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The Columbus Courier.

Vol. IV.

Columbus, Luna County, New Mexico, January 15, 1915.

No. 31

Heaviest Vote

Ever Polled Here

At the election held here Monday there was a much larger vote cast than has ever been recorded here to date, there being 154 votes polled. At the precinct election here two years ago there was only 88 votes. At the last election held on the 2nd day of November 99 votes were polled. More interest was taken in Monday's election than has ever been shown in any election held at Columbus. The officers elected were constable and justice of the peace, and the present incumbents were re-elected. Judge L. J. Peach was elected by only a majority of seven votes and the constable, Mr. T. A. Hulsey, was returned to office with the narrow majority of three votes. There were only two candidates out for such office, A. J. Evans being the other candidate for justice of the peace and C. R. Rogers for constable. Either of these men would have filled the positions in a creditable way, and run a good race.

Peach and Hulsey have made first rate officers in the past and the people have reasons to expect the same of them in the future. They were elected by small majorities, though they are at the service of all the people and it is up to us all as citizens to stand by them.

The democratic primary held last Saturday for the nomination of a candidate for justice resulted in favor of L. J. Peach. H. M. Best received 40 votes, and Peach 55, there being only 88 votes cast.

Columbus now has a vote that must be given some consideration in all the county elections, with the rate of increase of voters that we have had for the past two years continued until the next election Columbus will poll at least 250 votes. There is at present well over 175 qualified voters in the precinct, many of the voters of the Gap country failing to come in Monday, also a few from all over the Lower Mimbres. The need of unity of spirit and action of our citizens is becoming more and more apparent all the time. Let's get together, let's stand together, let's pull together, brethren. If we deal in envy and strife and can not forget and forgive the little things that continually arise which really amount to less than nothing, what kind of a community will we have within ten years? The most of us are here to make our future homes. Let's make the Lower Mimbres a place that we will be glad to call our home. The people are what make a desirable locality. The resources etc. of course help and we have most all anyone can wish for in this line, and our people are just as good as can be found anywhere, and the only fault anyone can find is the inability to forget our little differences. The things that have brought up the "little things" have all been settled, and were settled right. Forget them. Life is too short to spend in this way. It is the lack of a sound mind that causes us to worry over split nails.

Now that the election is past, hard fought, no one can say that it was not fair and square in every way, lets bury it and all work for the common good. Do what you think is right and let us a little for the other fellow.

The Meaning of Spirituality

The words spirituality minded generally calls to your mind one who is interested in religious matters (using the word religious in its broadest sense). The distinction is frequently drawn between such a person and one who is anxious about money, physical comfort, pleasure and reputation. Unfortunately, this distinction is only theoretical, for sometimes we find these same things existing side by side in the same person. People can show great interest in religious matters and yet by a close inspection of their lives it will be found that the worldly concerns are being very carefully looked after. Have you not known people who seemed to be very anxious about spiritual things, so called, while very careless about such ordinary common things like honesty, fairness and justice. There may exist alongside of a strong belief in the power of prayer a native very narrow and selfish. It is possible, too, to find people who are greatly concerned about conversions and yet unconcerned as to what the individual is converted to. And, on the other hand, there are people who are generous, good and loving, having a passion for social righteousness and yet they are classed as unspiritual simply because they do not take an interest in religious matters (using the word in a narrow sense). And here let me say to those who have told me that Religion and Socialism are one and the same thing, simply because Socialism seeks to ameliorate the workers. Socialism, like any other economic doctrine, may, or may not be, spiritual, according to the motive that governs the acceptance of it. Why are you a Socialist? Why are you interested in religious matters? For what you may get out of it for yourself—or for what you may put into it of your own life and character and service for the good of others. According to the way in which you answer this question, determines whether your religion is spiritual or whether your socialism is spiritual.

Perhaps it will help matters if I define these respective terms, it may be that we do not agree on first principles.

By Socialism I understand "that the means of production, distribution and exchange shall be owned and controlled collectively," nothing more or less and the means of attaining this have nothing whatever to do with the meaning of the thing itself.

Next week I will have more to say about this.

C. H. Boddington.

A Correction

In our article last week in regard to the new bank building, we inadvertently permitted the type to convey the impression Mr. Bush and Mr. Hoover were financing the same. The information came to us through gentlemen would build the building, which the bank would occupy, but we learn this is an error and that the bank itself is building the building for its own occupancy, and that it may own its own premises and not be tenants at all. We are glad to make this correction and likewise glad the bank is adding this material improvement to the town.

Church Notes

Services will be held next Sunday at the Methodist Church as follows: In the morning at 11:00 o'clock the pastor's theme will be "Civilization, Its Source." In the evening at 7:30 the Pastor will speak on "Knowledge as a Source of Power."

At the meeting of the Epworth League, which commences at 8:30 and which will be in charge of Mrs. Boddington, the subject of a study class will be considered and a class organized.

Special music at all these services. Everybody will find a cordial welcome. Come!

Choir practice every Wednesday afternoon at 8:30 in the Church.

Ladies Aid Tea

Mrs. W. C. Hoover will entertain the Ladies Aid next Wednesday afternoon with a Silver Tea. All the ladies of Columbus will be very welcome. It has been the custom to make an offering, at the tea in the past, and this custom is to be continued; so do not forget your purse.

Attention Republicans!

The republicans of this vicinity are contemplating the organization of their party here and want to get in touch with all the people of this political faith who live in the valley. A meeting will be called in the near future.

Oxys Is On Exhibition

A. L. Taylor received the following letter this week from F. A. Jones, President of the New Mexico School of mines:

San Diego, Cal., Jan. 9, 1915. My Dear Mr. Taylor: Your cards and samples of oxys arrived and the samples have been placed in a very conspicuous place, and I hope the exhibit will do you good. It is certainly a fine specimen. Your cards will be placed in the hands of our publicity commissioner who will arrive here by the 15th inst. We have one of the most beautiful collections of minerals on the grounds and New Mexico is certain to profit by exhibiting. I expect to return to Socorro in four or five days. Our exhibit and state building are attracting more people than that of any other state display. With best wishes, F. A. JONES.

Army Chief in Columbus

General Hugh L. Scott, chief of staff of the U. S. Army, and Lieutenant Colonel Robert E. L. Michie, spent Monday night in Columbus. Gen. Scott was on the border on a peace mission in which he was entirely successful and has returned to Washington city.

Mrs. J. L. Greenwood entertained the Whist club on New Year's eve. There were twenty guests present and all spent a pleasant time. Refreshments were served. (This item was overlooked last week.)

STATE BANK REPORT

Report of the condition of the Columbus State Bank, of Columbus, New Mexico, at the close of business December 31, 1914.

Table with columns for RESOURCES and LIABILITIES, listing various assets and liabilities with monetary values.

STATE OF NEW MEXICO, County of Luna.

J. L. Greenwood, Cashier and W. C. Hoover, Vice President and W. C. Hoover, Director and J. R. Blair, Director and J. L. Greenwood, Director of the Columbus State Bank, of Columbus, New Mexico, a bank organized under the laws of the Territory, now State of N. M., upon oath duly sworn each by himself, deposes and says, that the above and foregoing statements of the Resources and Liabilities, Depositors, Interest paid on deposits and dividends paid on Capital Stock, of the above named bank at the close of business December 31, 1914, are correct and true.

J. L. GREENWOOD, Cashier. W. C. HOOVER, Vice President. W. C. HOOVER, Director. J. R. BLAIR, Director. J. L. GREENWOOD, Director. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 13 day of January, A. D. 1915. My commission expires January 29th, 1917.

The Conservation of Moisture

The large volume of water which fell during the last month has probably placed enough water in the soil to furnish at least a good irrigation. Assuming that it takes three acre feet to raise a crop in this district, and assuming that three inches of rain fell in the month of December, and assuming that it costs \$10.00 an acre to furnish three acre feet of water, the three inches of rain fall would save on approximately ten thousand acres under cultivation in the neighborhood of \$9,000.00. It is easily seen that the saving of that amount is worth while. It seems superfluous to suggest anything about the conservation of soil moisture in this arid region, especially as irrigation is rather expensive, but I trust the following suggestions may not be out of place.

The roots of plants rather than the leaves supply the moisture. We must therefore look to the soil for the water supply. In arid farming, long experience has shown that moisture must be gathered from seasons other than that of plant growth. Extensive practice in other irrigated sections has shown conclusively that moisture is not needed in the growing season if stored in the soil depths during the dormant seasons. This has proven to be a very economical practice because the irrigation can be performed to a certain degree, in times when the demand for labor is not so pressing. Recent observation tends to show that the application of water during the hottest weeks of summer works considerable damage. If possible, the moisture should be stored at other seasons and means taken to conserve this moisture during the hot season, that is especially notable in the Salt River Valley. The most successful irrigators do not apply water in the months of July and August.

"Dry farming" is hardly practical here, but the large amount of rainfall that fell during the last month is worth conserving. I have heard many a man on his street say "If I had only had my ground plowed so that this moisture could soak in." We must take advantage of every drop of moisture that nature furnishes us, we must also conserve the moisture that is pumped from the depths.

Rainfall escapes in three ways: 1. Surface run off. 2. Surface evaporation. 3. Removal from lower soil layers by various processes. The space between the soil particles is about fifty per cent. It is this porous space that permits the storage of the moisture.

A large percentage of the soils of this valley are very fine in texture and closely packed. We are all familiar with the fact that large areas of our soils "will not take water." This is simply because the soil particles are so fine that there is little storage capacity between the particles.

We must improve this porosity by deep plowing, deep cultivation and the use of organic matter. The latter can be done with leguminous plants, as well as with farmyard manures. It is, however, difficult to get plants started in some of our very tight soils. It is hoped that within the next year we can develop some method to overcome this.

When the soil pores are filled, the total water is about forty per cent of the dry weight of the soil. The total surface of soil grains in an average plot one foot square and ten feet deep is ten acres.

Average western soils under arid farming conditions contain about fifteen per cent water to a depth of eight feet. Rainfall reaches to a depth of about ten feet in the soil. It is, therefore, necessary that the soil to this depth be capable of storing moisture. Even after harvest, it is important to stop evaporation and keep this deep soil moisture in. If this is not done, the surface evaporation will gradually draw up the deeper moisture and the ground will dry out.

The average field capacity of soil for water is two and five tenths inches per foot. It is therefore possible to store twenty-five inches of water in the upper six feet of soil. The most fundamental principle of moisture conservation is to prepare the land so that the water will soak down deep into the soil away from the action of the sun and wind. This principle would apply particularly to this district where the spring winds are so severe. Deep fall plowing is one of the best methods with which to store this moisture in the soil. On the average deep fall plowing has saved about one-half a year's moisture under dry farming conditions. It would, therefore, be a great aid under irrigation farming. Fall plowing means the thorough use of a disk and harrow in the spring.

