

5-24-1918

Carrizozo News, 05-24-1918

J.A. Haley

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalrepository.unm.edu/carrizozo_news

Recommended Citation

Haley, J.A.. "Carrizozo News, 05-24-1918." (1918). https://digitalrepository.unm.edu/carrizozo_news/209

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the New Mexico Historical Newspapers at UNM Digital Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in Carrizozo News, 1908-1919 by an authorized administrator of UNM Digital Repository. For more information, please contact disc@unm.edu.

Carrizozo News

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

VOLUME 19

CARRIZOZO, LINCOLN COUNTY, NEW MEXICO, FRIDAY, MAY 24, 1918.

NUMBER 21

Some School History

By Lee H. Bushnell, White Oaks, N. M.

The very successful meeting of the Teachers' Association held at Carrizozo recently brought out in marked contrast educational conditions prevailing in Lincoln county two or three decades ago. One does not have to go back beyond the memory of the oldest inhabitant to find the public school system of the county about as crude and antiquated as the manner of tilling the soil with wooden plow then in vogue among the natives, or the present way of keeping up (or down), our public highways.

The writer's first induction into the manner of conducting schools in New Mexico occurred in the fall of 1883. Having been called to the town of Lincoln on court business at that time he was urged to remain and pedagogue so long as the effort proved satisfactory. There had been a school organized a year or two before, in the town, and a room secured in a vacant adobe building roofed with mud and the floor laid from the original undressed soil and a few wooden benches provided, without backs to lean against or desks in front to lounge upon, while the benches were so high that the younger pupils' feet could not touch bottom, compelling them to sit there during the long days with their little brown tootsies poised in mid air or swinging like the pendulum of your grandfather's clock.

It seems the man they had formerly employed had divided his time about equally between poking primary ideas into the heads of those under his tutelage and the more illusive game of poker, always in swing across the way, and the patrons of the school thought it better to have some one who would devote his full time during school hours teaching their children how to "walk Spanish" while they were imbibing English and all the rudiments they would hold.

At that time the law authorized the local boards of directors in the different districts to examine teachers and issue certificates whenever an applicant presented himself. At the present time that would be buttered war mush and gumbo to the average teacher who has to go, not only over the top but through the wire entanglements. Then many members of the local boards could neither read nor write and methods of teaching was a sealed book to them. In this particular instance the applicant was given a certificate in blank and told to fill it out himself, which was done with unobtrusive modesty and the satisfaction of those most concerned. Parenthetically it might be stated that one of the directors had been one of the leaders in the notorious Lincoln County War and had lately accepted the amnesty offered by Gov. Lew Wallace and lived a peaceable and useful citizen up to the time of his death a few years ago.

This state of affairs continued for about ten years when a new school law was passed. This law was heralded as a thoroughly up to date affair and was said to embody the most advanced ideas of the leading educators of the day. Perhaps this was so but many people were disposed to give it the benefit of the doubt.

It started out with this gem of linguistic and grammatical construction: "Ninety days after the passage of this act the county commissioners shall appoint one superintendent of schools in each county of the territory who shall hold their office until their suc-

Order Coal Now

H. S. Campbell, member of the Lincoln County Fuel Administration, furnished the News with the following circular, relating to the purchase of coal, and requesting space for its reproduction, which is given below:

The week of June 3rd to 8th has been designated as "Coal Week" by the United States Fuel Administration. While for several weeks special efforts have been made throughout the United States to urge the early ordering of coal, there will be a special intensive drive on early ordering during "Coal Week".

It is felt that, with the bulk of the year's supply of coal ordered well in advance, the various distribution agencies of the government will be in a position to adjust equitably and properly the demands as between different communities. It will be possible for the Fuel Administration to gauge accurately the increased demand and properly apportion the available supply.

Together with the urgent appeal to the industries as well as to the domestic consumers to order their coal early, there goes the request that those who get their orders in wait patiently for deliveries. It is being pointed out that, of course, the entire coal output of the country cannot be delivered within a few months. But it is equally true that those orders that are first in the hands of the dealers will be the first delivered.

Production is steadily increasing, but it must be further increased if the country's coal needs for the year are to be filled.

Already in many communities one-third of the coal orders have been placed by both industrial and domestic consumers. In the eastern part of the country the dealers have been practically overwhelmed with early orders for anthracite, but west of the Mississippi the orders have been so slow in coming on as to lend no stimulus to increased production and, as a matter of fact, there has been some shutting down of mines for lack of orders for the product.

In every state of the Union preparations have been made to bring the United States Fuel Administration's early coal ordering message squarely before the people. Thousands of motion-picture theaters will carry the message; four-minute speakers will address hundreds of audiences; poster displays will be shown in every large city and throughout the country communities, and the coal dealers everywhere have been enlisted in the big coal week drive.

Eighteen Boys Go to Fort Sam Houston

Men ordered to report to Local Board, at Carrizozo, N. M., for entrainment to Fort Sam Houston, San Antonio, Texas, May 30, 1918:

Theodore Boatright, Lambkin, Texas; Bruce Moore, Hondo; Marcellie Herrera, Carrizozo; John Brock Clendenning, Fiodado, Texas; Ignacio Perez, Arabela; Estanislado Cordou, Picacho; Desiderio Acensio, Roswell; Francisco J. Williams, Oklahoma City, Okla; Alfredo Sandoval, Picacho; William Lawler, Hot Springs, Ark; Price M. Miller, Ancho; Maurice Brookins, Jicarilla; Robt R. Reddy, Stoneburg, Texas; Lino Herrera, Carrizozo; Fidel Chavez, San Patricio; Jacob Klenck, Santa Ana, Calif; Esquipolo Gonzales, Hondo; and Miguel Montoya, Lincoln.

I. E. SCHAEFFER, Chief Clerk.

B I G R E D C R O S S BASKET PICNIC FORT STANTON JULY 4 T H

Ancho

The farewell dance, given in honor of the departure of our school teachers, Misses Gaddis and Stokes, was well attended and a good time enjoyed by all present. Delicious ice cream and cake were served. Miss Gaddis went to visit her brother in Arizona before going home to Mississippi, while Miss Stokes returned to her home in Carlsbad, N. M.

Mrs. Helen Castle who has been principal of the Ancho school for a couple of months returned to Oscura.

Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Bond, Mrs. Gladys Kelley, George Clements, Miss Cox and several other Corona people attended the dance here Wednesday night.

Mrs. Glen of Luna has been enjoying a visit with some of the relatives from Duran the past week.

Quite a number of White Oaks people were at the dance here Wednesday night.

The news is being spread over Lincoln County that Corona will celebrate the 3rd and 4th of July. Corona is flying a flag of Honor which it won in the Third Liberty Loan Campaign having given an extra large amount of money. This shows the hearts of the people of Corona is in the right place.

Ancho will give another dance on Saturday night, June 1st. Everybody is invited to come and make their hearts jolly. A general good time will be expected. Come and bring your friends with you.

Methodist Church

Rev. R. H. Lundberg, Pastor. Special Evangelist services are in progress at the Methodist church. Rev. Joshua C. Jones, of Albuquerque, is conducting the services. He will preach both Sunday morning and evening, the morning subject: "Refusing to go in"; the evening subject: "The Lost Christ". There will be special music at both services.

Sunday school meets at 9:45 a. m., R. T. Cribb, superintending. We have a well organized Sunday school with good teachers for each class. Increase the interest by your presence.

Epworth League meets at 7:15 p. m.

The young people should not fail to be present at this service. We extend a hearty welcome to one and all to attend all of the above service.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Prude were here Monday from Mesacero. Mr. Prude is preparing to move some of his cattle from the Vera Cruz ranch to greener pastures.

Fort Stanton

Once more the boys have done their best, having quadrupled their share of the Red Cross Drive; the dance receipts and all the money taken in by the Seamen's Social club for the whole week were devoted to the Red Cross.

Mrs. Sitten has returned from her trip to Alamogordo.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. French and daughter were guests of Mrs. McKeon on Wednesday and Thursday.

The basket party to be held at the Fort on the Fourth of July will be for the benefit of the national Red Cross to aid the suffering Belgians and others.

Major McKeon has received his orders to attend the national tuberculosis convention at Boston and he will leave for that city, together with his wife, on the first day of June. The McKeons will make an extensive tour of the east where the major has numerous friends.

Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Ware of El Paso visited the McKeon family Monday. Mr. Ware returned to town Tuesday but his wife will spend a few weeks at the Fort.

George Maddox the four minute speaker for the Red Cross Drive was a very decided success and put quite some interest in the non-sectarian services last Sunday.

Mr. Brockwell and Mr. Leech have been added to the Fourth of July committee.

Mr. Leech, Dr. Reed and Mr. Gentry returned from a ten days automobile trip through the lower part of the state.

Mr. Warren spent Tuesday at the Officers club getting subscriptions for newspapers.

George Young has sufficiently recovered from his recent illness to be able to come back from El Paso and be with his friends once more.

The Weber family have returned from a two weeks' stay at Parsons.

Mr. Hanna spent some days last week visiting his old friends at No. 4.

Liberty Loan Payment

The second installment on the Third Liberty Loan must be in Dallas by the 28th of May. In order to have the installment reach Dallas at that time it will be necessary for subscribers to make said deposits with the banks not later than May 25. Everyone is urged to be prompt in this matter not only as a duty but to take some of the burdens from the banks; for the banks have generously bestowed much time to this work and should not be troubled with delinquents.

Community Council

Pursuant to announcement, a fair-sized crowd gathered at the court room Monday night to organize a Community Council of Defense. Attorney Geo. Spence called the meeting to order and asked Frank J. Sager, president of the County Council of Defense, to state the object of the meeting. This Mr. Sager did in a very pleasing manner, showing conclusively the necessity and usefulness of such an organization. Everybody was in harmony with the purposes outlined, the only divergence of opinion arising over matters unmentioned, as no opportunity presented itself, the prime object being to effect an organization. Elsewhere we have a short article dealing with this feature, and future operations will develop the necessity, or lack of it, for the organization to supplement the work of the Community Council.

A motion was adopted authorizing the chair to appoint a committee of five to present a list of names for president, secretary, and directors. The chair appointed the following: C. W. Hyde, J. M. Taylor, J. F. Kimbell, George Ferguson and J. B. French. This committee retired and in a few minutes returned recommending the selection of the following: M. U. Finley, president; W. H. Osborn, secretary; H. S. Fairbank, J. M. Taylor, Andres Lueras, M. Burke, and Mrs. W. L. Gumm, Mrs. R. E. Stidham and Mrs. S. L. Squier directors. The action of the committee was ratified and the meeting adjourned subject to the call of the chairman.

Fort Stanton

Preparations for the Fourth of July celebration are well under way. At a meeting of the Main Committee under the Chairmanship of Maj. F. H. McKeon the general plans were laid out and Sub Chairman Father F. A. Lyderle has appointed the various sub committees. A great program is promised. A basket ball match between two of the best New Mexico teams, horse racing, and other outdoor sports, special attractions and games among them the new war feature "Slam the Kaiser," refreshment stands aplenty and in the evening a big dance with the best orchestra obtainable. As the entire returns will go to the Red Cross a record crowd is expected.

Registrars Appointed

Following registrars appointed for new registration of all male persons, who have, since the 5th day of May, 1917, attained the age of 21 years:

J. M. Penfield, Pct. 1, Lincoln. C. Hightower, " 2, Hondo. Leopoldo Pacheco, Pct. 3, Arabela.

W. E. Kimbrell, Pct. 4, Picacho. F. P. Cleghorn, " 5, Rabenton. Sam Farmer, " 6, Encinosa. Ed. Haskins, " 7, Jicarilla. Paul Mayer, Pct. 8, White Oaks. W. O. Norman, Pct. 9, Capitan. B. J. Bonnell, Pct. 10, Glencoe. P. M. Short, Pct. 11, Nogal. Marshal West, Pct. 12, Angus. A. W. Varney, Pct. 13, Corona. I. E. Schaeffer, Pct. 14, Czocho. R. W. Burns, Pct. 15, Oscura. P. M. Straley, Pct. 16, Ancho. D. E. Spindle, Pct. 17, Spindle. J. H. Gentry, Fort Stanton.

I. E. SCHAEFFER, Chief Clerk.

U. S. Marshal Hudspeth spent several days here and in the surrounding country this week.

L. F. Avent, an old-time resident of this county but now living in Sierra county, was here this week.

A Splendid Victory

Dallas, Texas, May 15, 1918. To Bank and Trust Companies, Liberty Loan Committees, and Workers of the Eleventh Federal Reserve District:

According to latest tabulations, our total subscriptions to the Third Liberty Loan will probably exceed \$110,000,000 as against our minimum quota of \$80,000,000.

Too much praise cannot be offered to the men and women who, by their untiring efforts, complete forgetfulness of self, and their firm determination to win have made the victory possible. The Eleventh Federal Reserve District is proud of its success, and it has every right to be proud. This campaign has been conducted during a time when business activity is at its ebb, being just between crop seasons. A number of counties are in the throes of an extended drouth, as the result of two practically rainless years, and yet in the face of these conditions you have successfully financed a loan for this District much larger than either the First or Second Liberty Loans.

If we have not responded to requests made upon us, nor favored you with our acknowledgment of individual efforts, it is simply because the volume was more than we could cover, and if, perchance, you feel that we are not appreciative of efforts which you have made, I sincerely trust that you will favor us with your indulgence and rest secure in the belief that your efforts have been appreciated, more than it is possible to express. It is indeed gratifying to note that in addition to the amount of money subscribed by the Eleventh Federal Reserve District the number of individual subscriptions will amount to almost three times the number subscribed to the Second Liberty Loan, thereby assuring us that the loyalty of the people of this District in the nation's fight for world democracy stands without question.

All honor to the Liberty Loan workers of the Eleventh District, and that vast army of subscribers who have shown by their magnificent support that they are willing to back the Armies of America with all their resources in a fight to the death for liberty and righteousness.

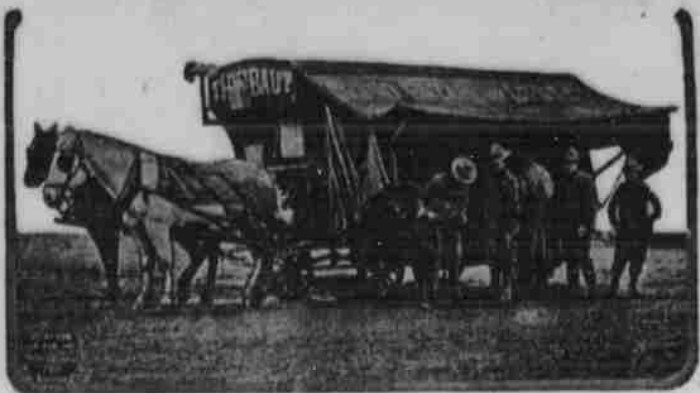
Sincerely yours,
R. L. VAN ZANDT,
Governor and Executive Chairman War Loan Organization Eleventh Federal Reserve District.

