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Lordsburg Lodge No. 30 A. F. & A. M. Meets the 3rd Thursday night of each Month. Visiting Brothers Invited.

E. M. PISHER, W. M. G. P. JEFFUS, Secretary,

Pyramid Lodge No. 23

K. of P. Meets Every Tuesday Evening. Visiting Brothers Invited, R. D. SMYTH, C. C. J. MALONE, E. R. & S.

Woodmen of the World CAMP NO. 88 Meets every 2nd and 4th Saturday night at the K. of P. Hall

E. M. FISHER, C. C. R. M. REYNOLDS, Clerk

Woodmen Circle CAMP NO 50 in every 2nd and 4th Tuesday nights at the K. of P. Hall. INEE WRIGHT, Guardian GERTRUDE WRIGHT, Cle

Let Us Print Your Sale Bills

OVER THE TOP"

Soldier Who Went

By An American Arthur Guy Empey

Machine Gunner, Serving in France

Copyright 1917, by Arthur Guy Emany

EMPEY GETS INTO THE FRONT LINE TRENCH-AND WISHES HE WERE BACK IN JERSEY CITY.

Synopsis.-Fired by the sinking of the Lusitania, with the loss of American lives, Arthur Guy Empey, an American living in Jersey City, goes to England and collists as a private in the British army. After a short experience as a recruiting officer in London, he is sent to training quarters in France, where he first hears the sound of hig guns and makes the acquaintance of "cootles."

CHAPTER IL-Continued.

The greatest shock a recruit gets when he arrives at his battalion in France is to see the men engaging in a "cootle" hunt. With an air of contempt and disgust he avoids the company of the older men, until a couple of days later, in a torment of itching. he also has to resort to a shirt hunt, or spend many a sleepless night of misery. During these hunts there are jots of pertinent remarks bandled back and forth among the explorers, such as, "Say, Bill, I'll swap you two little ones for a big one," or, "Twe got a black one here that looks like Kaiser

sunny day in the front-line trench, I saw three officers sitting out-side of their dugout ("cooties" are no respecters of rank; I have even noticed a suspicious uneasiness about a certain well-known general), one of them was major, two of them were exploring their shirts, paying no attention to the occasional shells which passed overhead. The major was writing a letter; every now and then he would lay aside his writing-pad, search his shirt for a few minutes, get an inspiration, and then resume writing. At last he fin-ished his letter and gave it to his "runner." I was curious to see whether he was writing to an insect firm, so when the runner passed me I engaged him in conversation and got a glimpse at the address on the envelope. It was addressed to Miss Alice Somebody, in London. The "runner" informed me that Miss Somebody was the major's sweetheart and that he wrote to her every day. Just imagine it, writing a love letter during a "cootle" hunt; but such is the creed of the trenches.

CHAPTER III.

I Go to Church. Upon enlistment we disks issued to us. These were small disks of red fiber worn around the neck by means of a string. Most of the Tommles also used a little metal disk which they wore around the left wrist by means of a chain. They had previously figured it out that if their heads were blown off, the disk on the left wrist would identify them. If they lost numerous observation balloons or "sa their left arm the disk around the neck would serve the purpose, but if their head and left arm were blown off, no one would care who they were, so it did not matter. On one side of the disk was inscribed your rank, name, number and battalion, while on the

other was stamped your religion. C. of E., meaning Church of England; R. C., Roman Catholie; W., Wesleyan; P., Presbyterian; but if you happened to be an atheist they left it blank, and just handed you a pick and shovel. On my disk was stamped C. of E. This is how I got it: The lieutenant who enlisted me asked my religion. I was not sure of the religion of the British army, so I answered, "Oh, any old thing," and he promptly put down

Now, just imagine my hard luck. Out of five religious I was unlucky enough to pick the only one where church parade was compulsory!

The next morning was Sunday. was sitting in the billet writing home to my sister telling her of my wonderful exploits while under fire-all recruits do this. The sergeant major put his head in the door of the billet and shouted: "C. of E. outside for church

a loud voice, he asked, "Empey, aren't you C. of E.?"

I answered, "Yep." In an angry tone, he commanded. 'Don't you 'yep' me. Say, 'Yes, sergeant major."