It is much easier to store the water in the fall and winter when the temperature is low than it is in summer when the temperature is high. Air at a temperature of 100 degrees holds nine times as much moisture as air at 32 degrees. Evaporation is influenced by: 1. Temperature. 2. Air movement. 3. Relative humidity.

The evaporation from land is not so rapid as that from water because of the capillary attraction between soil particles and the water. Soils rich in soluble substances are harder to evaporate. Evaporation occurs only at the surface where the sun's heat acts. The loss of surface water draws up the sub water by capillary. There is a constant effort made by the water film to attain a uniform density throughout the soil. A dry surface breaks capillary and the evaporation lessens. Tillage lessens the points of contact among the soil particles and the little capillary passages are thus broken up. This process of breaking up the capillary tubes, as applied to field practice, is nothing more or less than cultivation. Through cultivation reduces evaporation about fifty per cent. The greatest evaporative losses are made when the soil is wettest, therefore, cultivation should begin at the earliest practical moment after water has been applied.

The three main requirements on the part of arid land farmers to be successful with soil treatment are:

- 1. Water storage in the soil. 2. Prevention of evaporation. 3. Unkemp of fertility. These in turn rest on: 1. Deep plowing. 2. Deep and thorough cultivation forming a deep mulch. 3. D. Scott's soil.

BRAVE WOMEN OF EAST PRUSSIA



Undaunted by their misfortune in being driven from their homes in East Prussia by the czar's forces, these German peasant women, who are compelled to make their homes in temporary shelters thrown up in the fields, are busily engaged knitting woollen socks and mittens for their men folk, who are fighting with the Kaiser's forces.

CALMLY FACE DEATH

Wounded, Torn With Pain, Suffer Without a Groan.

Corpulent Silence of the Still Living Paralyzed One With the Joy Horror of a Hidesous Nightmare.

By J. M. PHILLIPS, (Chicago Evening Post.)

Montreux, Northern France.—It is the unearthly silence of the wounded which appalls one!

The ambulance trains—strings of rough box cars—pull in from the front. And there on the floor, amid the straw, lie the bandaged men, voiceless and motionless.

If only the handwritten scraps of human flesh written about and around, the ghastly spectacle could not be so hideous as in this curiously silent of still living men!

Two cars stand adrift at the station of Montreux, where there is situated a hospital base organized by Dr. L. Haden Quest, the famous English surgeon, and his wife, in co-operation with the French Red Cross.

In one of the cars several nurses spend every night; in the other, two doctors. For they must be promptly on hand when the hospital trains come in. I stayed with the doctors one night.

About two in the morning—it was dark outside and bitterly cold—we heard a commotion on the adjacent track—whistles and the creaking of brakes. And before the lightning flash of wounded had jerked itself painfully to a standstill our head doctor was hurrying up the rails, a flickering lantern in hand.

"How many?" he called in French to the guard.

"About two hundred, monsieur," came the reply from a dim silhouette, fumbling at the door of a car. "The worst cases are in here, monsieur. Some of 'em's dead, I guess, by now."

The doctor clambered into the car and picked his way among the men with his lantern. The nurses and a number of bearers with stretchers had already gathered about the door.

The worst cases were taken out to an ill-smelling freight shed across the tracks—the emergency hospital, where the nurses, kneeling on the ground, dressed the wounds. A hundred others were sent uptown to the main Montreux hospital—a china factory, donated to the Red Cross by the proprietors.

The bandages were dead were laid in grimly contorted positions on the station platform to be disposed of later, and then the train, still laden with scores of sufferers so racked with pain as to be utterly exhausted and indifferent to the torture of this endless trip, moved onward again, its destination the great hospital at Valenciennes.

This is a scene of almost every night. It is a scene which in being repeated not only here at Montreux but at scores of other hospitals.

Mrs. Quest, wife of the doctor in charge, told me of one French soldier who lay in bed with both legs and one arm amputated.

"He had the face of a saint," she said. "And the only words we ever heard from the poor boy were apologies for all the trouble he was giving us! 'If I only had another arm I might play cards with that fellow next me,' he would say. That would take his mind off his sufferings."

"We would have had to amputate the boy's other arm also, but death forestalled us," said Mrs. Quest.

Imagine a human head with the entire face gone save for a portion of the covering of the jaw!

"That is what you would see under that great bloody bandage," whispered Doctor Quest to me, pointing to a motionless figure. "The vocal cords were visible when we took off the field dressings!"

And in the next act a cheerful Tom was sitting up joking with an attendant about the "cats." He insisted that he had been served no meat for half an hour and was famished.

"This man's case is simply marvelous," said Doctor Quest. "He had half a dozen bullets in his head, yet after a terrible operation he has been gaining strength so fast we can hardly keep him in bed."

"Last night we had an eerie experience. We were suddenly awakened by a deep voice calling gloomily: 'Mother, mother!' An English 'Tommy,' shot in the head, had become insane and was literally an infant crying in the night. He died in the course of an hour. His mother will never know how her brave son called upon her for help at the last. He was just an ordinary death. We have had as many as seven such deaths out of twenty-five beds in one night!"

PROMINENT PEOPLE

"HANSI," ALSATIAN ARTIST



Not long ago a mild sensation was created when John Wells, an Alsatian artist and writer, widely known under the pseudonym of "Hansi," was condemned by the German authorities to a year's imprisonment on account of a book for children which he had written and illustrated. In this book, which was called "Mon Village," he dealt in a humorous and satirical vein with life in his native village, and he was lavish both with pen and pencil in criticism of the German masters of Alsace-Lorraine and praise of the French, its rulers of yesterday.

Since then "Hansi" has produced another work, which, together with his predecessor, has become so enormously popular in France since the outbreak of war against Germany that copies are scarcely to be obtained. This, "The History of Alsace for Little Children, Told by Their Uncle Hansi," gives little Alsatians an enviable knowledge of their native land that is anti-German in every line.

And while this book and "Mon Village" are selling like hot cakes in France and doubtless being smuggled into Alsatian homes by the hundred, there to be scanned with delight and with the thought of what may befall if "the man from across the Rhine" get wind of the treasured volumes, "Hansi" himself is fighting in the French army against the nation which he has so consistently and humorously criticized in word and picture.

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COSTLY METHOD OF REVENGE

Procedure in Europe Reminded Andrew Carnegie of a Somewhat Humorous Incident.

Andrew Carnegie, in a recent interview on peace, said to a New York reporter:

"A lad twenty killed a man and woman in Sarajevo. All Europe is now fighting to avenge this wrong. England alone is spending \$25,000 a minute, according to Sidney Webb, an expert."

"Well, this is such an expensive way to avenge a wrong that it reminds me of the man at the banquet."

"A man entered the cloakroom, at the end of a banquet, and began to smash in silk hat after silk hat."

"Hold on, hold on! What do you smash in all dem high hats?" demanded the attendant.

"I'm looking for my own," the gentleman answered. "It's an open hat—collapsible, you know. None of these seem to be it."

Traveler on Real Estate. Yarmouth has a claim upon all Englishmen quite independently of its associations with the breakfast heater, remarks a writer in H. Nicholson. For it was the home of Shakespeare's Falstaff, who appears to have been a man of exemplary piety. The Falstaffs were an old Yarmouth family.

"A Falstaff or Falstaff," writes John Richard Green, "was baronet of Yarmouth in 1581. Another is among the first of its representatives in parliament, and from that the members of that family filled the highest municipal offices. John Falstaff, a man of considerable account in the town, purchased lands at the close of the fourteenth century in Glaston, and became the father of Sir John Falstaff, who, after a distinguished military career, was luckless enough to give his name to Shakespeare's famous character. In Yarmouth, however, he was better known as a benefactor to the great church of St. Nicholas."

Wouldn't Stand for It. She wore a determined look as she entered the drug store.

"Look here, young man, if a tall man with a red mustache comes and asks you for a prescription you're not to let him have it."

"Really, madam, I—"

"No, you mustn't let him have it on any account. He's come here for a month, and says he wants something to improve his appetite. He's boarding at my establishment, young man."

And with a muttered threat the landlady passed from the shop leaving the druggist's assistant pale and trembling.

ARE YOU THINKING OF THE NEW COUNTRY? The State of Colorado wishes, if you are in earnest to procure a home, say of 320 acres, to help and promote you, having speculators and investors. THE GREAT DIVIDE, published at Post Building, Denver, Colorado, is anxious to tell you all about it. Send stamp for sample copy today. Also say what paper you read this in.—Adv.

His Only Possession. Al Rogers was traveling through a lonely section in the suburbs of Boston one night, a short while ago, when he was startled by hearing this piteous appeal:

"Will the kind gentleman please help a poor unfortunate man? I—"

At this point Al felt to locate his watch. The other continued:

"I have nothing in the world but this loaded revolver."

Poor Burglar. "A burglar got into my house about three o'clock this morning when I was on my way home from the club," said Jones.

"Did he get anything?" asked Brown.

"I should say he did get something," replied Jones. "The poor devil is in the hospital. My wife thought it was me."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the signature of J. C. Watson. In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Watson's Castoria.

Marble to Retain. Mr. Jones—Jones has a remarkable memory.

Booker—Wonderful; he remembers a waiter that wasn't just like this.

Logical Result. "She has such a deaged expression."

"No wonder, with that pug nose."

SINGS TO SOLDIERS

Breton Bard Inspires Spirit of French Armies.

Under Orders of Minister of War He Travels From Camp to Camp Entertaining Men With Stirring Ballads.

Paris.—The role that the minstrel Taillefer played at Hastings, that Roland took at Roncevaux and Roland Blot when he found the imprisoned Richard Coeur de Lion in an Austrian castle is being played in the present war by Theodore Botrel, the Breton poet, who has been sent to the fighting line by M. Millerand, the minister of war, to sing and recite patriotic and warlike chansons to the French soldiers, to inspire them to mighty deeds.

For the last month or more the picturesque Breton singer, with his sleek hair, his wide hat brim, his flying ribbon and voluminous velvet breeches, looking for all the world like the painted figure on a piece of Breton pottery, has been traveling, staff in hand, from camp to camp, entertaining the fighting men of France with stirring ballads. Botrel's work emanates from ancient warfare and its customs more even than the breakfast-table grandees and appears which have proved their value on several occasions.

The soldiers are gathered together in a big hall, an impromptu and generally insecure platform is raised up and Botrel stands forth to recite his songs, some in the Breton dialect, others in French, but all touched with the lyric flame that carries simple words and simple thoughts straight to the hearts of the hearers.

Botrel's inspiration is not of the kind that soars high and far, but here, here in face with the troops who are facing themselves so gallantly in the west, he has found again the fire of his earlier days and the flame of patriotism burns bright and strong in these poetical chants which he utters with a touching simplicity and childlike earnestness.