"Over the Top"

Lincoln county has gone "over the top" in the Second War Fund for the Red Cross. In fact, Campaign Manager French wired Denver headquarters at noon Tuesday that we had "gone over". Since that time Cashier M. B. Paden has been busy receiving reports and tabulating receipts and states that the amount realized and reported this morning is a little in excess of \$3,800.00. The total subscription of Lincoln county will exceed \$4,000.00, and may reach \$4,500.00, which will be practically 100 per cent over our assigned quota. It is believed that every precinct in the county save three will go over, and before tomorrow night these may reach the goal. We will not have the floats until after tomorrow night. In the meantime, we doff our hat to Manager French, Cashier Paden, their live assistants and every district that went "over the top".

Mrs. Joe R. Adams left this week for Waco, Texas, to see her son, Louis, and to visit for a fortnight.

PEDDLER VISITS AN AMERICAN CAMP



American soldiers buying odds and ends from a traveling peddler near their training camp in France.

OUR WAR WORK AMAZES BRITONS

Magnitude of Operations Under Way Gives Allies Renewed Energy.

PRAISE FOR OUR SOLDIERS

British Correspondents at the Front Give Glowing Accounts of the Proficiency of the American Soldiers.

London.—The stupendousness of the American war program has staggered the people of Great Britain. Realization of the fact that Uncle Sam is in the war to fight it to a finish and that he has the men and money has given new energy and optimism to the people of England. While there was never any doubt in their mind that the allies could prevent a German victory, they are pulling together now with new vigor and determination, fully believing that with the powerful help of America they and their French, Belgian and Italian allies can give Germany a crushing blow either this year or next.

German treatment of Russia has silenced the would-be pacifists. The element which has hoped for a termination of the war with a compromise peace has been transformed into a most militant body now that the naked hand of the German annexationists has been exposed. The cry everywhere in Great Britain is for a continuation of the war until the acceptance of the allied terms has been assured. Whether the country is war weary or not is a small matter now that German duplicity has again been revealed by the action in Russia.

Has Stiffened All Allies.

That the United States has stiffened up all the allies is most obvious. The newest of the anti-German nations has amazed the European world with its industry in war preparation. There is no longer talk that the United States will be unable to do any actual fighting this year. Uncle Sam's soldiers have been in the fighting for several weeks, and correspondents straight from the front give the most glowing accounts of their proficiency as fighters.

They learned quickly. They have been eager from the start to test their mettle with the Huns, and in every clash where the forces have been anything like equal the Yankees have completely routed the Germans. On several occasions young Americans from states west of the Mississippi river have been thrown up against the Prussian shock troops. The Prussians were sent after the "Yanks," as they are called, to teach them fear of the German soldiery. The Yankees showed no more respect for the Prussians than they showed for the Mexicans on the border, and, it may be said, drove them to cover almost as readily.

A French journalist who had an opportunity to see the Americans at close range says they will quickly develop into the best fighters on the front. They have courage, alertness and skill, and, as the journalist said, they are "there to kill Germans till the war is ended." As the Americans put it, "We have blood in our eyes, and when we meet a Hun it's either a dead Hun or a dead Yank."

Marks Turning Point of War.

There is no knowledge here as to how many Americans are in the battle line, but from the fact that reports of frequent skirmishes with them come from headquarters it is estimated that there is a considerable fighting force. The Germans have encountered them where they expected to find them and where they did not expect to find them.

The entrance of the United States marked the turning point in the war. German prisoners captured recently, according to reports here, give hints that the Germans realize that they have reached their maximum and are now facing a steadily growing army.

Persons in England—a great many of the Americans—who months ago said that the United States would do a great deal of talking and little in actual achievement have changed their tune. The dispatches of recent date saying that the United States has appropriated more than a billion dollars for its aircraft program caused people here to "sit up and take notice." The

subsequent news that Uncle Sam is building an ordnance base in France at a cost of \$50,000,000, which will have in it 450 officers and 10,000 men, also caused wide comment.

It is being realized now that the United States has been taking giant strides and that in war, as in everything else she undertakes, she does business on a giant scale.

Men with whom I have talked fairly gasp at the magnitude of the preparations of the United States. They say that if the war continues another year or two the United States will have an army almost as powerful as any of the allies and equipment and supplies enough for all. The marvelous feature of it all to the Britons is that the United States is doing it all in the face of the fact that it is 3,000 miles away from the scene of battle and that it is fighting for a principle and nothing else.

ROBBED GOING TO BOARD DRAFTED MAN WALKS IN

Conway, Ark.—Ben Hyatt was working at Norfolk, Va., when he received notice from the selective service board at Conway, Ark., to appear there for examination. He bought a ticket, but while on the way he was robbed of ticket, money and all. Undaunted, he continued on the way, walking. He had a postmaster write the board that he was coming but that as he was forced to walk he might be a few days late. He finally reached Conway.

7,000 MILES TO JOIN ARMY



After traveling 7,000 miles to get a chance to join the United States army, Joseph R. Gutierrez, a mining engineer, appeared to Draft Inspector Martin Conboy of New York to aid him to realize his ambition. Mr. Conboy gave him a letter of introduction to the commander of the Twenty-seventh Engineering corps stationed at Camp Meade.

Gutierrez was graduated from the School of Mines at Columbia university with the class of '11. For the last two years he has been working for the Braden Copper company in the Andes mountains. When war broke out between America and Germany the young engineer, he is about thirty years old, went to the United States embassy in Valparaiso, Chile, and asked for permission to join the American forces in his professional capacity. The embassy officials were unable to make the arrangements.

Then the draft law was passed and his father, Daniel N. Gutierrez, formerly a surgeon in the navy, registered him in Denver, Colo. His brother, Julian G. Gutierrez, went with the expeditionary forces to France. The mining engineer finally threw up his job and started for the States.

Negro Girl Bellhops. For the first time in history hotels in St. Louis are employing negro girl elevator operators and bellhops.

PERMANENT FARM LABOR PROBLEM

Question Which Should Be Given Serious Consideration by Farmer.

ONE SOLUTION IS OFFERED

Good Homes, Fair Wages and Some Privileges Will Attract Desirable Men Who Understand Farm Work.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Washington.—The supply of permanent farm labor—note the word permanent—will not be assured in many sections of the country, and on some farms, at least, in every section of the country, unless more attractive living conditions are offered the families of hired hands on farms.

War conditions cause a farm labor problem that can be solved only by emergency methods. Throughout the nation communities will solve their war problems of farm labor shortage by utilizing as temporary farm help town volunteers and high school boys—by diverting to agricultural activity man power that would not and could not be so used except in a real emergency. But the town men of farm experience who go to the fields this spring and summer and fall will be attracted solely by patriotism rather than the financial return of the undertaking. They are going back to town as soon as their war work on farms is finished. And, while their services are vastly valuable from a war standpoint, they are not helping at all to solve the problem of permanent farm help. But the man who expects to work on a farm steadily, year in and year out, is profoundly interested in the question of housing, living conditions and net remuneration for farm work as compared with town work.

Provides Good Homes.

The attitude of thousands of married men who are skilled farm workers, who have left the country to find town employment, but who will return to farm work permanently provided farm living conditions are comparable in ordinary comforts to those in town, is expressed in this letter recently published in a Texas paper:

"I am sending in my view of the farm labor problem. I have been trying to get a job on the farm the last month; still trying to do so. I can find plenty of jobs for a single man . . . but the farmers so far as I have found have no tenant houses, or if they have one it would not make a good stable. Most of the farmers that I have found will not permit a farm hand to raise a garden or chickens or hogs or own a cow or horse, and the prevalent pay is insufficient to support a family under such conditions. I believe if the farmers would build comfortable houses and either pay better wages or give more privileges, it would be the city man calling for help instead of the farmers."

There are many evidences of an increasing desire on the part of men with families, now living in towns and cities but with experience as skilled farm workers, to go back to the country. They left the farm because they believed they could make more money, get more satisfaction out of life, give more pleasures and opportunities to their families in town. Many have been disappointed. They are willing to return to the farm at a smaller cash wage than they receive in town, if they have a fairly good house and are allowed to have a garden and raise a few pigs and perhaps have the use of a cow.

Labor Problem Remains.

What about it? You are a farmer and you are looking for permanent farm help; not only emergency help to produce and harvest war crops, but a man or men to live on your farm and work the year round. Are your tenant houses the kind of places a man would like for his family to call home? Are they the kind you would like to live in?

"Oh," you say, "The other man is looking for a job and I am not. I own the farm; he wants to work on the farm. Do you expect the hired hand to have as good a house as the owner? If he doesn't like this house he can leave it!"

Well, the trouble is that is just what he will do—and you will continue to have a farm labor problem on your hands. Of course no one expects the hired hand to have as good a house as the farmer. But he does want a comfortable place for his family to live in, and failure to find that on the farms is one of the reasons for the steadily decreasing supply of permanent farm help in recent years.

It may not please the farmer to face the fact; nevertheless the truth is that the skilled farm hand is in a position to be quite as independent about the proposition as the farmer himself. When the farmer says "Take this house or leave it," the really first-class man knows he can get a good job elsewhere—and he leaves!

So it may be profitable for some farmers—not all, of course—to think that over, bearing in mind that letter of the Texas man to the effect that if the farmers will offer their permanent help good houses, fair wages and some privileges, "it will be the city man calling for help instead of the farmer."

"OVER THE TOP"

By An American Arthur Guy Empey
Soldier Who Went Machine Gunner, Serving in France

Copyright 1917, by Arthur Guy Empey

EMPEY GOES "OVER THE TOP" FOR THE FIRST TIME AND HAS DESPERATE HAND-TO-HAND FIGHT

Synopsis.—Fired by the sinking of the Lusitania, with the loss of American lives, Arthur Guy Empey, an American living in Jersey City, goes to England and enlists as a private in the British army. After a short experience as a recruiting officer in London, he is sent to training quarters in France, where he first hears the sound of big guns and makes the acquaintance of "cooties." After a brief period of training Empey's company is sent into the front-line trenches, where he takes his first turn on the fire step while the bullets whiz overhead. Empey learns, as a comrade falls, that death lurks always in the trenches.

CHAPTER X—Continued.

We had a sergeant in our battalion named Warren. He was on duty with his platoon in the fire trench one afternoon when orders came up from the rear that he had been granted seven days' leave for Blighty, and would be relieved at five o'clock to proceed to England.

He was tickled to death at these welcome tidings and regaled his more or less envious mates beside him on the fire step with the good times in store for him. He figured it out that in two days' time he would arrive at Waterloo station, London, and then—seven days' bliss!

At about five minutes to five he started to fidget with his rifle, and then suddenly springing up on the fire step with a muttered, "I'll send over a couple of souvenirs to Fritz so that he'll miss me when I leave," he stuck his rifle over the top and fired two shots when "crack" went a bullet and he tumbled off the step, fell into the mud at the bottom of the trench, and lay still in a huddled heap with a bullet hole in his forehead.

At about the time he expected to arrive at Waterloo station he was laid to rest in a little cemetery behind the lines. He had gone to Blighty.

In the trenches one can never tell—it is not safe to plan very far ahead.

After "stand down" the men sit on the fire step or repair to their respective dugouts and wait for the "rum issue" to materialize. Immediately following the rum comes breakfast, brought up from the rear. Sleeping is then in order unless some special work turns up.

Around 12:30 dinner shows up. When this is eaten the men try to amuse themselves until "tea" appears at about four o'clock, then "stand to" and they carry on as before.

While in rest billets Tommy gets up about six in the morning, washes up, answers roll call, is inspected by his platoon officer, and has breakfast. At 8:45 he parades (drills) with his company or goes on fatigue according to the orders which have been read out by the orderly sergeant the night previous.

Between 11:30 and noon he is dismissed, has his dinner and is "on his own" for the remainder of the day, unless he has been called for a digging or working party, and so it goes on from day to day, always "loping the loop" and looking forward to peace and Blighty.

Sometimes, while engaged in a "cootie" hunt, you think, "Strange to say, but it is a fact, while Tommy is searching his shirt serious thoughts come to him. Many a time, when performing this operation, I have tried to figure out the outcome of the war and what will happen to me."

My thoughts generally ran in this channel:

Will I emerge safely from the next attack? If I do will I skin through the following one, and so on? While your mind is wandering into the future it is likely to be rudely brought to earth by a Tommy interrupting with, "What's good for rheumatism?"

Then you have something else to think of. Will you come out of this war crippled and tied into knots with rheumatism, caused by the wet and mud of trenches and dugouts? You give it up as a bad job and generally saunter over to the nearest estaminet to drown your moody forebodings in a glass of sickening French beer or to try your luck at the always present game of "house." You can hear the sing-song voice of a Tommy droning out the numbers as he extracts the little squares of cardboard from the bag between his feet.

CHAPTER XI.

Over the Top.

On my second trip to the trenches our officer was making his rounds of inspection, and we received the cheerful news that at four in the morning we were to go over the top and take the German front-line trench. My heart turned to lead. Then the officer carried on with his instructions. To the best of my memory I recall them as follows: "At eleven a wiring party will go out in front and cut lanes through our barbed wire for the passage of troops in the morning. At two o'clock our artillery will open up with an intense bombardment, which will last until four. Upon the lifting of the barrage the first of the three waves will go over." Then he left. Some of the Tommies, first getting permission from the sergeant, went into the machine

gunners' dugout and wrote letters home, saying that in the morning they were going over the top, and also that if the letters reached their destination it would mean that the writer had been killed.

These letters were turned over to the captain with instructions to mail same in the event of the writer's being killed. Some of the men made out their wills in their pay books, under the caption, "Will and Last Testament."

Then the nerve-racking wait commenced. Every now and then I would glance at the dial of my wrist watch and was surprised to see how fast the minutes passed by. About five minutes to two I got nervous waiting for our guns to open up. I could not take my eyes from my watch. I crouched against the parapet and strained my muscles in a deathlike grip upon my rifle. As the hands on my watch showed two o'clock a blinding red flare lighted up the sky in our rear, then thunder, intermixed with a sharp, whistling sound in the air over our heads. The shells from our guns were speeding on their way toward the German lines. With one accord the men sprang up on the fire step and looked over the top in the direction of the German trenches. A line of bursting shells lighted up No Man's Land. The din was terrific and the ground trembled. Then, high above our heads we could hear a sighing moan. Our big boys behind the line had opened up and 9.2's and 15-inch shells commenced dropping into the German lines. The flash of the guns behind the lines, the scream of the shells through the air, and the flare of them, bursting, was a spectacle that put Pain's greatest display into the shade. The constant plop, plop, of German machine guns and an occasional rattle of rifle firing gave me the impression of a huge audience applauding the work of the batteries.

Our 18-pounders were destroying the German barbed wire, while the heavier stuff was demolishing their trenches and bashing in dugouts or bunk holes.

Then Fritz got busy.

Their shells went screaming overhead, aimed in the direction of the flares from our batteries. Trench mortars started dropping "Minnies" in our front line. We clicked several casualties. Then they suddenly ceased. Our artillery had taped or silenced them.

