine now, but nevertheless, I wouldn't be without a box of Doan's in the house."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60¢ a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

COUGHING

annoys others and hurts you. Relieve throat irritation and itching, and get rid of coughs, colds and hoarseness by taking at once

PISCO'S

Carrizozo News

Published Friday at Carrizozo,
Lincoln County, New Mexico.

Entered as Second Class Matter at the Postoffice
at Carrizozo, New Mexico, June 7, 1909.

Subscription Rates, \$2.00 Per Year;
Six Months, \$1.00

JNO. A. HALEY, Editor and Publisher

Walton for New Mexico

Washington, February 5.—The resignation of Congressman W. B. Walton from the Committee on War Claims of the House of Representatives and his unanimous election to a place on the Committee on Irrigation of Arid Lands marks a change that is of importance to the people of New Mexico.

When he came to Washington less than a year ago Congressman Walton made his request for committee appointments on the basis of service to the people of his home state. He did not go out after the "fancy" assignments but asked to be put on those committees where he could do the most good for New Mexico. His appointment to the Committee on Public Lands, and Indian Affairs, two of the most important of all the committee assignments that any western congressman could hold, were evidence of the esteem in which he has been held from the first by his brethren of the democratic majority in the lower house.

At the opening of the present regular session Mr. Walton, notwithstanding his comparatively short term of service, was elevated to a committee chairmanship, that of the Committee on Expenditures in the Department of Justice, a recognition seldom accorded a new member. The Committee on War Claims while an important one did not give Mr. Walton the opportunity that he desired to look after the interest of his constituents in the way that he wished, and it was for this reason that after the conclusion of the extraordinary session of Congress he sought a change to a committee which would put him more in line with the work that he feels himself best fitted to do. The new assignment means more hard work, but it also gives Mr. Walton the opportunity to accomplish more for New Mexico, especially as to irrigation matters, a proposition of the greatest import to the people of the state.

Methodist Church

Rev. E. H. Lovell, Pastor

Sunday School at 9:45 a. m. Come out and get in the "Bug Drive". We have a rose for you when you join.

Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Mrs. D. S. Donaldson and her choir will have a treat for you. Our aim is to make every service a joyous one.

The Epworth League at 7 p. m. This is the finest bunch of young people in the county. Line up with them and enjoy your Sunday evenings. A wide awake service every Sunday. "Yours for courteous treatment and a square deal."

Notice for Publication

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at
Hoswell, N. M., February 15, 1918.

Notice is hereby given that William J. Ayres, of Carrizozo, N. M., one of the heirs of William H. Ayres deceased, who on May 1, 1915, made and filed for record his application for the right of pre-emption of the NW 1/4, Sec. 12, T. 25N., R. 12E., S. 12E., and the NE 1/4, Sec. 12, T. 25N., R. 12E., S. 12E., has filed notice of intention to make three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before U. S. T. Nye, Clerk of the Probate Court, in his office at Carrizozo, N. M., on March 25, 1918.

Witness my hand and seal at Carrizozo, N. M., this 15th day of February, 1918.
EMMETT PATTON,
Register.

Notice to Creditors

We have gone on a 30-day basis and all old accounts must be settled at once.

Western Garage

Ford

THE UNIVERSAL CAR

The Ford Model T One-Ton Truck Chassis, \$600 f. o. b. Detroit, has been thoroughly tested for more than two years. It is sold you now in the assured confidence that it will meet your requirements and expectations. The regular Ford frame, only larger and heavier, the regular Ford motor with direct driven worm gear; wheel base of 124 inches and will turn inside a 46-foot circle. It has all the simplicity of the Ford car, all the economy in operation and maintenance. Come in and we'll give you further details.

WESTERN GARAGE

F. B. SHIELDS, Prop.



Building Material

With a large stock of Lumber, Shingles, Prepared and Iron Roofings, Screen Doors, Paints, Varnishes and other goods we can give you good service.

We solicit the trade of the people of Lincoln county, Carrizozo and adjacent towns.

Foxworth-Galbraith Co.

D. R. STEWART, Manager

It is our desire to bring home to you the fact that our bank can help you to a large extent in financial affairs. The price of prosperity is industry and economy and those who will not pay the price reap only penury. We all make enough money to become comfortably established but it is only the wise few who save it. Let us prove this argument to you in person.

Stockmens State Bank

CORONA, NEW MEXICO

Ford Raises the Price on Fords

Effective this date prices on Ford cars, f. o. b. Carrizozo are as follows

Ford Touring \$515.80

Ford Runabout 500.14

WESTERN GARAGE

Red Cross Dance

A big dance at White Oaks on March the 16th to raise money for Red Cross purposes.

Old dances will be introduced now and then during the evening refreshments.

3-1-2t Committee.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

U. S. Land Office at Hoswell, N. M.

February 4, 1918.

Notice is hereby given that the State of New Mexico, under the provisions of the Acts of Congress approved June 21, 1906 and June 26, 1906 and with supplementary and amendatory thereto, has filed in this office selection lists for the following described lands:

Lot No. 50, Serial No. 04298, Highway Bond Fund, all of Sections 21, 25, 28 and 33 T. 5N. R. 5E. N. Mex. Mex. 750 acres.

Protests or contests against any or all of such selections may be filed in this office during the period of publication hereof, or at any time before final certificate.

EMMETT PATTON,
Register.

Try a Classified in the News

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

Notice

Any person or firm having a claim against John E. Bell, Merchant of Carrizozo, N. M., will please file same with the undersigned not later than March 15, 1918, in order that such claim may be allowed.

C. A. PERKINS,

Assignee for John E. Bell.

Carrizozo Live Stock Commission Company

A new enterprise now ready for business. Buying, selling ranches and live stock of all kinds. Sheep, goats, cattle, horses, and mules. We have quite a lot of business listed and several customers desiring to purchase stock of various kinds. We respectfully ask a portion of your business. Guaranteeing satisfaction and prompt attention. Room 4, Lutz Bldg.

2-22-1f

The Titsworth Company

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Studebaker Wagons
Goodyear Casings
Kansas Blackleg Serum
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Steel Roofing
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John Deere Plows
Cotton Waste
Blackleaf 40, Etc.

The Titsworth Company

CAPITAN, NEW MEXICO

For Weak Women

In use for over 40 years! Thousands of voluntary letters from women, telling of the good Cardui has done them. This is the best proof of the value of Cardui. It proves that Cardui is a good medicine for women.

There are no harmful or habit-forming drugs in Cardui. It is composed only of mild, medicinal ingredients, with no bad after-effects.

TAKE

CARDUI

The Woman's Tonic

You can rely on Cardui. Surely it will do for you what it has done for so many thousands of other women! It should help. "I was taken sick, seemed to be . . . writes Mrs. Mary E. Vcate, of Madison Heights, Va. 'I got down so weak, could hardly walk . . . just staggered around. . . I read of Cardui, and after taking one bottle, or before taking quite all, I felt much better. I took 3 or 4 bottles at that time, and was able to do my work. I take it in the spring when run-down. I had no appetite, and I commenced eating. It is the best tonic I ever saw.' Try Cardui.

All Druggists

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

R. L. Ransom
Plasterer & Contractor

Estimates furnished on all kinds of plastering and cement work. CARRIZOZO NEW MEXICO

GROW WITH US

Our Facility for Handling Your Business Equals any

It is convenient for you and a pleasure for us

Interest Paid on Time Deposits
THE LINCOLN STATE BANK

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

E. W. GURNEY, Manager.

Table Supplied with the Best
the market affords.