The war bard is filling a useful role; he helps to promote cheerfulness and optimism; and does much to relieve the monotony of life in a fort. He cannot complain of monotony. Since August 30, when he set forth on this novel mission to a defensive army Botrel has seldom slept in a bed and perhaps never twice in the same place.

But as he himself remarks, he fares no worse than the soldiers to whom he is sent, and he travels and tramps as best he can, arriving always in good spirits, and exuding cheerfulness at every pore, however weary he may be.

He is adored wherever he passes naturally, and infallibly he travels on. Good-night here, good-morrow there.

It would strange, the presence of this middle aged bard with the fighting forces of the land, in the fortresses and garriisons of a modern fighting machine. Yet a sliver of patriotic songs could nowhere get better inspiration than with the colors, and one almost wonders that a poet laureate is not always to be found in camp, as near as possible to the place where the battle may be raging.

There, at all events, the French forces have theirs. Botrel has set the example. There are many poets serving with the colors, of course; poetry does not exempt a Frenchman from his military service, and some of them find time occasionally to send a sonnet or a stroke home from the trenches.

Only Botrel has gone out with the bard's mission, and he is earning his medal in his way. When the war is over, and the country has time to think of recompense, and prizes, and medals, the French academy will perhaps award one to the Breton Bard.

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DEPICT RUSSIAN LIFE



New York society crowded the ballroom of the Baltimore recently on the occasion of the Russian festival arranged by Miss Barbara Rotherford, daughter of Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt. The proceeds of the festival go to aid Russian war sufferers.

machine had been struck by 140 bullets, 40 of which hit the shield protecting the aviator. The steering gear was struck three times.

Two German aeroplanes that were reconnoitering near Loth were brought down by high angle guns and captured.

Russian Lad Seen Service. Petrograd.—Yushak Richard, a twenty-year-old Russian lad, served in both artillery and infantry before he was wounded.

Hard for Diverses. Vienna.—Diversed women in Austria who live on alimony are having a hard time, as their former husbands do not have to pay during the war.

Make Use of Cats. Berlin.—By order of the mayor of Brunsberg, East Prussia, the cats are being thinned out and the army helped at the same time, the skins of the felines being used for body linings and mittens for the soldiers, who believe cat skins ward off rheumatism.

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NO COFFEE FOR SMOOT

Senator Reed Smoot, in consequence of his Mormon training, uses no stimulants—no tobacco, alcohol, coffee or tea. No one who has ever undertaken to go through life without the use of coffee or tea has any idea of the petty annoyances that such abstinence entails. A man can quit drinking malt, vinous, or spirituous liquors, and his friends merely remark: "On the wagon, eh?" and let it go at that. They don't ask why he quit, and usually do not insist on his drinking regardless of what may be the prevailing notion to the contrary. Anybody knows that when a man quits drinking he does so because he does not wish to take all the natural funk of his ladies and die ahead of schedule, or have a befuddled brain, such as one can see on the charts in any doctor's office.

But with a man who does not drink coffee or tea it is different. Everbody desires to know why. Whenever Smoot goes to dine people ask: "Do you find that coffee makes you nervous?" "Don't you drink it or breakfast even?" "Did you ever try that Little Creek substitute for coffee?" "Does it keep you awake?" And, oh, a great many more.

Of late years, in order to avoid a scene, Smoot usually takes a cup of coffee when it is offered to him, but does not drink it. But this avails him little. Smoother or later his hostess inquires: "Do you find your coffee too strong?" or "Did you get green and sugar?" Then the truth leaks out and the questions begin.

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MISSOURI BOY SHOWS KANSAS

Everyone in Kansas, and particularly in the Seventh congressional district, is talking about a former Columbia and Mexico, Mo. boy, Jonnet Shouse. He moved to Kinsley, Edwards county, from his former home in Lexington, Ky., on November 15, 1911, and on November 3, 1914, was elected to represent the largest congressional district of the Union.

Shouse is the son of the late Rev. John S. Shouse, one of the most widely known and beloved ministers of the Christian church. During the period from 1892 to 1898, Mr. Shouse had charges in Columbia and Mexico. His son Jonnet was a student at the University of Missouri in 1911, through Shouse's efforts, the delegates to the state convention from the Seventh went to Topeka with instructions for Champ Clark. The state convention instructed for Champ Clark. And Kansas was one of the first states to have a whirl at the Clark boom.

Next year Shouse was elected a state senator and his brilliant work in that position resulted in his election to congress. Only twice before has that district sent a non-Republican to Washington.

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MAJ. GEN. SAM HUGHES

One of the most picturesque figures in public life in Canada is Maj. Gen. Sam Hughes, minister of militia. His adventures and his independent and efficient; his critics say he is a marvel of indomitable. He organized Valerite camp, when the Canadian contingent was trained for the European war, and, losing the job to suit himself, succeeded in arousing a lot of adverse criticism. But on his return from England he wiped all that out with this typical speech:

"I have it on the word of the late Lord Roberts that Valerite came displayed on the part of your humble servant, a capacity for organization and driving power, unsurpassed in military history."

Dr. Hughes was not long in finding fresh trouble. General Leonard, a French-Canadian officer, who did valiant service in South Africa, but who is ineligible for active service now on account of falling eyesight, as general officer commanding the Toronto district, ordered a surprise mobilization of troops for the purpose of testing the efficiency of his organization to meet a possible invasion of German-Americans.

Hughes did not approve. But instead of reprimanding the G. O. C. privately, he blazed forth his criticism in a public address. Immediately the G. O. C. was in the G. O. C. Opposition papers said little. But government papers methinks somewhat Hughes' head.



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WASHINGTON CITY SIDELIGHTS



Fish Doctor Wanted for Government Hatcheries

WASHINGTON—Congress has been asked by the bureau of Fisheries of the department of commerce for an appropriation of \$2,500 annually to cover the salary of a family physician for all the domesticated fishes of the United States. It has been estimated by fish experts in the employ of the government that epidemics among inland fish at government hatcheries cost more than \$1,000,000 a year. These epidemics usually occur among fish less than six months of age, and the damage worked by diseases is greatly increased when the adult value of the fish is taken into consideration.

For \$2,500 a year, officials of the bureau say they can obtain the services of a fish pathologist, whose training has made him an expert in diseases of the fishy youngsters.

Once this \$2,500 is secured, it is proposed to retain a male fish pathologist who has made a life work of the study of the diseases of fish. He is known, there are barely a score of recognized fish pathologists in the United States at the present time. It is said, and one of the possible sources of difficulty the government may experience in the employment of such an expert at a salary of only \$2,500 a year. He will be required to make his headquarters at Washington and receive the reports of threatened outbreaks of epidemics at government hatcheries in any part of the country.

It is not particularly well known to the general public that trout and salmon are greatly troubled with a disease which in the human being would be considered somewhat close to a polio. This is a swelling of the thyroid gland in the throat of a salmon or trout, which soon becomes apparent by a swelling of the throat, and eventually results in the death of the afflicted fish. At the present time there is no known remedy for the disease, and it is to begin a study of this and similar ailments that the fish doctor is needed.

Many Eligible Bachelors in the National Capital

WASHINGTON has a long list of eligible bachelors. Among them is the new associate justice of the Supreme court, Judge McReynolds. However, he is by no means a misogynist. He is fond of the society of girls and likes to do little things for them and pay them little attentions. The third assistant postmaster general, Alexander Docherty, is another bachelor. At his home in Missouri he is a political force. He was at one time governor of the state.

There is also John Barrett, director of the Pan-American union. He is a man of some means, with a taste for society.

The presence of the diplomatic corps in Washington naturally means the presence of a host of young attaches, not all eligible, perhaps, set aside the heart of the debutante and the hostess. And there are six foreign ministers here who are bachelors—namely, Don Roberto Briones Mesa from Costa Rica, Mohd Khan from Persia, Dr. Alberto Membrano from Honduras, Dr. Carlos Manuel de Cespedes from Cuba, Viscount d'Ale from Portugal and Constantin Bran from Denmark.

The senate has a full allowance of bachelors, and the house battles with them. Moreover, an unusual number of army and navy bachelors occupy positions of trust and importance in the national capital.

Finger-Print System Proves Useful to the Army

BRIG. GEN. GEORGE ANDREWS, as adjutant general of the army, has made a report to the war department in regard to the successful operation of the finger-print system of identification in the detection of military offenders. At present, he says, the adjutant general's office has on file the finger-print records of 302,244 individuals who are now or had been previously enlisted in the army.

During the past fiscal year 487 cases of fraudulent substitution of faces of deserters, military prisoners and others were discovered through the finger-print system. During the preceding year the number of cases of fraudulent substitution discovered through that system was 326, and during the fiscal year 1917 the number was 337.

This office, says General Andrews, "has identified by means of this system dead men who were former soldiers and whose identity could not be satisfactorily established in any other way, as well as civil offenders who sought to evade arrest for their crimes by substituting in the army under assumed names, and soldiers who left impressions of their fingers while in the act of committing some serious offense."

"It is undoubtedly true that the use of finger-print records and photographs has deterred criminals from attempting to enter the army for the purpose of escaping detection and arrest by the civil authorities."

Bugs, Deprived of Food, Desert the Patent Office

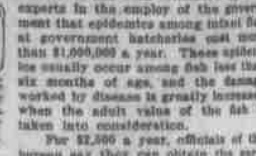
BUGS of varied shapes and hues no longer lap up milk with greedy gusto in the patent office in any form. The good old days of Bagdon's free dairy lunch in that building have passed forever, if Judge James I. Parker, chief clerk of the interior department, has anything to say in the matter—and he has everything to say, as a matter of fact.

The judge has just issued an edict that milk bottles—either full, half full or empty—are to disappear at once from the precincts of the patent office. It is not so much that the bugs are unable to gorge and gorge from all corners and crevices of the patent office and invade the galleries where the employees of the office are wont to congregate at lunch hours and regale themselves with foods and milk. It is not so much that the bugs clamor down the sides of empty milk bottles and seep up the succulent drops of the white fluid. The judge issues the slightest desire to deprive poor hungry bugs of their sustenance.

But the judge has a decided feeling against the bugs eating up the thousands of drawings and descriptions of inventions stored in the galleries. It appears that the bugs, after feeding on milk left by kindhearted employees of the department, see still hungry, and go foraging around in the files for choice documents upon which to finish their repasts. Perhaps it is wrong to drink first and eat afterward, but these are bugs, remember, and there is no accounting for what bugs will do.

Picking Up Tea.
The packet of tea left on the pavement, apparently unnoticed by the youth who stood near, first as a stout dame came along, he darted forward, snatched the packet, and presenting it to her, explained that she had dropped it. A coin passed between them.

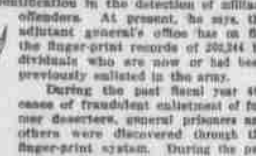
"The friend you've been doing for," observed a passerby who had witnessed the performance. "That person never dropped the packet at all. I know she didn't," cried the



BETTER THAN DOCTORS FOR THE DOCTOR—FISH.