During the bombardment you could almost read a newspaper in our trench. Sometimes in the flare of a shell-burst a man's body would be silhouetted against the parapets of the trench and it appeared like a huge monster. You could hardly hear yourself think. When an order was to be passed down the trench you had to yell it, using your hands as a funnel into the ear of the man sitting next to you on the fire step. In about twenty minutes a generous rum issue was doled out. After drinking the rum, which tasted like varnish and sent a shudder through your frame, you wondered why they made you wait until the lifting of the barrage before going over. At ten minutes to four word was passed down, "Ten minutes to go!" Ten minutes to live! We were shivering all over. My legs felt as if they were asleep. Then word was passed down: "First wave get on and near the scaling ladders."

Before a charge Tommy is the politest of men. There is never any pushing or crowding to be first up these ladders. We crouched around the base of the ladders waiting for the word to go over. I was sick and faint, and was puffing away at an unlighted cigar. Then came the word, "Three minutes to go; upon the lifting of the barrage and on the blast of the whistles, 'Over the top with the best o' luck and give them hell!' The famous phrase of the western front. The Jonah phrase of the western front. To Tommy it means if you are lucky enough to come back you will be minus an arm or a leg.

I glanced again at my wrist watch. We all wore them and you could hardly call us "sissies" for doing so. It was a minute to four. I could see the hand move to the twelve, then a dead silence. It hurt. Everyone looked up to see what had happened, but not for long. Sharp whistle blasts rang out along the trench, and with a cheer the men scrambled up the ladders. The bullets were cracking overhead, and occasionally a machine gun would rip and tear the top of the sandbag parapet. How I got up that ladder I will never know. The first ten feet out in front was agony. Then we passed

through lanes in our barbed wire. I knew I was running, but could feel no motion below the waist. Patches on the ground seemed to float to the rear as if I were on a treadmill and scenery was rushing past me. The Germans had put a barrage of shrapnel across No Man's Land, and you could hear the pieces slap the ground about you.

After I had passed our barbed wire and gotten into No Man's Land a Tommy about fifteen feet to my right front turned around and looking in my direction, put his hand to his mouth and yelled something which I could not make out on account of the noise from the bursting shells. Then he coughed, stumbled, pitched forward and lay still. His body seemed to float to the rear of me. I could hear sharp cracks in the air about me. These were caused by passing rifle bullets. Frequently, to my right and left, little spurts of dirt would rise into the air and a ricochet bullet would whine on its way. If a Tommy should see one of these little spurts in front of him, he would tell the nurse about it later. The crossing of No Man's Land remains a blank to me.

Men on my right and left would stumble and fall. Some would try to get up, while others remained huddled and motionless. Then smashed-up barbed wire came into view and seemed carried on a tide to the rear. Suddenly, in front of me loomed a bashed-in trench about four feet wide. Queer-looking forms like mud turtles were scrambling up its wall. One of these forms seemed to slip and then rolled to the bottom of the trench. I leaped across this intervening space. The man to my left seemed to pause in midair, then pitched head down into the German trench. I laughed out loud in my delirium. Upon alighting on the other side of the trench I came to with a sudden jolt. Right in front of me loomed a giant form with a rifle which looked about ten feet long, on the end of which seemed seven bayonets. These flashed in the air in front of me. Then through my mind flashed the admonition of our bayonet instructor back in Blighty. He had said, "Whenever you get in a charge and run your bayonet up to the hilt into a German the Fritz will fall. Perhaps your rifle will be wrenched from your grasp. Do not waste time, if the bayonet is fouled in his equipment, by putting your foot on his stomach and tugging at the rifle to extricate the bayonet. Simply press the trigger and the bullet will free it." In my present situation this was the logic, but for the life of me I could not remember how he had told me to get my bayonet into the German. To me this was the paramount issue. I closed my eyes and lunged forward. My rifle was torn from my hands. I must have gotten the German because he had disappeared. About twenty feet to my left front was a huge Prussian nearly six feet four inches in height, a fine specimen of physical manhood. The bayonet from his rifle was missing, but he clutched the barrel in both hands and was swinging the butt around his head. I could almost hear the swish of the butt passing through the air. Three little Tommies were engaged with him. They looked like pigmies alongside of the Prussian. The Tommy on the left was gradually circling to the rear of his opponent. It was a funny sight to see them duck the swinging butt and try to jab him at the same time. The Tommy nearest me received the butt of the German's rifle in a smashing blow below the right temple. It smashed his head like an eggshell. He pitched forward on his side and a convulsive shudder ran through his body. Meanwhile the other Tommy had gained the rear of the Prussian. Suddenly about four inches of bayonet protruded from the throat of the Prussian soldier, who staggered forward and fell. I will never forget the look of blank astonishment that came over his face.

Then something hit me in the left shoulder and my left side went numb. It felt as if a hot poker was being driven through me. I felt no pain—just a sort of nervous shock. A bayonet had pierced me from the rear. I fell backward on the ground, but was not unconscious, because I could see dim objects moving around me. Then a flash of light in front of my eyes and unconsciousness. Something had hit me on the head. I have never found out what it was.

I dreamed I was being tossed about in an open boat on a heaving sea and opened my eyes. The moon was shining. I was on a stretcher being carried down one of our communication trenches. At the advanced first-aid post my wounds were dressed, and then I was put into an ambulance and sent to one of the base hospitals. The wounds in my shoulder and head were not serious and in six weeks I had rejoined my company for service in the front line.

Empey joins the "Suicide club." The thrilling details are told in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THIS WOMAN SAVED FROM AN OPERATION

By taking Lydia E. Pinkham's
Vegetable Compound, One
of Thousands of Such Cases.

Black River Falls, Wis.—"As Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound saved me from an operation, I cannot say enough in praise of it. I suffered from organic troubles and my side hurt me so I could hardly be up from my bed, and I was unable to do my housework. I had the best doctors in Eau Claire and they wanted me to have an operation, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured me so I did not need the operation, and I am telling all my friends about it."—Mrs. A. W. BINKER, Black River Falls, Wis.

It is just such experiences as that of Mrs. Binker that has made this famous root and herb remedy a household word from ocean to ocean. Any woman who suffers from inflammation, ulceration, displacements, backache, nervousness, irregularities or "the blues" should not rest until she has given it a trial, and for special advice write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

A woman is satisfied with a photo graph when it flatters her.

PROVEN SWAMP-ROOT AIDS WEAK KIDNEYS

The symptoms of kidney and bladder troubles are often very distressing and leave the system in a run-down condition. The kidneys seem to suffer most, as almost every victim complains of lame back and urinary troubles which should not be neglected, as these danger signals often lead to more dangerous kidney troubles.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, which, so many people say, soon heals and strengthens the kidneys, is a splendid kidney, liver and bladder medicine, and, being an herbal compound, has a gentle healing effect on the kidneys, which is almost immediately noticed in most cases by those who use it.

A trial will convince anyone who may be in need of it. Better get a bottle from your nearest drug store, and start treatment at once.

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

It's the limited express for the man who stutters.

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

Don't seek sacrifices. Just wait.

Soothe Baby Rashes
That itch and burn with hot baths of Cuticura Soap followed by gentle anointings of Cuticura Ointment. Nothing better. For free samples address, "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston." Sold by druggists and by mail. Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50.—Adv.

A New Service Flag.
One of our jackies, Maurice Clement, the quartermaster on the U. S. S. Texas, thinks that the conventional service flag which is now flying from immovable windows all over the country, has one defect. It does not tell what branch of the service each man has entered.

Now Quartermaster Clement is extremely proud of being in the navy, so, when he came to make a service flag for his own home, he framed the central white space with a piece of white-line tied in attractive knots. At the top and bottom of the panel he made a double Carriek bend; at each side, at equal intervals, a figure eight knot, and then a square knot, thus making a balanced design.

This flag is not only very attractive, but it leaves absolutely no doubt as to what branch of the service it symbolizes.—Popular Science Monthly.

Identified.
"Joe" Jefferson once presented a check at a Detroit bank, only to be told by the cashier that he'd have to be identified.

With a twinkle in his eyes the great actor quoted from the play with which his name will always be associated: "If my leedle dog Schneider was only here, he'd know me."

"Enough!" exclaimed the cashier as he immediately cashed the check.



**NO WASTE
IN A PACKAGE OF
POST TOASTIES**
says *Bobby*
Corn Food Good To The
Last Flake

Indelible Ink From Fungus Found Growing in France in Decaying Vegetable Matter

The utilization of a common variety of fungus for the manufacture of ink, now both costly and scarce, has been proposed in France, says the Pathfinder. The ink-yielding fungus which is often found growing in clusters where decaying vegetable matter exists in rich, damp soil is sometimes called the "inkstand" or the "ink bottle" because of the fact that when it decays a black liquid is produced. Its cap is elongated and bell-shaped, white at first and covered with a shining powder, later turning to gray with small brown scales on its top.

A French scientific journal says that extensive experiments in the production of indelible ink from this fungus were once carried on by French botanists. The fungi are simply placed in a bottle or other container.

After standing for a day or two they change to a black pulpy mass, which, on being filtered through a folded cloth, yields a deep black or brownish ink, not unlike India ink. The addition of a small quantity of gum arabic and a little of the essence of cloves is said to improve it and preserve its fluidity.

The ink consists of a liquid in which are suspended the minute spores of the fungus. For this reason it can be readily identified by means of a microscopic examination. As it is indelible it is peculiarly valuable for use in writing of wills and other documents which are sometimes subject to fraudulent alterations.

Mother's Cook Book

Food habits, like all other habits, are not easily changed. Do not try too many war-time dishes at once. Use ingenuity in the preparation and serving of new combinations, try to have them look and taste well.

Eat Nuts, Save Meat.
Nuts are so wholesome, present such a variety and are so well liked that they should be used more often as a food rather than a delicacy.

Sweet Potato and Peanut Croquettes.
Mix a cupful of mashed sweet potato with a cupful of finely chopped peanuts, a half a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of pepper, shape into croquettes, roll in fine bread crumbs, and bake in a hot oven until brown. If the crumbs are well buttered before using the croquettes will brown quickly. Serve with a white sauce seasoned with two tablespoonfuls of chili sauce.

Scalloped Onions and Peanuts.
Cook six onions in boiling salted water until tender. Chop two-thirds of a cupful of freshly roasted peanuts. Melt two tablespoonfuls of fat and add two tablespoonfuls of barley flour; when smooth add a cupful of rich milk, a teaspoonful of salt, a few dashes of paprika. Put a layer of onion, a layer of peanuts, then white sauce in a baking dish, cover with buttered crumbs and bake.

Stuffed Dates With Nuts and Cheese.
Steam well-washed dates until soft, remove the pits and fill with cottage cheese mixed with a few finely chopped hickory nut meats.

Apples in Maple Syrup With Nuts.
Cut eight apples in halves and remove the cores with a spoon, put into a baking pan with a cupful of maple syrup and 1½ cupfuls water and two tablespoonfuls of butter, sprinkle with two tablespoonfuls of chopped nuts and bake until the syrup is thick; serve with whipped cream.

Apples With Nut Stuffing.
Scoop out apples and fill the shell with English walnuts and apple pulp mixed with mayonnaise; place in a circle on a large serving dish and heap whipped cream in the center.

Honey Custard.
Beat two eggs, add half a teaspoonful of salt, one-third of a cupful of honey and beat again; add two cupfuls of milk and mix thoroughly. Turn into four earthen cups. Set into a dish of water and bake until firm in the center. Sprinkle with chopped nuts just before putting into the oven.

Nellie Maxwell

**Kept Two Mice Busy Whole
Year Operating Thread Mill.**

A thrifty Scotchman, David Hutton, conceived the idea of using mouse power commercially, relates the Popular Science Monthly. He experimented and found that a mouse will run on an average ten and one-half miles a day.

One mouse in Mr. Hutton's collection actually ran 18 miles in one day. The power of a mouse is not much when compared to horse power; yet, it is enough to spin cotton thread.

The cost of a mouse upkeep is not very high. One mouse was kept in fine working condition for 35 days on one-half penny's worth of oatmeal. During those 35 days that mouse ran 302 miles.

Mr. Hutton built a thread mill for his mice which was so constructed that the mouse was able to twist and reel from 100 to 230 threads a day. The mouse ran ten and a half miles every other day.

Two mice were kept constantly engaged in the spinning of thread for more than a year.

World's Corn Acreage and Distribution

By the U. S. Department of Agriculture

The world's area annually planted to corn normally averages about 175,000,000 acres. Approximately 40,000,000 acres are planted in the eastern hemisphere, where the principal corn-growing areas are southern Europe, Asia, the Mediterranean countries of Africa, and the Union of South Africa. Among the countries of Europe, the greatest acreages are in Austria-Hungary, Italy, the Balkan states, and Russia. A much less extensive acreage is grown in Spain and France. In Asia, British India, Turkey, and southern Asiatic Russia have the most extensive acreages; the crop is grown less extensively in the Philippines, China, and Japan. Practically all of the African acreage is in Egypt, the Union of South Africa, and Algeria. Australasia contributes comparatively little to the world's corn acreage.

Of the 135,000,000 acres planted to corn in the western hemisphere, 103,000,000, or three-fifths of the total world's acreage, is in the United States. Next to the United States, Mexico and Argentina have the greatest acreages. The crop is grown extensively in the smaller countries of South America and of Central America, and less extensively in portions of Canada.

Argentina is the leading corn-producing country of South America. Its annual yield approximately is 250,000,000 bushels. More than half the Argentine crop is exported, so that, considering its production, it does not

rank high as a corn-consuming nation. The smaller countries of South America consume about all the corn they produce, for it holds an important place in the dietary of the native population, especially in Peru, Bolivia and Ecuador.

In Mexico, corn, in one form or another, is the staple article of diet of most of the population. So great is the demand, that although in normal times Mexico ranks second to the United States in acreage and total yield, its production is insufficient for home consumption, and several million bushels are imported annually from the United States. In a large part of Mexico corn is the most important agricultural crop and in some sections two crops a year are grown. Many distinct types having characters that adapt them apparently to certain peculiar environments have developed in Mexico.

In the United States corn is grown more widely than any other crop. It is grown to some extent in every state in the Union. The acreage in the United States usually exceeds the combined acreages of wheat, oats, barley, rye, buckwheat, and rice. Annual production ranges from 2,500,000,000 to 3,000,000,000 bushels, or slightly exceeding the combined yields of the cereals just mentioned. The value is far in excess of any other crop. With the possible exception of cotton, corn is the most important and irreplaceable crop in the agriculture of this country.

Illuminating Gas Is Being Used in England as Motive Power for the Motor Cars

The war has at least served a useful purpose in teaching practical economy. Today we are facing a serious gasoline shortage.

In England, according to the Science et la Vie, illuminating gas is now being used extensively as the motive power for motorcars, omnibuses and motorcycles. It is much cheaper than gasoline, and its use conserves the limited supply of fuel for the motors at the front.

Another war industry has been given birth and already a large number of companies have been organized to manufacture tanks for supplying vehicles with gas.