WE ARE THE EXCLUSIVE
DISPENSERS OF

Nayal's Compounds

PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY
COMPOUNDED

Kodaks, Kodak Supplies and Stationery
Ice Cream and all Kinds of Iced Drinks

Rolland Bros.



Safeguard Your Home

OPEN an account with this Bank and throw around your home, as well as your money, the strongest possible safeguard.

Self-interest should induce you to employ the convenience and accuracy to be found in the use of a checking account. It helps to keep expenses down and supplies a permanent record of your living costs.

You will find this Bank interested in your progress and able to help you in many ways. We believe that we have carried personal service in banking to the utmost degree of usefulness. Certainly we try at all times to make every depositor, large or small, feel he is a friend as well as a customer.

You cannot make a wiser move than to come in at your earliest convenience and open an account.

[A Term Account for your savings earns 4% compound interest, materially adding to your income.]

Exchange Bank of Carrizozo



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

Red Cross Benefit

Mary Pickford, the darling of the screen, will be presented by the Marine Hospital Amusement Association, at their amusement hall, in Fort Stanton, in her greatest screen success, "A Romance of the Redwood," on Tuesday evening, March 12, 1918, and the proceeds donated to the Red Cross.

The gigantic red-woods, together with the mountain forest scenes and the immense rolling plains of California display some of the most wonderful settings ever caught by the camera and offer a striking background for the romantic story with its charming situations of particular heart appeal.

Show will begin promptly at 7:30 o'clock. Admission price, 25 cents.

Be present and help a good cause.

COMMERCIAL HOTEL.

Have made this hotel new by cleanliness.

RATES REASONABLE

Mrs. J. R. McElhenny, Proprietor

Senator Jones

Appointments

Washington, D. C.—Senator Jones has sent to the War and Navy Departments the names of the following New Mexico boys as his candidates for admission to the United States Military and Naval Academies:

West Point—Principal Candidates, Volney A. Poulson, Portales, N. M., and Edward J. McGee, Silver City, N. M. First Alternates, James Stackpole, Socorro, N. M., and Louis J. Lujan, Santa Fe, N. M. Second Alternates, Benjamin J. Melton, Clayton, N. M., and Robert A. McKinney, Roswell.

Annapolis: Principal Candidates, August B. Horton, Socorro, N. M., Everett Milton Grantham, Carlsbad, N. M., Charles F. Hudisburg, Carlsbad, N. M., and William C. Hunter, Farmington, N. M. First Alternates, William W. Long, Albuquerque, N. M., Jack Deon Pullen, Tucuman, N. M., Henry C. Archibald, East Las Vegas, N. M., and William S. Parsons, Fort Sumner, N. M. Second Alternates, Charles Ray Hill, Carlsbad, N. M., Knock O'Dwyer, Dunaway, Portales, N. M., Ralph S. Brooks, Albuquerque, N. M., and Thomas E. Stroud, Clovis, N. M. Third Alternates, Clarence D. Huffine, Raton, N. M., Herbert R. Oliver, Carlsbad, N. M., Gerald T. Gouin, Silver City, N. M.

Out of the successful candidates two will receive appointments to West Point and four to Annapolis, the government examinations for the former being held March 19th and the latter April 16th.

More than ordinary interest was displayed in the examinations and there was keen rivalry for Senator Jones' nominations. Forty-five young men from all over the State took the examinations and the designations were made upon no other consideration than the ratings attained by the respective candidates. The examinations were held December 22nd, 1917 at Carlsbad, Roswell, Clovis, Albuquerque, Santa Fe, Raton, Tucuman, Chama, Alamogordo, Gallup, Silver City, Fort Sumner, Farmington, Las Cruces, Deming, Socorro, Aztec and Las Vegas, New Mexico, under the supervision of Dr. Frank H. H. Roberts, President of the New Mexico Normal University, through the cooperation of local teachers at the respective points. They were based as nearly as possible on the government examinations given in previous years. Advance publicity was given and opportunity afforded every young man in the State who cared to do so, to take them.

Our cash prices are guaranteed the lowest, get them before ordering your next bill, Carrizozo Trading Co.

SHALL WE SEE IT THROUGH OR QUIT?

The Government is finding it necessary to call upon us three times within a year to provide by subscriptions to Liberty Loans, sums of money hitherto considered of fabulous proportions. These facts should impress upon us as no mere words could do, the intense seriousness, the stern necessities, of the situation.

Continued acquaintance with the more serious aspects of life is apt to breed indifference, and to distort our mental vision. As the soldier shudders with horror at his first sight of carnage, but later becomes hardened, so are we apt to become complacent under conditions which call actually for increasingly strenuous effort.

The Liberty Loan with its original accompaniments of novelty and noise appealed to our national love of a new sensation. In the Third Campaign much of the novelty will be lacking, but the serious purpose behind the campaign will have grown. Our money was needed when both the First and Second Liberty Loans were floated, but it will be more than ever needed when the Third Loan is called for. Our army has grown, our national pay-roll has grown, the needs of our allies have grown, the necessity of forever banishing the unspeakable menace of Prussianism has grown. No longer can we hope that the entrance of this Country into the struggle will induce an early peace. More arrogant, more desperate than ever the German Government puts forward its impossible claims upon the rights and life of humanity.

Our Government in its growing need is calling upon us to give up our luxuries, is conscripting the lives of our sons, is controlling trade, labor, and prices, with an ever increasing earnestness and firmness of purpose.

The test of our personal strength of character and determination is at hand. Your Government pleads with you very earnestly to preach and practice both before and during the next Liberty Loan Campaign a steadfastness of purpose, an unselfish patriotism, which shall reflect the spirit of a man who having set his hand to the execution of a necessary task would rather lose that hand than draw it back. This is the spirit of our President, of our Allies—it is surely our own.

Colorado Potatoes, \$2.75 per cwt. by the sack. Feed whole-sale, Corn \$4.00, Chops \$4.10, Mill Run Bran \$2.65, shorts \$3.40 per cwt. Humphrey Bros. 2-22

FOR SALE—Thirty H. P. (Portable) Boiler and fifteen H. P. (Eccentric) Engine in good working order, they will last for many years. Suitable for saw-mill and deep well drilling. Will sell cheap for cash or good note. Address, J. T. J. Martin, Corona, New Mexico. 2-22-41

RED CROSS NOTES

Especially Prepared

Government authorities have sent broadcast, through the Council of National Defense, and the Red Cross a message and a warning to women to stop the use of bright-colored yarns for nonsensical purposes. It is stated that official correspondence shows that women in the United States have used up enough wool for fancy sweaters to equip the greater part of the army, thus making it impossible for contractors and mills to supply the needs of Army, Navy, and Red Cross. It is said that "in this emergency the possession of more than one sweater should be a cause for shame rather than pride." The situation in regard to wool supply is such that economy in its use is a vital necessity. Women are particularly requested not to encourage further manufacture of colored yarns not suitable for soldiers' and sailors' garments.

The following are some of the purposes for which Red Cross funds are being expended: Infirmarys and rest stations for the sick; disinfecting rooms and dormitories for soldiers; hospital equipment, medicines and dressings. (Nearly 4000 of the 6,000 hospitals in France are now receiving supplies from American Red Cross. Motor trucks which make the American Red Cross independent of the overburdened railways in France are furnished, also ambulances for the wounded and food for the sick and needy civilians and the destitute of all classes and for general relief work in the various countries where the government has sent special American Red Cross commissions.

