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The Columbus Courier.

Vol. IV.

Columbus, Luna County, New Mexico, January 8, 1915.

No. 30

New Bank Building

Work on a new bank building will be started in the near future. The building will be located just east of the Hoover Hotel and is to be of pressed brick. Mr. Bush, president of the Columbus State Bank and W. C. Hoover are financing the proposition. The building now occupied by the bank is owned by a business man of El Paso and it is expressed that some cannot be rented longer, the reason for the building of bank quarters at the present time. The managers of the bank show their progressiveness in erecting a modern building in which to do business.

Sergeant Major Compton, of the 11th Cavalry is having L. J. Peach erect a neat comfortable building on his desert claim a few miles east of town. Sergeant Compton has a very fine claim and is making many improvements on same, having had a checkered with a good fence a few weeks ago. We are glad to have such men as Sergeant Compton interested in Valley lands.

Much Interest in Election

There seems to be an unusual amount of interest being taken in the present election to be held next Monday for the election of a justice of the peace and constable. There are three candidates for justice of the peace and two for constable. The leading Democrats of the community held a meeting Wednesday and decided to hold a primary for the selection of their candidate. Such election will be held Saturday and all Democratic voters and supporters are urged to come out and vote their choice. Either B. M. Reed or L. J. Peach will receive the nomination and the other will withdraw, leaving only two candidates in the field. Mr. A. J. Evans and the nominee of the Democratic party. We are glad to see the interest taken in the local election that is being shown, which is evidence that we are still very much alive.

Article by the Pastor

In reply to my request for written answers to the question "What is Spirituality?" I received several, all of which I would like to publish subject to the consent of the correspondents, upon the receipt of which I will use their communications showing the points of agreement and disagreement and the common accepted meaning of the word. May I extend thanks to those who responded to my request.

On Sunday my discourse will be the "Meaning of Spirituality" and I invite those who have shown their interest in this subject to come and hear what I have to say.

In my article next week I propose to discuss this at greater length.

John S. Reed of Durbin, Minn., arrived in Columbus Tuesday on the Golden State to spend the winter with his brother B. M. Reed.

Miss Anna Tarnator is back to stay. She said her trip was pleasant but she was very glad to be home again.

Jim Gale came back from El Paso, Tuesday, where he has been in the hospital receiving treatment for rheumatism. He is able to be around again.

Agriculturist Visits Columbus

Mr. P. D. Southworth and George Carpenter motored down from Deming last Saturday and spent a few hours in town on business. They were selling the feed dealers a car load of milo maize to be shipped from Deming. Mr. Southworth wanted us to make the people of this vicinity understand that he was at our service the same as any other part of the county, and that if at any time anyone wanted his advice on anything to call on him and that he would do his best to help out. He can be of much value to our people who do not understand farming in this country and will save us a lot of money and time in experimenting with crops. Buck wheat is a crop that ought to mature well here and Mr. Southworth said he knew no reason why it should not. It is possible that there are some conditions which would not be favorable to this grain. He said that he would find out about it and let us know. If this grain will not grow here it would be only one instance where Mr. Southworth could save us money as some of the people are figuring on experimenting with it. Many other things will arise along all the time in which he could be of service and we hope the people will not hold back an instant from asking him.

Mr. Southworth expects to have some men from the Agricultural College at New Mexico in this county soon to make some speeches and we told him we thought all our citizens would appreciate an address by these men here. The date they will be here will be made known later.

Church Pays For Advertisement

Rev. J. A. Lund was here Sunday filling his regular appointment. Mr. Lund is the pastor of the First Baptist Church at Lordsburg and the church pays for a good sized advertisement in the Western Liberal at Lordsburg every week. Mr. Lund says it is a paying proposition. If the churches find that advertising pays, isn't that a good reason that it pays the merchant or any business man?

For a Better Choir

Wednesday afternoon the Columbus choir met at the church to practice. There was quite a large attendance and much interest manifested in the singing. Three quartettes were organized: a male quartette consisting of Messrs. Evans, Blair, Hecht and Hallinger; a female quartette, Mrs. Page, Mrs. Evans, Mrs. Haddington and Miss Page; and a mixed quartette, Mrs. Page and Mrs. Evans, Mr. Blair and Mr. Evans.

The choir greatly desires to make the music attractive and earnestly requests every one who can and will sing to come and help them. Nothing adds so much to the attractiveness of church worship as good singing, which is only to be had by regular practice. The leader of the choir wishes to urge all the members to be present every Wednesday afternoon at 8:30. Unless provisionally hindered, she will be at the Church at each weekly practice on time. Come at 8:30 everybody.

Next Sunday morning the mixed quartette will sing "Near-er Home." At the evening service the entire choir will sing "Come Today."

Church Notes

Services will be held next Sunday as follows: The Pastor will preach both morning and evening. Morning service at 11:00 o'clock; subject, "What is Spirituality." Evening service at 7:30 o'clock; subject, "The Eternal Christ."

At the meeting of the Epworth League the topic will be "Good News, New News, Old News, True News." Leader, Mrs. J. W. Blair. This will be a good literary boosters' meeting. A hearty invitation is given to all young people. Come and hear what good literature has done for the world.

Next Tuesday evening the Epworth League will hold its regular monthly business meeting and social. A very cordial welcome is extended to all alike. It will be held in the Church Parlor at 7:30.

Choir practice at the Church on Wednesday afternoon at 8:30 o'clock.

Will members of the Amigo Sunday School Class please notice that there will be a business meeting of their Class next Tuesday evening. This will be a joint meeting with the League. The W. C. T. U. will meet next Tuesday afternoon in the Church at 3:40 o'clock. All are cordially invited to be present. Members are urged to attend.

Miss Mary Page spent last week with Marguerite Gobel in Deming.

The Intelligent Composer

Sometimes we get everything so mixed we can't admit them. The "Devils" in the office this week ran amuck. Mr. Frank Farrell was assigned an article to set up and Mr. Charley Evans was also assigned a task. It being very late in the week and through fear of the paper getting out late the foreman was cursing, the devils were both setting type on the same last galley, and after the issue of the paper it read like this:

"William Smith, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. William Smith, and Miss Lucy Anderson, were made happy by being disposed of at public auction at my farm three miles east of town in the presence of quite a large number of guests, including two males and 12 head of cattle."

"Rev. Johnson tied the nuptial knot for the happy couple averaging 1250 lbs. on foot. The beautiful home of the bride, profusely decorated with one sash, two sets of work harness nearly new, bought just before the ceremony, was pronounced. Mendelssohn's beautiful wedding march was rendered by one cow five years old, one Jersey cow and one sheep, who carried a bunch of bridal axes in her hand; she wore one light spring wagon, two barrels of apples, three ricks of hay, and one accumulation of mouseline, desirable trimmed in about a hundred bushels of corn and some pea size hay.

"The bridal couple left yesterday for an extended wedding

Old Officers Should Be Re-elected

You may quote us as saying "We have only an indirect interest in the local Columbus affairs, but it would be a satisfaction to us to see the present officers holding the position of justice of the peace and constable continued in office. Either directly or indirectly we handle all papers, cases and matters sent in by such officers all over the county and to officers now holding such positions are more competent by active test than Mr. Douth and Mr. Hulsey, and they should be re-elected, for we are in a position to know their capabilities."

By authority of county commissioners. It is surprising how many people constantly consult an officer on seemingly a thousand subjects, especially in Columbus with its mixed population, languages and border problems. I am accordingly seriously impressed with the fact that the knowledge of Spanish is absolutely necessary to one, should he do anything like justice to an office such as this. Most citizens know that I speak the Spanish language. So far as I know, I am the only candidate so equipped. By far the largest number of inquiries and cases actually arising involve Spanish speaking people. A word to the wise says as to the capability of the contending candidates is quite sufficient.

L. J. Peach. Adv.

Educational Column

By T. A. Winber

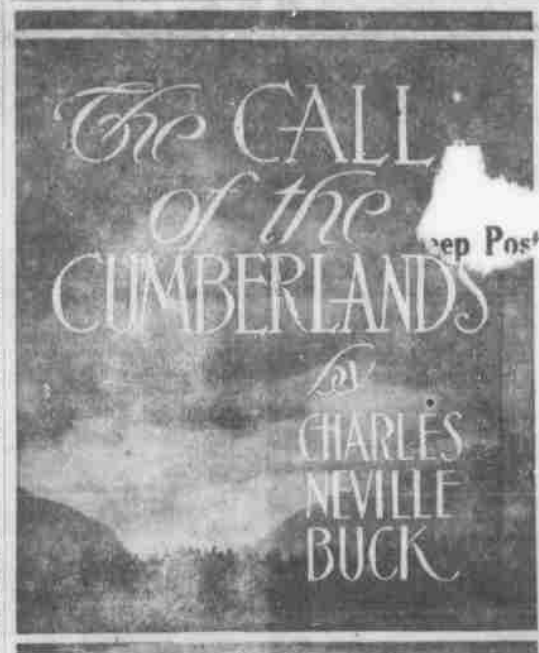
Each teacher and most of the pupils are in their places this week and the year 1915 starts off encouragingly.

Never tell the boys and girls to try to get a good education so that when they grow up they won't have to work, for this is sure to give them the idea that labor is degrading and undignified. Tell them that labor is honorable, but with a well informed mind and a trained intellect such will be able to labor intelligently and more effectively than he would with a mind dormant and sad. When your boy finds that labor is honorable and that you expect him to be a laborer in some way in the world, he may want to quit school and get a job and begin making some money right away, and he may point out to you some man who can hardly read and write and yet has become rich. Here remind him of two things: first, that money is not the only reward to be desired in this world and second that this man did not succeed because of his lack of a technical education, but in spite of the fact and because of his natural mental ability. With an education he might have been even a much greater factor in the community.

Suppose, father or mother, you did not secure, in youth, much of an education. That is no reason why you should not be a well informed man or woman. Read good up-to-date books and magazines on any subject that you have always felt you would like to know more about. Keep up with current events as far as possible. Secure an unabridged dictionary, a set of encyclopedias and a good atlas, brought down to the present date and it will surprise you how these will prove to be doors opening out into new fields. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" is an old adage and is just as true now as it ever was; but while we will do well to remember this, let us not forget that "all play and no work" is liable to make Jack a dunce. His studies at school are not quite enough. The boy who has a good list of chores to do at home, morning and evening, usually does his best work at school.

Parent, keep your child in school every possible day. You think one day out doesn't make much difference, but if you let your child get careless about one day he will get careless about many days and not only does he develop a careless disposition, but he fails to acquire a knowledge of the subjects you send him to school to study. Remember, too, that all this time when he is absent the knowledge factory on the hill is running and it is costing just as much to you and to other tax payers as if he was in school and on his absent days he is getting no good of it whatever, and then he loses more than simply the time he is absent. To get a mathematically, if a boy loses two days out of the week he loses more than two-fifths of what he should have learned that week; for his work is interrupted and becomes unsettled; one thing does not dovetail into the other and you will be almost hindered to blame his teacher for the disappointment you feel in him.