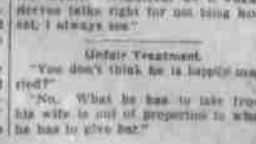
Hand Placed on Leg of Pullet Beginning to Lay in October Helps in Selection of Breeders.



European Harvest.



Unfair Treatment.



Unfair Treatment.

BETTY IN THE CAB

By LILLIAN BERNETT THOMPSON.

(Copyright.)
"I can't, Miss Betty. It wouldn't do, you know. You remember your mother—"

"The girl stamped her foot impatiently as she stood on the platform at Clarendon, looking up at the young engineer who was leaning from the window of the cab, cap in hand, a perceptive expression on his face.

"I don't care," she declared authoritatively. "I'm going to ride in the cab with you. You used to let me, didn't you remember? Mother won't mind. Please, Mr. Bell!"

The engineer remembered quite well; in fact, too well.

"All right," he said resignedly. "I suppose I'll have to take you, if you insist."

He reached down the gangway and helped the girl in, to the intense delight and curiosity of the few loungers on the platform. Then he took his place at the throttle, and a moment later the car started on her 20-mile run to Brompton.

The long fields, looking still and ghastly in the quiet twilight, slid by them in rapid succession. Betty took off her hat, and the rush of air whipped her hair around her flushed cheeks.

"It's glowing!" she cried in his ear. "And to think I might have ridden in that stuffy car, if you'd had your way!"

"It's jolly nice to have you," Bell admitted over his shoulder. "But I can't see any fun in your mother leaving it."

No, it was running easily along the smooth stretch of track about a mile east of the bridge when Betty, wearied of watching the woods and sky, turned her attention to the engineer.

"Won't you let me take her, Ed?" Betty asked presently.

"I think not, Miss Betty," he answered. It hurt him to refuse her, however, and he hastened to soften his denial. "I really couldn't let you do anything like that," he said. "The risk would be too great. I'd like to, right well, but—"

"Oh, very well," returned Betty, with ruffled eyebrows.

At the same moment she became conscious that Bell had shut off the steam and that the speed of the engine was slackening. Then the whistle screamed and there was a grinding of brakes on protesting wheels.

"What is it, Ed?" she asked.

Bell was anxiously peering ahead, striving to pierce the gloom that shut down in a moment in front of the glaring headlights.

"Red lantern," he replied. "We're almost at the trouble. I dare say there's something wrong there. The rains have been laying for the last week have swollen the river."

The fireman came over to the right side of the cab.

"Can you make out anything?" he asked as he climbed into the cab and stood by Betty's side, touching his cap respectfully to Betty.

Bell shook his head. Betty leaned forward to look through the window, and her hat slipped from her knees, and she stooped to recover it, just as the engine quivered to a panting standstill. The shock threw her forward, and she lay on her back, her hat slipped to the floor of the cab. At the same instant two dark figures leaped from the bushes beside the track, one on each side of the locomotive.

"Hands up!" came the command, and the engine crew found themselves looking into the barrels of two very serious-looking revolvers.

Bell gave an exclamation and started to rise. There were two spots of flame from the darkness, followed by loud reports. The engineer swayed slowly back and forth, and then pitched forward, his head and shoulders half out of the cab window.

"Put up your hands if you don't want the same!" snarled one of the dark figures.

The fireman's hand had gone swiftly to his hip. He drew it forth holding something that gleamed in the darkness. There was another flash and report, and he sank into a quivering heap at Betty's feet.

"Get a move on, Jim!" exclaimed one of the masked men. "Them fellows won't do no harm, and there's no time to fool."

Betty raised her head and listened intently. Save for a gasp of horror when the fireman had gone down, she had made no sound.

She realized instantly that should the highwayman discover her presence in the cab her fate would be sealed.

They were some distance away now, she could hear their footsteps at the car door. There was a confused noise of shouting—a piercing cry—then silence.

Remembering in every limb, the girl rose to her knees and bent over the body of the fireman. He was very still. On the breast of his shirt a stain of scarlet slowly widened. She took his hand, it lay limp and powerless in her own.

Her fingers sought his pulse, but could detect no faintest flutter. A great wave of horror swept over her. He was dead! For a moment she knelt faint and sick; then she crawled to Betty's side and dragged herself to her feet.

He stirred once and again, and groaned, but he still lived, although he might be seriously wounded.

SOME FAMOUS SIEGES

INVESTED TOWNS THAT LONG HELD OUT AGAINST FOE.

That of Greatest Duration Was at Richmond, Which the Confederates Defended for Four Years Gibraltar's Great Exploit.

The defense of Ligea by 80,000 British troops against three German army corps numbering 125,000 will go down in history as one of the most brilliant feats of arms in the annals of war, says London Tt-Hits.

The Franco-Prussian war of 1870-71 was remarkable for its sieges. Bunker held out at Metz against the Germans for nearly two months, and finally surrendered with 4,000 officers and 175,000 men. For this he had to submit to court-martial, and was sentenced to 20 years' imprisonment. Afterward came the siege of Paris, which lasted six months. Thousands of shells were rained on the city every day by the Germans, and no fewer than 40,000 of the inhabitants succumbed to disease and hunger.

That lengthy siege was quite possible even in these days of huge guns is illustrated by General Paella's gallant defense of Gibraltar last year for 155 days. Then there was the comparatively recent great siege of Port Arthur in the Russo-Japanese war in 1904-05, which finally capitulated after being blockaded by Admiral Togo for 210 days. The name of General Steadfast will rank with those of the great soldiers of modern times.

In Ottoman and Russian military history there has never been a siege like that of Plevna in 1877, when Osman Pasha defied the Russians for 141 days, and finally surrendered on December 12, with 30,000 men and 100 guns, owing to provisions and ammunition running short. In the same year Kara, king of the bulwark of the Ottoman empire in Asia, was stormed by the Russians after a siege of five months.

Twenty-two years earlier the fortress had been brilliantly defended for eight months against the Russians by the Turkish General Williams, who had but 15,000 men against 50,000. Even those sieges, however, are somewhat insignificant when compared with some others. The longest siege occurred in the American Civil war, when the Confederates defended the town of Richmond for 1,461 days, or just over four years.

Sebastopol, in the Crimean war, held out for 11 months, while General Gordon defended Khartoum against the Sudanese for 300 days. The sieges of Ladysmith, Kimberley and Mafeking, in the South African war, lasted 193, 123 and 224 days, respectively.

There is probably, however, no siege which brillianter like in road about as much as that carried out by France and Spain in their endeavors to carry the Rock of Gibraltar, 1779-82. Although the siege lasted nearly four years, and as the world knows, resulted in a complete triumph of British arms in spite of the fact that the enemy numbered 38,000 to 40,000 men, while the defenders could only muster 7,600.

European Harvest.

The American tourists were equal in value to a good harvest and this year there will be a loss to Europe, if the war continues into the season next year this loss will be serious, from a European point of view. It is estimated that the tourists spend a thousand dollars apiece in their tour. Some go cheaper, others spend more. This year there were 120,000 in round numbers accounted for, and they probably spent more than the average, certainly if their losses on baggage and extraneous expense of travelers' checks are counted in, for there is a stack of trunks, suit cases and suitcases at Cologne piled ten feet high around the cathedral, all belonging to Americans.

Over 200,000 pieces of baggage had to be abandoned in flight. If the war cut out the touring season next year it should save at least \$120,000,000 for home consumption. Americans will have a chance to see their own country. If there were small hotels with fare as good and prices as reasonable as are provided in Europe there would be many more tourists in this country at all seasons.

Premises to the Recruiter.

A glance at the crowds at the recruiting office shows that there is no need for the imaginative drawing up of advertisements of enticement to the colors, says the London Chronicle. By way of contrast one is reminded of earlier methods. Look at this appeal for young men for the light dragoons, which appeared in the Times of September, 1801:

"Your pay and privileges equal two guineas a week; you are everywhere respected; your society is courted; you are admitted by the fair, which, together with the chairing of the green, switched to a brown widow, or brought with a rich widow, renders the situation truly variable and delightful."

What young man could resist that!

Trinidad's Oil Industry.

The oil industry of Trinidad has reached such a degree of importance, that the admiralty has decided to investigate the possibilities of obtaining supplies there. It is reported that Professor Cadman has arrived at Port of Spain with instructions from the admiralty to make a full report on the condition of the industry.

POULTRY

NONFREEZING WATER FOUNT

Very Useful Invention for Winter Use in the Poultry Yard—Has an Opening at Side.

A supply of fresh water is at all times essential for the health and comfort of the chickens, and in the winter time it is a difficult thing to provide, for the water will freeze tight in a few minutes after it is put out. It is claimed by some observers that water which is slightly heated will congeal more rapidly than cold water.



Nonfreezing Fountain.

so that this suggestion does not offer any relief. A new invention to take care of the water in winter weather is shown in the accompanying cut, the subject of a recent patent grant. It has an opening at its side where the water is supplied to a trough located below the opening of the reservoir. Above it is a sloping side wall. The fountain has a removable cover, which also is packed with nonconducting material. The atmospheric pressure on the small quantity of water in the trough will retain the mass of liquid within the main reservoir, so long as the liquid in the trough is sufficient to maintain the surface or pressure to the trough closed.

MARKING THE EARLY LAYERS

Band Placed on Leg of Pullet Beginning to Lay in October Helps in Selection of Breeders.

The pullets that begin laying first as a rule the best layers, it is from these pullets and hens that we should hatch our breeding birds. Colored leg bands are useful for marking birds with special pullets; a red band on the leg of each pullet that begins to lay in October will make the selection of breeders next spring easier. The Missouri state poultry experiment station this year had fifty pullets bred from good layers which began to lay when a little over four months old. In every case the pullets that began to lay first came from the highest laying hens. Of the thirteen pullets that began laying first, three were Buff Leghorns, two Barred Plymouth Rocks, four White Leghorns, one Ancona, one Campine, one Eshelander, and one White Orpington. The Barred Rocks and the White Orpington weighed from three and a half to four pounds each; all the others from two and a half to three and a fourth pounds each.

POULTRY

Clean nests mean clean eggs. Clean, fresh eggs sell clean profits.

All growing turkeys should have as much grass as they will eat twice a day.

The American hen laid 20,000,000,000 eggs last year and had a good right to crackle.

The hen, after laying an egg, needs a drink of water. See that it is always accessible.

An egg contains quite a large percentage of water, hence water must be supplied in plenty.

As fowls have an organ for mass excretion, their food must be prepared for digestion in the gizzard.

The very now is for winter eggs. The poultry keeper smart enough to get them is the man who is successful financially.

Unslaked lime, coal ashes or dry dirt are good materials to scatter over the floor and under the roosts after a good cleaning up.