It is interesting to note the effect of the war, with its Red Cross and other allied activities, upon the women's colleges throughout our United States. For years there has been discussion pro and con with an attempt to change the trend of things in these colleges so that the finished product might be a more practical and useful being with ability to handle real life

problems, but conservatism was too deeply entrenched until our complete shaking up came with our entrance into the world war. The past year has wrought wonderful changes in all the women's colleges just as it has in everything else in the country.

Certain war courses are now added to the regular curriculum. These courses embrace land-line telegraphy; wireless telegraphy; automobile mechanics; nautical astronomy; navigation; elementary nursing; principles of war relief; medical laboratory methods; and home economics (dietetics, conservation of food and training for work in canteens and soup-kitchens); also industrial chemistry; farm management; office routine work and many more such practical studies. Of course no one college has undertaken all of these but each makes its selection from such a list. The average "wartime course" embraces business, hygiene, house economics and social service, while all the colleges have been working their own gardens and "model farms." Mount Holyoke cultivated fourteen acres last summer and furnished all the vegetables for the table as did Vassar and Bryn Mawr. It was no uncommon thing to see the dean of Bryn Mawr—Miss Helen Taft—in garden togs, wielding a hoe.

Harvard Dental School is giving a training course for women and the Engineering Departments in many universities are enrolling women. In one such department in Kansas 150 women are studying electrical engineering. It is said that last summer fourteen Vassar girls volunteered for farm work and from June 17 to August 11 held their jobs, getting up at 4 o'clock in the morning and working at all kinds of farm work. The leisure hours of the college girls are spent in knitting and sewing for Red Cross. Wellesley girls have their signs out on their doors stating what they can do. "Shine shoes," "Shampoo," "Do up hair," "make beds for lazy students" are some of the things they offer to do.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

GEO. SPENCE W. C. MERCHANT
SPENCE & MERCHANT

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Rooms 5 and 6, Exchange Bank Bldg.
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Carrizozo, N. M.

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Will practice in Federal and State Courts
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Carrizozo, N. M.

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Funeral Director and Licensed Embalmer
Phone 96
CARRIZOZO, N. M.

W. B. EDWARDS, M. D.

Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Specialist
Fits Glasses
Will visit Carrizozo regularly
CARRIZOZO, N. M.

Carrizo Lodge

No. 11

Knights of Pythias

Meets every Monday evening in the Masonic Hall. All members are urged to be present and visiting Knights welcomed.

S. L. Squier, E. A. O. Johnson, C. C. K. of R. & S.

Carrizozo Lodge,

No. 41,

A. F. & A. M.

Regular Communications of Carrizozo Lodge No. 41, A. F. & A. M., for 1918:
January 25, February 22, March 22, April 20, May 20, June 22, July 20, August 15, September 14, October 19, November 16, December 14 and 27.
H. E. BLANEY, W. M.
S. F. MILLER, Secretary.

I. O. O. F.

Carrizozo Lodge

NO. 30

Carrizozo, N. M. Regular meeting nights, 1st and 3rd Fridays each month.

S. F. MILLER, N. G.
M. H. MONTGOMERY, Sec'y.

THROUGH DAILY SERVICE

ROSWELL-CARRIZOZO MAIL LINE

Leave Roswell, 7:00 a. m.
Leave Carrizozo, 1:00 p. m.
Arrive Roswell, 8:30 p. m.
Arrive Carrizozo, 2:15 p. m.

INTERMEDIATE POINTS

Picacho - Tinnie
Hondo - Lincoln
Capitan - Nogal

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

ROSWELL AUTO COMPANY

OWNERS AND OPERATORS

W. H. CORWIN

Contractor and Builder
Brick, Plastering & Cement Work. Estimates furnished.
Oscuro, N. M.

Men with money and ability conduct our NATIONAL BANK

We are a member of the Federal Reserve System of Banks

R-36

OUR BANK IS A MEMBER BANK OF THE FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM WHICH MEANS THAT WE CAN GO TO OUR DISTRICT FEDERAL RESERVE BANK AND GET MONEY, ON OUR APPROVED SECURITIES, WHEN WE WANT IT.

YOU CAN GET YOUR MONEY WHEN YOU WANT IT WHEN YOU HAVE IT IN OUR NATIONAL BANK.

DO YOUR BANKING BUSINESS WITH US AND COME IN AND CONSULT US WHEN YOU FEEL YOU NEED FINANCIAL GUIDANCE.

COME TO OUR BANK

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF CARRIZOZO

Bevo

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 sip 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.

Sold in bottles only and bottled exclusively by

ANHEUSER-BUSCH—ST. LOUIS



See MOORE, the Painter

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

Signs, Show Cards and Bulletins

— 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.

SPRING GOWNS AT HOME AND ABROAD

New York.—That large segment of people on this continent, called society, which means those who have money to indulge in what they wish to do, has been unable to decide between two problems.

They did not know whether it was best to fight out the cold of heaviest houses in the North or to take their



Simple frock for young girl. It is of blue georgette crepe, the skirt tucked in groups. The waist is finely tucked and finished at the neck with a white organdie fleche.

chances of getting South within a few days after they started. Each case brought its train of evils. Each situation was full of discomfort.

The majority of them shrugged their shoulders with the trick we are trying to learn from the French and used the phrase that has become incorporated in our language, "dans la guerre, comme la guerre."

The dressmakers, who must be opportunists, divided their time between offering stay-at-home clothes that looked as though they were intended for a Siberian winter, and this apparel that is always associated with the sands of Palm Beach in February.

Havana presents more novelty than the Florida, Georgia and South Carolina cities. Another language is spoken, other customs prevail and the Latin brush has been passed over everything and left its mark of color, allurements and brilliancy. Therefore, the clothes that went to Cuba were extremely good looking.

Shifting of Fashion.

It is undoubtedly important to take cognizance of the clothes that were invented for the South. They were put out in a tentative manner because of chaotic conditions that the war brought about not only in travel, but in the expenditure of money. The dressmakers knew that no one would want these clothes except for August, Havana, Miami and Palm Beach.

Alken puts its faith in sport clothes. Possibly that is because Alken is easily more fashionable and has more social prestige than any other colony foregathered in the South, and as it is intimate and goes there for outdoor pleasure purely, it not only indulges in new sport clothes, but in many, many old ones.

The straight silhouette has been approved, the scarcity of material accepted, plaited skirts are accomplished and the verdict has been given for strictly tailored and mannish apparel. And yet, before the eyes, an actual and concrete fact, are frocks that are girlish and futile and full of small and minor trifles that destroy elegance.

There are fleches and ruchings and plaited bands of ribbon and silly smashes and awkward loopings at the ankles, and baby sleeves finished with ruffles and sometimes with a few blossoms.

Is this the new silhouette produced by America? Has it anything to do with Paris? Is it a makeshift or a determined effort to change what has been into something that has been dropped?

The Paris doors are opening to the few American buyers that have crossed the ocean, and the sketches of the new gowns, as they have been outlined in Paris, do not lead one to suppose that there is any shifting of fashion over there from a severe, straight silhouette to a Dolly Varden kind of a thing that is utterly unbecoming to the American woman and has nothing in common with her stern activities in wartime.