J. W. Blair is exchanging some of his residences for Cambridge, Albion which when completed will be one of the best in town.



A Stirring Romance of the Kentucky Mountains

A GRIPPING tale of red-blooded people in the country where feuds are handed down from generation to generation, by a writer thoroughly familiar with these people.

A story of pathos and laughter, excitement and powerful climaxes from beginning to end. You will enjoy every installment of our coming serial—

The Call of the Cumberlands

Do Not Fail to Get the Issue With the First Chapter

trip with the best wishes of a lot of household and foreign furniture and other things too numerous to mention. Terms, spot cash."—Pembroke Valley Press.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Sisco left the first of the year for El Paso where they now are. Mr. Sisco is in the stock business at that place, and is desiring his own car. His capacity can get away from the Courier.

Interesting Opinion On Occupation Tax

Raton, N. M., Dec. 14—O. P. Phillips, assistant district attorney, has rendered opinion in reference to the payment of occupation taxes in incorporated villages that is of general interest to the state. The opinion was requested by County Assessor George W. Gillette. Mr. Phillips' letter reads:

"Agreeable to your request, I herewith hand you my opinion on occupation taxes in incorporated villages. I have gone into the matter carefully and have reached the opinion that, under our statutes, the incorporation of a village does not exempt persons residing therein from paying the county occupation taxes. A person subject to the tax, who does not pay after receipt of notice from you, is guilty of a misdemeanor and subject to a fine of not less than fifty dollars nor more than one hundred dollars or imprisonment in the county jail for not more than six months."

Mrs. Margaret Barron, who has been very ill at her homestead for the past month, is able to be out again. Mrs. Barron is having 40 acres cultivated and making the necessary improvements to prove up on her 420 acre homestead.

Mr. A. E. Keeler is also having the necessary cultivating done on his homestead to make final proof. Mr. Earl C. Barron is doing the work.

FIGHT IN DELIRIUM

Wounded Respond to Cry of Rav- ing Comrade.

Correspondent Paris Vivid Description of the Horror of War—Life in the Trenches a Continuous Nervous Tension.

By GABRIEL DELAGANDE.

Correspondent of Chicago Daily News, Amiens, France.—There are four of us in the quiet garden smoking our pipes. What is it—a French attack, or a German? Somewhere around Verdun, 30 kilometers away, the cannon are thundering furiously. A wild, uninterrupted grating passes over Amiens. Now and then we can distinguish the more powerful shots of the big guns, some of which we saw passing through here. In any case, things are warping up out there. All day the battle will continue, and we shall suffer the anguish of not knowing what is happening. Are the Germans piercing the French lines? Are the French piercing the German?

All around Amiens it has been thus for a month. The same villages have been fought for, the same positions taken and retaken. In some places the burbled bodies of men and animals are so numerous that French and Germans alike have withdrawn from these shambles, which war has made accursed and unhabitable.

This is the case, for example, at Roye, a little town of three to four thousand inhabitants, of which the official statements have spoken often. To find and remove the dead one has to search the cellars, go down into wells and explore crumbling ruins of industry. A rough Parisian Breton, a brave veteran of many fires, told me that he would rather risk his life every day in a burning building than pursue this new trade to which he has been assigned. The men engaged in it are unable to continue more than two days at a time—so human being could stand it longer.

But if it is hard for trained Frenchmen, imagine the sensations of this old rural notary public, calm and peaceful, who went to visit the ruins of his house in Albert, descended into the cellar and there in the darkness ran against a body which swung to and fro. It had been there 12 days. He had to take it down and bury it himself. It was the body of one of the inhabitants who had tied himself during the bombardment, evidently from terror.

The number of suicides in the northern provinces is countless. The newspapers may say nothing about them, but the people know, and here in the peaceful garden my companions continue to converse of these gruesome incidents of the war.

Such horrible details could never have been imagined. It is not the dead who suffer, but the living—the men, for instance, who come back from their stay in the trenches with fever and disease. There are several here in the hospital who have been delirious for days. Last night in the long white room where the flames of watchlights flickered feebly a wounded sergeant suddenly rose from his cot.

"On guard! On guard!" he cried. "It's warning up over there! Fix bayonets, boys!"

Under the impulsion of the familiar words of command their delirious men all over the room staggered to their feet and rushed among the cots in their nightdresses, screaming and shouting. The attendant who told me this still was visibly affected by the scene. He had had the happy inspiration to command:

"Halt! Rest arms!"

And the mad brigade had stood

entirely stood still. Some of the soldiers in this hospital have gone mad. Think, too, of the frightful life in the trenches, some of which are only 100 yards from those of the enemy. An officer described it at some length. All day a continual tension of the nerves and no chance to climb up out of the narrow ditch, even for an instant.

Even nightfall brings little peace, for it is the time chosen for surprise attacks. Suddenly, not ten yards from a trench, one rises from the darkness, a cry rings out; a sentinel, who had dived in spite of himself, staggers to his feet—too late! The dazzling rays of a searchlight a kilometer away blind the men in the trenches, while the attacking forces, who have the light at their backs, charge bayoneted. Then all is dark again. The searchlight is removed to escape the shells of hostile batteries. In the shadow of the moonless, starless night a frightful hand to hand fight takes place, with hoarse cries of anger and death, and with cracking of rifles.

Thus the nights succeed one another, in heavy sleep full of dreams and nightmares, some of which are only too real. Houring all this, one can understand that progress should be slow. One asks one's self how many more months and months longer this killing of men must go on, this wearing them down, this driving of madness, until at last the formidable invader shall have been driven from France.

HELPING THE BELGIANS

British soldiers making a house-to-house search for German stragglers at Roule.



Effort Glyn, author of "Three Weeks," has temporarily abandoned her pen to devote all her time to the raising of funds for the relief of the Belgians.

German Driving Gloves. London.—German officers wear steel tipped gloves with which they drive men in the ranks back into line, according to a Belgian officer now in London.

SEARCH FOR STRAGGLERS



British soldiers making a house-to-house search for German stragglers at Roule.

TRICKED BY STOLEN CODE

Goeben Escaped by Use of Week-Old Cipher Stolen From British.

New York.—The German cruiser Goeben and Dresden escaped from Messina to the Ionian sea at the start of the war by using a week-old secret code stolen from the British admiralty. This fact, brought out at the recent court martial which exonerated Admiral Troubridge from blame, has been suppressed by the British censor, but reached New York by mail from London. Troubridge had the boats bottled up at Messina, but received a wireless code message, worded and signed in correct admiralty form, ordering him to let the cruisers alone. Assuming that other plans had been worked out for their capture, he did as directed. Not until he reached London for the court martial did he learn the order was spurious. Supposedly it was sent by the Goeben herself or by some German wireless station. This code could only have been obtained by a spy or by treason of some British high in authority.

MUST HAVE FEET CUT OFF

Fifteen Hundred British Officers and Men in Hospitals With Extremities Frozen.

London.—Officers invalided home from the front say there are at present about fifteen hundred British officers and men suffering from frozen feet in the base hospitals in and about Doullon-sur-Mer, France. Fully 1,000 of this number must have one or both feet severed, owing to the freezing of the nerves, which makes futile all attempts at treatment. Chills and frostbites have been deplored the ranks worse than bullets and shrapnel, and once a man's foot is frozen he is through as far as fighting is concerned for the rest of the war.

FIND COMFORT IN TRENCHES

Allies' Troops Are Well Sheltered From Inclemencies of the Weather.

London.—A dispatch from West Flanders to the Times says: "The British, French and Belgian soldiers in the trenches are not at all unhappy. The trenches on the Yser are so comfortable and well sheltered as to material, industry and decided constructive ingenuity can make them. The men for the most part are living below the surface of the ground and have so banked themselves about that wind, rain or sleet has no great terrors for them. Some of them have been fortunate enough to obtain oil stoves. In such cases the men, wadded compartments in which they live, are if anything inclined to be warmer than hope than hygienists would approve. Stoves are priceless luxuries, but they are not at all uncommon."

OFFICER ATTACKS THE KAISER

Grazed Man Draws Sword on the Emperor, but is Disarmed.

Paris.—There is a report current here, apparently emanating from German sources, that an officer of the German general staff at the grand headquarters became incensed when the emperor appeared him for a tactical error during the battle of Flanders. The story says that he consulted the Kaiser directly with his drawn sword. Other officers managed to overpower him, and he was hurriedly removed, all the while harping frightful epithets at the Kaiser, who was considerably shaken by the attack.



NONE THOUGHTS SURE THING

Representative Dudley Donnell of Kansas told, at a banquet in Strong City, a curious story. "A Kansas man," he said, "stood on the deck of a liner in a terrible storm. "Go below, man!" the captain roared. "You're in danger here. Go below!" "No!" The Kansas man's calm voice rose easily above the roar of the sea. "No, captain! Not on your life. I want to see how one of these Atlantic storms compares with a Kansas cyclone." "As he spoke a great wave dashed him against a reel, breaking his leg. "As the captain lifted him up he smiled and said: "Well, say, that reminded me of home, only it was a slight wetter."—Indianapolis Journal.

Generosity in England. "Hated yet?" inquired one business man of another. "Just doubtful at present." "How's that? It's cheering to find any one who's doubtful." "Well, the boss is just wondering whether he will give £5,000 to the war fund and put us on half salaries or whether he'll drop the war fund and keep up the salaries."—Manchester Guardian.

Sayings of a Congressman. "I would not have spoken at all this evening if I had not—" "I have only to conclude by remarking this—" "Just one thing more, I—" "The people of this great country now stand—" "At some future time I shall—" "Meanwhile let us—"—Life.

WOMAN'S WEAKNESS. Mrs. H.—When they say that anybody "takes the count" it is a prize-fighting expression, isn't it? Mr. H.—Not necessarily, my dear; it may refer to an instance of woman's weakness for pills.

Great Invention. "I reckon," said Farmer Cornsweat, "as how much barbed-wire ought to be counted as one of the most useful inventions of the age." "For what reason?" "When there's a lot o' work to be done, barbed-wire makes it impossible for a fellow to sit on the fence an' look on."

Literal Fact. "My speech to the club is really full of sharp points." "Where you attack the tariff?" "No; where my wife has featured the sheets together with pins."

Labour Saving. "You managed to get your story past the censor without much trouble," said one war correspondent. "Yes," replied the other. "I wrote it with a worn-out fountain pen. Most of it was blotted out before it got to him."

Sounds Like Dewey. "I see that Admiral Dewey is commanding the Japanese fleet at Tsing Tao," remarked the Old Fogey. "I wonder where he got that name?" "He borrowed it," replied the Wise Guy. "He wanted to scum the enemy."

Not in Such a Hurry. "This machine can go sixty miles an hour." "That so? Well, that doesn't interest me. Whenever I've got six miles to go I'm willing to spend two or three hours doing it."

Limiting the War. Knicker.—What do you think of the war? Bocker.—Well, so far it has been localized to one planet.