Keep the hupper full of dry mash all of the time. This gives the chicks an opportunity to balance the grain ration fed.

Dressed poultry must not be of soft skin and color, and must be of good size, with a generous supply of meat on the breast.

The Outback fowl is growing in favor as a market bird, the flesh coming nearer to the flavor of game than any of our domestic poultry.

The hen should have a space in front and it should not be over the roost, as the farm implements and baggage, or in the layroom.

THE COLUMBUS COURIER

Published Every Friday
The Courier Publishing Company
G. E. PARKS Editor

Subscription Rates
Advertising Rates
BANK DIRECTORS MEET

The regular annual meeting of the stockholders of the Columbus State Bank was held at the office of the bank on last Tuesday and report and review of the past year's business was submitted by the officers of said institution.

In another column will be found the published report of the bank and we cannot refrain from calling our readers' attention to its most excellent showing.

The statement is a good one and commands the business of every resident of this vicinity.

We are requested to ask all the people of the Lower Mimbres who are members of the Christian church to leave their names with the Courier.

Arthur G. Beck offered final proof on his contested title to the land above described.

J. H. Blair of the townsite company was in the valley a few days this week.

The Amigo S. S. Class met with the Epworth League Tuesday evening.

OFFICE FOR PUBLICATION
Department of the Interior
P. O. Land Office
Luis-Cruz, N. M.

Notice is hereby given that John Henry Anderson of Columbus, N. M. who on Jan. 16, 1914, made homestead entry, No. 30196, for 80 1/2 ac. T. township 29 N., range 7 W., N. M. P. meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final commutation proof.

James S. Anderson of Columbus, N. M. Arthur Poole Frank J. Cooney George T. Peters JOHN L. BURNSIDE, Register 12-18-15

Notice is hereby given that Herbert M. Marshall of Columbus, N. M., who on Jan. 15, 1914, made desert land entry No. 19726, for 20 1/2 ac. 18, township 29 N., range 7 W., N. M. P. M. has filed notice of intention to make final proof.

John H. Anderson, Columbus, N. M. James W. Nelson, Elliott A. Meeks, Thomas J. Cole JOHN L. BURNSIDE, Register 12-18-15

LADIES, GENTLEMEN AND MILITARY TAILOR

Cleaning and Pressing
All our Work is Guaranteed
Shop in the new Sanford Building

T. BLASS, Proprietor

Educational Column

By T. A. Windsor

Please help us out a little with this column. May be you have some ideas of school work that have not been given public expression in these notes.

How to get a library for the home is often a serious question. Books are often high and so only a library all at one time seems impossible to people trying to get started in a new country.

Be careful though of the kind of books you put into the home library. Let them be such as your judgement and conscience would approve.

PATENTS
OVER 35 YEARS EXPERIENCE
THREE BRANCH OFFICES
Scientific American

Church Service
Services will be held next Sunday at the Methodist Episcopal church as follows:
Sunday School at 9:45, Mrs. E. W. Dean, Superintendent.

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

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

Fred Sherman
LAWYER
DEMING, N. M.

LAW AND INSURANCE
OFFICE OF
W. C. Hoover
U. S. COMMISSIONER
NOTARY PUBLIC

reading and you will find that the influence of your parental training has been gravely strengthened.
I have been asked what I thought of 'teachers agencies'.

The writer of this don't's knew just how large the Columbus school district is, but supposes it extends south to the Mexican line and some little distance east, west and north.

STRING TO HIS SECLUSION

Uncle Peppertine Would Seem to Be Only Half-Hearted Sort of a Hermit.
Al Peppertine had called upon his niece to untangle his marital woes.

"Why, Uncle Al, are you going away?" inquired Cynthia, in surprise.
"I am going to become a recluse," announced Peppertine portentously.

"But, Uncle Al," exclaimed Cynthia, "who will do your washing and such like?"
"Well, I'll bring that to Susan on Saturday night, when I come in to get my bread."—Grace M. Slauson, in Judge.

IS SECOND PLYMOUTH ROCK

New Hampshire Town Has Historical Relic Which is Object of Attraction to Visitors.
Did you know that New Hampshire has a Plymouth rock as well as Massachusetts? It's a historical fact, which has been recalled by the calling for the fifth time of Rev. Dr. Albert L. Smith to the pulpit of the Methodist church at Plymouth, N. H.

According to the Boston Post, the tradition is that Methodist in that place owes its origin to a young man by the name of Elijah Hedding, who afterward became the famous bishop of that name. It is said that he came to a schoolhouse across the Pemigewasset river in Holderness, expecting to preach. Somehow he was denied admission. Not to be daunted, he took his flock and retired a short distance into a field, where there was a large boulder, and upon it preached from the text: "Upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." The boulder is still known as "Pulpit rock" and is yearly visited by scores of summer tourists.

OVERCOMES BALDNESS.

An ingenious Hungarian doctor has found a way effectually to conceal any one's baldness. Taking a fine hair, he ties it with both ends free to a bit of thin gold wire, which he then runs under his patient's scalp and twists so that it holds the hair permanently in place. This action he repeats until he has placed at least five hundred hairs in each square inch of bald scalp. So fine is the wire that one gram of gold is enough to anchor fifty thousand hairs. The hair thus attached can, it is said, be washed and brushed just as if it were a natural growth, and will keep its luster and brilliancy for many years. Henceforth, "silver threads among the gold" will have a new significance.—Youth's Companion.

CUT BY POISON DAGGER.

Charles A. Hirschfelder, a well-known amateur collector of antiques of Jamaica, Long Island, was handling an African poisoned dagger said to be 2,000 years old, when the 18-inch blade suddenly fell from the scabbard. Instinctively Mr. Hirschfelder grabbed for the dagger, to save its ivory hilt from damage, and its point entered his palm.

Knowing the tip was poisoned and that it would be useless to wait for a physician, Mr. Hirschfelder quickly opened the wound until it bled freely and then soaked rigorously until assured all danger was past.

'T'ASK INDEED.

"Do you try to cheer your husband up when he is worried about the care of business?"
"Yes," replied young Mrs. Torkins. "The care of business don't give me so much trouble. But cheering him up when the home team strikes a losing streak is some job."

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 Fleece Lined Underwear, Men's Hats and Flannel Shirts
12c 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 Krout and mackerel which take prizes (test) Canned meats, deviled crabs and fishes With which you can make the best of dishes And claim the best the 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 fanciest Groceries at the Lowest Price

The Courier Cent-A-Word Classified Adds

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 lease for anything, will the world about it in this column. Everybody reads it.

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

Renew your subscription to the Courier.

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

Try a Courier add, they get results.

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

Subscribe for the Columbus Courier.

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

E. P. & S. W. Time Card

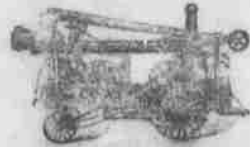
West Bound	
No. 2—Limited	4:07 p. m.
No. 7—Mixed	11:47 p. m.
East Bound	
No. 4—Limited	12:15 p. m.
No. 8—Mixed	8:55 a. m.

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

Your application to prove up 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. M.

NOTICE: Claimants advertising 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 wooded land and a fine relinquishment 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. (SEETON'S)
1531 May Ave.
El Paso, Texas
Food Seed Building Material
Prompt Service Prices Right

An opportunity to buy an improved farm at a sacrifice—100 acres good fertile land, 60 acres under cultivation, 35 acres of which are under irrigation, 5 acres in alfalfa, 5 acres in winter wheat, 25 acres fenced with gabion proof wire. Two irrigation plants in order, 30 gals. of water per acre, or better. Good two-story adobe house containing four large rooms and large hall. Price for cash, \$2,750.00. For further information write or call on H. M. Reed.

THE COUNTY FAIR BROUGHT TO TIME

By Peter Radford
Leather National Farmer's Union

The farmer gets more out of the fair than anyone else. The fair to a city man is an entertainment; to a farmer it is education. Let us take a stroll through the fair grounds and figure a moment at a few of the points of greatest interest. We will first visit the mechanical department and hold communion with the world's greatest thinkers.

You are now attending a congress of the mental giants in mechanical science of all ages. They are addressing you in language of iron and steel and in language made and created; tell an eloquent story of the world's progress. The inventors' geniuses are the most valuable farm hands we have and they perform an inspiring service to mankind. We can all help others for a brief period while we live; but it takes a master hand to leave into the realm of science and figure a moment of progress that will illuminate the path of civilization for future generations.

The man who gets in the middle, the inventor, the cotton gin and hundreds of other valuable inventions work in every field of search and will continue their labors as long as time. These bright geniuses have scattered death and they will live and serve mankind on and on forever, without money and without price. They have shown us how grand and noble it is to work for others; they have also taught us lessons in economy and efficiency; how to make one hour do the work of two or three; how to lengthen our lives; how to make our own responsibilities and taken full of the work of humanity.

They are the most excellent men the world ever produced. Their inventions have freed the world of misery and inefficiency. Like all useful men they do not work solely for millions of machines along their paths from every harvest field to earth and as many places into the soil in mute evidence of their marvelous achievements.

FARMER RADFORD ON WOMAN SUFFRAGE

The home is the greatest contribution of woman to the world, and the birthplace of her genius. Our vital activities in both domestic and social righteousness is in her charge. Her beautiful life lights the skies of hope and her refinement in the charm of twentieth century civilization. Her graces and her power are the cumulative products of generations of devoted womanhood. She has been a great factor in the glory of our country, and her noble achievements should not be forgotten or her hallowed influence forgotten by the common duties of citizenship. American civility should never permit her to bear the burden of defending and maintaining government, but should preserve her soul from the allied influences of politics, and protect her from the weighty responsibilities of the world's affairs of life that will crush her spirit and lower her standard. The motherhood of the world is our inspiration, and in the guardianship of our domestic welfare and its guide to a higher life, and in the hands of woman's sphere, and political goals would cause her to reach the home, forget to wear her clothes and wear the biscuits.

RURAL SOCIAL CENTERS

We need social centers where our young people can be entertained, amused and instructed under the direction of cultured, clean and competent leadership, where aesthetic surroundings give the love for the beautiful, where we change the atmosphere with its tradition and lower, and imparts constructive instruction and benefits their lives.

To hold our young people on the farm we must first form the most attractive we can by the possession of rural social centers. This school house should be the most and properly equipped for instruction and building character, so that the lives of our people can prosper and flourish around it and be made equipped with the necessary elements of human thought and culture.

Education is a development of the mind, not a storage of the memory. Digest what you read.

Old men have wisdom, young men have dreams. Successful farmers show down while attempting sleep.

The growing of business will reward and prosper you greatly and so it never is produced.

When honesty is merely a good policy it is a poor virtue.

Large farmers are just as common as small ones and take up more room.

When the soil commences with the work of nature the back in the farm movement begins.

There are two kinds of farmers, this time to take all the advice in books and the other who takes any at all.