The system is very simple and may be applied to almost any type of motor vehicle. All that is necessary is a balloon container for the gas, tubing to carry the gas to the motor and certain adjustments in attaching the controls to the carburetor and accelerator pedal.

In England the balloon in a box rests on top of the car, where it is held in position by elastic bands, which stretch when the balloon is filled and shrink as it empties. It is made of India rubber tissue like that used in the ordinary balloons of ascension.

The tubing from gas bag to carburetor is fitted with a cock which has a triple function. It permits the bag to be charged or emptied or can be turned to the neutral, which permits the gas to flow along to the carburetor. A second cock controls the flow to the carburetor. This is turned off when filling or discharging.

Between this cock and the carburetor is the control mechanism attached to the accelerator. This mechanism is so arranged that gas or gasoline may be used as it happens to be convenient. The only difficulty at present in the way of a wholesale substitution of gas power for gasoline lies in the fact that the factories which manufacture balloons are under military control.

Items of Interest.

In buying a meat chopper choose one that is easy to clean. A little pine vaseline will remove mildew and stains from leather.

Every well-fed child should have one egg a day as part of its diet.

Rock salt broken into coarse bits is a great help in cleaning bottles.

Made of a flat steel spring, a quickly adjusted belt has been invented to take the place of strings on kitchen or laboratory aprons.

Using Farm Machinery.

The greater use of farm machinery as a solution of the farm-labor problem is the logical and, indeed, inevitable outcome of the situation brought about by the war. Not only are federal and state authorities urging this course upon farmers, but encouragement in various forms to do so is being held out to the farmers in all parts of the country.—Springfield Union.

Homemade Meal.

Soy bean meal is on sale in some places, but the housekeeper who wishes to do so can grind soy beans by putting them through a meat chopper several times or by using a coffee mill or other small mill. The meal does not require any preliminary cooking to soften it. Soy bean meal can be used like other common meals to make a variety of palatable dishes.

THE FUNNY SIDE.

The Class.



"I have a fine setter I have just bought."
"What is it—Gordon, English or Irish?"
"None of the three; Plymouth Rock."

Chronic Disconsolation.
"What do you think of this daylight-saving movement?"
"It won't do any good," replied the weary commuter. "I'll get me up earlier in the morning, but they've fixed it so that I'll miss my train the same as usual."

Subterfuge.

"Bliggins sits out in a boat by the hour and fishes."
"He isn't really fishing. He's only dodging regular work."



Human Discontent.
"Suppose hens actually laid highly colored Easter eggs."
"We wouldn't be satisfied," replied Mr. Growcher. "We'd try to improve their appearance by whitewashing 'em."

Its Advantages.
Downright Dick—Faint heart 'n'et won't fair lady.
Sly Cyril—No, but it gets you a drink in a dry town.

It's Cheaper Now.
"The cook burnt the steak again," exclaimed the experienced housewife. "Dear me!" said young Mrs. Newlywed. "Wouldn't ordinary coal have been a little cheaper these days?"

Boys Can Help Country by Gardening, Raising Poultry, Pigs, and Conserving Food

How every American boy, although separated by the Atlantic ocean from the actual theater of war against autocracy, can play his part in upholding American ideals, is pointed out by Secretary of Agriculture Houston in a message addressed to the Boy Scouts of America. The Secretary pledges to the boys the hearty co-operation of the federal and state agricultural agencies.

Secretary Houston's statement follows:

"The splendid army of Boy Scouts of America can be of very great help to the nation in this time of world need. The war can be won only if we deliver the men, the ships, and the food in sufficient number and quantities to make our war program effective. You as a boy scout can greatly aid by growing home vegetable gardens, raising pigs and poultry, conserving food by canning and drying for home use and in many other ways open to you.

"Will you not help your country again this year even in a bigger and a better way than you did during the summer of 1917? Your task will be to 'beat your own record' in food production and conservation. May your motto for 1918 be 'every scout to feed a soldier and one other.'"

"I desire to extend to you the hearty good will and co-operation of the officials of the United States department of agriculture, also that of the co-operative club leaders of boys' and girls' extension work at the agricultural colleges, who will be glad to assist you in your work."

WRIGLEYS

Six
reasons

WHY it's
a good
friend:

- 1—Steadies nerves
- 2—Allays thirst
- 3—Aids appetite
- 4—Helps digestion
- 5—Keeps teeth clean
- 6—It's economical

Keep the soldiers
and sailors supplied!

Three
Flavors



Chew it after every meal

The Flavor Lasts!

Soft Soap Defined.
"Pop, why do people call jollying soft soap?"
"Because there is so much lie about it, son."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Concert Conductors.
Church—This paper says "Railroads will act in concert."
Gotham—Well, they will not want for conductors.

High Cattle Prices Accompany High Beef Prices

If consumers are to pay less for beef, live-stock raisers naturally will receive less for cattle.

If farmers are paid more for live stock, consumers will necessarily pay more for meat.

Swift & Company pays for cattle approximately 90 per cent of the price received for beef and by-products. The remaining 10 per cent pays for dressing, freight to market, operation of distributing houses, and in most cases, delivery to the retailer. Net profits also have to come out of this 10 per cent.

This margin cannot be squeezed arbitrarily without danger of crippling the only effective means of performing the complex service of converting cattle into meat and distributing this meat to the fighting forces and to consumers.

Swift & Company's net profit on beef during 1917 was only 1/4 of a cent per pound. On all products, it was a little less than four cents on each dollar of sales. Complete elimination of these profits would not affect appreciably retail prices of meat, or farm prices of live stock.

Swift & Company will be glad to co-operate in devising methods that will improve conditions in the meat and live stock industry.

1918 Year Book of interesting and
instructive facts sent on request.
Address Swift & Company,
Union Stock Yards, Chicago, Illinois

Swift & Company
U. S. A.

Remember

YOUR fortune must be built from the money you are *not* spending from now on. The money you *spend* will never figure into it.

Men and women do not have savings accounts because they are successful. They are successful because they have long had savings accounts.

Whether your first deposit be large or small, this Bank invites you to open a Savings Account—to become a consistent, regular saver and to take advantage of our willing and helpful service.

Exchange Bank of Carrizozo



The man with money can do the duty he owes to his family.



YOU ARE WASTING MONEY EVERY WEEK IN SOME TRIVIAL WAY, THAT IF IT WERE PUT IN THE BANK WOULD SOON MAKE A VERY HANDSOME SUM.

IF THAT SUM WERE LEFT IN THE BANK AND ADDED TO, IT WOULD GROW TO BE A FORTUNE, IF YOU LIVE, BUT IF YOU SHOULD DIE YOU WOULD NOT LEAVE HELPLESS LITTLE ONES BEHIND.

COME TO OUR BANK

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK
OF CARRIZOZO

The First Consideration

of the officers of this bank is the security of the funds entrusted to our care by depositors. With a practical management and a representative board of Directors this bank is prepared to offer you the best of service possible based on sound banking principles. If you are not doing business with us, why not begin today.

Stockmens State Bank
CORONA, NEW MEXICO



BANK WITH US, GROW WITH US

The Lincoln State Bank

Old Lincoln Town

The old town of Lincoln gave a blow out Wednesday in the interest of the Second War Fund and invited everyone to be present. Besides the nearby communities which sent many Carrizozo was represented by eight car loads, including the 16 Red Cross workers who added a pleas-

ing effect to the gathering. Ice cream was served throughout the afternoon, a big supper, that was a supper, served and a school entertainment in the old court room at night, supplemented by Red Cross talks by Messrs. Brickley and Haley and special music. Our crowd reached home about 1:30 in the morning—tired but happy.

Some School History

By Lee H. Hutchins, White Oaks, N. M.
(Continued from Page 1)

essor is elected and qualified. In addition to his salary he was allowed \$25 for each district organized and \$5 a visit not to exceed five visits a year to any one district. These last two provisions were dropped a few years later confining his compensation to a straight salary and his duties outside of drawing what was left of his official stipend merely routine.

Gen. L. Ulrich, so far as ones memory runneth back, for records there are none now in existence, was appointed, under the law, by the board of commissioners, to serve as the first school superintendent of Lincoln county. At that time Southeastern New Mexico was almost considered a part of Texas, as that over-reaching commonwealth was trying to take in about all the sand and sage brush between itself and the setting sun, and this county claimed what was left from the encroachments after Valencia, Socorro and Dona Ana counties were organized.

George was something of a full fledged kid at that time and after his appointment there was a question raised as to his ability to spread himself over such a vast domain at his tender age, but the matter soon blew over and he at once proceeded to make good. That he did his level best goes without saying, but his two years term of office expired before he had completed the full round of the county. In fact it was gone before some of his remote constituents in the valleys of the Guadalupe mountains and the trans-Pecos plains had learned of his appointment. At that time party lines were not sharply drawn. There were republicans and apparently belated democrats; there were factions but little party organization. That came a few years later, and the office of school superintendent went into the political garbage can with the rest.

Dr. A. G. Lane, another White Oaks man, was the first to be elected under the new deal. The doctor was noted for the redundancy of his vocabulary. He also had a genius for taking in all the material and desirable things in sight be the allurements ever so illusive. During the summer after he came into his own a great influx of sittings from No Man's Land came into the county and camped among the scenic beauties and along the gurgling waters of Eagle Creek. The people were of that intensely progressive kind who are always on the move and travel in covered wagons with a fringe of unlauded juvenile faces around the upper edge of the wagon box and the lower edge of the canvas cover. The chickens, which always seemed to be a necessary adjunct, occupying a box at the rear, were of that intelligent, migratory breed which are said to be down and cross their legs to be tied preparatory to the days' journey, as soon as they see the owner of the team "hooking up".

The doctor, hearing of this unladen and profitless influx of migratory inhabitants, straightway sought them out like the good missionary that he was. After prescribing copious doses of cadomel and other rejuvenating unguents for the afflicted among them at so much per, he proceeded to organize them into a sure enough school district with metes and bounds properly designated. The gist of the whole matter was that before the doctor could get the bill for his services, in this case, allowed by the county commissioners the boys had caught all the fish in the creek and the entire community had packed up its plunder and hit the trail over the divide.

However, the good doctor had a scheme of his own by which to neutralize the leanness of his salary. He usually made the rounds of the districts by team and back board. Under the slate

between the front and hind wheels of this vehicle he constructed a very roomy box to hold all manner of farm and garden products which the ranchmen along the streams and valleys of the county were pleased to contribute to the larder of so distinguished an official. As an instance: He was seen returning at one time from Ruidoso way with his rig literally camouflaged with the richest products of the land. Two of his children, were hemmed in a narrow space behind the seat, which was occupied by Mrs. Lane and himself, and had to rubber their necks almost to a span in order to see out over the barricade of squashes, cabbages, melons and other miscellaneous specimens of abnormal growth. The doctor no doubt should be given credit for the inception of the idea of an Agricultural College in connection with the public school system of New Mexico.

About this time politics began to dominate the selection of county officials and the office of county school superintendent went into the garbage can with the rest.

In the year 1895 Frank Conger, a very active and capable young man was nominated by the republicans, and the late Seaborn T. Gray by the democrats for county superintendent. This meant long trips, many "act-ups" and battles galore on the part of the candidates. During the campaign Mr. Conger and a friend, also a candidate on the ticket with him, made a trip to the Pecos country; although only about three republicans had as yet gained the unmolested right to live in that democratic stronghold. The friend quietly took one of the leading citizens aside and explained how Conger, by education, ability and up-to-dateness, if elected, would make the ideal school superintendent. The Pecosman patiently heard him through without the bat of an eye and then remarked with characteristic drawl: "Well, Mister, I have no doubt yer White Oaks feller is the fittest man for the place but ye see it is this away. I hev allers knowed Sebe Gray, he is a dimocrat same as myself and I calkerlate I am bound to vote for Sebe."—Sabe?

And so the early struggles of our public schools went on from year to year generally shifting from bad to worse as their supervision shifted from one side of the political fence to the other, and always and above all was that dire handicap—a shortage of funds to conduct the work—not enough to finance even a short term annually in many of the districts.

Not until Prof. Hiram Hadley came to the fore as territorial superintendent of schools was there a general awakening up in educational lines. It is no misnomer to call him the Father of the present efficient public school system of New Mexico. He put an intelligence and enthusiasm into the work never surpassed before or since, and it is largely owing to his initiative, energy and persistence that our present school law is on the statute books, although, after the heat and the burden he was compelled to turn the duties over into younger hands. His work will live after him. May the inspiration of his example be a safe and sure guide for our future state and county superintendents.

As to the past the writer formerly played in the educational affairs of Lincoln county there seems very little to be said. He has a sort of dim recollection that when acting as its school superintendent of spending a liberal portion of his time and the greater part of his illiberal salary trying to bring order out of a badly hoodooed chaos and at the same time to put the school population of some 26 school districts into suitable houses. In order to do this fourteen new buildings were to be provided and in most cases

without any funds for the purpose in sight. This was accomplished, however, while he was on the job. Some of them were rather temporary affairs it is true, but it was the best that could be done with "dobes" made without straw or with logs that were unsawn, in a district without resources.

In those days there were no provisions made for building school houses except by bonding the district against which there was much opposition, but there was a statutory provision against paying out any of the district funds except for teachers' salaries, fuel and repairs. The houses were therefore built by each householder contributing a portion of his time, using such material as the locality most readily afforded.

(Continued Next Week)

Old Time Religion

For May 30th, the President of our United States has ordered a decree that the nation observe in fasting and prayer to Almighty God, for victory for our allies, and peace, freedom and safety for our nation. Now dear people our President has struck the keynote to victory and success. If God is for us, who can be against us?

We are glad to note the day set apart for Prayer is a week-day, and not a Sabbath, that the whole world can sacrifice a working day to serve the Great God whom we have so long neglected, shows the earnestness for which the call is made. Now friends let us show as much patriotism to this message from President Wilson as would, a message from Red Cross headquarters or the Liberty Bond call. This call will only cost us humility, and remind us of our dying boys in France, who are facing the Great Sentence, Death, passed on every creature because of the transgressions of God's Unchanging Law.

We, the Pentecostal Church of "The Nazarenes", invite all who feel the Divine, as well as the President's call, to spend the 30th day of May in Divine worship, fasting and prayer, to meet with us at the Providence Church between Nogal and Capitan. This invitation extends to every one it reaches. So let's pray God to end the great conflict, "Give Peace on Earth and Good Will to all Men".

Committee of Providence Church.

Government advises storing coal. Get storage prices from Humphrey Bros.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

GEO. SPENCE W. C. MERCHANT
SPENCE & MERCHANT

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
Rooms 5 and 6, Exchange Bank Bldg.
CARRIZOZO, N. M.

C. A. PERKINS
Attorney-at-Law
Carrizozo, N. M.

GEORGE B. BARBER
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW
Carrizozo, N. M.

SETH F. CREWS
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Will practice in Federal and State Courts
OSCURO, N. M.

FRANK J. SAGER
FIRE INSURANCE
Notary Public
Office in Exchange Bank, Carrizozo.