Progress Reported. "Have you learned that new dance?" "Well," replied Uncle Popocate, "I haven't quite learned it, but I'm getting on. I don't feel exactly graceful as yet, but I've got over being afraid that I'd fall down."

No Wonder. "The Russians may do one thing which would be impossible for American troops." "What is that?" "Make a professional success of trenching."

Neighbors' Children. "What is the scientific name of the small creature who is ruining your fruit this year?" asked Mrs. Dobbs. "It has no scientific name," replied Mrs. Hibbs. "But it is vulgarly known as Jimmy Dobbs."

Fairly Riddled. "This is imported cheese." "It must have been under fire on the way over." "Why do you say that?" "It's shot full of holes."

Smartness. "Some of the smartest people in the world are vegetarians," said the observant citizen. "Yes. The fact that they are vegetarians shows that they are smart enough to heat the best trust."

Nothing of Any Consequence. At the breakfast table Mr. Speckys—Anything in the mail this morning? Mrs. Speckys—No; only a letter from that girl you used to talk so much about before we were married.

NEVER LOOKED YOUNG. Ella—Ella has always looked old, even from childhood. Stella—Yes, she has one of those prehistoric faces.

A Paragon. We've lately hired a servant, girl. I'm sure you'll think our luck is great. She always keeps her hair in curl. And has not smoothed a single place.

The Wrong Kind. There is a lot of human interest in my play, etc. A poor girl, madly in love, is forced to give up her lover to marry a rich man so she can pay back a loan made her father at 30 per cent.

What are you talking about? That's ridiculous interest.

After Marriage. She—You vowed that you would go through anything for me. He—Well, I didn't think you'd want me to beg on my back without.

WHY pay money for fancy boxes when what you really want is high-grade cigarettes?

FATIMA; the Turkish-blend cigarette. "No Gold Tips, but finest quality"—25 for 15c.

"Distinctly Individual" If you cannot smoke Fatima Cigarettes from your dealer, we will be pleased to send you a package free of charge. Address: Fatima Co., 111 Park Ave., New York, N.Y.



20 for 15c. SOMETHING USEFUL FOR XMAS. Woodman's (Ideal) Fountain Pen. Sold at the best stores everywhere. If your dealer cannot supply, we will gladly mail you a pen. Illustrated folder on request. L. E. WATKINSON COMPANY, New York.

It takes an experienced summer girl to twist any old thing a man says into a proposal.

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

"Wasteful Wasting." "What are we to do for fashions, if the war in France continues?" "Wear as little as we can, and wait."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

On the Trail of Friend Husband. Mrs. Fury—Has your good thinking o' my husband, Brudder Lepp? The Night Owl—W'y, howdy, Stink Fury; howdy! Noma, I don't seed him since long 'bout ten o'clock. But what brings you 'down town at dis time o' night?

Mrs. Fury—Lookin' for dat man o' mine. And I hope to do lawd outly's happens to him befo' I finds him, ut-kase I's gwine to bust his head wid dis club when I katches him!—Kansas City Star.

Told at the Card Club. "A little girl sitting next me in church was coughing," said Mrs. Jones at the card club. "So I whispered to her mother for permission to slip her a cough drop. The child said it to her mouth a moment and then swallowed it."

"Would you kindly give her another?" the mother whispered. "I'm sorry, but I had only the one," I answered.

"Coming out of church I felt in my pocket and was horrified to fish out the cough drop. Vor see, I had had a cough drop and a button in my pocket."

"And what did you do?" chorused the woman at the table. "Did you tell her mother?" "No, I didn't. I was mad. It was a very innocent button from my new suit."

MESMERIZED. A Potentoon Drug Still Freshly Used. Many people are brought up to believe that coffee is a necessity of life, and the strong hold that the drug exerts, in coffee has on the system makes it hard to loosen its grip even when one realizes its injurious effects.

A lady writes: "I had used coffee for years; it seemed one of the necessities of life. A few months ago my health, which had been slowly failing, became more impaired, and I knew that unless relief came from some source I would soon be a physical wreck."

"I was weak and nervous, had sick headaches, no ambition, and felt tired all the time. My husband was also losing his health. He was troubled so much with indigestion that at times he could eat only a few mouthfuls."

"Finally we saw Postum advertised and bought a package. I followed directions for making carefully, and added cream, which turned it to the loveliest rich-looking and tasting drink I ever saw served at any table, and we have used Postum ever since."

"I gained five pounds in weight in six weeks, and now feel well and strong in every respect. My headaches have gone, and I am a new woman. My husband's indigestion has left him, and he can now eat anything."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville" in pkg.

Postum comes in two forms: Regular Postum—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages. Instant Postum—is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 15c and 25c tins.

The cost per cup of both kinds is about the same. "There's a Reason" for Postum.—Sold by Grocers.

HUNGRY BRITISH STORM BREAD TRAIN



British soldiers in France hoisting a supply train arriving in camp with a shipment of bread for the soldiers.



CULLING THE POULTRY FLOCK

Less Profit Secured by Keeping Birds Until Cold Weather Then by Sailing Early in Fall.

When the first cold nights come, and the chickens are rounded up from the coops and trees and driven into the chicken houses, the farmer wakes up to the fact that he has more chickens than he thought he had, and many of these must go to market. So it happens that along in late November there is a drop in the price of chickens, and the farmer often gets less clear profit from holding his birds till cold weather than he would have had from selling earlier. The best way is to keep culling right along. When you have a number of chickens to market, call up the butcher and sell them before leaving home. Don't put yourself in the position of a man with a load which he must sell at any price rather than take it home.

If the chickens are lanky and have little meat on their bones, coop them for ten days or two weeks and fatten.



Excellent Flock of White Plymouth Rocks.

A fattening coop with a slatted bottom is easily made, and is useful the year around. Prater a trough for feed and saw milk in front of the coop, and keep the feeding trough clean. Give green food, grit and fresh water. Seven parts ground oats, and one part barley meal mixed with milk is a favorite fattening ration with breeders, but cooped birds fed mash and cracked corn with sour milk, put on enough fat to pay well for the work.

Make old birds into pressed chicken or soup, sell over-fat birds, and kill and burn weaklings, but in some way cull the flock so that the chickens house will not be overcrowded, but comfortably filled with hens, every one of which is in shape to earn her living.

RATION FOR EGG PRODUCTION

Farm Poultry Not Given Enough Animal or Ground Food—Mix Corn and Wheat for Winter Feed.

OFF H. J. SCHMIDT, Missouri Experiment Station.

Egg production depends largely upon proper feeding. Rations for farm poultry flocks can generally be criticized. First, because they contain little ground food, and, second, because animal food is usually lacking. These two faults can easily be corrected. By feeding ground grains in addition to the whole grains and by supplying animal food in the form of some skim milk or buttermilk, the feed cost for a dozen eggs can be materially reduced.

A good grain ration for winter use is made by mixing 80 pounds of corn with 30 pounds of wheat. For summer use 60 pounds of wheat with 30 pounds of corn.

In addition to the corn and wheat the following mixture of ground foods is excellent: Bran, two pounds; corn meal, two pounds; middlings, two pounds; feed scraps, one pound. This mixture can be fed dry in hop-pers, which should be kept open during the afternoon only.

Ground oats are good to use as a dry mash, either alone or mixed with other ground foods. If available, give buttermilk or sour skim milk as a drink. The birds should eat about one-half as much mash as grain food. About twice a week grain should be fed at night as in the morning. At night feed all that the birds will eat. During the day keep the hens scratching in straw litter a foot deep. This litter should be free from outside.

Supplement the above ration with green food, such as beans, cabbage, sprouted oats, fish slacks, etc. Grit, oyster shell or crushed limestone should be available at all times. Pond only clean feed and supply plenty of clean, fresh water.

CREATING DUST MULCH

Do Not Attempt Anything With Clods in the Fall.

Rain and Melted Snow Permitted to Run Down and Water Can Be Conserved by a Proper Dust Mulch—Sells Not All Alike.

It is possible in the semiarid sections of the country, and on light soils in any section, to form such a dust mulch as will favor lawning, especially in dry times, and more particularly on lands that are somewhat worn and somewhat deficient in soil moisture.

It is utterly impossible for any person to make suggestions on the management of land that will apply infallibly to all kinds of land under all sorts of weather conditions and in all sections. We would not attempt to do anything with clods in the fall, says Wallace's Farmer. We would not harrow ground in the fall, but would leave it rough; for the subsequent freezing and thawing will break up the clods, while the roughness of the land will give the frost a better chance to get in its work as well as catch snow and rain.

Where land is light, where it is exposed to high winds, where experience teaches that it is liable to blow, we would keep the prevention of blowing always in mind. It is difficult to know just how to handle these lands. If they are harrowed till the surface is a fine dust, there is every opportunity for the soil itself to blow away. If they are rolled with a fat roller, they are more likely to blow than if left loose. The disk roller, or a packer, while compacting the soil, leaves it somewhat rough and prevents blowing.

We saw one year in the state of Iowa, an entire crop of wheat from ten acres of land blown out into the roads. The danger is much greater in the semiarid country. Clod formation can be prevented by first disking, then plowing and harrowing directly afterwards, so that clods have no chance to form.

No matter what agricultural papers a man may read, or how many books, or how great their general value, the farmer must study his own farm and his own conditions, and feel free to go directly contrary to advice, no matter how good it may be under widely differing conditions from his.

You cannot treat sandy soils the same way you do clay; nor can you treat the light soils the same way you do the heavy soils in that same section; nor can you treat either of them as you would gumbo soil in the valleys of the humid section. In the semiarid section the soil cleavage is entirely different from that of the humid section. In the humid section, the strata are, so to speak, horizontal; in the semiarid section, perpendicular.

Professor Tom Ryck, who had long experience in the Kansas dry belt experiment station, once said to us that he had the best results by using the soil deep in the fall and leaving it rough so that the rain and melted snow could run down and the water could be conserved by a proper dust mulch.

In any section where land is liable to blow, we would be careful about using the harrow more than is necessary, and would under no circumstances use a smooth roller. The more vegetable matter you get into that soil, and, therefore, the more root fiber, the less it is likely to blow. There are soils that are now considered good, which, if they are kept growing down for a few years, until the vegetable fiber is decomposed, cannot be well held even by a warranty deed.

FALL-PLANTED FRUIT TREES

Missouri Station Reports Big Increase in Growth Over Those Set Out During Spring Season.

This is the third year comparative measurements have been made by the Missouri station between growth of fall planted and spring planted trees. These measurements show that during the year the fall planted trees produced 23 per cent. more growth than spring planted trees. Comparing this result with the previous year, fall planted trees made 59 per cent. more growth than spring planted, and during the first year the same set of trees lacked only one-half of one per cent of producing 100 per cent more growth than the spring planted. It will be observed that in the same set of trees the difference in the amount of annual growth is decreasing each year as the trees develop.