"I did so. Somewhat mollified, he ordered, "Outside for church parade," I looked up and answered, "I am not going to church this morning."

He said, "Oh, yes, you are!" I answered, "Oh, no, I'm not!"-But

We lined up outside with rifles and bayonets, 120 rounds of ammunition, wearing our tin hats, and the march to church began. After marching about five kilos, we turned off the road into an open field. At one end of this field the chaplain was standing in a limber. We formed a semicircle around him. Overhead there was a black speck circling round and round in the sky. This was a German Fokker. The chaplain had a book in his left hand-left eye on the book-right eye on the sirplane. We Tommies were lucky, we had no books, so had both eyes on the air-

After church parade we were marched back to our billets, and played football all afternoon,

CHAPTER IV.

"Into the Trench."

The next morning the draft was inspected by our general, and we were assigned to different companies. The boys in the brigade had nicknamed this general Old Pepper, and he certainly earned the sobriquet. I was assigned to B company with another American named Stewart.

For the next ten days we "rested," repairing roads for the Frenchies, drilling, and digging bombing trenches. One morning we were informed that

we were going up the line, and our march began. It took us three days to reach reserve billets-each day's march bring-

ing the sound of the guns nearer and nearer. At night, way off in the distance we could see their flashes, which

Against the horizon we could see numerous observation balloons or "sausages" as they are called.

On the afternoon of the third day's march I witnessed my first airplane being shelled. A thrill ran through me and I gazed in awe. The airplane was making wide circles in the air, while little puffs of white smoke were bursting all around it. These puffs appeared Uke tiny balls of cotton while after each burst could be heard a dull The sergeant of my platoon 'plop." informed us that it was a German airplane and I wondered how he could tell from such a distance because the plane seemed like a little black speck in the sky. I expressed my doubt as to whether it was English, French or German. With a look of contempt he further informed us that the allied antiaircraft shells when exploding emitted white smoke while the German shells gave forth black smoke, and, as he expressed it, "It must be an Allemand because our pom-poms are shelling, and I know our batteries are not off their bally nappers and are certainly not strafeing our own planes, and another plece of advice-don't chuck your weight about until you've been up the line and learnt something."

I immediately quit "chucking my weight about" from that time on. I kept on writing. Turning to me, in ! Just before reaching reserve billets

COMMUNICATION TRAVERSE 3 TO SET. IN WIDTH

Diagram Showing Typical Front-Line and Communication Trenches

we were marching along, laughing, and singing one of Tommy's trench ditties: I want to go home, I want to go home, I don't want to go to the trenches no

Where sausages and white-bangs are gr-

Take me over the sea. Where the Alla-mand can't get at me. Oh, my, I don't want to die, I want to go home—"

when overhead came a "swish" through the air, rapidly followed by three others. Then about two hundred yards to our left in a large field, four columns of black earth and smoke rose into the air, and the ground trembled from the report-the explosion of four German five-nine's, or "coalboxes." A sharp whistle blast, immediately followed by two short ones, rang out from the head of our column. This was to take up "artillery formation." We divided into small squads and went into the fields on the right and left of the road, and crouched on the ground. No other shells followed this salvo. It was our first baptism by shell fire. From the waist up I was all enthusiasm, but from there down, everything was missing. I thought I should die with fright.

After awhile, we reformed into colmns of fours, and proceeded on our

About five that night, we reached the ruined village of H-, and I got my first sight of the awful destruction caused by German Kultur.

Marching down the main street we came to the heart of the village, and took up quarters in shellproof cellars (shellproof until hit by a shell). Shells were constantly whistling over the village and bursting in our rear, searching for our artillery.

These cellars were cold, damp and smelly, and overrun with large ratsbig black fellows. Most of the Tommies slept with their overconts over their faces. I did not. In the middle of the night I woke up in terror. The cold, clammy feet of a rat had passed over my face. I immediately smothered myself in my overcoat, but could not sleep for the rest of that night.