Over there, Bulloz, who has had a dominating influence on clothes for three years, has thrown his cap over the windmill and gone in for the directoire. This is a fashion that the American woman wears in a manner

peculiarly suitable to her figure and personality.

Sleeves fit the arm at the top and branch out into wide cuffs or flares that are lined with brilliant, striped silks, and the elongated décolletage that shows the neck only as far as the collarbone is quite severe, edged with an upstanding ruche of white tulle or organdie.

Chains of brilliant quartz or carved, opaque stones drop over the plain, tight blouses in the early Italian fashion. Sleeves are sometimes laced, as they were in the days when Ghirlandajo painted the lovely Giovanna Tornabuoni on the canvas which is now owned by J. Pierpont Morgan.

March will decide the issue between the two fashions. America is evidently striving to produce a silhouette of her own, and she is trying it out at the Southern resorts. It consists of a straight, narrow skirt and a short Eton jacket, or a drapery of material that suggests such a jacket. She is destroying all severity of line by adding ruchings, plaited ribbons and various kinds of ornamentation that break the surface and do not sharply outline it.

The Spring Materials.

There is a patriotic effort made by the American dressmakers to bring in such fabrics as are produced by our cotton mills.

The use of the gayly colored calicoes of the South which have been worn by the negroes for generations, has long been advocated, and the use of the handanna handkerchief for trimming. It is quite possible that the northern part of the country has never quite realized the beauty of the cheap fabrics that are turned out in hales by the Southern mills.

Calico has never come into its own in this country, although Paul Poiret admired it more than any other national fabric that we offer. There is an effort being made to introduce it at the Florida resorts this spring, and it may come about that we shall see it in a great variety of costumes late in the season.

Jersey is rampant, and when made of artificial silk threads or of this worsted, it holds its own in an amazing manner. The novelty Jersey shows a cream or oyster white background with a large and rather grotesque ornament woven into it or applied by means of small beads.

All the Chinese fabrics have been reinstated. Shantung in its khaki color has again been found an admirable material, especially when its dullness is enlivened by a bit of Natter blue, deep scarlet and sometimes with a combination of black and orange.

Georgette crepe has a powerful position. It has taken on a bit of kinship to the embroidered Jersey by having stamped circles or interlaced rings dripping across its surface. It comes in odd colors of light blue with rings of deeper blue.

Brilliantly printed silks, usually of American make, are put back into the spring fashions, although they need an artist to incorporate them in a costume. The world is rather weary of the Futurist designs, as they have



Afternoon gown of shantung. It is khaki-colored and the collar is natter blue. The wash is finished with blue silk tassels and there is a chemise of tulle. The elbow sleeves are an added feature.

been commended in these silks to an alarming degree. The Italian striping is preferred, especially when used as a sash, as a turnover collar or as facings to the wide Italian sleeves that the French designers have pressed upon their public.

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PUBLIC IS EAGER FOR SEA STORIES

Personal Narratives of Sailors Are Particularly in Demand at This Time.

OLD TALES ARE READ AGAIN

Interest in Merchant Marine Responsible for Demand for Stories of Sailors—Escape of Mariners From Arabian Sands Told.

Washington.—Officials of the Congressional library, which is in a way a clearing house for all the libraries of the country, state that at present there is a lively demand from readers for all kinds of literature relating to sea lore, and especially to the adventures of sailors in the American merchant marine.

Personal narratives are in greatest demand, and are the hardest for the ordinary reader to find. There are, however, a good many of them, both here and in public libraries and special collections in Eastern cities.

Many of these books, now being re-read with public interest after many years, have particular point at this time for their value in indicating the grip with which American sailors face peril and hardship, such as the present era of German "frightfulness" at sea is apt to impose at any time on American crews.

A visitor to the capital the other day had in his grip one of these old volumes of adventure that may be cited as an example of the kind of literature the American sailors of long ago produced for the benefit of posterity.

It was written and published in 1794 by one Daniel Saunders, an American sailor, and described his sufferings, and those of his shipmates, in escaping from the Arabian desert, after being cast upon its burning shore by shipwreck.

Daniel Saunders was a seaman on the ship Commerce of Boston, which while coasting in the Eastern seas for a cargo, and on a voyage from Madras to Bombay "on the coast of Malabar," stranded in the night on a beach on the Arabian coast, the captain having lost his bearings.

On attempting to land on the beach the crew of 34 souls were menaced by savage natives. They therefore manned their boats and coasted along shore. On the second day out they were caught in a gale on a lee shore, and obliged to make a landing on the beach through high surf.

In making the landing one boat was upset and three of its occupants lost their lives, among them being "Nathaniel Seaver Jun, the merchant's son." In those days, merchants made voyages, and the father of this lad "stood an uphappy spectator of this melancholy catastrophe." His grief, says the author, "may be more easily imagined than described."

Attacked by Arabs.

Wet and weary, the sailors lay down to sleep. They were roused by the approach of a band of 18 Arabs, mounted on camels, "and armed with spears, cutlasses and knives," who attacked them, stole all the stores that had been in the boats, and robbed them of all their clothing, "even to the shirts off our backs."

As the camels could not carry all the plunder, the brigands finally left "some old clothes to cover us, to prevent the sun from burning our skins." One got a pair of trousers, another a coat, another a shirt, but one got only a strip of canvas, which he wrapped around him.

Thus arrayed, the shipwrecked mariners, on being left by their plunderers, set out for Muscat, which they were told was five-days' journey distant.

Their way lay "through fields of burning sands and over mountains of rocks and precipices, affording neither food nor water."

In this scorching desert, famished, and with tongues cracked and mouths sore, the sailors found themselves exposed to a sun of incredible fierceness by day, and to cold dews at night.

For two days they stumbled on along the seashore, with neither food nor water. On the third day the party broke up into several smaller groups. Some sought a shorter route by following paths that led inland. Saunders and three companions tried the inland route, and came upon some vines that bore a kind of melon, resembling watermelon.

Fervently tasting some of the fruit, they found it bitter and unfit for food.

Turning back to the beach, the wanderers met three Arab fishermen, who robbed them of some books and papers, and took from the man with the canvas his sole protection from the sun. Later that day Saunders and his party met an Arab who directed them to a well. Here they were joined by Captain Johnson of the Commerce and a few of their mates.

The next day they found food, in the form of crabs and cockles taken at a rocky point on the beach.

Natives Were Kind.

The wanderers now began to meet more natives, both men and women. The latter were kind to them, giving them water from goatskin containers, but robbing them eventually of their shoes. Captain Johnson was relieved of his trousers.

Faring on the next day, the captain fell, because his "sinews and nerves had been so contracted by the sun and dews that he found himself unable to travel."

Brave in the face of death, the captain "told us he could not wish us to make any delay for him, but advised us to make the best of our way along."

The party was forced to leave him. A little later they came upon one of their companions who had been without water or food for five days. They covered him with leaves from a wayside bush, and left him.

That night, Saunders, leading his little party, came upon a village of nomads camped under some trees, who gave the sufferers water.

Next day an old woman, living solitary in a hut, gave them boiled crabs, and directed them to an island inhabited by fishermen. This they reached by wading. There they were rejoiced to find Captain Johnson, who had been rescued by a native.

A bargain was struck with the fishermen to take the wanderers to Muscat on camels, which were sent there for supplies.

After almost incredible sufferings, on a journey covering two weeks, the sailors of the Commerce, nearly naked, emaciated, and covered with sores that were flyblown, reached the port they sought. Here they were tenderly cared for by the English consul, who supplied them with clothing and forwarded them to Bombay. All but eight of the ship's company reached Muscat.