R. E. BLANEY
DENTIST
Office in Exchange Bank Bldg., Upstairs
Carrizozo, N. M.

T. E. KELLEY
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.



Hotel Zeiger

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

HOTEL ZEIGER is now serving regular meals: 35c Breakfast 40c Lunch; 60c Dinner.

CAFE OPEN ALL NIGHT

THE IDEAL MACHINE

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

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

DUROC HOGS

Registered, Pure Bred, Vaccinated

We own The Largest Imported Herd in the West. Breeding stock of all kinds for sale. If you raise hogs, send for our booklet.

Monkbridge Farm, Albuquerque, N. M.

Try a Galassified in the News

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 26, February 23, March 23, April 20, May 20, June 22, July 20, August 17, September 14, October 19, November 16, December 13 and 27.
R. E. BLANEY, W. M.
S. F. MILLER, Sec'y.

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
Honda - 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.

A Bird in the Hand

(Special Information Service, United States Department of Agriculture)

EGG "CIRCLES" HELP CUT BIG LOSS



Candling Eggs, Examining Them for Spoilage, Makes High-Grade Product Possible. (2) A Fresh Egg, and (3) a Spoiled Egg, as the Candler Sees It Before the Lamp. (4) Better Handling Might Have Saved This \$50 Loss.

EGG PRODUCERS WORK TOGETHER

Co-operation Will Save \$45,000,000 Annual Loss From Careless Handling.

IMPORTANCE OF EGG CIRCLES

Associations Watch Crop and Strive to Prevent Carelessness and Undesirable Conditions—Market Problems Overcome.

If egg producers would work together to reduce egg losses, much of the \$45,000,000 loss which results annually from careless handling could be eliminated. Egg circles, the name given to associations of egg producers, have been urged by the United States department of agriculture for a number of years. The work which these organizations can do now to save food is of the utmost importance.

Egg circles watch the egg crop, not only in its handling but in its production. They strive to prevent the carelessness which permits mongrel stock, dirty nests, stolen nests of broody hens, unconfined males, late-maturing pullets, and other undesirable conditions to exist on egg farms. Every effort is made to reduce the high percentage of small, cracked, dirty, stale, heated and rotten eggs. Many marketing problems also are overcome.

Early Chicks in Quantity

One very successful organization of egg producers has a large incubator house of 12,000 egg capacity where early chicks are produced for the members at a low cost. This is done in order to obtain early maturing pullets thus securing eggs during the fall when eggs usually are scarce. The company also has a receiving room for eggs where they are candled, sorted to weight—about 24 ounces to the dozen—packed in cartons, and shipped on contract orders. Their eggs are all guaranteed to be according to grade, they advertise the fancy grades on their cartons and cases, and market prices are paid to the members. Twice a year dividends are paid each member in proportion to the amount of eggs marketed through the company and the time of year eggs were brought in, a larger dividend being paid per dozen for eggs brought in during the fall and winter than for those received during the spring and summer, estimated by months. A regular trade is established with discriminating consumers, with city clubs, with the best class hotels and restaurants, and with fancy grocers for a supply each day or week.

Eggs for Fancy Trade

The reputation that is established enables this association to fix its prices at several cents a dozen above the regular market quotations, as fancy trade is willing to pay a premium for a guaranteed article. Most egg circles buy chicken feed and other poultry supplies in quantities for their members. While at first the number of eggs to be marketed may not warrant a central station with a manager to inspect, grade and market the whole product, the aim should be to develop to that state.

Specialists of the department of agriculture will aid producers in organizing community egg circles and also in problems of production and marketing. In Farmers' Bulletin 656 suggestions and forms are offered as aids in organizing and managing such co-operative associations.

Finding Turkey Nest

It requires some good detective work at times. Given free range, turkey hens usually hide their nests in obscure places such as patches of weeds, tall grass, or brushy thickets. Often they wander a half mile or more from home before they find places that suit them.

To find these stolen nests, as they are usually called, is often a long and tedious task, the usual method being to follow each turkey hen as she separates from the flock and turns toward her nest, taking care that she does not know she is observed. But "shadowing" the turkey hen is not always the best way. A much easier and quicker method, according to specialists of the United States department of agriculture, is to confine the hens early some morning soon after they have come down from roost and let them out late in the afternoon. This forced delay causes the hens to head straight for their nests in order to lay their eggs.

Keep Brood Coops Clean

Clean the brood coop at least once a week and keep it free from mites. If mites are found in the coop clean it thoroughly and spray with kerosene or crude petroleum. From one to two inches of sand or dry dirt or a thin layer of straw or fine hay should be spread on the floor of the coop. Coops should be moved weekly to fresh ground, preferably where there is new grass.

Shade is very essential in rearing chickens during warm weather; therefore place the coops in shady spots whenever possible. A cornfield makes fine range for young chickens, as they can find many bugs and worms and have fresh ground to run on most of the time, due to the cultivation of the soil. Abundant shade is furnished at the same time.

Need More Turkeys, Too

With but little additional outlay to farmers, many more turkeys could be raised, poultry specialists of the United States department of agriculture say. The small number of turkeys per farm in the United States is surprising. According to the census of 1910, which is the latest that has been taken, only 13.7 per cent of the total number of farms reported any turkeys at all, and on these farms an average of but slightly more than four breeding turkeys was found per farm. Some farms by the nature of the crops grown on them or because of unfavorable surroundings are not adapted to turkey raising, but most farms are, and could easily handle a breeding flock of 10 to 15 hen turkeys and a tom, raising from 75 to 150 turkeys each year at a good profit. Farmers' Bulletin 791, "Turkey Raising," describes the most successful methods of breeding, feeding, and management. It can be obtained free upon application to the United States department of agriculture, Washington, D. C.

Prevent Egg Losses

1. Selecting pure breeds that lay more and larger eggs, such as White Leghorns, Wyandottes, Plymouth Rocks, Rhode Island Reds, Orpingtons, etc.
2. Giving better care, food, and shelter, with dry, clean, vermin-proof nests.
3. Confining males except to breeding season.
4. Collecting eggs frequently, especially in hot or muggy weather.
5. Storing eggs in a dry, clean, cool place.
6. Using small and dirty eggs at home.
7. Marketing frequently, with protection at all times from heat.
8. Selling for cash on a basis of size and quality, "loss off" instead of "case count."
9. Using an attractive package.
10. Combining shipments as a matter of economy.

Back-Yard Hennyery

Make a hennyery one of your answers to hunger. A dozen or so hens in your back yard—Little equipment needed. A hobby rather than a task. Interesting to that boy or girl. Feed consists largely of garbage, insects, waste, and weeds. Manufactured by Mrs. Hen into eggs and meat.

WASHINGTON GOSSIP

World of "Make-Believe" Affected by the War

WASHINGTON.—There is an alley with a gutter down the middle and bushes shooting above the fences that wall it in. All along are gates that open into back yards. And, always, little children romp in and out in play. The other morning, after a night rain had washed the cobbles and filled the gutter brim up with fresh water and put gold-green leaves on the bushes, it seemed an extra nice alley to a woman who was making a short cut through it—but people do make such ridiculous mistakes. For it wasn't an alley at all. Three boys who were floating toy boats down the gutter explained:

"This is the Atlantic ocean and this is the American navy. My destroyer is going to send that sub to the bottom and Billy's ship is laying alongside to rescue the crew. You see that woman standing before that stone wall with her arms tied and a handkerchief over her eyes? Well, she's a spy. If you wait a minute till the firing squad comes up you can see her shot, if you want to."

The woman spy, who must have been every day of four years old and who masked her iniquities in a pink gingham slip and bob curls, posed smilingly against the fence, with one eye peeking over her bandage.

Up marched the squad, led by a drummer, knee high to that grasshopper which lends itself so accommodatingly to occasions like this.

Each soldier wore khaki or a sailor suit or an Indian costume, and all were armed with real toy guns. They lined up, took aim and the victim, terrorized by the grim make-believe of childhood, which is one of the most real things in this world, yelled out as the officer lifted a handkerchief and the squad shouted, "Bang."

But she played the game like a little sport and fell according to schedule.

What a way-off, old-fashioned and uneventful world it used to be when children floated ships of clover down the stream—and hatched snakes out of horsehairs—and rode tobacco sticks—and played jack straws—and worshiped stiff china dolls with black curls painted on.

Just the Adventures of Three Women and a Baby

SHE was dressed to kill—in the sense that she was armed with every weapon that money could forge for the fighting of that battle which woman always loses when her enemy is Time.

And she was looking over at another table in the same cafe. What she saw was a lump of pink fat, blue eyes, a lot of dimples and exactly two teeth—the combination perched on a high chair beside a girl-mother who was going through an "afternoon ten" that began with three fried and was to end with jelly frappe.

The baby obviously objected to oysters allied to frappe, for he pounded the table with pudgy fists. And for good measure, he yelled and yelled, and—

All the time, the woman in the fine clothes and make-up watched the baby with that hungry look that you can't put it in words, but the next time you see a baby in a car, say, watch the passengers, men and women, and somewhere in that crowd you will catch the expression. But you couldn't spell it to save your life.

The woman looked at the baby that way, and right in the middle of its pounding and kicking and yelling, by some luck—maybe it wasn't just luck, either, but never mind that—by some luck, the baby caught the woman's glance, stopped crying, held out its arms and began to coo.

It was a clear case of hypnotism. The woman gathered up her belongings with subconscious conventionalities, paid her bill and then went straight to the baby and took him in her arms. The mother was frankly gratified that a woman of such worldly affluence should be playing nurse to her child, until another woman at another table—an ominously virtuous woman whose milk of human kindness seemed to have curdled came over and whispered a remark.

The mother took her baby from the woman, and the woman, understandingly, went out of that cafe mad enough to bite nails.

That was all there was to it unless—unless some day—somewhere—a vicious good meddler and an overprudent mother who snatched her baby from the arms of a middle-aged Delilah should be called to account by an accusing Judge, who, himself, loved little children when he walked the earth—a long time ago.

And serve them both right.

And she was looking over at another table in the same cafe. What she saw was a lump of pink fat, blue eyes, a lot of dimples and exactly two teeth—the combination perched on a high chair beside a girl-mother who was going through an "afternoon ten" that began with three fried and was to end with jelly frappe.

The baby obviously objected to oysters allied to frappe, for he pounded the table with pudgy fists. And for good measure, he yelled and yelled, and—

All the time, the woman in the fine clothes and make-up watched the baby with that hungry look that you can't put it in words, but the next time you see a baby in a car, say, watch the passengers, men and women, and somewhere in that crowd you will catch the expression. But you couldn't spell it to save your life.

The woman looked at the baby that way, and right in the middle of its pounding and kicking and yelling, by some luck—maybe it wasn't just luck, either, but never mind that—by some luck, the baby caught the woman's glance, stopped crying, held out its arms and began to coo.

It was a clear case of hypnotism. The woman gathered up her belongings with subconscious conventionalities, paid her bill and then went straight to the baby and took him in her arms. The mother was frankly gratified that a woman of such worldly affluence should be playing nurse to her child, until another woman at another table—an ominously virtuous woman whose milk of human kindness seemed to have curdled came over and whispered a remark.

The mother took her baby from the woman, and the woman, understandingly, went out of that cafe mad enough to bite nails.

That was all there was to it unless—unless some day—somewhere—a vicious good meddler and an overprudent mother who snatched her baby from the arms of a middle-aged Delilah should be called to account by an accusing Judge, who, himself, loved little children when he walked the earth—a long time ago.

And serve them both right.

And she was looking over at another table in the same cafe. What she saw was a lump of pink fat, blue eyes, a lot of dimples and exactly two teeth—the combination perched on a high chair beside a girl-mother who was going through an "afternoon ten" that began with three fried and was to end with jelly frappe.

The baby obviously objected to oysters allied to frappe, for he pounded the table with pudgy fists. And for good measure, he yelled and yelled, and—

All the time, the woman in the fine clothes and make-up watched the baby with that hungry look that you can't put it in words, but the next time you see a baby in a car, say, watch the passengers, men and women, and somewhere in that crowd you will catch the expression. But you couldn't spell it to save your life.

The woman looked at the baby that way, and right in the middle of its pounding and kicking and yelling, by some luck—maybe it wasn't just luck, either, but never mind that—by some luck, the baby caught the woman's glance, stopped crying, held out its arms and began to coo.

It was a clear case of hypnotism. The woman gathered up her belongings with subconscious conventionalities, paid her bill and then went straight to the baby and took him in her arms. The mother was frankly gratified that a woman of such worldly affluence should be playing nurse to her child, until another woman at another table—an ominously virtuous woman whose milk of human kindness seemed to have curdled came over and whispered a remark.

The mother took her baby from the woman, and the woman, understandingly, went out of that cafe mad enough to bite nails.

That was all there was to it unless—unless some day—somewhere—a vicious good meddler and an overprudent mother who snatched her baby from the arms of a middle-aged Delilah should be called to account by an accusing Judge, who, himself, loved little children when he walked the earth—a long time ago.

And serve them both right.

And she was looking over at another table in the same cafe. What she saw was a lump of pink fat, blue eyes, a lot of dimples and exactly two teeth—the combination perched on a high chair beside a girl-mother who was going through an "afternoon ten" that began with three fried and was to end with jelly frappe.

The baby obviously objected to oysters allied to frappe, for he pounded the table with pudgy fists. And for good measure, he yelled and yelled, and—

All the time, the woman in the fine clothes and make-up watched the baby with that hungry look that you can't put it in words, but the next time you see a baby in a car, say, watch the passengers, men and women, and somewhere in that crowd you will catch the expression. But you couldn't spell it to save your life.

The woman looked at the baby that way, and right in the middle of its pounding and kicking and yelling, by some luck—maybe it wasn't just luck, either, but never mind that—by some luck, the baby caught the woman's glance, stopped crying, held out its arms and began to coo.

It was a clear case of hypnotism. The woman gathered up her belongings with subconscious conventionalities, paid her bill and then went straight to the baby and took him in her arms. The mother was frankly gratified that a woman of such worldly affluence should be playing nurse to her child, until another woman at another table—an ominously virtuous woman whose milk of human kindness seemed to have curdled came over and whispered a remark.

The mother took her baby from the woman, and the woman, understandingly, went out of that cafe mad enough to bite nails.

That was all there was to it unless—unless some day—somewhere—a vicious good meddler and an overprudent mother who snatched her baby from the arms of a middle-aged Delilah should be called to account by an accusing Judge, who, himself, loved little children when he walked the earth—a long time ago.

And serve them both right.

And she was looking over at another table in the same cafe. What she saw was a lump of pink fat, blue eyes, a lot of dimples and exactly two teeth—the combination perched on a high chair beside a girl-mother who was going through an "afternoon ten" that began with three fried and was to end with jelly frappe.

The baby obviously objected to oysters allied to frappe, for he pounded the table with pudgy fists. And for good measure, he yelled and yelled, and—

All the time, the woman in the fine clothes and make-up watched the baby with that hungry look that you can't put it in words, but the next time you see a baby in a car, say, watch the passengers, men and women, and somewhere in that crowd you will catch the expression. But you couldn't spell it to save your life.