Grain hay is hard to handle, for it is slippery and slides down about as fast as a piped up. In the mountains, where poles and posts are handy, it can be held together, and in the plains worn wire works well.

Either "bare the season is short as there is a lack of moisture, grain hay is valuable for wintering or for work stock, as the milk is extremely nutritious.

Oats, barley or wheat can be used, the latter being perhaps the most satisfactory in droughty locations, though barley will do best. With but light showers either will get enough moisture for hay except in very dry sections. In the mountains oats flourish well, that they are the most general crop. A little wheat mixed in the seed is not objectionable, furnishing variety.

BRITAIN'S WAR CENSOR



Mr. Stanley Owen, censor of war news for the British government, is practically unknown in this country, and is not yet a very familiar figure to the public in England. But he has a great reputation in the courts, where he has been a leader in advocacy for many years. Whereas Mr. Smith at forty-two would be called young by all men, Mr. Stanley Owen, who is fifty-three, would only be called young by some men. His great gift is held in respect and reverence in thought and speech. He can clothe the dry bones of advocacy law with such interest and fascination that it is a recreation for a layman to hear him argue. A case the presenting of which by the average lawyer would be a painful punishment to hear, when argued by Mr. Stanley becomes almost romantic.

For many years he has been what lawyers call a "special," a rank which both shall be given. It means that upon every brief delivered to his law chambers there must be marked, in addition to all ordinary fees, a special sum of 25 guineas, about \$200.

WOULD PREPARE FOR WAR

In the discussions of the lessons of the European war as applied to the military problems of the United States no man in congress has a larger part than Representative Julius Kahn of California. Mr. Kahn, as president of the National Defense League of the United States, is an earnest advocate of peace, but he holds that for the United States, at least, preparedness for war is the only insurance against war.



Representative Julius Kahn of California.

"Militarist," his very good friend, Representative Richard Bartholdt of Missouri, calls him, in his debates on the subject. "Pacifist," writes Mr. Kahn, for Mr. Bartholdt is committed to the cause of peace, and is one of the country's most noted advocates of arbitration as a cure for war.

Both of German activity, both of long service in congress, both leaders of thought on their respective sides, Messrs. Kahn and Bartholdt are at opposite points of the pole on military subjects. Mr. Kahn, personally gentle and kind of manner, fair and liberal in debate, philosophical in his habits of mind, never comes so near to losing his patience as when he hears pacifist arguments, and especially when he hears them in these days of the European war.

"Yes, yes," said he, almost impatiently, when some of the recent publications were brought to him in which appeared articles arguing that preparation for war inevitably is an invitation for war. "You say I have seen all that stuff. How silly and futile it appears in the light of what is going on in Europe!"

MRS. DAISY OWEN



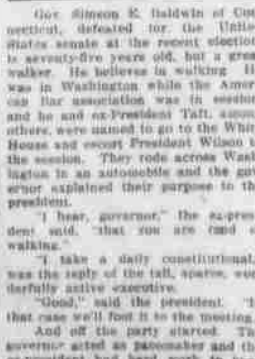
Mrs. Daisy Owen, wife of the Oklahoma statesman.

"Fancy names, abbreviations, or pet names do not claim much favor in these times," remarked Mrs. Owen, wife of the Oklahoma statesman. "I am frequently asked why I do not call myself Margaret, and I reply promptly because I have no right to the name. I was born when the fields of my native land, then Indian Territory, now the growing state of Oklahoma, were abloom with the starry flowers we called the daisies. My mother had gone to the new land with my father from among her kindred and beloved friends in North Carolina, and naturally she was homesick. The daisies reminded her of the old place back in Carolina, for there, too, thousands of snowy blossoms dot the fields, and she called me Daisy Owen. The latter is a family name, and also the words of the pioneer old song 'Daisy Owen,' very popular in the times of romantic ballads and before the era of ragtime and the coin song.

I never see one of the ivy little flowers without thinking of my mother, and I cling to the rather infantile name without the least desire to make it more dignified or sedate. I like names with meaning, so we called our only daughter Dorothea, gift of God, for she was the only grandchild on both sides of the house, and her coming meant so much to us all."

Senator and Mrs. Owen are among the adaptable members of official society, and have affiliated with many active organizations. They belong to the Chevy Chase club.

SIMEON E. BALDWIN, WALKER



Gov. Simeon E. Baldwin of Connecticut, defeated for the United States senate at the recent election.

Gov. Simeon E. Baldwin of Connecticut, defeated for the United States senate at the recent election, is seventy-five years old, but a great walker. He believes in walking. He was in Washington while the American bar association was in session, and he and ex-President Taft, among others, were named to go to the White House and escort President Wilson to the session. They rode across Washington in an automobile and the governor explained their purpose to the president.

"I hear, governor," the president said, "that you are fond of walking."

"I take a daily constitutional," was the reply of the tall, spare, wonderfully active executive.

"Good," said the president. "In that case walk fast to the session."

And off the party started. The governor acted as pacesetter and the president had hard work to keep up with the procession. Last summer, at Stoughton, the governor went on a right-mile through the country in the morning, and in the afternoon returned to ride in the parade, which was a part of the celebration he was attending.

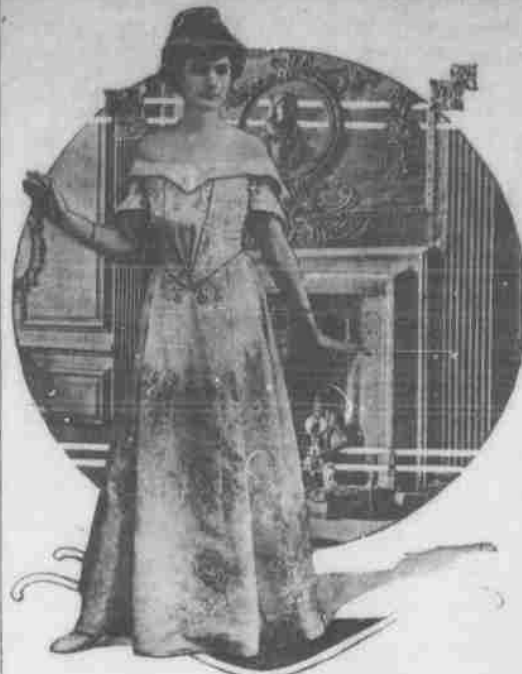
Picking Up Tea. The packet of tea in the parsonage, apparently unnoticed by the youth who stole it, was a stout dame came along he darted forward, seized the packet, and presenting it to her, explained that she had dropped it. A cold passed between them.

"You afraid you've been done, my boy?" observed a passerby who had witnessed the performance. "That parson never dropped the packet at all."

"I know she didn't," grinned the youth. "It's 'as it is done, I see. I got the packet at home, trace a small hole in the paper, emptied the tea, bit it with my teeth and dropped it in the street. Wouldn't 've it works better, takes right for an being done, I always see."

Unfair Treatment. "You don't think he is highly married?" "No. What he has to take from his wife is out of proportion to what she has to give him."

Costume of Original American Design



Old fashions spring from primitive and adaptations of styles that have been worn before our day and feel the influence of all the errors of the earth. For some time the agitation on the subject of American designs for American women has been going on. The war in Europe brought this matter to a climax and a fashion show, under the patronage of wealthy society women of New York city, was staged recently at the Biltmore hotel, in which the apparel displayed—most extremely clever models—was designed by members of American establishments and made in their workrooms.

The display altogether was creditable, although any startlingly new and wholly original ideas were lacking in fact, few people are looking for anything of the kind. What we really want and take to are styles that have associations and suggestions that make them interesting. We like a hint of the oriental, a whisper of the savage, a glimpse of the ancient, and not a bold copy in any case. In fact, when nothing is left to the imagination, something is lost of charm. A lovely gown, among other lovely things, appeared in the Biltmore

from Kierman—who is famous for dressmaking. It is pictured here and is a somewhat radical departure from present-day fashions. It is of white satin, brocaded with silver, and is made without lacing or elaboration. The skirt is flaring and full, hanging in soft folds. The absence of shoulder straps, the pointed bodice and short, puffed sleeves revive memories of the days of the Renaissance. After such elaboration it seems severely simple, but there is a reaction toward simplicity which, it must be conceded, has improved the styles of today.

The skirt flaring at the bottom is dividing honors with the straight underskirt and long, full tunic, and wide tails to stand in the first place by spring. Both are beautiful in outline. Whether we shall look to American designers to create our styles or find that we have been looking to them (while we thought all inspiration came from Paris) for many years, we are sure of one thing: America is not without the talent for creating beautiful clothes and this talent will be recognized through just such events as the exhibition at the Biltmore.

Fur-Trimmed and All-Fur Hats and Turbans



TO MEET the flying shoes that can do these little harm, fur-trimmed and all-fur turbans and larger hats in which fur is conspicuously figured, have been warmly welcomed by the world of fashion. There are few all-fur hats as compared to the great number in which fur forms a part of the hat or is suggested simply as a trimming.

In turbans the crowns are usually of fur and the crowns of a fabric. Rich brocaded silks, plain crests and cloth of gold or silver are featured in the crowns. There are some novel trimmed hats having crowns of fur and brims of gold or silver lace.

But it is in bands used as a trimming that fur is liked best. There is not much effort to use it in unusual ways. Large flowers of silver or gold lace, having each petal bound with fur, are novel and these, with ribbons or velvet trimmings bound with fur, are about the only new fur decorations. A wide band about the crown, a border of fur about a brim, edge or band forming a coronet are the prevalent modes for using this most elegant of things used in millinery.

Trimmings on fur hats are very simple. A single flower or a single feather is the rule for the small turban. The head and neck of birds of any plumage (imagined by the designer and not grown by nature) are occasionally seen, and they possess some appropriateness posed against a background of fur.

The hats shown in the picture are fine examples of the use in which fur is used in millinery. The majority of millinery hats are imitations of the skins for which they are named, but they are equal in each demand as are made of them so far as wearing qualities are concerned. Hats made of fine, genuine skins are costly, but, considering their durability and the fact that these furs are never out of style and may be used again and again, they are, after all, among the most economical of hats.

JULIA MONTGOMERY. After exhaustive research in Paris a famous French scientist has recently invented a diet usually divided between meats and vegetables as the best for working people.

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NOTICE FOR PUBLIC ACTION

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office, Las Cruces, N. M.

December 5, 1914. Notice is hereby given that John Henry Anderson, of Columbus, N. M., who, on Jan. 16, 1914, made homestead entry, No. 10336, for 200 ac. of Township 29 N., Range 7 W., N. M. P. M., Section 14, has filed notice of intention to make final commutation...

James S. Anderson, of Columbus, N. M. Arthur Poole, Frank J. Carney, George T. Peters. JOHN L. BURNSTED, Register, 12-18-14

NOTICE FOR PUBLIC ACTION

Department of the Interior, United States Land Office, Las Cruces, N. M., Dec. 8, 1914

Notice is hereby given that Robert M. Marshall, of Columbus, N. M., who on Jan. 16, 1914, made desert land entry No. 10176, for 200 ac. of Township 29 N., Range 7 W., N. M. P. M., Section 14, has filed notice of intention to make final proof...