Saunders was two years getting back to Salem, his native town, which he reached after many other adventures, having been absent on his voyages three years and four months. He remained ashore but a short time.

WINS HARD FIGHT WITH SUBMARINE

Thrilling Report of Naval Gun Crew's Defense of Steamer Luckenbach.

MEN MAIMED, SHIP AFIRE

U. S. Destroyer Rushes to Rescue Just as Shell Cripples Engines—Crew Fires 202 Shots to Foo's 225.

Washington.—A detailed account of the four-hour battle on October 19 last between a German submarine and the American steamer J. L. Luckenbach has been furnished to the navy department by the commander of the naval guard on the Luckenbach, which reached port, although hit several times by shells. The submarine fired 225 shots and the Luckenbach 202. In the midst of the battle wireless distress calls sent out by the Luckenbach were picked up by an American destroyer, which replied that it would take two hours to reach the scene, and advised the steamer not to surrender. Two hours and twenty minutes later the destroyer had arrived close enough to fire its first shot at the submarine, which submerged ten minutes later and disappeared.

The report received by the navy department says that at 7:30 a. m. the Luckenbach reported a steamer ahead. The commander of the armed guard sighted her himself about one point forward of the port beam. While he was scrutinizing the steamer through the glass a sail appeared on her. Both of the Luckenbach's guns were trained on the vessel. The guard

DR. YAMIE KIM



Dr. Yamie Kim, one of China's first woman physicians, is a frequent visitor to Washington, where she has become known as one of the most interesting of the capital's foreign guests.

CONSERVATION

Little bits of bacon.
Little grains of wheat.
Give a soldier's body
Energy and heat.

commander then went aloft to obtain a better view. When he was half way up, the vessel, now discovered to be a submarine, opened fire.

The Luckenbach immediately replied with both guns. The first two or three shots fired by the submarine fell about 2,000 yards short. She was firing at long range. The Luckenbach's shots also fell short. As the submarine appeared to be closing in, the captain was told to put the stern of the Luckenbach to her, which he did. It was then that distress signals were sent out by wireless.

Shell Starts Fire Aboard.

The submarine closed in to about 2,000 yards. Early in the battle a shot from the submarine landed on the deck forward on the port side and exploded in the gun crew's quarters, starting a fire which partially destroyed the quarters and burned the effects of the gun crew.

A shot landed near the stern and exploded, putting the after gun out of commission.

"At least 225 rounds were fired by the submarine, out of which there were only nine clean hits," the commander reports. "Pieces of shell were falling all around the deck. Two shots landed on the port side forward, striking the oilers' room and putting a large hole in the side; one landed on the port side at the water line, hitting the fresh water tank and destroying most of the fresh water supply. Another landed in the petty officers' mess-room and exploded, putting the ash-holot out of commission and bursting the steam pipe, also wounding two men, one mess boy and one fireman. One shot passed through the weather screen on the bridge and landed in the cargo, exploding but not starting a fire. Pieces of shell hit V. Louthier, one of the armed guard, in three places. One of the ship's crew who was carrying ammunition forward was hit. Another shell exploded in the engine room, wounding the first and third engineers and putting the engine out of commission. Bell, one of the gun crew, was going up the forward ladder carrying ammunition when the shell that landed in the quartermaster's room exploded, the fumes from the shell blinding him for about two hours."

Would Never Surrender.

The distress calls were answered by a United States destroyer at 8:10. The destroyer was asked how quickly it could arrive at the scene.

"Two hours," was the reply. The captain of the Luckenbach said: "Too late. Look for boats."

"Don't surrender," came back the message, and the Luckenbach replied: "Never."

At about 11 a. m. smoke—that of the destroyer—was sighted on the horizon. The Luckenbach was headed toward the smoke. It was shortly after this that the engines were temporarily put out of commission by a shell. At about 11:30 the destroyer fired her first shot at the submarine, which submerged ten minutes later.

"The ship's crew behaved creditably, no trouble being experienced in getting them to pass ammunition," the commander of the armed guard reports. "The firemen stayed below. Great praise is due the armed guard for the manner in which they performed their duty. The men stationed at the guns never flinched. When the after gun was put out of commission the after pointers came to the forward gun and relieved one another, as 167 rounds were fired out of the forward gun."

The destroyer stood by until the engines were repaired, which took about two hours and a half, and then escorted the Luckenbach to a convoy, which was reached about 5 p. m.

FIGHT BOCHE WITH LETTERS

Undergraduates of Vassar College Will Flood Russia and Enemy Countries With Messages.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—"Combat German propaganda in Russia. Acquaint the Russians with intimate details of American life."

This is the slogan of undergraduates of Vassar college. The girls have organized to flood Russia and even Germany and Austria-Hungary with personal messages. The messages or letters are being sent to Europe every week. Each letter details the life of an American college girl, describes her home, her tastes and amusements. It explains what the United States really is. Numerous letters from students already have reached Russia via the diplomatic mail pouch.

FRIENDLY SCUFFLE OVER \$2

Court Decides It Couldn't Have Been Anything Else When He Viewed the Fighters.

New York.—Two negroes appeared before a local magistrate on the charge of fighting. One was 8 feet 5 inches tall, the other 5 feet and 11 inches.

Both declared "it was a friendly scuffle over \$2."

"It could hardly have been anything else," mused the court, as he dismissed the two.

The colored giant stooped low to clear the doorway as he passed out of the courtroom, a doorway which his "fighting companion" could scarcely reach by jumping.

A KLONDIKE TO THE REAL FARMER

A Western Canada Crop Estimated at \$12,000, Makes \$19,000.

Messrs. Harris, formerly of Audubon, Iowa, wrote the "Audubon Advocate," expressing their satisfaction of things in Western Canada. They located at Makepeace, Alberta. They say there are those who make good, and those who fail. The former are those that land agents refer to when advertising their land. "But," continues the letter, "A great many of the farmers in this vicinity pay for their land with their first crop. A man near here bought a section of land in the year 1915 for \$25 per acre. He broke 800 acres of the land during the summer of 1915. In the fall of 1915 he threshed 16,000 bushels of wheat, which paid for his land, all expenses and had a balance of \$4,000. In the fall of 1917 he threshed nearly as much off the other half of the section. At the present time he would not take \$50 per acre for his land.

"We have had five crops in Alberta. The two dry years (1914-1917) our wheat made 20 and 30 bushels to the acre respectively. In 1916 we raised 50 bushels of wheat to the acre on summer fallow. The best results are obtained by plowing or breaking in the summer, working it down in the fall so that it will retain the moisture. Thus farming one-half your ground each year.

"Persons owning land here and still living in the States should, if they don't feel themselves able to come up here and finance themselves until they could get their first crop, get some of their land broken and worked down in the fall before they come. The next spring they could come and put in the crop, fence and put up their buildings. This way they have to wait only one summer for their first crop.

"It is not advisable for a person to come here in the spring, break out land and put it in crop the first year, because the moisture is not in the ground and a failure is almost certain unless it is an exceptionally wet year."

"One of the boys from that locality, Mr. Peder M. Jensen came to Alberta last spring. He bought a 30-60 Rumely Oil-Pull engine on the 8th day of June, 1917. After that date he broke 1,100 acres of prairie sod for which he received an average of \$5.00 per acre.