The woman looked at the baby that way, and right in the middle of its pounding and kicking and yelling, by some luck—maybe it wasn't just luck, either, but never mind that—by some luck, the baby caught the woman's glance, stopped crying, held out its arms and began to coo.

It was a clear case of hypnotism. The woman gathered up her belongings with subconscious conventionalities, paid her bill and then went straight to the baby and took him in her arms. The mother was frankly gratified that a woman of such worldly affluence should be playing nurse to her child, until another woman at another table—an ominously virtuous woman whose milk of human kindness seemed to have curdled came over and whispered a remark.

The mother took her baby from the woman, and the woman, understandingly, went out of that cafe mad enough to bite nails.

That was all there was to it unless—unless some day—somewhere—a vicious good meddler and an overprudent mother who snatched her baby from the arms of a middle-aged Delilah should be called to account by an accusing Judge, who, himself, loved little children when he walked the earth—a long time ago.

And serve them both right.

And she was looking over at another table in the same cafe. What she saw was a lump of pink fat, blue eyes, a lot of dimples and exactly two teeth—the combination perched on a high chair beside a girl-mother who was going through an "afternoon ten" that began with three fried and was to end with jelly frappe.

The baby obviously objected to oysters allied to frappe, for he pounded the table with pudgy fists. And for good measure, he yelled and yelled, and—

All the time, the woman in the fine clothes and make-up watched the baby with that hungry look that you can't put it in words, but the next time you see a baby in a car, say, watch the passengers, men and women, and somewhere in that crowd you will catch the expression. But you couldn't spell it to save your life.

The woman looked at the baby that way, and right in the middle of its pounding and kicking and yelling, by some luck—maybe it wasn't just luck, either, but never mind that—by some luck, the baby caught the woman's glance, stopped crying, held out its arms and began to coo.

It was a clear case of hypnotism. The woman gathered up her belongings with subconscious conventionalities, paid her bill and then went straight to the baby and took him in her arms. The mother was frankly gratified that a woman of such worldly affluence should be playing nurse to her child, until another woman at another table—an ominously virtuous woman whose milk of human kindness seemed to have curdled came over and whispered a remark.

The mother took her baby from the woman, and the woman, understandingly, went out of that cafe mad enough to bite nails.

That was all there was to it unless—unless some day—somewhere—a vicious good meddler and an overprudent mother who snatched her baby from the arms of a middle-aged Delilah should be called to account by an accusing Judge, who, himself, loved little children when he walked the earth—a long time ago.

And serve them both right.

And she was looking over at another table in the same cafe. What she saw was a lump of pink fat, blue eyes, a lot of dimples and exactly two teeth—the combination perched on a high chair beside a girl-mother who was going through an "afternoon ten" that began with three fried and was to end with jelly frappe.

The baby obviously objected to oysters allied to frappe, for he pounded the table with pudgy fists. And for good measure, he yelled and yelled, and—

All the time, the woman in the fine clothes and make-up watched the baby with that hungry look that you can't put it in words, but the next time you see a baby in a car, say, watch the passengers, men and women, and somewhere in that crowd you will catch the expression. But you couldn't spell it to save your life.

The woman looked at the baby that way, and right in the middle of its pounding and kicking and yelling, by some luck—maybe it wasn't just luck, either, but never mind that—by some luck, the baby caught the woman's glance, stopped crying, held out its arms and began to coo.

It was a clear case of hypnotism. The woman gathered up her belongings with subconscious conventionalities, paid her bill and then went straight to the baby and took him in her arms. The mother was frankly gratified that a woman of such worldly affluence should be playing nurse to her child, until another woman at another table—an ominously virtuous woman whose milk of human kindness seemed to have curdled came over and whispered a remark.

The mother took her baby from the woman, and the woman, understandingly, went out of that cafe mad enough to bite nails.

That was all there was to it unless—unless some day—somewhere—a vicious good meddler and an overprudent mother who snatched her baby from the arms of a middle-aged Delilah should be called to account by an accusing Judge, who, himself, loved little children when he walked the earth—a long time ago.

And serve them both right.

And she was looking over at another table in the same cafe. What she saw was a lump of pink fat, blue eyes, a lot of dimples and exactly two teeth—the combination perched on a high chair beside a girl-mother who was going through an "afternoon ten" that began with three fried and was to end with jelly frappe.

The baby obviously objected to oysters allied to frappe, for he pounded the table with pudgy fists. And for good measure, he yelled and yelled, and—

All the time, the woman in the fine clothes and make-up watched the baby with that hungry look that you can't put it in words, but the next time you see a baby in a car, say, watch the passengers, men and women, and somewhere in that crowd you will catch the expression. But you couldn't spell it to save your life.

The woman looked at the baby that way, and right in the middle of its pounding and kicking and yelling, by some luck—maybe it wasn't just luck, either, but never mind that—by some luck, the baby caught the woman's glance, stopped crying, held out its arms and began to coo.

It was a clear case of hypnotism. The woman gathered up her belongings with subconscious conventionalities, paid her bill and then went straight to the baby and took him in her arms. The mother was frankly gratified that a woman of such worldly affluence should be playing nurse to her child, until another woman at another table—an ominously virtuous woman whose milk of human kindness seemed to have curdled came over and whispered a remark.

The mother took her baby from the woman, and the woman, understandingly, went out of that cafe mad enough to bite nails.

That was all there was to it unless—unless some day—somewhere—a vicious good meddler and an overprudent mother who snatched her baby from the arms of a middle-aged Delilah should be called to account by an accusing Judge, who, himself, loved little children when he walked the earth—a long time ago.

And serve them both right.

And she was looking over at another table in the same cafe. What she saw was a lump of pink fat, blue eyes, a lot of dimples and exactly two teeth—the combination perched on a high chair beside a girl-mother who was going through an "afternoon ten" that began with three fried and was to end with jelly frappe.

The baby obviously objected to oysters allied to frappe, for he pounded the table with pudgy fists. And for good measure, he yelled and yelled, and—

All the time, the woman in the fine clothes and make-up watched the baby with that hungry look that you can't put it in words, but the next time you see a baby in a car, say, watch the passengers, men and women, and somewhere in that crowd you will catch the expression. But you couldn't spell it to save your life.

The woman looked at the baby that way, and right in the middle of its pounding and kicking and yelling, by some luck—maybe it wasn't just luck, either, but never mind that—by some luck, the baby caught the woman's glance, stopped crying, held out its arms and began to coo.

It was a clear case of hypnotism. The woman gathered up her belongings with subconscious conventionalities, paid her bill and then went straight to the baby and took him in her arms. The mother was frankly gratified that a woman of such worldly affluence should be playing nurse to her child, until another woman at another table—an ominously virtuous woman whose milk of human kindness seemed to have curdled came over and whispered a remark.

The mother took her baby from the woman, and the woman, understandingly, went out of that cafe mad enough to bite nails.

That was all there was to it unless—unless some day—somewhere—a vicious good meddler and an overprudent mother who snatched her baby from the arms of a middle-aged Delilah should be called to account by an accusing Judge, who, himself, loved little children when he walked the earth—a long time ago.

And serve them both right.

And she was looking over at another table in the same cafe. What she saw was a lump of pink fat, blue eyes, a lot of dimples and exactly two teeth—the combination perched on a high chair beside a girl-mother who was going through an "afternoon ten" that began with three fried and was to end with jelly frappe.

The baby obviously objected to oysters allied to frappe, for he pounded the table with pudgy fists. And for good measure, he yelled and yelled, and—

All the time, the woman in the fine clothes and make-up watched the baby with that hungry look that you can't put it in words, but the next time you see a baby in a car, say, watch the passengers, men and women, and somewhere in that crowd you will catch the expression. But you couldn't spell it to save your life.

The woman looked at the baby that way, and right in the middle of its pounding and kicking and yelling, by some luck—maybe it wasn't just luck, either, but never mind that—by some luck, the baby caught the woman's glance, stopped crying, held out its arms and began to coo.

It was a clear case of hypnotism. The woman gathered up her belongings with subconscious conventionalities, paid her bill and then went straight to the baby and took him in her arms. The mother was frankly gratified that a woman of such worldly affluence should be playing nurse to her child, until another woman at another table—an ominously virtuous woman whose milk of human kindness seemed to have curdled came over and whispered a remark.

The mother took her baby from the woman, and the woman, understandingly, went out of that cafe mad enough to bite nails.

That was all there was to it unless—unless some day—somewhere—a vicious good meddler and an overprudent mother who snatched her baby from the arms of a middle-aged Delilah should be called to account by an accusing Judge, who, himself, loved little children when he walked the earth—a long time ago.

And serve them both right.

And she was looking over at another table in the same cafe. What she saw was a lump of pink fat, blue eyes, a lot of dimples and exactly two teeth—the combination perched on a high chair beside a girl-mother who was going through an "afternoon ten" that began with three fried and was to end with jelly frappe.

The baby obviously objected to oysters allied to frappe, for he pounded the table with pudgy fists. And for good measure, he yelled and yelled, and—

All the time, the woman in the fine clothes and make-up watched the baby with that hungry look that you can't put it in words, but the next time you see a baby in a car, say, watch the passengers, men and women, and somewhere in that crowd you will catch the expression. But you couldn't spell it to save your life.

The woman looked at the baby that way, and right in the middle of its pounding and kicking and yelling, by some luck—maybe it wasn't just luck, either, but never mind that—by some luck, the baby caught the woman's glance, stopped crying, held out its arms and began to coo.

It was a clear case of hypnotism. The woman gathered up her belongings with subconscious conventionalities, paid her bill and then went straight to the baby and took him in her arms. The mother was frankly gratified that a woman of such worldly affluence should be playing nurse to her child, until another woman at another table—an ominously virtuous woman whose milk of human kindness seemed to have curdled came over and whispered a remark.

The mother took her baby from the woman, and the woman, understandingly, went out of that cafe mad enough to bite nails.

That was all there was to it unless—unless some day—somewhere—a vicious good meddler and an overprudent mother who snatched her baby from the arms of a middle-aged Delilah should be called to account by an accusing Judge, who, himself, loved little children when he walked the earth—a long time ago.

And serve them both right.

And she was looking over at another table in the same cafe. What she saw was a lump of pink fat, blue eyes, a lot of dimples and exactly two teeth—the combination perched on a high chair beside a girl-mother who was going through an "afternoon ten" that began with three fried and was to end with jelly frappe.

The baby obviously objected to oysters allied to frappe, for he pounded the table with pudgy fists. And for good measure, he yelled and yelled, and—

All the time, the woman in the fine clothes and make-up watched the baby with that hungry look that you can't put it in words, but the next time you see a baby in a car, say, watch the passengers, men and women, and somewhere in that crowd you will catch the expression. But you couldn't spell it to save your life.

The woman looked at the baby that way, and right in the middle of its pounding and kicking and yelling, by some luck—maybe it wasn't just luck, either, but never mind that—by some luck, the baby caught the woman's glance, stopped crying, held out its arms and began to coo.

It was a clear case of hypnotism. The woman gathered up her belongings with subconscious conventionalities, paid her bill and then went straight to the baby and took him in her arms. The mother was frankly gratified that a woman of such worldly affluence should be playing nurse to her child, until another woman at another table—an ominously virtuous woman whose milk of human kindness seemed to have curdled came over and whispered a remark.

The mother took her baby from the woman, and the woman, understandingly, went out of that cafe mad enough to bite nails.

That was all there was to it unless—unless some day—somewhere—a vicious good meddler and an overprudent mother who snatched her baby from the arms of a middle-aged Delilah should be called to account by an accusing Judge, who, himself, loved little children when he walked the earth—a long time ago.

And serve them both right.

And she was looking over at another table in the same cafe. What she saw was a lump of pink fat, blue eyes, a lot of dimples and exactly two teeth—the combination perched on a high chair beside a girl-mother who was going through an "afternoon ten" that began with three fried and was to end with jelly frappe.

The baby obviously objected to oysters allied to frappe, for he pounded the table with pudgy fists. And for good measure, he yelled and yelled, and—

Are Economizing On Dressmaking

New York.—A man who likes statistics has given out a statement that more spoons of thread have been sold since America went into war than ever before in its history.

This is taken to indicate that there is an important revival of home dressmaking. It is difficult to prove this condition of affairs, a prominent fashion correspondent writes, but the spoons of thread are good enough evidence that the women on this continent are employing seamstresses to make new gowns for them or to alter old ones. And they are also doing their own sewing.

On the other hand, the shops insist that the sale of ready-to-wear garments has been immensely stimulated by the war. Women who are giving their time to war-relief work are willing and anxious to get costumes with the least possible expenditure of vitality to themselves, and this can be achieved through the ready-to-wear departments.

Those who keep shops also claim that women of small means are buying better materials and paying more for their clothes than they have ever done in the history of American commerce in apparel.

Those who think out the situation say that this is due to the employment of thousands of women in new ways. Instead of these women purchasing cheap, tawdry things, they add \$10 or \$15 to the price of a costume and buy a gown that gives steady service.

America Has Done Her Part. The one outstanding episode in the interesting and important movement of spring clothes, is the immense stride in designing that America has taken.

All that has gone before was experimental, but this spring the clothes are good. They make no pretension of changing the silhouette as laid down by the Paris designers; the only drastic revolution in silhouette which has been attempted by this country, took place last summer, when the nar-

row street. The American tailoring is the best in the world, and the American designer contrives to get the best effect out of tailored material, whether he is making a frock or a coat suit.

France does not care for such clothes, her women wear them only under protest, and there is always a sash, or a piece of embroidery, or an unusual addition of lingerie, or a



Bias tunic is a chosen drapery. It is shown in this gown by Premet of Paris, in biscuit-colored gaberdine with deep collar of brown faille. It is soutached with brown braid.

blatant splash of something that changes the mannish severity of the American national costume into something with coquetry that melts into the personality of the French women.

Seeing their opportunity and grasping it as they have never done before, the American tailoring establishments have worked wonders. They have kept to the government's request for the elimination of wool as far as possible, and they have achieved costumes that are eminently fitting and distinguished on the American figure, and for the personality of the American woman. More power to them!

The New French Draperies. The severity that America lays down for us in the morning is easily changed into a floating gracefulness as laid down by France for the late afternoon and evening.

It is yet to be seen whether America will go in extensively for afternoon gowns, according to the French custom, but there is one thing of which we are quite certain: if the American woman likes an afternoon gown, she will wear it through the evening, unless some formality of entertainment demands a more ornamental frock.

France has cut her silhouette as slim as the American designer has cut it for tailored costumes, but France gives a note of the First Empire in the seductive way in which she drapes this narrow foundation with floating, transparent material.

The trick is not confined to house costumes; it plays a good role in street gowns also. In a modified and demure manner, a tulle of George's crepe, for example, will be draped over a slim undergarment of silk or satin, and the dresses will float away from the arms and come back suddenly to the wrists, where they are tightly caught in. But this gown will not be accepted by the American woman for the street.