Claimant names as witnesses: John H. Anderson, Columbus, N. M. James W. Nelson, Elliott A. Means, Thomas J. Cole. JOHN L. BURNSTED, Register, 12-11-14

CACTUS AS FEED FOR STOCK

I recently read a bulletin issued by the government on the subject of the heading above. The plant is generally considered a nuisance but from this report it is a very valuable stock food. One species of the prickly pear which is found in abundance in this valley is very highly recommended as a forage plant and with 50 pounds of alfalfa and ten pounds of bran fed with 1000 pounds of the prickly pear is a good balance feed for milch cows as well as other stock.

From all indications this will be a good year for the Lower Mimbres. Home-seekers are coming in daily and a large number of people who have resided here in the past are returning to make further developments on their property. Many new pumping plants are being installed and many more wells are to be sunk within the next few weeks.

On Wednesday, January 8th the leading Democrats of Columbus met at the Hoover hotel. Road Commissioner Chas. Heath was chosen chairman of the meeting. It was decided to hold a primary election on Saturday, January 10th. Polls open from 10:00 a. m. to 4:00 p. m. and elect a candidate for the office of the Justice of the Peace. This election was necessary as some of the old moss-back democrats

have turned completely upside down and are now ranting socialist roaring up and down the streets day and night shouting for the socialist candidate. Just think of it—these same democrats not over two months ago held up their right hand and pledged themselves, some with tears in their eyes, to stand by the good old democrat party first last and all the time. If there was any good legitimate reason for this lightning flop up to the present time we have failed to discover what it is. It just appears to be the nature of the beast. If I can't do things to suit myself I won't play. Adv

Election Proclamation

ELECTION PROCLAMATION BY THE BOARD OF COUNTY COMMISSIONERS OF LUNA COUNTY, NEW MEXICO.

WHEREAS, by Section 1, Chapter 100 of Laws of 1910 it is made the duty of the Board of County Commissioners of each county in the state of New Mexico, to provide the election that are to be held in the respective counties for the purpose of voting for candidates for the different offices and other matters; and to do so by public proclamation and by publication in each of the two leading newspapers published in each county; and

WHEREAS, it is further made the duty of said Board of County Commissioners to give public notice of the object of the election, the officials to be voted for, questions to be voted on, and the place where the election is to be held in each precinct in each county; and

THEREFORE, the Board of County Commissioners of Luna County, New Mexico, in session held at Deming on the fourth day of January, A. D. 1915, have ordered as follows, to-wit: That the object of the election which is to be held on the eleventh day of January, A. D. 1915, as herein prescribed by the County Commissioners of aforesaid County and State, is to elect our Justice of the Peace and one Commissioner in each precinct in the county; said candidates must be residents of the precinct in which they are candidates, and can be elected by the voters of said precinct only.

We hereby further order that said election will be held in the various precincts in said county at the following named places, and the judges hereby appointed in the different precincts to hold such election are as follows, to-wit:

PRECINCT No. 1. Judges: N. A. Borch; J. W. Hamlin; Geo. T. Clark, Jr. To be held on first floor of the City Hall of Deming, New Mexico.

PRECINCT No. 2. Judges: J. R. Chadburn, A. L. Taylor, W. T. Washin. To be held in the north room of the Bank Building, Columbus, New Mexico.

PATENTS OVER 25 YEARS EXPERIENCE. THREE YEARS DESIGN. Scientific American. MUNN & Co. 311 Broadway, New York

Church Service. Services will be held next Sunday at the Methodist Episcopal church as follows: Sunday School at 9:45, Mrs. K. W. Dean, Superintendent. Morning service at 11:00, a. m. Epworth League at 6:30, p. m. Evening service at 7:30, p. m.

RHEUMATIC SUFFERERS GIVEN QUICK RELIEF. Pain leaves almost as if by magic when you begin using "D-Drops".

Dr. T. H. DABNEY PHYSICIAN. Office first door west of the Miller Drug Store, up stairs. Columbus, New Mexico

LAW AND INSURANCE OFFICE OF W. C. Hoover U. S. COMMISSIONER NOTARY PUBLIC. The Drawing of Deeds, Mortgages, Contracts and all Legal Papers given particular attention.

Fred Sherman LAWYER. DEMING, N. M.

How's This? We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

Returns to Columbus. Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Wilson and son, Chas. Jr., arrived here from Troutdale, Virginia, early Thursday morning. They did not like the looks of Columbus as they passed through on the Limited Wednesday evening and went on out into Arizona. That country did not look as good to them as this so they returned on the mixed train, arriving here at 5:30. Mr. Wilson has an enlarged homestead a few miles northeast of town and will establish his residence at once. He expects to make extensive improvements and will farm a few acres this season.

FOUND IN OLD CHRONICLES

Origin of Famous Name of "Guelph" is Found in Two Twelfth-Century Versions of History.

It is said by an old chronicler of the twelfth century that the word "Guelph"—German "Welf"—is derived from the ancient "welp," which corresponds exactly to the English "whelp," meaning a cub or puppy. The chronicler says that Isidore, the son of the founder of the dynasty, married the daughter of a Roman senator (for it is claimed that the Guelph family goes back to a time which preceded that of Charlemagne), and had by her a son who was called Catilina. Catilina, however, sounded very similar to Patalus, which meant in Latin a young dog, and so the name as translated into German became Welp or Welf, that is, Guelph.

The chronicler mentions yet another version, according to which Isidore was hunting with the emperor, when he received the news of the birth of a son. When he thus asked permission to return home, the emperor jestingly observed—"Is it really an account of a mere welp that thou wishest to go home?" Isidore was stung by this disrespectful reference to his heir, and determined to give the name of Welp to his son.

NO TIME FOR SENTIMENT



She—Ah! James, couldn't you just stand here and gaze at the view forever? He—Sure—Come on; this goes de dinner bell!

VORACITY PLUS.

One of the most noteworthy importations in the slaughter of the moths has been an active green beetle, a tiger in the moth world. Here is a terrible creature indeed, a creature of intrepid ferocity and magnificent voracity. Beside him the hog is a beast of most delicate appetite. The green beetle would devour ten times his weight in gipsy moth caterpillars in a single day, and be ready to duplicate this performance on the morrow. His nominal two seasons of active life are a wild orgy of slaying and feasting. His span of mortality includes a mere fortnight of larval existence, representing less than five months of activity altogether; but during this time he will normally devour nearly six hundred and fifty gipsy moth caterpillars or pupae as big as himself. A single pair have been observed to eat 2,000 caterpillars within eight weeks, gluttony almost beyond belief.—Harold Kellock, in the Century.

DON'T SMART.

"Have you any of those smart shirts I see advertised?" asked the young man entering the store. "I think not," replied the clerk as he scratched violently in the vicinity of his fifth rib; "but we've got some of the red flannel variety that tickle thousands."

AN OBSTACLE.

"Did you make any tentative arrangements about that open-air sleeping scheme?" "No." "Why not?" "Couldn't get the tents."

THE TEST.

"When do you regard a man as old?" "A man isn't really old," replied Colonel Dasher, "until he is willing to open up his gut instead of calling it 'tough toe.'"

GOOD SUBSTITUTION.

He—That stuffed turkey at Mrs. Williams' dinner was awfully tough. She—Well, you see her chestnut failed to arrive and she filled the bird with funny columns from the daily papers.

As We Must Make Room for Our Spring Stock We Will Give You a 15 Per Cent Discount on Ladies', Men's and Children's Shoes, Blankets, Comforts, Men's Fleeced Lined Underwear, Men's Hats and Flannel Shirts. 12 1/2c Gingham 10c, 10c Gingham 8c, 20c Gingham 18c. Ladies', Men's & Children's Sweaters. Come and Make Yourself at Home With Us. MOORE & MOORE

W. C. HOOVER U. S. Commissioner Columbus, N. M. Homestead filings, desert filings, final proofs and all matters pertaining to the public lands. Also all matters pertaining to state lands, and the leasing and purchase of same. If you want to change present filing to state selections, or avail yourself of the enlarged or additional homestead filings, will attend to same.

COLUMBUS STATE BANK Banking Service. Banking service means more than the mere acceptance of an account. Our primary object is to satisfy each individual depositor, and, as far as consistent with good banking, to carry out his desires. The service of the Columbus State Bank is based on fair and courteous treatment to every patron. Judicious and intelligent investment of its funds assure full protection. J. L. GREENWOOD, Cashier. Columbus State Bank Office Hours: 9:00 to 12:00, 1:00 to 4:00 COLUMBUS, NEW MEXICO

JAS. T. DEAN CO. Telephone 31. This is the place to get your cats. Fresh sausage and salted meats. Cheese and butter of the best. Van Camp's and Campbell's soups stand the test. Canned meats, deviled crabs and fishes. With which you can make the best of dishes. And claim the best market boasts. With all kinds and colors of different soaps. Nuts to crack and apples to eat. Spices to flavor those fruit cakes neat. Don't Forget we handle the finest Groceries at the Lowest Price

The Courier Cent-A-Word Classified Ads

Advertisements in this column will be inserted in this column at a cost of one cent a word, each line. If you have anything to sell, trade or rent, or if you want to buy or trade for anything, tell the world about it in this column. Everybody reads it.

Dry batteries at Miller's Drug Store. **11**

Renew your subscription to the Courier. **11**

Dry batteries for the engine at Miller's Drug Store. **11**

Try a Courier ad, they get results. **11**

Buy your spark plugs for your auto at Miller's drug store. **11**

Subscribe for the Columbus Courier. **11**

If you want to rent, buy or sell a house call at the Town Co. office.—J. W. Blair. **11**

E. P. & S. W. Time Card

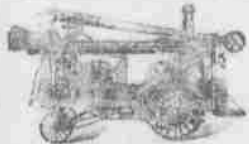
West Bound	
No. 9—Limited	4:07 p.m.
No. 7—Mixed	11:47 p.m.
East Bound	
No. 4—Limited	12:15 p.m.
No. 8—Mixed	3:55 a.m.

320 acres deeded land for sale or trade—three miles east of Columbus. Address: William Tate, 711 West Lake avenue, Los Angeles, Calif. **11**

Your application to prove an made out free of charge, also any information regarding same. Will be glad to be favored with all your business in any land matters.—W. C. Hoover, U. S. Commissioner, Columbus, N. S.

NOTICE: Claimants asserting final proof on homestead and desert lands should read their notices carefully to see that there are no mistakes.

For Sale: 100 acres of fine deeded land and a fine rock quarry very close in. Best bargain in the Valley.—J. A. Moore.



E. J. Fulton, Well Driller

Any Size --- Any Depth Columbus, N. M.