"Mr. Hansen from your community, was up here last fall with several prospective land buyers from that neighborhood. At that time he inquired the value of the crop on the section we were farming. We told him that it would probably make to the neighborhood of \$12,000. This same crop when sold brought nearly \$19,000. The most of it being sold when prices were low for the year."—Advertisement.

He Took His Tin Hat Off.

A man staggered down the trench with blood running over his face and over his uniform. There was so little room at this point that we had to flatten against the wall to permit him to pass. Close behind was another soldier with a small red cross on his sleeve, not a Red Cross nurse as they never are at the front. He started to tell us that the wounded man had just taken his helmet off—but the wounded man preferred to tell the story himself. "I just took off my tin hat to scratch me blooming top place when whang! Shrapnel. And now it's me back to blighty under me own power." He wobbled on.—London Chronicle.

GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER

has been a household remedy all over the civilized world for more than half a century for constipation, intestinal troubles, torpid liver and the generally depressed feeling that accompanies such disorders. It is a most valuable remedy for indigestion or nervous dyspepsia and liver trouble, bringing on headache, coming up of food, palpitation of heart and many other symptoms. A few doses of August Flower will immediately relieve you. It is a gentle laxative. Ask your druggist. Sold in all civilized countries.—Adv.

Interchange.

"This prohibition proposition," commented Broncho Bob, "won't be workin' right for Crimmon Gulch until Jugville gets just as dry as we are."

"Why should you care about a neighboring settlement?"

"Well, it's a little too close. Some o' the boys are driftin' into the way of spendin' their money for liquor in Jugville and usin' old Crimmon Gulch as a sort of dormitory to sleep it off."

Flery Red Pimples.

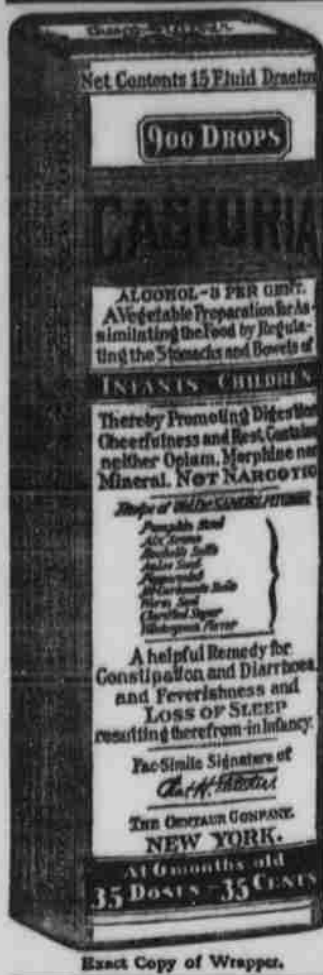
A hot bath with Cuticura Soap followed by an application of Cuticura Ointment to distressing eczemas, etc., proves their wonderful properties. For free samples address "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston." At druggists and by mail. Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50.—Adv.

When some people are praying for sunshine and others for rain nothing much happens.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. It cures Coughs and Croup and cures the COLIC. B.W. DRUGS & MEDICINE CO. each box, 10c.

Some people use religion as a cloak and some use it as an umbrella.



CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria

Always Bears the Signature of

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.

In Use For Over

Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

YOU COOK YOUR FOOD—WHY NOT YOUR TOBACCO?

YOU know what broiling does to steak, baking to a potato—and toasting to bread. In each case flavor is brought out by cooking—by "toasting." So you can imagine how toasting improves the flavor of the Burley tobacco used in the Lucky Strike Cigarette.

IT'S TOASTED



FOR BETTER ROADS

IMPROVING THE BAD SPOTS

Certain Small Ruts That Are Usually Wet and Soft Determine Load Farmer Can Carry.

The worst holes in the road always determine the load the farmer can market. No stretch of roadway is uniformly good, because every road has certain small spots that are usually soft and wet. These spots cause more trouble than the rest of the road combined. How these spots are to be improved depends on the character of the soil, and the nature of the country. Many such spots owe their character to a soft subsoil, due to springs. Before these roads can be permanently improved they must be underdrained. If a tile is laid in these places there will usually be no trouble in the future. The surface of the road should then be filled with dirt and crowned, so any surface water may run off. If this is done there will be no trouble from subsurface water.

Many roadways that are closed in with shade trees are bad. If a goodly portion of the scrub timber along these roads be removed, the ground will dry out and no trouble result. If the character of the soil is soft and pliable, so that it will not pack and remain firm, new material should be applied to the surface. The best and cheapest material for improving roads is gravel. Where gravel beds are accessible a day's work with a team and wagon will improve any roadbed permanently. If the soil is very sandy an 8-inch application of clay to the surface will effect wonders. The road patrol should spend a considerable portion of its time in remedying the bad spots in the road.

ANSWER TO PRISON PROBLEM

New York and Other States Have Tried Experiment of Using Convicts to Improve Roads.

New York and many of the Southern and Western states have tried the experiment of using convicts to improve highways—and it has worked to perfection. The official organ of the New York state prisoners says that "no man of all the inmates who went outside last year had a word of fault to find with his treatment. All are anxious to join their camps again. The freedom of movement and the exer-



Convict Gang at Work.

cise shortens the time yet to do in a wonderful manner. Many states have found road work to be the answer to the prison problem. Colorado and California have rebuilt the better portion of their roads with prison labor, and besides feeding the inmates with an extra supply of food, it has also led to a lessening of time through provisions made by the farsighted legislators.

WIDE TIRES IMPROVE ROADS

They Have Same Effect on Country Highway as Roller on Field—Also Pull Easier.

Wide tires build up roads and save horse labor. They have the same effect upon a country road as a roller on a plowed field. On the other hand, the narrow tire cuts up a road like a disk. It has been found by actual test in this matter that the wide-tired wagon pulls easier in nearly all cases than the narrow-tired wagon. In deep mud on a country road the wide-tired wagon pulls 6.2 per cent easier. On the country road with a thin surface of mud or deep dust, however, the narrow tires pull 4.9 per cent easier. In a cornfield the wide tires pull 30.5 per cent easier, in a dry alfalfa field 17.7 per cent easier, and on a dry country road 10.2 per cent easier.

Ontario Makes Good Roads. The Province of Ontario has approximately 65,000 miles of roads. More than 48,000 miles have been treated and are in fairly good condition. About 20,000 miles are well graded earth roads; about 3,000 miles are surfaced with broken stone, and about 10,000 are surfaced with gravel.

All Roads Lead Home. All roads lead to home. You are not at fault if they are not all good roads, but you are to blame if it's not a good home.

Tired Nervous Mothers

Should Profit by the Experience of These Two Women



Buffalo, N. Y.—"I am the mother of four children, and for nearly three years I suffered from a female trouble with pains in my back and side, and a general weakness. I had professional attendance most of that time but did not seem to get well. As a last resort I decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound which I had seen advertised in the newspapers, and in two weeks noticed a marked improvement. I continued its use and am now free from pain and able to do all my household work."—Mrs. B. B. ZIELINSKA, 202 Weiss Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Portland, Ind.—"I had a displacement and suffered so badly from it at times I could not be on my feet at all. I was all run down and so weak I could not do my housework, was nervous and could not lie down at night. I took treatments from a physician but they did not help me. My Aunt recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I tried it and now I am strong and well again and do my own work and I give Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound the credit."—Mrs. JOSEPHINE KIMBLE, 935 West Race Street, Portland, Ind.