There is a strong note of economy struck in these new French clothes, which is heard by the woman who is hiring a seamstress to build up her spring wardrobe at home. It shows the way to alter old gowns into new ones. The majority of women own evening frocks that have good foundations, the skirts a trifle too full, it is true, but otherwise ready to serve as the beginning of a new frock. The alteration in the skirt is a simple one. It consists of straightening out all the seams, so that there is no flare from the hips down.

(Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Drapery seems to be the order of the latest spring fashions.

Smart military frocks are very much in evidence for children.

The Danger Zone

By Florence Lillian Henderson

(Copyright, 1918, Western Newspaper Union.)

"You can't see it my way, Nance?" "I am sorry to say I can't, Levi. I fear I never will."

"Fear! sorry!" scorned Levi Blair, with a dark scowl. "It's well enough to be polite, but I'd speak the truth if I were you. There's someone else, that's what's the trouble, and I'd like to run across him. And I have a dim idea who it is. He's keeping close, and he'd better, for he's wanted, and if he's caught the crowd will surely settle him."

"You have said quite enough," spoke Nance Duryea with flashing eyes. "Don't you dare to come here any more." Stun! And Levi Blair found the closed door between himself and the object of his love. He shook his fist at an imaginary rival and went his way.

The Duryea house was connected by a covered passageway with the little one-story and loft workshop where John Duryea made boxes. He had originally been a cooper, but there was no demand for barrels or kegs in the district since the moonshiners had been driven into exile. At Mayville, twenty miles away, however, a small shoe factory had been started. Labor was cheap and there was a local tannery, and the shoe people had given Duryea a permanent and quite profitable contract to supply them with shipping cases.

The value of the contract and the necessity of business expansion had about influenced Mr. Duryea to remove to Mayville, and Nance hailed the prospect with delight. There was nothing at Crofton to attract a young girl. The men were rough and uncouth, the women led a humdrum, slavish life and the town and the district was dominated by a fierce, law-defying group, familiarly known as "The Hillers."

They were called that because at the appearance of anyone in collision with the law the moonshiner up among the mountain ranges welcomed the refugee to shelter and protection. The two elements were in friendly communication and stood by each other in a signal way when occasion required.

The advent of a stranger was always hailed with suspicion. The rough element looked for an excuse officer or a government spy invading their territory in every newcomer, and when Bert Knowlton, a young lawyer from a distant city appeared in the interest of a client relating to a large tract of coal land, he was advised by the local head of justice as follows:

"Get through your job quick as you can and stay in nights."

"Why? What's the particular danger?" inquired the self-possessed young man rather coolly.

"You're hitting the gang, that's the particular danger," responded the tavern keeper. "As you know, the squatter rights of the tract in litigation rest with the Widener family and they're strong and powerful with the folks hereabouts. They'll block you. I warn you, and if you stick too close and too long, it will be a load of buckshot some dark night."

"I shall try to take care of myself," said Knowlton with his habitual composure, and went on his way, undeterred and unafraid.

By the merest chance once or twice he had met Nance Duryea. The first time was when he overtook her in a sudden rainstorm, and his umbrella, as he escorted her home, afforded her timely shelter. She was duly impressed with this neatly groomed, clear-eyed young man, whose courtesy and attentions made her remember him. There had been a half understanding between them that he was to call upon her the evening when Levi Blair made his plea and threat, but Knowlton did not come, much to the disappointment of Nance.

It was the next afternoon just about dusk when loud voices and a general commotion in front of the house called her to the front door. She was started to observe her father with set face and wrath-filled eyes confronting half a dozen rough-looking men, one of whom was holding a bloodhound in leash. Levi Blair was the leader.

"Search my house," John Duryea was shouting, and his honest face fairly bristled with indignation and resentment. "Why, I'll wing the first dastard who crosses the threshold."

"That's all right, John Duryea," spoke Blair, "but our dog has traced the blood marks in this direction. We are after that spy, Knowlton, and we're going to get him. He wounded two of our men and he escaped, but with a good dose of buckshot in one leg."

"You coward," cried Nance, stepping into plain view. "How dare you insult that Mr. Knowlton came here. My father scarcely knows him by sight and I have not seen him for two days. Double craven you are, to hunt down a stranger who comes here among us on legitimate business."

"You can go your way," spoke Mr. Duryea. "I have always been neutral in your affairs, attending strictly to my own. I'll tell you this, though: some day you'll go too far and the police down at Mayville will come up here and clean you out, root and branch."

Reluctantly and with vengeful ire Levi Blair led his crowd away. Nance went to her own room. She was agitated and in tears. Analyzing intuitively an emotion of rare interest in the hunted man, she dared not confront her father with her tell-tale face.

Nance did not go to bed at her usual hour. She could not sleep thinking of the handsome, manly young fellow who had fallen under the ban of the Hillers. She had watched her father and his hired man piling the packing cases on the great hayrack truck, a full load for Mayville. Then the hired man went to his home nearer the village to get his supper and have a lunch put up to last him through his long trip.

Suddenly Nance bent her ear and listened. A scraping sound echoed from overhead. She thrilled as it was followed by a distinct groan. Her heart stood in her mouth as she took up a lamp and went up the left stairs. A quick suspicion had come into her mind. It was verified as, seated upon the floor, she made out Knowlton.

"Oh, I am so glad," she cried spontaneously, and then flushed with confusion. "I mean, that you have escaped those cruel men."

Knowlton was pale, one limb was bandaged from the knee down, but he smiled with swift appreciation of the kindness of that gentle nature.

"I was just trying to find something that would do for a crutch," he explained. "I feared I might compromise your father by remaining here, where I stole in early this morning. I must get to Mayville and get some of the buckshot picked out of my limb. My wounds are not serious, but I cannot stand on the foot unsupported."

"Yes, you must get away, and I must help you," spoke his practical little friend, meditatively. "Oh, I have it!"

First to see that the bandages were in place, then food and water, and then, Nance supporting him, he was helped down the back stairs to the truck, the cover of a rear-most box removed, and within he ensconced himself.

"You are an angel of mercy," he said feelingly, as he kissed the fair hand that had succored him. Nance set the cover lightly on the box, securing only two nails.

"Inside of three hours you will be within the safety zone," she spoke. "In eight at Mayville. I am so glad!"

She returned to her room, but only to watch and wait until the hired man returned. In the distance she caught the echo of some ribald crew in the town engaged in drunken frolic, and shuddered. She heard the truck wheels grate over the stony road leading to the river ford. Insensibly she drifted into slumber, her head on the window sill, to start up wildly an hour later as the voice of the hired man came up to her from the yard below.

He had two horses, wagonless, and he was shouting excitedly for her father, who came hurrying out to him.

"What's the trouble? Where's the wagon?" cried Duryea sharply.

"Burned up, boxes, truck and all. I met Blair and his crowd, roaring drunk. They tipped over the wagon, set the boxes on fire, and are now dancing about the ashes like fiends and boasting that they have taught you a lesson for siding with that stranger, Knowlton, who escaped them."

With a wall of terror unutterable Nance Duryea sank to the floor senseless. She was like some crushed flower, when she came downstairs the next morning. Amid his troubles her father failed to notice the haunting terror in her face. She was too stricken and anguished to tell him of the fate of the man she had befriended.

"You're to get ready to have the hired man take you to Mayville at once," her father told her. "I shall follow. It's getting too hot to hold us down here."

She was like one in a dreadful trance all the way to Mayville. Her aunt noticed the cloud that hung over frame and spirit like a pall. Nance for several days was confined to her room under the care of a physician. She came downstairs weak and attenuated. The horror of that night at home, it seemed, would never leave her.

She was reclining at an open window, in an invalid chair, one day, when a man, aided by a crutch, passed along the street. It was he!

"Oh, it cannot be!" she cried. "Mr. Knowlton! oh, come into this house." "Just out of the hospital," Bert Knowlton told Nance, "and bent on going back to Crofton to thank you. If fifty Hillers stood in the way."

"But you were burned up—" "Quite the reverse. I was nearly drowned," said Knowlton. "The box I was in fell off the load as the wagon crossed the ford. I floated for five miles, managed to get ashore, and—But you have been ill?"

She burst into tears of relief and gladness, and then her story, and then—

In the tender eyes of the lonely girl beside him, Bert Knowlton read a token of love that assured him that that there was no shadow of another parting.

How Do Men Break Down?

Be assured that there is no chance of your breaking down—although there will be times when you will try to fool yourself with this idea. This thought of breaking down indeed is one of the illusions of mediocrity. It is the excuse which every lazy man presents to himself. It is moral astigmatism. The great fact is that men do not break down from overwork so much as is commonly supposed. As they go upward in the scale of increased activity, increased responsibility only acts upon them as a natural stimulant and carries them along. If hard work and worry killed men so easily, most of the successful business men of America would be dead already. No! What kills men is due more to what they take into their stomachs rather than what they take into their minds.—Thomas L. Masson, in Physical Culture.

ARE ALMOST HUMAN

Monkeys in Their Native Wilds Show Keen Wit.

Clever Manner in Which One of Them Got the Best of Crocodile in Proof of Their Possession of Intelligence.

The nature and character of the monkey are not changed by any training that he may receive. All the little tricks that may be taught him in captivity will add little to what he is accustomed to practice in his wild state. The chief difference to him is that he has a different set of victims to torment. Those who have had a chance to watch the rascals in their native wilds and native wildness find them up to the same mischievous pranks they play in captivity.

Every little while our expedition passed under trees occupied by troops of monkeys, some of them of the large kind that had given the explorers much trouble on a former occasion. One large tree in which they had established their quarters stretched its branches over a stream twenty yards or more.

While the leader of the expedition was watching the antics of the monkeys, two crocodiles showed their heads just underneath and remained stationary with their ugly snouts sticking up in the air. In various countries this is a common dodge of the crocodiles to entice the monkeys within their reach, and it was expected by the witnesses of this incident that one or more of the noisy animals would fall victims to the goggle-eyed monsters below, and it was with considerable curiosity that the result was awaited.

As soon as the black-looking heads popped up the monkeys became silent. Presently one big fellow, evidently of authority in the monkey republic, came down to reconnoiter. He returned, and in a few minutes came back with a long, thin stick in his hand and accompanied by about a hundred of his friends. They began to chatter and to pelt their foes, but the crocodiles took no notice. The onlookers thought they seemed to give a wink of satisfaction at seeing their silly victims coming within their reach.

Nearer and nearer they came, until some of them were barely six feet above the crocodiles, and the men watching were expecting every instant to see one of them dragged under the water. All of a sudden the monkey with the stick leaned over and drove it into the eye of the crocodile nearest him. The wounded reptile sank like lead and was quickly followed by its comrade.

There was no mistaking the howl of delight that greeted this stratagem and its success. It was perfectly human in its tone and was taken up in vengeful glee by all the monkeys in the neighborhood. The gravity of demeanor with which the old fellow committed this assault was laughable in the extreme. He went to work with all the caution of an old lawyer, and when he had inflicted the poke he hauled himself up with an alacrity that showed he could form a very good estimation of the danger that he ran.

Appearances Were Against Her.

An amusing story was told to me the other day concerning Lady Sybil Grant, daughter of the earl of Rosebery.

It appears that her ladyship, who is an enthusiastic war worker, recently assisted in waiting upon some wounded soldiers at a concert and ten got up for their entertainment.

At the close of the meal one of the guests, not in the least realizing who she was, shyly offered her a tip, which was politely declined.

"I really don't need it, you know," said Lady Sybil smilingly. "I've got plenty of money."

"Is that so?" exclaimed the soldier, in tones of evident surprise, allowing his gaze to rest on the plate linen overall she had donned for the occasion.

"You've got plenty of money, have you?" Lady Sybil nodded assent.

"Well, miss," was the somewhat disconcerting reply, "you'll excuse me saying so, won't you? But—you don't look it."—Pearson's Weekly.

United States Buys Feathers.

Although the export of feathers (duck, fowl, etc.) from China as a whole has decreased somewhat during the past few years, owing to the elimination of the German buyers, says a Shanghai newspaper, the export of feathers from China to America has shown a great increase since the outbreak of the war. America having stepped in to take almost the identical quantity that Germany had previously taken.

Tall and Short Britshers.

The tallest people in the British Isles are to be found in the District of Galloway, in South Scotland, where records of the stature gives an average height of five feet ten inches. The shortest stature is found in Wales and southwest England.

The Queer Sex.

"Wife, I'm afraid I can't afford new clothes for you this spring." "Well, then, Dick, we must move. I don't mind wearing my old clothes in a new neighborhood, but I won't stay here and wear them."—Boston Evening Transcript.

PUBLIC ROADS

WAR ROAD BUILDING POLICY

In Communication to Highway Officials, Secretary Houston Outlines Government Plan.

Secretary Houston of the department of agriculture in a communication to the American Association of State Highway Officials has set forth squarely the policy which he thinks should be followed in highway construction during the war. Secretary Houston says:

"So far as it is practicable to do so, this department will urge the maintenance of the highways already constructed; the construction and completion of those highways which are vitally important because of their bearing upon the war situation or for the movement of commodities; the postponement of all highway construction relatively less essential or not based upon important military or economic needs. The department is preparing to suggest to the state highway departments the preparation of a schedule of work for the federal aid projects for 1918 in line with this policy."

In carrying out the policy thus announced there has been sent out by the office of public roads of the department of agriculture schedule forms on which the states are requested to set forth their proposed federal aid work for the 1918 working season. These schedules call for a description of each road, the character, quantity and rail haul of the materials to be used, the probable cost, the amount of federal funds desired, the specific purpose of the improvement, its bearing upon the war situation, and what effect a delay of the work until 1919 or later would have. With the information thus assembled and classified, an efficient road construction program is assured. While it is impossible to make any definite statement regarding the transportation of road materials, the expectations are that the transportation situation will be improved and that the shipment of such materials for essential projects can be made.

Road construction and maintenance in the United States involve an annual expenditure of some \$300,000,000, and there is scarcely a section of the country that is not seriously affected by a marked disturbance in road work.

CONDEMN TYPE OF HIGHWAYS

Laymen Often Errs in Passing Judgment on Type When Poor Maintenance is to Blame.

The following is taken from a paper by H. H. Piepmeyer, maintenance engineer, highway department, state of Illinois. It touches a subject upon which every layman who uses the public roads should inform himself:

"Many different types of roads have been condemned by the public chiefly on account of the lack of proper maintenance. The proper type of road may be selected by the engineer, but if he has no means of controlling maintenance his choice may be condemned by the average layman."

"Public sentiment is molded largely by the results that are evident to the eye, regardless of the money actually expended. It is not uncommon to



Good Road in Illinois.

hear the layman say that certain roads are very expensive and unsatisfactory. He often passes judgment upon a road and condemns it without any investigation of its cost or how economical and satisfactory it might be if properly maintained.

"The average road engineer is confronted with the problem of educating the public to an appreciation of the principles of economy in road improvement as much as with technical matters, such as the selection of a type of pavement and the method of properly maintaining after construction."

Isolated "Clodhopper."

Isolated by bad roads the farmer surely is a "clodhopper," and must keep hopping fast and for long hours or his income will be buried deep under his transportation expenses.