West Texas Fuel Co. (SETON'S)
1531 May Ave.
El Paso, Texas
Feed Seed Building Material
Prompt Service Prices Right

An opportunity to buy an improved farm at a sacrifice.—100 acres good fertile land, 50 acres under cultivation, 25 acres of which are under irrigation, 5 acres in alfalfa, 6 acres in winter wheat, 25 acres fenced with rabbit proof wire. Two irrigation plants in order, 400 gals. of water per min., or better. Good two-story adobe house containing four large rooms and large bath. Price for cash \$2,750.00. For further information write or call on H. M. Ross.

HIS GOLDEN EGGS

It was a pretty sight to see them together—well, not a pretty sight, precisely, in the ordinary acceptation of the phrase, but a sight, nevertheless, to restore one's faith in human nature and the endurance of marital affection. We were rather selfish lot, we "luggers"—taken off with our own pulmonary symptoms and having little sympathetic interest for anything else; but we could not help being touched by the devotion young Mr. Gerrison showed to Mrs. Gerrison.

It seemed rather hard on a good-looking young fellow of a fine and sociable disposition to be compelled to bury himself in this out-of-the-way corner of New Mexico with an invalid wife, but he never complained. In fact, we learned that it was only at his earnest solicitation that Mrs. Gerrison consented to come to San Mateo.

"Her doctor said that it was plain suicide for her to stay in New York," explained Mr. Gerrison to a little circle of the women on the veranda of the sanitarium. "Here, he said, her life might be prolonged indefinitely, and he thought it even possible that she might be cured. I really do think she is improving a great deal. Don't you think that she is looking better?"

He asked the question eagerly, with genuine anxiety, and we all said we thought that Mrs. Gerrison was looking better—decidedly better. That is, all of us but Mrs. Rankin. Mrs. Rankin only sniffed.

Mr. Gerrison seemed relieved. "I'm glad to hear you say so," he said, gratefully, and I'm sure in all sincerity.

It was then that Mrs. Rankin spoke—a most vainglorious person, Mrs. Rankin, and cynical to a fault. "You speak of prolonging her life indefinitely, Mr. Gerrison," she said. "She is of a rather advanced age now, is she not?"

Mr. Gerrison colored a little. "She is sixty-two," he answered, with simple dignity. Then he rose and went into the hotel, and about half an hour later he came out with his wife on his arm and the two entered a buggy and drove away. They always took an early morning ride together.

"I don't care," said Mrs. Rankin, when somebody remonstrated with her. "I don't approve of marriages between elderly ladies and young gentlemen like our friend. What does he make eyes at that bold-faced Teresita for?"

We all denied that he did. Miss Montfort said that it was Teresita who made eyes at Mr. Gerrison.

"And marriages of that sort are often very happy," she added. "There was the Baroness Burdett-Coutta, you know, and Dr. Johnson."

"Yes, I've heard of 'em," said Mrs. Rankin. "Do you know any more?"

Well, we didn't happen to, so she seemed to have the best of the argument on the whole. Still, nobody who noticed how carefully Mr. Gerrison drew the fur-lined wrap over his wife's angular shoulders when a little breeze sprang up in the afternoon, or with what solicitude he watched her eat at dinner, could have doubted the strength of his affection for her.

As for Teresita, she was simply a coarse, uneducated Mexican girl. I suppose some men would have called her good-looking, and she certainly had a good figure and a rich complexion—a brunette, of course, but the idea that Mr. Gerrison would make eyes at a creature of that sort was absolutely preposterous. I doubt if she could so much as write her own name. Some people are queer happy unless they are indulging in ill-natured gossip.

Every night, after Mrs. Gerrison had retired, Mr. Gerrison sought out Dr. McDonald and remained in consultation with him, sometimes for as much as an hour at a time. One day I met him—Mr. Gerrison—coming out of the doctor's room, and his handsome, boyish face was fairly glowing with joy. I asked him what pleased him so.

"The doctor has been giving me a splendid account of Mrs. Gerrison," he said, his eyes shining with delight. "He says that she is undoubtedly gaining strength. Congratulations, Mr. Calloway."

I replied: "I do, most heartily, Mr. Gerrison, and you will pardon me, I hope, if I say that I wish there were more husbands like you."

He seemed confused. "Well," he said, abruptly, "I've got to be out

for my evening stroll," and he raised his hat and started off for his constitutional; poor man!

I was so impressed by this that the next time Mrs. Rankin made one of her ill-natured remarks about him I couldn't help telling her.

"H-m-m!" she said, "the goose and the golden eggs." Really, I think sometimes that Mrs. Rankin is a little—well, she certainly says some peculiar things sometimes—things that have nothing to do with the subject of conversation.

"Will you tell me why he had to go tramping on to El Paso last week, if he is so devoted to that old fool of a wife of his?" she asked suddenly.

I was glad to be able to answer her. "He went to get his hair cut," I replied. "He told me so. There isn't a good barber in San Mateo, you know, and Mr. Gerrison is rather particular about such things."

"And what took Teresita away?" she asked.

I knew that, too. "Teresita went to see her sick brother at Las Cruces," I said. "I must say, Mrs. Rankin, that I think such insinuations are unworthy of you."

She took it very good-naturedly, I must say. She just laughed. I really believe that she likes me. Perhaps I was a little hasty in calling her cantankerous. I dislike to think badly of anybody.

It was only a few weeks after that that poor Mr. Gerrison lost his wife, too. Her cough suddenly got worse, and I'm sure that man's alarm and anxiety were pathetic. He was so agitated that he hardly ate his meals for days, though Teresita (I know that girl had a good heart) brought him the very nicest things she could find in the kitchen, and seemed quite worried about him. In fact, we all were. Well, one night I heard a noise in the Gerrison apartments, which were across the hall from my room, and I was afraid that something was wrong, so I slipped on a wrapper and opened the door. The door of Mr. Gerrison's room was ajar, and I could see him sitting, with his head bowed on his hands, opposite to Dr. McDonald. His face, when he raised it, was so drawn and haggard that my heart quite went out to him.

"Can't you give me any hope at all, doctor?" he asked. "Can't you pull her through?"

"I'm afraid not," answered Dr. McDonald, sympathetically. "But you must try not to feel too badly about it. We must all die, you know."

"Yes, I know," said Mr. Gerrison, with a groan. "That's all right; but, hang it, doctor, her income dies with her."

I looked the doctor softly. I did not wish to witness his sacred grief. Mrs. Gerrison died that night, and the poor husband was broken-hearted. Of course, he went back to New York almost immediately. Teresita left soon after that, too, but I'm sure there was nothing in Mrs. Rankin's insinuations.—New York Telegram.

END OF INDIAN WAR.

One hundred years ago Gen. Andrew Jackson, who commanded the Tennessee troops in the war with the Creek Indians and who had recently won the decisive victory at Horseshoe Bend, went to Nashville and announced to the governor of Tennessee that the war was ended. Though actual hostilities had ceased, it was not until about three months later that General Jackson, who on the morning had been appointed a major general in the United States army, met the Indian chiefs at Fort Jackson, and after much diplomatic negotiation terms of peace. The war had continued for more than a year and had been marked by many bloody conflicts. His ending left General Jackson and his troops free to take the field against the British in the South.

THOUGHT AND LANGUAGE.

Redundancy of language is never found with deep reflection. Verbiage may indicate observation, but not thinking. He who thinks much says but little in proportion to his thoughts. He selects that language which will convey his ideas in the most explicit and direct manner. He tries to compress as much thought as possible into a few words. On the contrary, the man who talks everlastingly and protractiously, who seems to have an exhaustive imagination of sound, crowds so many words into his thoughts that he always obscures and very frequently conceals his—Washington Irving.

MULE KILLED A PRIZE BULL

Love Wire New Jersey Jack in a Very Neat Manner Ended a Short Battle.

On the farm of Freeholder Jacob Zimmerman at Center Grove, three miles from here, there was until the other night a prize Jersey bull, a Millville (N. J.) correspondent of the Philadelphia Record writes. There is still on the farm Jack, one of a team of live-wire mules. The bull had shown form as head of the farm and everybody was watchful of him. Horses and mules were kept out of the pasture lot, but a farmhand forgot the order and let the mules in.

The fight did not last very long. The bull opened it, but made a blunder. He dashed for Jack and managed to get in a good thrust in his side, cutting a gash. The mule, pinned and shocked, was prepared for the next move. As the Jersey rushed with lowered head and a deep bellows, Jack gave one loud cry of pleasure, there was a flash of steel slices in the air—a dead fall. The horns of the mule had been planted with uncaring accuracy between the horns of the bull's head.

WANTED MATCH, AND GOT IT

After All, as "Nervy" Youth Remark, the Man Really Didn't Have to Get Off the Car.

A young man was standing on a certain New York street corner, rolling a cigarette. A street car stopped a block down the street to let a man on. This man had been smoking a cigar, and was evidently in a happy frame of mind as he paid his fare on the pay-as-you-enter. When the car got to the corner where the young man stood, the young man beckoned, apparently in the man on the car. He, noticing the motion, alighted and went up to the cigarette roller. "Say," said the young man, "have you got a match?" The other looked after the car on which he had ridden just one block and then exclaimed. "The 'nervy' of the young man was displayed at the end of the verbal onslaught. "Well, what if I did reckon?" he wanted to know. "You didn't have to get off the car, did you? But now that you're here you might as well give me a match." And the other was so bewildered by the show of front that he produced one.

UNFORTUNATE YOUNGSTER.

A casual-faring couple attended the baptismal service at a Black Country church, near the wharf where their boat was reloading.

When the curate came to the request to "Name the child," there was no response from either parent. They looked at each other as though seeking inspiration, and the clergyman gathered that they had forgotten to discuss the point beforehand. Anxious to help them out of the difficulty, the curate caught the man's eye, and in a whisper suggested "John." The boatman nodded as though relieved of a great responsibility, and the ceremony proceeded to its conclusion.

As the worthy couple left the building the woman addressed her spouse in tones of withering scorn: "Ye' fule, ye', we've got two Jacks now, and thine's a wench."

THE OBLIGING PAPA.

Young Wilmar sought an interview with Mr. Carpenter. "I'd like," said the young man nervously, "to marry your daughter, sir."

"Well, I've got six," responded the obliging father. "Take all you want."—Lippincott's.

PROOF.

Mrs. Foster—Don't you really think that women have more patience than men?
Mr. Foster—I'm sure of it. I've been watching you play solitaire all evening with a deck that's four or five cards short.—Boston Globe.

BOTH COST.

"So you are going to mortgage your house in the suburbs. What for?"
"I haven't decided yet whether I'll have an auto or a kitchen garden."

PROVED IT.

"The salesman told me they were fast colors in those goods."
"So they were. You just ought to have seen how they ran in the wash."

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Knee-Deep in Knickers

A Business Adventure of Emma McChesney
By EDNA FERBER
Author of "Dawn O'Hara," "Ballad Side Deas," etc.

When the column of figures under the heading known as "Profits," and the column of figures under the heading known as "Loss" are so unevenly balanced that the wrong side of the ledger says, then to the listening stockholders there comes the painful thought that at the next regular meeting it is perilously possible that the reading may come under the heads of assets and liabilities.