Every Sick Woman Should Try

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. LYNN, MASS.

WITTY AMID FALLING SHELLS

Irishman Within an Inch of Death Answered Superior's Fool Question With Ready Humor.

As Private Mulligan of the —the Irish, was leaning against the sandbag parapet, dividing his period of guard between nervous glances through the battered periscope and day-dreams of the little colleen back in the Emerald Isle, a noisy shell of the 59 pattern intruded its brazen nasal organ into the earth about two feet in front of Pat's parapet, thereby making a far different channel of thought for the Irishman.

After the smoke had cleared a little and the confusion subsided a subaltern in action for the first time protruded his startled vision from a near-by dug-out, and gazed in horror on the only visible portion of Patrick, that being his head, and in a voice of plaintive inquiry asked: "Er—er—Mulligan, was that a shell?"

For a moment Pat looked innumerable things at his superior, and then remembering who he was, answered, keeping the sarcasm as much to himself as possible: "No, sorr. Shure, it was only an explosive bullet, sorr!"

"Cold in the Head"

Is an acute attack of Nasal Catarrh. Persons who are subject to frequent "colds in the head" will find that the use of HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE will build up the System, cleanse the Blood and render them less liable to colds. Repeated attacks of Acute Catarrh may lead to Chronic Catarrh. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. All Druggists Sell. Testimonials free. \$1.00 for any case of catarrh that HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE will not cure. J. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Good Substitute.

Judge Ben R. Lindsay said in an address before a wayfarer's lodge in Chicago:

"The man who gets on, the man who climbs up, is to be a neat man. There is no armor against fate, but a clean shirt is a good substitute."

There are prophets who hate the sunlight because it blisters the gloomy surface of their prophecy.

Be happy. Use Red Cross Big Blue; much better than liquid blue. Delights the landladies. All grocers. Adv.

Half a loaf is better than a whole loaf.

Carter's Little Liver Pills

You Cannot be Constipated and Happy

A Remedy That Makes Life Worth Living

Small Pill Small Dose Small Price



Genuine bears signature *W. D. 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

Literal.

Agnes, aged three, had got some butter on her hand, and to get it off she put her hand around her mother's waist and wiped her hand on her mother's apron. Her mother said: "Is this an embrace?" "No," Agnes replied. "It's butter."

Good Reason.

"I've cut out smoking lately." "How'd that happen?" "Going with a different crowd now."

Two editors fought a duel in Spain. Both were roundly applauded by the public.

Win the War by Preparing the Land Sowing the Seed and Producing Bigger Crops

Work in Joint Effort the Soil of the United States and Canada CO-OPERATIVE FARMING IN MAN POWER NECESSARY TO WIN THE BATTLE FOR LIBERTY

The Food Controllers of the United States and Canada are asking for greater food production. Scarcely 100,000,000 bushels of wheat are available to be sent to the allies overseas before the crop harvest. Upon the efforts of the United States and Canada rests the burden of supply.

Every Available Tillable Acre Must Contribute; Every Available Farmer and Farm Hand Must Assist

Western Canada has an enormous acreage to be seeded, but man power is short, and an appeal to the United States allies is for more men for seeding operation.

Canada's Wheat Production Last Year was 225,000,000 Bushels; the Demand From Canada Alone for 1918 is 400,000,000 Bushels

To secure this she must have assistance. She has the land but needs the men. The Government of the United States wants every man who can effectively help, to do farm work this year. It wants the land in the United States developed first of course; but it also wants to help Canada. Whenever we find a son we can spare to Canada's fields after ours are supplied, we want to direct him there.

Apply to our Employment Service, and we will tell you where you can best serve the combined interest.

Western Canada's help will be required not later than April 5th. Wages to competent help, \$50.00 a month and up, board and lodging.

Those who respond to this appeal will get a warm welcome, good wages, good board and find comfortable homes. They will get a rate of one cent a mile from Canadian boundary points to destination and return.

For particulars as to routes and places where employment may be had apply to: U. S. EMPLOYMENT SERVICE, DEPARTMENT OF LABOR

Does the Itching Disturb Your Sleep?

A word of advice from Paris Medicine Co., Beaumont and Pine Sts., St. Louis, Mo. (Manufacturers of LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE and GROVE'S TASTELESS chill TONIC.)

We wish to state to our millions of friends that in

PAZO PILE OINTMENT

which is manufactured by us, we have a remedy which instantly relieves the intense itching of piles, and you can get restful sleep after the first application. We have letters from a large number of our customers saying they were permanently cured of this very annoying trouble. Every druggist has authority from us to refund the money to every customer who is not perfectly satisfied after using it. Most all druggists handle it, but if your druggist should not have it in stock, send us 50 cents in postage stamps with your Name and Address and it will be mailed to you promptly. After you try one box of PAZO PILE OINTMENT we know you will ask your druggist to keep it in stock, and will recommend it to your friends.

Send for a box of PAZO OINTMENT today and get immediate relief.

Easy to figure the Profits

Where in Western Canada you can buy at from \$15 to \$30 per acre good farm land that will raise 20 to 45 bushels to the acre of 32 wheat—its easy to figure the profits. Many Western Canadian farmers (scores of them from the U. S.) have paid for their land from a single crop. Such an opportunity for 100% profit on labor and investment is worth investigation.

Canada extends to you a hearty invitation to settle on her

Free Homestead Lands of 160 Acres Each

or secure some of the low priced lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. Think what you can make with wheat at \$2 a bushel and land so easy to get. Wonderful yields also of Oats, Barley and Flax. Mixed farming and cattle raising.

The climate is healthful and agreeable; railway facilities excellent; good schools and churches convenient. Write for literature and particulars as to reduced railway rates to Supt. Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to

W. V. BENNETT
Room 4, Box 512, Omaha, Neb.
Canadian Government Agent

160 ACRES
FARMS IN
WESTERN
CANADA
FREE

Local Red Cross

There is lots of work laying in the sewing room at Mrs. French's, waiting the ladies flying needles and machines.

If you prefer to take the work home, we are glad to have you do so. But the sewing room is always open.

Mrs. So and So and You, I am not doing any Red Cross work now, I don't like Mrs. So and So, who is chairman of such and such. We have all heard that several times unfortunately. Suppose you heard a Lieutenant say, "I don't like Capt. Smith, and I tell you right now. This is the last day I am going to stay in his company. I am tired of war any way and I am going to get out." Where should we be with that spirit prevailing in the army? asks the "Gulf Division Bulletin".

Where are we, with that spirit found even at intervals in the Red Cross? Fortunately, the Red Cross is so big and so splendid that we have not hurt it materially by such an attitude; the spirit of the Red Cross is the embodiment of all that is finest in the American people a thing to be proud of, more than that, a thing to reverence.

For a Rifle Range

William E. and Francis Blanchard were here yesterday from their ranch on the Macho. They are endeavoring to get a rifle range established in the county for the training of the youth of the county, and make a generous offer in money to aid the undertaking. We hope the people of the entire county will take an interest in this proposition, and push it to a successful conclusion. Universal military training is coming and the establishment of a rifle range for our boys will be a step in that direction.