Comfortable Barns Best.

Comfortable barns keep dairy cows warm far more cheaply than high-priced feed.

Material for Good Butter.

Good butter can be made only from good, clean-flavored cream.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

W. G. Wells and T. J. Grafton were over this week from Parsons.

Marshall West was a business visitor Wednesday from Little Creek.

Buy your Thrift Stamps regularly.

Attorney C. A. Perkins went to El Paso Monday. He may enlist in some branch of the service before returning.

Don't forget to get your Thrift Stamps next week.

Newt Kemp was here Tuesday from Capitan—same as ever—the dry weather had failed to affect his smile.

Don't be a slacker, buy until it hurts.

Ed. C. Monroe, who has been serving on the federal jury at Santa Fe the past month, got excused from further duty and is now at home.

Miss Ivy Lindsey left for Capitan this week where she will spend her vacation. She will return at the reopening of school in the fall.

The school children enjoyed an outing in Nogal Canyon Saturday.

A "Thrift Booth" will be open at all stores, beginning next Thursday.

Miss Lucy Brown, an old operator at the Central, came down from the Mesa this week to take the place of Mrs. Joe R. Adams who is absent for a time.

Fred B. Shields has returned from Electra, Texas.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Harris and daughter, Miss Vera, and Miss Cora Cole are enjoying an outing on the Pecos.

Ray E. Lemon is now assistant cashier at the Exchange Bank, filling the place of Harry B. Dawson.

In all stores on Thursday of each week, a booth will be open for the purpose of selling war saving stamps.

Mrs. W. L. Gamm has returned from a week's tour of the county in the interest of the boys' and girls' clubs. That this matter has been placed in good hands all will agree and results will be obtained.

Harry B. Dawson, for many years teller and assistant cashier of the Exchange Bank, left a few days ago, by auto, for Wichita Falls, Texas. After a short stay there he will motor through Oklahoma and possibly visit his old home in Iowa. Mrs. Dawson is visiting her parents in Alamogordo.

Henry Lutz came in Sunday night from Electra, Texas, and left on his return Tuesday. He reports progress on the deep well on the Cunningham tract and that the drill was in oil sand with every prospect of a good flow of oil.

J. D. Hanna spent a number of days here and at Fort Stanton the past week. Mr. Hanna is now with the internal revenue department, with headquarters at Denver, and renewed acquaintances with many old friends in this county while looking after revenue matters in this section.

Supt. T. W. Conway left Saturday for Raton for a short stay before returning and taking charge of the County Institute. Supt. Conway concluded his first year's work here Friday night, delivering the High School commencement address. There were three graduates this year and a large class will receive diplomas next year. Supt. Conway has been reelected.

FOR SALE:—Three yearling steers, one two-year-old steer, one three-year-old grade Hereford bull, one two-year-old mule colt, two four-year-old saddle ponies, broken and unbroken and two young saddle mares broken to harness. Mrs. Frank Woodside, Three Rivers, N. M. 5-10-41.

Lincoln County Teachers' Institute

The Teachers' Institute will begin June 3rd and will close June 15th. Supt. T. W. Conway of Carrizozo is conductor, assisted by Mrs. George Dixon of Hondo, and Miss Nannie H. Ditty of Corona. Supt. Conway was for several years city superintendent of the Raton schools and prior to that he was at the head of one of the Normal Schools of Oklahoma. He is one of the state's most noted institute conductors and a man of wide experience in school affairs.

Mrs. George Dixon was one of the instructors in the Institute last summer at this place, and prior to coming to this county she was the president of the Spanish-American Normal School at El Rito, N. M. She will have charge of the classes in Spanish.

Miss Nannie H. Ditty who has taught very successfully for three years at Corona is a graduate of the Pennsylvania Normal School. She has also specialized in the Chicago University in primary plans and methods, and she will have charge of this line of work in the Institute this year.

One need not hesitate in commending the above list of instructors to the teachers of the county.

Those wishing further information along this line will please address J. E. Koonce, County Supt. of Schools, Carrizozo, N. M.

Hondo

Hondo school closed with a musicale and Red Cross play given Saturday evening, May 19. The musicale was greatly enjoyed by all lovers of good music present, and the play entitled Uncle Sam's children was fine.

The dance which followed at the Gonzales Hall, where refreshments were served was greatly enjoyed and the evening gleamings for War Fund amounted to about \$80. The play was given by the Junior Red Cross School Auxiliary, and the children now have \$20 of a fund for War Purposes.

Hondo will have a liberal amount to contribute to the War Fund Drive with Tinnie and San Patricia loyally helping. Mr. Doyle Murray, of Tinnie, has been especially active in assisting this good cause along.

A few tests were held at the school house Monday and Tuesday, then finishing up the regular work.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Dixon, Ralph Dixon, Miss Gretchen Dixon and Mrs. Jas. R. Ellis are enjoying the usual summer family reunion at their cottage, the Summer Height, for at least a few days.

Ralph Dixon will entrain at Alamogordo May 29th for war service.

Mrs. Geo. Dixon will help conduct the County Institute at Carrizozo, and Mrs. Ellis, formerly Miss Dixie Dixon, is assisting Mr. Bailey in his pharmacy in Cloudcroft.

Gokey--Williamson

C. G. Gokey and Mrs. Beulah Williamson were married last Saturday at Pecos, New Mexico, at the home of the bride's brother, Seaborn P. Gray. The bride is the charming daughter of Mrs. Sarah C. Gray and has lived almost all her life in Lincoln county. She has a wide acquaintance and many warm friends with whom the News joins in extending best wishes. The groom is a popular trainman in the employ of the E. P. S. W. and has many friends who congratulate him on his good fortune. The newly weds reached Carrizozo yesterday and are preparing to go to house-keeping in a cottage on Oak street.

Bevo is not a "Near Beer," being no more like beer than grape juice is like wine, nor postum like coffee. Buy it by the case.—Carrizozo Trading Co.

State Bank Report

Report of condition of "EXCHANGE BANK" at Carrizozo, in the State of New Mexico, at the close of business on May 19th, 1941.

RESOURCES	
Total Loans	\$ 817,189.42
Overdrafts, secured or unsecured	None
Total U. S. bonds	2,580.00
Stocks, other than Federal Reserve Bank stock	30.00
(a) Value of banking houses (if owned)	13,980.16
Furniture and fixtures	2,594.10
Real estate owned other than banking houses	6,758.32
(a) Net amount due from National Banks	12,222.24
Exchange for clearing houses	1,005.11
(a) Outside checks and other cash items	908.49
(a) Fractional currency, bank notes and coins	128.28
Cash and currency	17,412.90
Other assets, if any, War savings stamps	129.45
Total	\$125,225.08

LIABILITIES	
Capital stock paid in	\$6,000.00
Surplus fund	30,000.00
Undivided profits	27,788.14
(a) Reserve for	
Deposits	500.00
Loss current expenses (interest and taxes)	3,560.74
Set amount due to banks and branches (other than included in 21 or 24)	30,402.22
(a) Individual deposits subject to check	300,194.11
Certified checks	1,010.00
Cashier's checks outstanding	431.45
Certificates of deposit	41,552.92
Other time deposits	35,990.24
(a) Notes and bills rediscounted elsewhere (other than at Federal Reserve Bank)	25,910.01
Bills payable, including obligations representing money borrowed	30,660.00
Liabilities of branch	220.00
Total	\$125,225.08

State of New Mexico, County of Lincoln: We, Geo. L. Dixon, Vice President, and Frank J. Sager, Cashier, of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of our knowledge and belief.

GEO. L. DIXON, Vice-President, FRANK J. SAGER, Cashier.

Witness my hand and seal this 19th day of May, 1941.

ELLEN CRUTCHER, Notary Public.

My commission expires April 11, 1942.

National Bank Report

Reserve Bank of N. M., Chapter No. 10000, Report of condition of the FIRST NATIONAL BANK at Carrizozo, in the State of New Mexico, at the close of business on May 19, 1941.

RESOURCES	
(a) Loans and discounts (except those shown in b and c)	\$129,003.60
Overdrafts	108.27
(a) U. S. bonds deposited to secure circulation (par value)	1,360.00
(a) U. S. bonds and certificates of indebtedness pledged as collateral for State or other deposits or bills payable	5,000.00
(a) U. S. bonds and certificates of indebtedness owned and unpaid	2,000.00
(a) Library, Loan Bonds, etc. (not cash and not paid, included)	9.41
(a) Payments actually made on letters of credit and bills	80.41
(a) Stock of Federal Reserve Bank (50 per cent of subscription)	1,200.00
(a) Value of banking houses	1,420.00
(a) Equity in banking houses	7,450.00
Furniture and fixtures	5,000.00
Real estate owned with Federal Reserve Bank	7,011.46
Cash in vault and net amounts due from national banks	14,912.44
Net amounts due from banks, bankers, and trust companies other than included in items 18, 19, and 20	15.40
Checks on other banks in the same city or town as reporting bank (other than item 18)	984.40
Total	\$143,364.58

LIABILITIES	
Capital stock paid in	\$50,000.00
Surplus fund	2,500.00
(a) Undivided profits	6,192.24
(a) Loss current expenses (interest and taxes paid)	4,226.59
(a) Individual deposits subject to check	30,000.14
Cashier's checks outstanding	1,010.00
Notes, currency, or other liabilities deposited against by pledges of assets of this bank	2,000.00
Other demand deposits	400.00
Total of demand deposits (other than bank deposits subject to check, shown in item 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100)	24,272.06
Total	\$143,364.58

State of New Mexico, County of Lincoln: We, A. E. M. Brockley, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

A. E. M. BROCKLEY, Cashier.

Witness my hand and seal this 19th day of May, 1941.

GRACE M. JONES, Notary Public.

My commission expires May 15, 1942.

Soldiers Monday Night

The Red Cross Chapter, aided by the auxiliaries, will entertain the soldier boys Monday night at the Lutz Hall. Besides those leaving Monday night an additional number have been called for the 29th and the first, but a special invitation has been extended to all to be present at the Monday night entertainment. A good crowd is expected and a pleasant entertainment is assured.

Red Cross Benefit

The Crystal Theatre gave a performance last night, the total proceeds to go to the Red Cross on the Second War Fund Drive. Whatever the amount realized was to be donated by Mr. Dingwall, manager of the theatre, as his subscription to the fund. The tickets were sold at 20c each, many buying, of course, who did not attend, and even then the house was packed. The sum of \$57.60 was realized. "The Spirit of the Red Cross" in two reels was a beautiful production and the theatre management added five more reels.

Three More in Navy

Charles A. Snow, Jack Anderson and Bill Lenard, all of this place, enlisted in the reserve of the navy at El Paso Thursday. They are expecting to leave very soon for their respective stations. Their many friends wish them good lucks and a safe return.



• THEDA BARA AS CLEOPATRA •

WM. FOX PRESENTS A THEDA BARA SUPER PRODUCTION

"Cleopatra"

CARRIZOZO THEATRE
Wednesday, June 5th

Matinee at 3; Night at 8:30

PRICES:

Matinee 25c and 50c
Night, 50c and 75c

Classified Advertisements

WANTED—Baby Calves. State price. Address, Box 156 Carrizozo, N. M. 5-3-61

Full line of new canvases "Keds" just the thing for summer footwear at Ziegler Bros.

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

See the lovely silk and Jersey Cloth Dresses Ziegler Bros. are receiving daily.

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

Bevo the National soft drink—Buy it by the case—Order a case today.—Carrizozo Trading Co.

FOR SALE—Small house furnished, also Ford auto. Call at News office. 5-10-41

Bevo is pure and healthful and recommended by physicians. Get a case today.—Carrizozo Trading Co.

Buy for cash and save money Nice Large White Potatoes per cwt. \$2.25.—Carrizozo Trading Co.

Notice for Publication

029710

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

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

April 10, 1941

Notice is hereby given that Walter J. Fetter, of Carrizozo, N. M., who, on Dec. 10, 1911, made H. E. No. 029710, for N. 1/4, Section 11, Township 38 S., Range 14 E., N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Lillie Matting Bevo, U. S. Commissioner, in her office, at Carrizozo, N. M., on May 25, 1941.

Claimant names as witnesses: Patrick H. Buchanan, Philip H. Martinez, James M. Jolly and James P. Jolly, all of Carrizozo, N. M.

EMMETT PATTON, Register.

May 11—June 14.

Economy

has become the important consideration in selecting footwear.



To obtain the fullest value is a duty -- to know that you are getting it when you purchase a pair of shoes depends upon the good judgment of yourself and the merchant from whom you buy.

To select The Florsheim Shoe is full assurance that your judgment is right; recommending Florsheims to you means that we know this to be the most dependable of all makes.

Florsheim Shoes

prove their economy from first to last day's wear. A trial will convince you.

We have a shape and style to suit your individual needs—ready to show you.

Ziegler Bros.

Sole Agents for Carrizozo



WEVE GOT THE NIFTY FURNISHINGS AND NEW HAT YOU NEED



GENTLEMEN:
WHENEVER YOU NEED ANYTHING TO FURNISH YOUR BODY, FROM HEELS TO HEAD, COME TO US FOR IT. OUR FURNISHINGS ARE "SNAPPY;" OUR HATS ARE NIFTY; OUR BRIGHT NECKTIES MAKE A RAINBOW LOOK DULL.

WHEN YOU SEE OUR HATS AND FURNISHINGS, OUR PRICES WILL MAKE YOU BUY; WHEN YOU WEAR THEM YOU WILL STEP HIGH WITH THE DELIGHTED PROUD, FEELING THAT ONLY A WELL DRESSED MAN KNOWS.

Carrizozo Trading Co.

Notice for Publication

029710

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

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

April 10, 1941

Notice is hereby given that Walter J. Fetter, of Carrizozo, N. M., who, on Dec. 10, 1911, made H. E. No. 029710, for N. 1/4, Section 11, Township 38 S., Range 14 E., N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Lillie Matting Bevo, U. S. Commissioner, in her office, at Carrizozo, N. M., on May 25, 1941.

Claimant names as witnesses: Patrick H. Buchanan, Philip H. Martinez, James M. Jolly and James P. Jolly, all of Carrizozo, N. M.

EMMETT PATTON, Register.

April 26-May 31.

Notice for Publication

029710

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

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

April 10, 1941

Notice is hereby given that Harriett McDowell, of Carrizozo, N. M., who, on June 6, 1913, and

January 20, 1916, made Original and Additional H. E. entries, 029710 and 029711, for SE 1/4 and NE 1/4, Section 36, Township 38 S., Range 14 E., N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Lillie Matting Bevo, U. S. Commissioner, in her office, at Carrizozo, N. M., on May 25, 1941.

Claimant names as witnesses: Harriett U. Finley, Nellie C. Finley, James Finley and Ernest H. Matthews, all of Carrizozo, N. M.

EMMETT PATTON, Register.

April 26-May 31.

Recognize the food value in milk and buy your milk from pure bred tested Jersey cows. Also whipping and coffee cream fresh daily. Carrizozo Dairy, H. Dixon, Prop.

5-10-41

Want Ads give results.