There had been a meeting in the office of the T. A. Buck Featherloom Petticoat company, New York. The quarterly report had had a startlingly lap-sided sound. After it was over Mrs. Emma McChesney, secretary of the company, followed T. A. Buck, the president, into the big, bright show-room. T. A. Buck's hands were thrust deep into his pockets.

He turned to face Emma McChesney.

"Well," he said, bitterly, "it hasn't taken us long, has it? Father's been dead a little over a year. In that time we've had about run this great concern, the pride of his life, into the ground."

Mrs. Emma McChesney, calm, cool, unruffled, scrutinized the harassed man before her for a long minute.

"What rotten football material you would have made, wouldn't you?" she observed.

"Oh, I don't know," answered T. A. Buck, through his teeth. "I can stand as still a scrimmage as the next one. But this isn't a game. You take things too lightly. You're a woman. I don't think you know what this means."

"Maybe I don't take myself seriously. I'd have been dead ten years ago if I had. But I do take my job seriously. Don't forget that what I'm doing is to take a man always talks when his pride is hurt."

"Pride! It isn't that."

"Oh, yes, it is. I didn't see T. A. Buck's featherloom petticoats on the road for almost ten years without learning a little something about men and business. When your father died, and I learned that he had shown his appreciation of my work and loyalty by making me secretary of this great company, I didn't think of it as a legacy—a stroke of good fortune."

"Not."

"No. For me it was a sacred trust—something to be guarded, nursed, cherished. And now you say we've run this concern into that ground. Do you honestly think that?"

T. A. Buck shrugged impotent shoulders. "Figures don't lie." He plunged into another tathion of gloom. "Another year like this and we're done for."

Emma McChesney came over and put one firm hand on T. A. Buck's drooping shoulder. It was a strange little act for a woman—the sort of thing a man does when he would hearten another man.

"Wake up!" she said, lightly. "Wake up, and listen to the birdies singing. There isn't going to be another year like this. Not if that planning, and scheming, and brain-racking that I've been doing for the last two or three months mean anything."

T. A. Buck casted himself as one who is weary, body and mind.

"Get another new one?"

Emma McChesney regarded him a moment thoughtfully. Then she stepped to the tall show case, pushed back the sliding glass door, and pointed to the rows of brilliant-lined petticoats that hung close-packed within.

"Look at 'em!" she commanded, directing in her voice. "Look at 'em!"

T. A. Buck raised heavy, lachrymose eyes and looked. What he saw did not seem to interest him. Emma McChesney drew from the rack a skirt of kind blue satin messaline and held it at arm's length.

"And they call that thing a petticoat! Why, fifteen years ago the material in this skirt wouldn't have made even a fair-sized sleeve."

T. A. Buck regarded the petticoat moodily. "I don't see how they get around in the darned things. I honestly don't see how they wear 'em."

"That's just it. They don't wear 'em. There you have the root of the whole trouble."

"Oh, nonsense!" disputed T. A. Buck. "They certainly wear something—some sort of an—"

"I tell you they don't. Here. Listen. Three years ago our infatigable fans ran from thirty-six to thirty-eight yards to the dozen. We paid for about eight to one dollar and five cents a yard. Now my skirts run from twenty-five to twenty-eight yards to the dozen. The silk skirts run from fifty to sixty cents a yard. Silk skirts used to be a luxury. Now they're not even a necessity."

"Well, what's the answer? I've been pondering some petticoat problems myself. I have we've got to make three skirts today to make the profit that we used to make on one three years ago."

T. A. Buck sat wearily as he had sat down. From the most optimistic of estimates would have shown an excess of enthusiasm on his face.

"I thought," he said listlessly, "that you said I had tried every possible scheme to stimulate the skirt trade."

"Every possible one, yes," agreed

Mrs. McChesney was busily directing to a sleek little stenographer.

"Morning!" said Emma McChesney, looking up briefly. "Do you have a minute . . . and in reply would say we request that you have had trouble with No. 225. It is impossible to avoid pinning at the seams in the lower grade silk skirts when they are made up in the present exact style. Our Mr. Spalding warned you of this at the time of your purchase. We will not under any circumstances consent to receive the goods if they are sent back on our hands. Yours sincerely, That'll be all, Miss Casey."

She swung around to face her visitor as the door opened. If T. A. Buck looked ten years younger than he had the afternoon before, Emma McChesney undoubtedly looked five years older. There were little, worried, sagging lines about her eyes and mouth.

T. A. Buck's eyes had followed the sheet of signed correspondence, and the well-filled pad of more recent dictation which the sleek little stenographer had carried away with her.

"Good Lord! It looks as though you had stayed down here all night."

Emma McChesney smiled a little wearily. "Not quite that. But I was here this morning in time to greet the night watchman. Wanted to get my mail out of the way. Her eyes searched T. A. Buck's serene face. Then she leaned forward, earnestly.

"Haven't you seen the morning papers?"

"Just a mere glance at 'em. Picked up Harrow on the way down, and we got to talking. Why?"

"The Rasmussen-Walsh skirt company has failed. Liabilities three hundred thousand. Assets one hundred thousand."

"Failed? Good God! All the racy color, all the brisk morning freshness had vanished from his face.

"Failed! Why, girl, I thought that concern was as solid as Gibraltar. He passed a worried hand over his head. "That knocks the wind out of my sails."

"Don't let it. Just say that it fills them with a new broom. I'm all the more sure that the time is ripe for my plan."

T. A. Buck took from a vest pocket a scrap of paper and a fountain pen, slid down in his chair, crossed his legs, and began to scrawl meaningless twigs and curls, as was his wont when worried or deeply interested.

"Are you as sure of this scheme of yours as you were yesterday?"

"Sure," replied Emma McChesney, briskly. "Bart-in-sure."

"Then fire away."

"Here's the plan. We'll make featherloom petticoats because there still are some women who have kept their senses. But we'll make them as a side line. The thing that has got to keep us afloat until fall skirts come in again will be a full and complete line of women's satin messaline knickerbockers made up to match any suit or gown, and a full line of pajamas for women and girls. Get the idea?"



"Yes, I'd go without my lunch for a week to get it."

Smart, smart, trim little tapering messaline knicker for a taupe gray suit, blue messaline for blue suit, brown messaline for brown—

T. A. Buck stared, open-mouthed, the paper on which he had been scrawling fluttering unnoted to the floor.

"Look here!" he interrupted. "Is this supposed to be humorous?"

"And," went on Emma McChesney, calmly, "in our full and complete, not to say silly line of women's pajamas—pink pajamas, blue pajamas, violet pajamas, yellow pajamas, white silk—"

T. A. Buck stood up. "I want to say, he began, "that I'm just joking. I think this is a mighty poor time to joke. And if you are serious I can only deduce from it that this year of business worry and responsibility has been too much for you. I'm sure that if you were—"

"That's all right," interrupted Emma McChesney. "Don't apologize. I purposely broke it to you this way, when I might have approached it gently. You've done just what I know you'd do, so it's all right. After you've thought it over, and sort of got chummy with the idea, you'll be just as keen on it as I am."

"Never! I never will approve it!"

"Oh, yes, you will. It's the knickerbocker end of it that scares you. Nothing new or startling about pajamas, except that more and more women are wearing 'em, and that no girl would dream of going away to school without her six sets of pajamas. Why, a girl in a regulation nightgown at one of their midnight parties would be outcasted. Of course I've thought up a couple of new kinds in 'em—two ways of cutting and all that, and there's one model—a washable crepe, for traveling, that doesn't need to be pressed—but I'll talk about that later."

T. A. Buck was trying to get in a word of objection, but she would have none of it. But at Emma McChesney's next words his indignation would break no barrier.

"Now," she went on, "the feature of the knickerbockers will be this: They're got to be ready for the boys' spring trip, and in all the larger cities, especially in the leading middle western towns, and along the coast, too, I'm planning to have the knickerbocker introduced at private and exclusive exhibitions, and worn by—this, please—worn by living models. One big store in each town, see? Half a dozen good-looking girls—"

"Never!" shouted T. A. Buck, white and shaking. "Never! This firm has always had a name for dignity, self-respect, conservatism—"

"Then it's just about time it lost that reputation. It's all very well to hang on to your dignity when you're on solid ground, but when you feel things slipping from under you the thing to do is to grab on to anything that'll keep you on your feet for a while at least. I tell you the women will go wild over the knickerbocker idea. They've been waiting for it."

"It's a wild-cat scheme," disputed Buck hotly. "It's a drowning man's straw, and just about as helpful. I'm a reasonable man—"

"All unreasonable men say that," smiled Emma McChesney.

"I'm a reasonable man, I say. And heaven knows I have the interest of this firm at heart. But this is going too far. If we're going to smash well go down, and with our name unharmed. Pajamas are had enough. But when it comes to the firm of T. A. Buck being represented by—by a living model hussies strutting about in satin lights like chorus girls, why—"

In Emma McChesney's alert, electric mind there leapt about a dozen plans for winning this man over.

"I expected just this," she said. "And I prepared for it." She crossed swiftly to her desk, opened a drawer, and took out a flat package. "I expected opposition. That's why I had these samples made up to show you. I designed them myself, and tore up 50 patterns before I struck one that suited me. Here are the pajamas."

She lifted out a dainty, blue-pink garment, and shook it out before the half-interested, half-unwilling eye of T. A. Buck.

"This is the jacket. Buttons on the left; see? Instead of the right, as it would in a man's garment. Semi-collared collar, with knotted soft silk scarf. Oh, it's just a little knick, but they'll love it. They're actually becoming. I've tried 'em. Notice the frogs and cord. Pretty neat, yes? Slight flare at the hips. Makes 'em set and hang right. Perfectly straight, like a man's coat."

T. A. Buck eyed the garments with a grudging admiration.

"Oh, that part of it don't sound so unreasonable, although I don't believe there is much of a demand for that kind of thing. But the other—the knickerbocker things—that's not even practical. It will make an ugly garment, and the women who would fall for a fad like that wouldn't be of the sort to wear an ugly piece of lingerie. It isn't to be thought of seriously."

Emma McChesney stepped to the door of the tiny wash room off her office and threw it open.

"Miss La Noyes! We're ready for you."

And there emerged from the inner room a trim, slim, almost boyishly slim figure attired in a bewitchingly skittish-looking garment consisting of knickerbockers and long brassiere of king's blue satin messaline. Dainty black silk stockings and tiny buckled slippers set off the whole effect.

"Miss La Noyes," said Emma McChesney, almost solemnly, "this is Mr. T. A. Buck, president of the firm. Miss La Noyes, of the Gay Social White company."

Miss La Noyes bowed slightly and rested one white hand at her side in an attitude of nonchalant ease.

"Pleased, I'm sure," she said, in a clear, high voice.

"Oh, 'Churried," replied T. A. Buck, his years and breeding standing him in good stead now.