Unreasonable Father Met More Than Match in His Daughter.

Loretta was a pupil of Francis Wyman, non-dominant teacher, in New York, for two years. Her father was then living on a big wheat ranch in eastern Oregon. That was three years ago. Since then Sam Strait has leased his ranch and taken an apartment in Portland.

He is a wealthy man. He owns an eastern Oregon ranch. He owns another ranch in Calgary, has large timber interests in southern Oregon, and carries a very comfortable balance at his banker's.

It happens that, in the city, Loretta has need of money. There is a certain. There are any number of little things that a young girl must do, if she is to have any sort of social life—little things that require money. But Loretta's father did not so regard it. He considers that a girl has no more use for money in a city than on an eastern Oregon ranch.

"Father, I must have some money for carfare. I am going over the river today to make some calls."

"I don't see what you want money for," replied the father. "You ought to walk."

"Walk forty blocks, father?"

"Oh, well, here's a nickel."

"But how will I get home?"

"Guess you ought to be able to walk one way."

Loretta left the apartment with one nickel. Her face was livid with anger. She did not even stop to ask her mother's aid—her usual procedure when father refused her money. She went down town. She called upon the manager of a moving-picture house.

"I am looking for an engagement," Loretta told the theatrical man. "I would like to sing for you."

"Any experience?"

Loretta enumerated the engagements she had filled in private houses and for weddings and the like. She also told of her New York study.

"I'll try your voice," said the man.

Loretta's voice is a good voice. The arrangement was quickly made. Loretta signed a contract, calling for \$50 a week.

When the manager glanced at the signature he stared. "You aren't the Loretta Strait—daughter of Sam Strait—are you?"

"Yes," blushed the girl.

The man looked at her, incredulous, unbelieving.

"Why, your father—your father?"

"Yes, I know. My father's a rich man, but—oh, well, that doesn't mean that his daughter has any money, or his wife—and I need money."

Loretta was on the eve of tears. She brought herself up with a jerk. "And I am to begin when?"

John Haskell was an unusual man. And Portland is not so large that its residents do not know each other by name and reputation. John Haskell was aware of Sam Strait's close methods in business. He was also aware of Loretta Strait's popularity among her own social set. He had also seen many other girls whose fathers made life difficult for them in the matter of money.

"You are quite sure that you wish to sing here?"

"Quite sure," replied Loretta. "It's the only thing I can do."

"There might be another way," suggested John Haskell.

"How?" with eyes lightening.

"Suppose we struck off a few posters, playing your name up in big type as soloist at the Regent theater, suppose we also added that you would reveal the latest dances in company with Harry Lansing."

"Yes," breathed the girl excitedly.

"Suppose we put those posters where Sam Strait would find them—and be only. And suppose that I take no notice of the contract just signed by you, unless the plan outlined fails?"

"Oh, would you—could you?" Loretta cried.

"It isn't that we wouldn't be more than glad to have you. You have a very unusual voice and we need somebody badly, but you are not the girl we want. You wouldn't fit in. I wouldn't want you to fit in. Do you understand?"

Loretta Strait put her hand in John Haskell's. "Thank you," she murmured. "We'll try your plan first."

It was nearing Sam Strait's dinner time. He passed in front of the door to his apartment. He picked up a crumpled paper. He straightened it out and laid it on the living-room table. But as he started to sink into the morris chair his eyes fell on a name scrawled in deep black across the paper.

There was much more, but Sam did not stop to scan it. With the damning sheet clutched tight in his right hand, he jumped into the bedroom where his daughter was dressing.

"What's this? What's this?" he howled in rage. "How dare you! How dare you!"

But Loretta Strait was expecting him. Drawn to her full height, and with a cool smile on her lips, she was a picture of self-reliance, determination.

"They are to pay me \$50 a week," she purred.

"My God! What's \$50 a week to this—this?" shrieked the man, waving the paper wildly in his right hand. "You've ruined me! You've disgraced me! You've made me the butt of the town."

"I'm sorry, father, if it annoys you, but girls as well as men must have carfare and spending money. I've pleaded and begged you for money until I'm sick and tired of it."

With least hurried in his hands, Sam Strait landed on the living-room table. He was grieving over the thing that had come to him. And none was there to comfort. Not even his wife. She, too, stood with his daughter—his one daughter, the pride of his heart—with head disengaged him.

He heard the ring of the telephone. He heard Loretta's voice. "Hello!"

"Then, 'Yes, yes. I'll be very glad to see you, and I'd like you to meet my father. Good-by.'"

"Father?"

Sam Strait missed his head. "Yes, daughter."

"Mr. Haskell, the manager of the Regent theater, is going to call this evening. I want you to know this."

"You mean that he's signing to this house to—"

"I thought, maybe, father, you'd like to arrange to have me released from my contract. It won't cost very much, I think, and as you seem to be taking my earning my own living as hard—"

"Oh, daughter, I don't care how much it costs. The only question is, can I?"

"You can, father."

Sam Strait took his daughter into his arms.

"I'll open an account at my bank for you (tomorrow, Loretta, and every week I'll deposit \$50 to your credit. Is that square?"

The answer was a kiss.

"And now, father, I want you to be very agreeable to Mr. Haskell, for he is a very nice young man."

And there was something in Loretta's smile and intonation that made Sam Strait think that he must be a very, very nice young man.

HEARD AT THE CLUB

"I heard Mrs. Dashington is putting out on the matrimonial sea again."

"Yes, and she's taking a third mate!"—Judge.

THE SHORTEST WAY

"Uncle Sam took an axomatic way of talking about his troubles with Huerta."

"What was that?"

"He told them to the marina."

SMOKED OUT

She—Did you notice that wet male figure in the window smoking a pipe?"

He—That wasn't a pipe; it was a mere slum.

AN ADVANTAGE

"She never blushes except when she wants to."

"How much nicer it would be if she could blush every time she wanted to."

THE REMEDY

"There are a precious lot of men wearing that bow collar."

"Then he oughtn't to be allowed to let them run at large without a license."

THE LASTING ONE

"If marriage is one lung, sweet song, what do you think is its fixing size?"

"I would personally prefer a millionaire."

HUSBAND RESCUED DESPAIRING WIFE

After Four Years of Discouraging Conditions, Mrs. Bullock Gave Up in Despair. Husband Came to Rescue.

Carroll, Ky.—In an interesting letter from this place, Mrs. Bettie Bullock writes as follows: "I suffered for four years, with womanly troubles, and during this time, I could only sit up for a little while, and could not walk anywhere at all. At times, I would have severe pains in my left side.

The doctor was called in, and his treatment relieved me for a while, but I was soon confined to my bed again. After that, nothing seemed to do me any good.

I had gotten so weak I could not stand, and I gave up in despair.

At last, my husband got me a bottle of Cardui, the woman's tonic, and I commenced taking it. From the very first dose, I could tell it was helping me. I can now walk two miles without my crutches, and am doing all my work."

If you are all run down from womanly troubles, don't give up in despair. Try Cardui, the woman's tonic. It has helped more than a million women, in 30 years of continuous success, and should surely help you, too. Your druggist has sold Cardui for years. He knows what it will do. Ask him. He will recommend it. Begin taking Cardui today.

Write to: Chattanooga Medicine Co., Ladies' Auxiliary Dept., Chattanooga, Tenn. Be assured that Cardui is just what you need. This is the only "Woman's Tonic" with no other wrapper. Price 50c.

Tomas R. Montelongo

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Butcher Shop in Connection

HAND-WOVEN MEXICAN BLANKETS. Call and see samples.

Your Trade appreciated and solicited

J. L. WALKER

Carries a Complete Line of

Hardware
Tinware
Enamelware
Furniture

FAMOUS BRANDS OF CUTLERY

CUSTOM-HOUSE BROKER

Real Estate and Insurance

Notary Public

Relinquishments, deeded land in large or small tracts, cash or easy terms. Town property on terms to suit every buyer.

Contracts, Depositions Affidavits, Etc., Etc. The purchase of state lands, contest cases, Locating on Government land. All Work Guaranteed

B. M. REED

Crystal Theatre

Two Shows Daily 7:00 p. m. and 8:15 p. m.
Admission 10c and 15c

Four New Reels Daily

Subscribe for the Columbus Courier, Now

A. D. FROST Furniture on easy Payments or For Cash

Complete Line of Hardware.

1 X 1 Pocket Knives, Winchester Ammunition, Trunks, Suit Cases, China Ware, Enamelware, Tinware, Rugs, Blankets, Comforts, etc., etc.

In the Absence of the Agent

A Business Adventure of Emma McChesney By EDNA FERBER

Author of "Down O'Hara," "Editorial Side Pass," etc.

This is a love story. But it is a love story with a logical ending. Which means that in the last paragraph no one has any one else in his arms.

Since it is a love story, when she had unlocked her office door, Mrs. Emma McChesney had been working in bunches of six. Thus, from twelve to one she had dictated six letters, looked up memoranda, passed on samples of petticoat silk, fired the office boy, wired spelling out in Nebraska, and eaten her lunch.

But only for that moment. The heat came her smiling. Up went the corners of her eyes. She was still smiling like an anticipatory child when she had got her wraps from the city street, and was standing before the mirror adjusting her hat.

It was at this critical moment that the office door opened, and there entered T. A. Buck, president of the T. A. Buck Featherless Petticoat and Garter company.

"Hello!" said T. A. Buck. "Whither?" and laid a sheet of business-looking papers on the top of Mrs. McChesney's well cleaned desk.

"Mrs. McChesney, without turning, performed the examining process successfully, so that her hat left only a sub-echo of fluffy bright hair peeping out from the brim.

T. A. Buck picked up the sheet of papers and stowed them into an inside coat pocket. "As president of this large and growing concern," he said, "I want to assure you that I'm going alone."

"An secretary of said firm I rise to state that you're not invited."

"If the secretary of the above-mentioned company has the check to play booky at 3:30 p. m. in the middle of November, I fancy the president can demand to know where she's going, and then to 'go'."

"Only bricklayers can take an hour for lunch," retorted Emma McChesney. "When you get to be a lady expert of business you can't afford it!"

A. Buck, his voice vibrant. "If it's those you want, you can—(Snap) went the electric switch under Emma McChesney's fingers. It was as decisive as a blow in the face. She walked to the door. The little room was dim.

"Oh, that's your appointment!" Beller was evident in T. A. Buck's tone. Emma McChesney shook a despairing head. "For impudent and unquenchable inquisitiveness commend me to a man! Here! If you must know, though I intended it as a surprise when it was finished and furnished—I'm going to rent a flat, a furnished six-room, plenty-of-closets flat, after ten years of miserable hotel existence.

Emma McChesney swept the intellectual room with a large gesture. "Considering it as a kitchen, not as a locker, does it strike you as being adequate?"

"I've heard," she ventured, "that they're sh—using 'em small this year."