Transferred to Roswell

Marcelino Carabajal, who killed his wife last week and seriously wounded Narciso Montoya, was taken to Roswell last Friday night by Deputy Ed Harris. The sheriff's office learned that trouble of a most serious nature was brewing and the night before the sheriff and deputies stood guard at the jail to head off an attempt to take Carabajal out of jail. Feeling certain that a spirit of violence was growing and knowing that certain ones at the head of the movement meant business, the prisoner was spirited away as stated, and is now incarcerated in the Roswell jail. What probably would have been a tragedy of the first magnitude was thus averted.

District Court

Judge Medler arrived Monday night and reopened court the following morning. Day and night sessions have been held and court and jury have been busy. In addition to the disposition of a number of civil cases, the following criminal cases have been heard:

Alfredo Ulibarri, killing beef; jury disagreed, was discharged and case went over to next term.

C. H. Byfield, murder; jury returned a verdict of not guilty.

J. M. Journey, murder; jury has been secured and the case is now on trial.

The Ingram murder case is to be taken up following the disposition of the Journey case.

Yancey Kemp Killed

The body of Yancey Kemp, a stockman in the Blackwater country, was found Tuesday, the 5th, a bullet hole in the body telling the tale of his death. All the surroundings and circumstances point to the deed having been committed the day previous. A man by the name of Cullender was arrested by Deputy T. P. Knight, of Lincoln, and brought to jail yesterday. A preliminary hearing will probably be had before Justice Harvey this afternoon. Not much is known about the case, or if known has not been divulged, though neighbors tell of a feud existing between the dead man and the accused slayer.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

W. C. Van Dorn, of Alto, was a pleasant caller at our office Monday and added his name to the News' subscription list.

Just received car of fancy White Potatoes. Get our prices before purchasing. We can save you money. The Carrizozo Trading Co.

A large number of Lincoln county stockmen, accompanied in many instances by the ladies, went to Roswell this week to attend the cattlemen's convention.

The young son of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. French was nine years old last Monday, and duly celebrated with a party, for twelve of his companions. All enjoyed Miller's party in true boy fashion.

Easter is only 4 weeks off, why not get that new Sirella corset ready for the gown. Mrs. G. T. McQuillen, Corseteer, Phone No. 1. 3-11f.

Mrs. H. S. Fairbanks leaves for San Antonio Saturday, as her brother is soon to leave to join the army.

John M. Keith is back again in Lincoln county, after a year's wandering over a big portion of the Rocky Mountain region. Mr. Keith has many warm friends in Lincoln county, all of whom are glad to see him.

The local Red Cross chapter received a letter from Headquarters at Denver, thanking the ladies of the local organization for the three boxes of garments forwarded from here, and commending the work highly.

Troops and Supplies Moving

Washington, March 7.—Troops and supplies for General Pershing's forces now are moving to France on schedule time, it was learned today on high authority. While figures may not be published, it was stated positively that transportation requirements of the army are being met by the shipping board, and the immediate situation as to ships was described as satisfactory.

In view of this assurance that the United States will be able to maintain its place as a fighting unit on the battle fronts, reports from the western front are being scanned more eagerly than ever by officials here for the first signs of the 1918 campaign. It is felt strongly that the opening of major operations in what President Wilson has predicted will prove the decisive year of the great war, will not be much longer delayed. Mud has been the determining factor of many previous western front operations. So long as the ground is soft with the winter rains, it is impossible to move forward great guns and necessary transport trains to support an advancing line. Even in Flanders, however, indications this year are that the ground will harden early in spring, permitting either side to undertake the enterprises planned.

Forest Supervisors Transferred

Albuquerque, N. M., March 6.—Owing to the resignation of Forest Supervisor Charles H. Jennings, of the Lincoln National Forest, Alamogordo, New Mexico, according to an announcement made by the District Forester, several transfers of supervisors in the southwestern district are necessitated. Supervisor O. Fred Arthur, of the Gila National Forest, Silver City, New Mexico, is being transferred to the Lincoln. Supervisor Frederick Winn, of the Apache National Forest, Springerville, Arizona, is being transferred to the Gila, and Supervisor Robert J. Solkirk, who has been Acting Deputy Supervisor of the Coconino National Forest, Flagstaff, Arizona, goes to the Apache.

THE IDEAL MACHINE

Chops the Yucca plant (Bear Grass) into excellent cattle feed.

CHAS. F. GREY
Sole agent for Lincoln County
OSCURO - - N. M.

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Phillips and son, P. R., were here this week from Alto. They recently moved from this section to the present location near their old home.

Back to Oklahoma

Deputy Harris arrested Lake Roberts this week on information from the sheriff of Greer county, Oklahoma. Roberts was charged with a serious statutory offense and had eluded the Oklahoma authorities. The sheriff of Greer county left with his prisoner Wednesday.

Classified Advertisements

For Sale.—Ranch and Horses. Write P. O. Box 283, Carrizozo, N. M. 9-14-1f.

For Sale.—Parke Davis & Co.'s Blacklegoids. The Pittsworth Co. Captain.

For Sale.—Yearling and two year old Hereford bulls. The Pittsworth Co. Captain.

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

FOR SALE.—Well Drill in good order, new string of tools. Capacity depth eight to ten hundred feet will sell with or without boiler and engine. J. T. J. Martin, Corona, N. M. 2-22-4f.

LOST.—Japanese matting suit case, between Alamogordo and Roswell, possibly between Alamogordo and Carrizozo, Jan. 31. Suit case contains several pieces of crocheted work, one palm beach suit, one new skirt, dark blue, wrapped in paper from Prince's store, Alamogordo, one unfinished dress of black veil, silver satin stripe, one small round hand mirror and a number of other articles; will pay \$5.00, or whatever is fair, for return of suit case. Dr. M. A. Grissom, 2-15-3f, Roswell, N. M.

FOR SALE.—One Ford runabout, with truck body. Apply at Western Garage. 11-30-1f.

Want Ads give results.

SPRING
READY-TO WEAR

Recent shipments make it possible for us to show unequalled values in dresses for Girls, Misses and Women. All combine style quality and moderate prices.

Suits and Coats

Millinery

They convey the wool conservation Easter early this year---and we are throughout. Short Coats, narrow prepared. *Never before have such lines of little trimming yet very pretty styles graced our store, tastily from

\$8 to \$30

\$5 to \$12

SILK SKIRTS AND PETTICOATS

The war demands are to conserve wool---here is a solution, without self denial notging prettier than selp skirts

\$5 to \$12

ZIEGLER BROS.

DRESS UP FOR
EASTER

WHEN THE BELLS RING ON EASTER MORN BE DRESSED "SPICK AND SPAN" AND BE ADMIRER IN YOUR NEW "TOGS" WHILE YOU ARE ADMIRING THE OUTFITS OF OTHERS.

YOUR OUTFIT WILL BE ADMIRER IF YOU COME IN AND GET IT FROM US. OUR SPRING SHADES ARE CORRECT. OUR STYLES ARE PROPER AND OUR MATERIALS ARE A-I QUALITY. LET US DRESS YOU AND EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY FROM HEAD TO FOOT.

YOU GET THE RIGHT STUFF AT THE RIGHT PRICE WHEN YOU MAKE OUR STORE YOUR STORE.

Kuppenheimer Clothes

For Spring 1918

We are showing a beautiful line of new styles for spring in all the newest models. The prices are only a trifle over last season, but our merchandise is better.

SUITS PRICED FROM \$15.00 TO \$35.00

We invite you to inspect our line of Men's furnishings. These lines are arriving daily and the showing will please you

The Carrizozo Trading Co.

QUALITY FIRST

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THEN PRICE