Emma McChesney laid a kindly hand on the girl's shoulder. "Turn slowly, please. Observe the absence of unnecessary fullness about the hips, or at the knees. No wrinkles to show there. No man will ever appreciate the fine points of this little garment, but the women!"

"Do you mean to tell me," burst from the longest T. A. Buck, "that you wear 'em too?"

"Crazy about 'em. Miss La Noyes, will you just slip on your street skirt, please?"

She waited in silence until the demure Miss La Noyes reassured. A narrow, straight-hanging, wrinkleless cloth skirt covered the much discussed undergarment. "Turn slowly, please. Thanks. You see, Mr. Buck? Not a wrinkle. No buttonholes. No lumps. No crawling up about the knees.

"Believe in You Now! Dad and I Both Believe in You."

smiled dazedly upon her. "Run along, little girl. You've done beautifully. And many thanks."

Miss La Noyes, appearing in another moment dressed for the street, stopped at the door to bestow a frankly admiring smile upon the abstracted president of the company, and a grateful one upon its pink-cheeked secretary.

"Hope you'll come and see our show some evening. You won't know me at first, because I wear a blonde wig to the first scene. Third from the left, front row." And to Mrs. McChesney: "I can't do this to get up so early this morning, but after you're up it ain't so fierce. And it certainly was easy money. Thanks."

Emma McChesney glanced quickly at T. A. Buck, saw that he was pleased enough for the molding process, and deftly began to shape, and bend, and smooth and set.

"Let's sit down, and unravel the knots in our nerves. Now, if you do favor this new plan—oh, I mean after you've given it consideration, and all that. Yes, indeed. But if you do, I think it would be good policy to start the same in—say—Cleveland. The Kaufman-Oster company of Cleveland have a big show, up-to-the-minute store. We'll get them to send out announcement cards. Something neat and flattering-looking. See? Little stage set framed up. Scene set to show a bedroom or boudoir. Then, this girl, plump girl, short girl, high girl. They'll go through all the pieces. We won't only show the knickerbockers—we demonstrate how the ordinary petticoat hunches and crawls up under the heavy plump and velvet top skirts. We'll show 'em in street clothes, evening clothes, afternoon frocks. Each one in a different shade of satin knicker. And silk stockings and evening little slippers to match. The store will stand for that. It's a big ad for them, too."

Emma McChesney's hair was slightly tousled. Her cheeks were carmine. Her eyes glowed.

"Don't you see? Don't you get it? Can't you feel how the thing's going to take hold?"

"By God!" burst from T. A. Buck. "I'm darned if I don't believe you're right—almost—but are you sure that you believe—"

Emma McChesney brought one little hand on the back of the empty chair before the closed desk. He shut his eyes and seemed to grip so his fingers as they clutched the wooden chair. The impression was so strong that he kept his eyes shut, and they were still closed when his voice broke the silence of the dim, quiet little room.

"Emma McChesney," he was saying aloud, "Emma McChesney, you great big, big brass, wonderful woman, yes! I believe in you now! Dad and I both believe in you."



"I'll leave it to you. You do my share of the work. But I'm not sure that half concerned, remember."

"That's enough for the present," answered Emma McChesney, briskly. "Well, now, suppose we talk machinery and girls, and matters for a while."

Two months later found T. A. Buck and his sales manager, both shirt-sleeved, both smoking nervously, as they marbled, debated, folded, arranged. They were getting out the travelers' spring lines. Stuffed Mrs. McChesney, and stood eyeing them, worriedly. It was her doomsday visit to the stock room that morning. A strange restlessness seemed to trouble her. She wandered from office to show room, from show room to factory.

"What's the trouble?" inquired T. A. Buck, squinting up at her through a cloud of cigar smoke.

"Oh, nothing," answered Mrs. McChesney, and eyed fingering the glass of glowing satin garments, a queer faraway look in her eyes. Then she turned and walked listlessly toward the door. There she encountered Spalding—Billy Spalding of the coveted middle-western territory, Billy Spalding, the long-headed, quick-thinking, Spalding the persuasive, Spalding the mixer, Spalding on whom depended the fate of the T. A. Buck featherloom knickerbocker and pajama.

"Morning! When do you start out?" she asked him.

"In the morning. Gad, that's some line, what? I'm itching to spread it. You're certainly a wonder-child, Mrs. McChesney. Why, the boys—"

Emma McChesney sighed, soberly. "That line does sort of—well, tug at my heart-strings, doesn't it? At eight the next morning there burst upon Mrs. McChesney a distracted T. A. Buck.

"Hear about Spalding?" he demanded.

"Spalding? No."

"His wife 'phoned from St. Luke's. Taken with an appendicitis attack at midnight. They operated at five this morning. One of those had-it-been-twenty-four-hours-later-etc. operations. That settles us."

"Poor kid," replied Emma McChesney. "Rough on him and his brand-new wife."

"Poor kid! Yes. But how about his territory? How about our new line? How about—"

"Oh, that's all right," said Emma McChesney, cheerfully.

"I'd like to know how! We haven't a man equal to the territory. He's our one best bet."

"Oh, that's all right," said Mrs. McChesney again, smoothly.

A little impatient exclamation broke from T. A. Buck. At that Emma McChesney smiled.

"I'm going out with that line. I'm going to have a trail of pajamas and knickerbockers from Duluth to Canton."

"You! No, you won't!" A dull, painful red had swept into T. A. Buck's face. It was answered by a flood of scarlet in Mrs. McChesney's countenance.

"I don't get you," she said. "I'm afraid you don't realize what this trip means. It's going to be a fight. They'll have to be coaxed and bullied and cajoled, and reasoned with. It's going to be a 'show-me' trip."

T. A. Buck took a quick step forward. "That's just why. I won't have you fighting with buyers, taking their insults, kowtowing to them, saving them. It—it isn't your woman's work."

Emma McChesney was writing the contents of her desk with quick, sure, one flourish. "I'll get the twentieth century," she said, over her shoulder. "Don't argue, please. If it's no work for a woman then I suppose it follows that I'm unwomanly. For ten years I traveled this country selling T. A. Buck's featherloom petticoats. My first trip on the road I was in the twenties—and pretty low. I'm a woman of thirty-seven now."

She arose, and shut her desk with a bang, locked it, and turned a flushed and beaming face toward T. A. Buck, as he stood frowning before her.

"Your father believed in me—from the ground up. We understood each other, he and I. You've learned a lot in the last year and a half. T. A. Junior—that was, but there's one thing you haven't mastered. When will you learn to believe in Emma McChesney?"

She was out of the office before he had time to answer, leaving him standing there.

In the dusk of a late winter evening just three weeks later, a man passed at the door of the twilight office marked "Mrs. McChesney." He looked about a moment, as though dreading detection. Then he opened the door, stepped into the dim quiet of the tiny room, and closed the door gently after him. Everything in the tiny room was quiet, save, orderly. It seemed to possess something of the character of its absent owner. The intruder stood there a moment, uncertainly, looking about him. Then he took a step forward and laid one hand on the back of the empty chair before the closed desk. He shut his eyes and seemed to grip so his fingers as they clutched the wooden chair. The impression was so strong that he kept his eyes shut, and they were still closed when his voice broke the silence of the dim, quiet little room.

"Emma McChesney," he was saying aloud, "Emma McChesney, you great big, big brass, wonderful woman, yes! I believe in you now! Dad and I both believe in you."

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Personals and Locals

For Sale—Second hand buggy. A. D. Frost.

For Sale—Good tent, almost new. See J. A. Moore.

WANTED—Two or three music pupils.

25-p Mrs. KATE LIDDELL.

Miss Mabel Hobbs was married at the home of her brother in Riverside last Saturday to Clyde W. Burdick of India, Calif.

Will Go Before the Grand Jury

T. A. Hutsey, A. E. Kemp and Miss Anna McDonald went to Deming Monday as witnesses in the case of Josie Lawyer and Mack Rascon held on a charge of larceny, which was brought up in the court of C. C. Rogers. The parties were sent before the grand jury. They were given a chance to make a bond of \$100 each of which the girl took advantage. Rascon is in jail at Deming.

Ladies Aid

The all day meeting of the Ladies Aid which was held at the home of Mrs. Lee Thomas was well attended and much enjoyed by those present. The usual good dinner tasted unusually good when it came time to eat. At the business session in the afternoon a full report was made of the proceeds of the recent Bazaar. It was decided to hold another Bazaar in the fall and plans were discussed, but it was left until next meeting to adopt a definite plan. The president requested the members to think the matter over in the meantime. Mr. Roddington presented the matter of the payment of \$42.50 now due on the Church Extension Loan. The ladies voted it to be paid. This reduces the Loan to \$150. The Aid adjourned to meet in two weeks with Mrs. Hoover, when she will entertain with a Tea.

Fresh shipment of crutches and canes just received. Come in and look them over.—J. T. Dean Co.

Wanted—Man with team to bid on leveling the ground under fence on my claim 1 1/2 miles North of Columbus; also want some one to farm the same. Address all bids to G. Crisamore, 414 Myrtle St., El Paso, Tex. 2tc

Lots Being Closed Out

The lots in the Rice Addition are being rapidly closed out. Of the remaining few, we have some excellent bargains. This is one of them: Four lots on a corner for \$25 per lot; only \$20 cash to possess and \$10 per month. Come and look them over—they won't last long. R. M. Reed, Adt.



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Nothing is Better than Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills

They Give Relief Without Bad After-Effects.

"I had my first Dr. Miles' Remedies like a good friend to me and my family. I used to have most terrible headaches I would almost be wild for days at a time. I began using Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills and never have those headaches any more. I can work happily of Dr. Miles' Nervine also for it cured me of my children of a terrible nervous disorder. I can always speak a good word for your Remedies and have recommended them to a good many of my friends who have been well pleased with them." MRS. GED. H. BRYAN, Jansenville, Iowa.

For Sale by All Druggists. 25 Cents. MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

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Announcements

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for constable in Precinct No. 5, election to be held on the 11th day of January, next. If elected I promise to fulfill the duties of my office to the best of my ability as I have done in the past.

T. A. HULSBY.

I hereby announce myself as candidate for Justice of the Peace, subject to the will of the voters of this precinct No. 5, Luna County, New Mexico. Election to be held Monday, January 11th, 1915.

L. J. PRACH.

I hereby announce myself as candidate for Justice of the Peace in precinct No. 5 and so bid your vote at the election on January 11, 1915.

ARTHUR J. EVANS.

Columbus & Western New Mexico Townsite Co.

Louis Hellberg

John R. Blair

J. W. BLAIR, Local Agent

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A residence property, business or residence lots at special bargain prices
Call on or Write J. A. MOORE, Columbus New Mexico

We can do your job printing in a satisfactory manner. "Nuf sed"

I wish to hereby announce myself as candidate for Justice of the Peace, in Precinct No. 5, in the coming election to be held on 11th, 1915.

H. M. REED

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for constable in precinct No. 5, subject to the will of the voters on January 11, 1915.

C. R. REED