Emma McChesney's eyes took on a certain wistful expression. "Maybe, but whenever I've dreamed of a home, which was whenever I got insomnia on the road, which was every evening for ten years, I'd start to plan a kitchen. A kitchen where you could put up preserves, and a keg of dill pickle, and get a full-sized dinner without getting things more than just comfortable cluttered."

"As for a turkey," wailed Emma McChesney, one would have to go out on the fire escape to basin it."

The swinging door opened to admit the agent. "Would you excuse me? A party downstairs—lease—be back in no time. Just look after—any questions—glad to answer later—"

"Quite all right," Mrs. McChesney assured him. Her expression was one of relief as the hall door closed behind him. "Good! There's a spot in the mirror over the mantel. I've been dying to find out if it was a flaw in the glass or only a smudge."

She made for the living room. T. A. Buck followed thoughtfully. Thoughtfully and interestedly he watched her as she stood on tiptoe, breathed sternly upon the mirror's surface, and rubbed the moist place with her handkerchief. She stood back a pace, eye narrowed critically.

"It's gone, isn't it?" she asked.

"It's gone, isn't it?" she asked.

"It's a poor piece of glass," he announced last.

A simple enough remark. Perhaps it was made with an object in view, but certainly it was not meant to bring forth the storm of protest that came from Emma McChesney's lips.

"You shouldn't have said that!" she cried. "You're as much out of place in a bedroom as a truffle would be in a boiled New England dinner. Do you think I don't see the shortness

of your remarks, no matter what sort of breakfast, palace, beach-house, extra, cottage, or inn—must she pay for living in, has in her mind's eye a picture of the sort of apartment house it is if she could afford it. I've had mine snatched out from the wallpaper in the front hall to the laundry tub in the basement, and it doesn't even bear a family resemblance to this."

"I'm sorry," stammered T. A. Buck. "You asked my opinion and I—"

"Opinion! If every one had as his the tact as to give their true opinion when it was asked this would be a miserable world. I asked you because I wanted you to lie. I expected it of you. I needed bolstering up. I realize that the rest I'm paying and the fat I'm getting from a geometrical problem where X equals the unknown quantity and only the agent knows the answer. But it's going to be a home for Jock and me. It's going to be a place where he can bring his friends, where he can have his books, and his hazy, and his college junk. It will be the first real home that youngster has known in all his miserable boarding-house, hotel, boys' school, and college existence. Sometimes when I think of what he's missed, of the loneliness and the neglect when I was on the road, of the barrenness of his boyhood,—"

T. A. Buck started forward as one who had made up his mind about something long considered. Then he gulped, retraced his pace, reentered the door and back again. On the return trip he found smiling and repentant Emma McChesney regarding him.

"Now aren't you sorry you insisted on coming along? Letting yourself in for a ragging like that? I think I'd be bit but in the nerves at the prospect of seeing Jock—and planning things with him—"

"Don't!" he said. "I had it coming to me. I did it deliberately. I wanted to know how you really felt about it."

T. A. Buck was regarding the head of his walking stick with a gaze as intent as that which he previously had bestowed upon the chandelier.

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Welcome Home! She Cried.

Perhaps I'm making a mistake. Perhaps ten years from now I'll be ready to call myself a fool for having let slip what the wise ones would call a chance. But I don't think so, T. A.

"You know me too well," argued T. A. Buck rather miserably. "But at least you know the worst of me as well as the best. You'd be taking no risks."

Emma McChesney walked to the window. There was a little alcove. Then she finished it with one clean stroke. "We've been good business chums, you and I. I hope we always shall be. I can imagine nothing more beautiful on this earth for a woman than being married to a man she cares for and who cares for her. But, T. A., you're not the man."

And then there were quick steps in the corridor, a hand at the door-knob, a slim, tall figure in the doorway. Emma McChesney seemed to wait across the rooms and into the embrace of the slim, tall figure.

"Welcome-home!" she cried. "Stretch in the furniture to suit yourself."

"This is going to be great—great!" announced Jock. "What do you know about the Oriental potentate downstairs? I guess Otis Skinner has nothing on him when it comes—Why, hello, Mr. Buck!"

He rattled on like a pleased boy. He strode over to shake hands with Buck. Emma McChesney, cheeks glowing, eyed him adoringly. Then she gave a little suppressed cry.

"Jock, what's happened?"

"Jock whirled around like a cat. 'Where? When? What?' Emma McChesney pointed at him with one shaking finger. 'You! You're thin! You're—you're emaciated. Your shoulders, where are they? Your—your legs—'

Jock looked down at himself. His glance was pride. "Clutched," he said. "Clutched" faltered his mother. "You're losing your punch, mother? You need to be up on man's rigging. All the boys look like their own shadows these days. English cut. No padding. No heels. Incurve at the waist. Watch me walk." He flapped across the room, chest concave, shoulders flung, feet wide apart, chin thrust forward.

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Dancing Frocks of Taffeta and Lace



NET-TOP laces over foundation skirts of taffeta silk are so excellent for making dancing frocks that the girl who is devoted to dancing cannot make a better choice of materials. The taffeta is just crisp enough and the lace has just body enough to keep a dancing gown from becoming crushed and "sleazy-looking," and taffeta seems somehow especially well suited to youthful wearers. It is an unprecocious material with a shining surface which looks particularly well under laces.

The Quaker, or shadow laces, if selected in the right pattern, look just as well as the net laces and are a little less in price. All of them are reasonable enough.

A very fine model for a party gown is shown in the picture. The under-skirt of taffeta is cut full enough for dancing, with a slight flare. There is a full ruche of the taffeta box-plaited about the bottom. Three founces of lace are set on the skirt with only moderate fullness. There is a narrow box-plaiting of taffeta at the head of each one of the two lower founces. The upper founce terminates in the waist line.

In the very simple draped bodice, the taffeta silk is draped over the lace underbodice, reversing the order of things in the skirt. The lace extends beyond the silk, forming a short sleeve "wrap" for the arms and a chemise at the front of the bodice. The bodice and skirt are joined at the waist line.

A very wide girde and sash is made of the taffeta. It is laid in folds about the waist and extends from just below the bust to a few inches below the normal waist line. It is kept in shape with stays tucked to the front, sides and back, on the underside. The ends cross at the right and are brought down below the waist at the back, where the sash is finished with two big bows without ends.

For the too slender girl an underbodice of plain net with long sleeves, or one of chiffon, may be added to this dress. Sleeves and gimpes of chiffon over net are still better, and the arm may be made to look much more plump by shirring chiffon over a net founce.

The model is better adapted to slender young girls than to others, and to the soft figure it is most becoming.

Waved and Unwaved Coiffures



NOT all of the new coiffures are waved and curled, but those that are are enough to prove the rule that the new modes favor waves and curls about ninety-nine times out of a hundred. Both types are shown in the illustration, and both are beautiful, but the waved coiffure is far more becoming to the average woman.

A very smart and elegant arrangement of waved and curled hair is shown in the figure at the right. For she who is not the possessor of much hair it is an ideal coiffure. To dress it, the hair is waved all around the head and combed forward while the back hair is combed up to the crown, twisted in a tight coil and drawn through an opening in a light support or pad that is pinned in place. The back hair is then spread and pinned over the support.

The waved hair is parted at one side and brought back to the coil, where the ends are either curled or pinned under. If the hair will not curl successfully or is very short, the small, soft curls may be bought ready to pin in. They are very light and naturally curly, and are used in many ways in the new styles. They are pinned down with invisible wire pins, making a fascinating flash along one side of the coil.

At the left a coiffure is pictured suited to the woman who has plenty

of hair. If it is short and thin she will have to help out its length with a switch, but if it is long and thick no extra hair will be needed. The curious fact is that hair dressers prefer scantly locks haired out with selected pieces, to very abundant natural tresses.

In this coiffure the back hair is arranged in a French twist, which is spread out so that it looks soft, and pinned in place with small shell pins. The front hair is "buffed" and combed back in a pompadour, with the ends pinned under the coil. It is then parted in a very shallow part at the front and fastened with invisible pins in pretty, soft waves about the face.

For the young woman with regular features it is a delightful style, showing off the abundance of her own hair to the very best advantage.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

Smart Handkerchiefs.
Colored handkerchiefs are being used. Made in this line to match the costume, if the color is light, to go with dark gowns the handkerchiefs must be striped, such as red, orange, green or purple. They are made of an exquisite quality of linen and hand hemmed, the hems being about a quarter of an inch wide. The handkerchief is embroidered in a dark shade than the handkerchief.

SUDAN GRASS FOR DRY LAND

Particularly Well Adapted for Semi-arid Sections—Produces Two Cuttings of Hay in Season.

DR. JAMES D. MARRIAGE, Colorado Experiment Station.

Sudan grass belongs to the sorghum family, and is considered by some authorities to be the wild, original form of the cultivated sorghum. It is a tall annual grass, being somewhat like Johnson grass in general appearance; but it lacks the root stalks of the latter, and never becomes a weed. Under favorable conditions it may attain a height of six to ten feet. Its growth is dependent to some extent upon the moisture in the soil. It sown broadcast it does not grow so high as when planted in rows which permit of cultivation.

Sudan grass is particularly well adapted to the dry land sections, as it produces good yields of hay, and under average conditions should produce two cuttings of hay in a season. It is very drought resistant and will succeed where it is possible to grow any other sorghum.

In feeding value, Sudan grass can be compared with the millets, making a large crop of hay during the warm weather. Hay made from Sudan grass is preferable to millet hay, as it can be fed to all classes of live stock without injury. The stalks are fine and can be readily cured into hay.

The crop may be grown either drilled, in cultivated rows or broadcasted. If drilled or broadcasted, from 10 to 15 pounds of seed is sown per acre, while if planted in cultivated rows, the rows being about thirty inches apart, two or three pounds of seed should be used per acre.

ADVANTAGES OF FALLOWING

Away Other Things Practice Tends to Conserve Moisture and Kill Many Noxious Plants.

Among the many advantages to the credit of the practice of summer fallowing may be mentioned: The conservation of moisture, the eradication of weeds, the preparation of the land for crops at a time when no other work is pressing, the availability of summer fallowed land for seeding at the earliest possible date in the spring and the minor advantages of having suitable land for the growing of pure seed, potatoes, roots and vegetables at the least cost and with the greatest chance for success, and that of being able to secure two crops of grain with little or no further cultivation.

Summer fallowing undoubtedly has some disadvantages, but so long as the growing of grain, and more particularly wheat, remains the principal industry of the province, it will be necessary to store up moisture against a possible dry season, to restrain the weeds from overrunning the land, and on account of the short seasons, to prepare at least a portion of the land to be cropped in the year previous to seeding and a well-made summer fallow is the best means to this end. Among the disadvantages are: The liability of the soil to drift, the overproduction of straw in a wet season, causing late maturity and consequent danger of damage by frost, and it is claimed, the partial exhaustion of the soil. The former two may, to a great extent, be overcome by different methods of cultivation, and if the soil can be prevented from drifting, one of the reasons for the latter contention will disappear.

DAIRYING PAYS ON DRY FARM

Experiment Solves Problem of Handling Butter During Summer Months—Supplies Money.

Those of the dry farmers who have been experimenting on selling cream instead of butter, have demonstrated the fact that a couple of cows will maintain a house and family. Feed for the cows costs nothing during the summer, as grass is plentiful and sufficient to produce a good flow of milk, containing the required amount of butter fat. This experiment has solved the problem of how to handle butter during the summer months. As cream brings fully as much or more than the butter from the same amount of milk, leaving the separated milk to be used sweet, as calf, hog or chicken feed, this business supplies the farmer with ready money each week as regularly as he markets the cream, and by raising his own stock feed the cost of wintering the cows will not be felt.—Democrat, Las Animas, Colo.

Water Required for Crops.

It takes water to produce a crop of weeds. If that be true, and it is, the water which the weeds get is that much taken away from the crop. A garden crop between the rows in a young orchard is all right, provided there be plenty of water for both the garden and the orchard. An orchard under dry conditions needs all of the available water. Conserve an inch of it as possible by maintaining a constant dust mulch between the rows.

Best Grass for Dry Areas.

Income grass is probably the best of the cultivated grasses to grow in dry areas. When established it will furnish grazing early in the season, not so early as winter rye, but earlier than the native grasses. It will also furnish grazing in the autumn, proportionate to the amount of the precipitation. During the winter season, therefore, it should furnish much more grazing than the native grasses.



PLAYED BOTH WAYS.
Down at a southern racetrack, when I shall designate no more than to say that it's a place where you can lose your money in the winter time, I took a young lady out to the track and she insisted on placing a bet on a horse. She wouldn't even let me help her do it.

The horse did worse than to come in last. He turned around and ran the other way, I said.

"Well, you lost your bet. The horse you had your money on is running the wrong way!"

She gurgled with satisfied glee.

"Shows that a woman's instinct can't go wrong," she answered triumphantly, "I played him both ways!"

—Cincinnati Plain Dealer.



RECEPTIONAL.
Mr. Bore—I don't see why people keep dishing, do you?
Miss Loure—Why, to write down their thoughts, keep a record of their affairs and—
Mr. Bore (interrupting her)—But that's all foolishness, I can keep those in my head.

MISS LOURE—That's a very good way; but, then, not everybody has the room!—Judge.

NEWS NEEDED.
"What do you mean," said an irate guest at a Kansas hotel, "by sending me to a room with no curtains on the windows facing the street?"

"Dot vas all right," replied the landlady, "de glass vas so dirty dat no curtains vare needed."

SUFFERING CERTAIN.
"The heroes of the European conflict are as nothing now to what they will be when the cold European winter sets in."

"Do you mean to tell me those Highlanders dress that way in the winter, too?"

"No, but the taxes are."

Average Small Town.
City Man—What makes roads so high here?
Villager—This is an incorporated town.

"Things don't look very metropolitan."

"No, but the taxes are."

THAT WOULD INTEREST THEM.
"I hardly know what sort of a speech to make before an audience of woman voters," declared the portly statesman.

"Better arrange to illustrate a few new tango steps," suggested his adviser.

TWAS EVER THUS.
Wife—I can read you like I can this book, Adolphus.

Husband—Why don't you, then? You skip what you don't like to a book and linger over it in me.—Puck.



BEH MEMORIES.
Guest in Northern Hotel—Here, waiter, take away that nut sauce!

Another at Adjoining Table—What's the matter with that fellow?

Third—I guess he's from Virginia.

PREPARED.
"My dear boy, I think the rate at which you drive your motor car is shocking!"

"That's all right, auntie; I always use a shock absorber."

PROGRESS.
Hicks—Did you get that raise of salary you asked for?
Wicks—No, but I have got something new to refer back to the next time I ask.

"ON WITH THE DANCE."
"I hear you have taken up the dancing craze."
"Yes, I got so worried I kept walking the floor anyhow and I thought I might as well do it to music."

VERY MUCH SO.
You never believe a man when he flatters you, but you like to hear it just the same.

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

The more we talk the more people we tire.

Many a man is self-satisfied because he is not particular.

NEWLY DISCOVERED TALENTS.
"Of course, I shrieked when I thought there was a burglar in the house," said young Mrs. Perkins.

"What did your husband do?"

"Charley looked at me with deep reproach and asked why I couldn't holler that way once in a while when the home team needed a boost."

WHAT JARRED HIM.
Mrs. Clayton (at the opera)—The opera seems to be boring you terribly, Paul. Why, you look absolutely disgusted!

Mr. Clayton (an efficiency expert)—The opera's all right, Emma, but that fool conductor is making hundreds of unnecessary motions!—Puck.

SKEPTICAL.
"Now, as to this terrible gas gun the French are using—"
"I fear it is a hot air gun."
"Operated by hot air, too, mean?"
"No, a puff-bet for the most part of imagination."

APPROPRIATE NAME.
"The bicycle is playing little a part in the present war. Bodies of soldiers are seen."
"What do they call themselves, the Mud Guards?"—Boston Evening Transcript.

NOT NAMED HERE.
made its author famous and earned a great fortune. William A. Pinkerton, chief of the Pinkerton National Detective Agency, says it is the greatest detective story he ever read. Send this story will be printed in THE GREAT DIVIDE, 305 Post Building, Denver, Colorado. Send a stamp for sample copy. Write to Adv.—also say where you read this.

THE PEELING KIND.
"Mamma," said a little boy, "the place where I got stung last Sunday afternoon is all peeling off."
"Brother Bruce took a look at the injury."
"That's so," he grinned, "I guess you must have been stung by a basking bee."

DON'T PERSECUTE YOUR BOWELS.
Get out constipation and indigestion. They are brutal, harsh, unmerciful. Try CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Purely vegetable. Act gently on the liver and stimulate bile and secretion of the stomach. They are the only pills that will cure constipation, indigestion, and all the ailments that result from a clogged liver. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

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It is the most dangerous of all diseases. It is caused by a germ which is found in the water and food of the tropics. It is fatal in 90% of the cases. It is preventable by the use of the OTCYNE BACTERIUM, which kills the germ. It is the only medicine that will cure typhoid. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

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PATENTS Watson, E. Coleman
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Walking Graveyards.
Some of the Indian princes have given over two million dollars apiece to Britain for the war. British such gifts, the gifts of London business millionaires seem small.

"In fact," said James Douglas, in an interview, "in fact, the gifts of the nation of Hyderabad and the maharajah of Mysore and the maharajah of Baroda give our English Merchant princes, who owe England so much more, a look of awe; and you know the definition of awe."
"Avarice, like a graveyard, takes in all it can get, and never gives anything back."

VERY MUCH SO.
You never believe a man when he flatters you, but you like to hear it just the same.

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

The more we talk the more people we tire.

Many a man is self-satisfied because he is not particular.

DON'T PERSECUTE YOUR BOWELS.
Get out constipation and indigestion. They are brutal, harsh, unmerciful. Try CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Purely vegetable. Act gently on the liver and stimulate bile and secretion of the stomach. They are the only pills that will cure constipation, indigestion, and all the ailments that result from a clogged liver. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

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Personals and Locals

Renew your subscription to this paper.

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

J. A. Moore this week sold the deeded tract of land in township 20 S, same being the northwest quarter of section 1.

Fresh shipment of crackers and candies just received. Come in and look them over. J. T. Dean Co.

Prof. William Stinger, the expert tattoo artist, is here from El Paso and is located at the Lodge.

The Baldwin Jewelry Co., of El Paso, have a man here now, says he will be located here permanently.

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. 21c

John Barnes arrived here a few days ago from Garden City, Kansas, and has purchased the Roy Baker relinquishment. The deal was made through J. A. Moore.

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 deposit and \$10 per month. Come and look them over—they won't last long. B. M. Good, Agt.

Notice

Monday, January 18th is the last day copy for the first 1915 telephone directory can be received. This is to be a catalogue of the boosters of Columbus. No one who really has the interest of the community at heart can't afford to not have their name appear in the list of subscribers or in the advertising space. If you contemplate having a phone soon, give your order now and get in this directory.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

By local application, or their common method of treatment, the deafness is not cured. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional medicine. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the membrane lining the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed, the air is prevented from entering the middle ear, and when it is prevented from entering, the middle ear is a vacuum. Deafness is the result, and this tube must be restored to its normal condition. It can be done by the use of the B. E. SISCO medicine. It is a simple matter to get the medicine. Write to B. E. SISCO, 1111 North Main Street, El Paso, Texas. It will give you the full particulars and the name of the nearest dealer. It is guaranteed to cure deafness. It is sold by B. E. SISCO, 1111 North Main Street, El Paso, Texas. Write to B. E. SISCO, 1111 North Main Street, El Paso, Texas.

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Constipation, if Neglected, Causes Serious Illness

Constipation, if neglected, leads to almost innumerable complications affecting the general health.



Many cases of typhoid fever, appendicitis and other severe diseases are traceable to prolonged clogging of the bowels. Regarding the effects of constipation, C. E. Ayers, of Berlin, N. H., says: "I was afflicted with constipation and indigestion for years, and at times became so bad I would become unconscious. I have been found in that condition many times. Physicians did not seem to be able to do me any good. I would become weak and for days at a time could do no work. Not long ago I got a box of Dr. Miller's Laxative Tablets, and after using them found I had recovered anything that acted in such a mild and effective manner. I believe I have at last found the remedy that suits my case."

Thousands of people are sufferers from habitual constipation and while possibly realizing something of the danger of this condition, yet neglect too long to employ preventive measures until serious illness often results. The advice of all physicians is, "keep your bowels clean," and it's good advice.

Dr. Miller's Laxative Tablets are sold by all druggists, at 25 cents a box containing 45 doses. If not found satisfactory, your money is returned.

MILLER MEDICAL CO., BIRNHAM, ILL.

SUCCESSFUL YOUNG AUTHOR

Remarkable sale of "The Call of the Cumberland," written by Charles Neville Buck.

Although only thirty years old, Charles Neville Buck, author of "The Call of the Cumberland," has traveled far and done much. Although a law-



Charles Neville Buck.

yer-by profession, it was newspaper work that brought him into connection with the lawless frontiers of the Kentucky mountains and that it is a small talent responsible for the plot of his story.

It is rare for a man of Mr. Buck's youth to be the author of a hundred thousand dollar, but "The Call of the Cumberland" has already passed that amount.

The story has been dramatized and the play has met with unusual success throughout the country.

We have secured "The Call of the Cumberland" as our next serial and the first installment will be run in an early issue.

Thank you for that \$1.50 on your subscription.

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