Next evening, we took over our sector of the line. In single file we wended our way through a zigzag communication trench, six inches deep with mud. This trench was called 'Whisky street." On our way up to the front line an occasional flare of bursting shrapnel would light up the sky and we could hear the fragments slapping the ground above us on our right and left. Then a Fritz would traverse back and forth with his "typewriter" or machine gun. The bullets made a sharp cracking noise overhead.

The boy in front of me named Prentice crumpled up without a word. A piece of shell had gone through his shrapnel-proof helmet. I felt sick and

In about thirty minutes we reached the front line. It was dark as pitch. Every now and then a German star shell would pierce the blackness out in front with its slivery light. I was trembling all over, and felt very lonely and afraid. All orders were given in whispers. The company we relieved filed past us and disappeared into the blackness of the communication trench leading to the rear. As they passed us, they whispered, "The best o' luck mates.

I sat on the fire step of the trench with the rest of the men. In each traverse two of the older men had been put on guard with their heads sticking over the top, and with their eyes trying to pierce the blackness in "No Man's Land." In this trench there were only two dugouts, and these were used by Lewis and Vickers machine gunners, so it was the fire step for ours. Pretty soon it started to rain. We put on our "macks," but they were not much protection. The rain wickled down our backs, and it was not long before we were wet and cold. How I passed that night I will never know, but without any unusual occurrence, dawn arrived.

The word "stand down" was passed along the line, and the sentries got down off the fire step. Pretty soon the rum asue came along, and it was a Godsend. It warmed our chilled bodies and put new life into us. Then from the communication trenches came dixles or iron pots, filled with steaming tea, which had two wooden stakes through their handles, and were carried by two men. I filled my canteen and drank the hot ten without taking it from my lips. It was not long before I was asleep in the mud on the

My ambition had been attained! I was in a front-line trench on the western front, and oh, how I wished I were back in Jersey City.

Empey takes his first turn on the firing step of the trench while the machine gun bullets whiz over his head. He soon learns why Tommy has adopted the motto, "if you're going to get it, you'li get it, so never worry." Don't miss the next

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

No one can kill time in these strenuous days without also slaying his own opportunities.

STATE OF NEW MEXICO. NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. PUBLIC LAND SALE. GRANT COUNTY.

Office of the Commissioner of Public Lands, Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Notice is hereby given that, pursuant to the provisions of an act of Congress approved June 20th, 1919, the laws of the State of New Mexico, and rules and regulations of the State Land Office, the Commissioner of Public Lands will offer at public sale to the highest bidder at 2 o'clock p. m. on Thursday, April 25th, 1918, in the town of Bilver City, County of Grant, State of New Mexico, in front of the court house therein, the following described tracts of land, vis.

Sale No. 1930—N. & R. E. V. Sec. 24; E. V. Sec. 25, T. 18 S., R. 19 W.; Lots J. S. 4, Sec. 1, T. 15 S., R. 20 W.; S. W. V. Sec. 25; T. 16 S., R. 20 W.; S. W. Sec. 25; T. 16 S., R. 20 W.; S. W. Sec. 21; B. W. V. S. B. S. E. V., Sec. 23; all of Sec. 26, T. 17 S., R. 29 W.; Containing 2117.75 acres, aslected for the Santa Fé and Grant County Railroad Bond Fund. There are no improvements.

Sale No. 1931—W. W. N. E. V. W. M.

ments.
Sale No. 1091—W. 14 N. E. 14, W. 14, S. E. 14, Sec. 0; S. E. 14 N. E. 14, Sec. 20, T. 17 S. R. 11 W., containing 549.01 acres. There are no improvements.

S. E. & Sec. 8. E. & N. E. & Sec. 20, 7. 17 S. R. 11 W. containing 549.01 acres. There are no improvements.

Bale No. 1092—W. & N. E. & S. E. & Sec. 21, T. 18 S. R. 10 W. containing 240 acres. Improvements consist of house, well, windmill and fencing; value 3840.00.

Bale No. 1093—E. & S. E. & Sec. 17; S. E. & N. E. & Sec. 17; S. E. & N. E. & Sec. 19; N. E. & N. E

B. E. 14, Sec. 2, T. 20 S. R. 14 W., containing \$73.23 acres. There are no improvements.

Sale No. 1102—S. W. 14 N. E. 14, S. 14, S. 15, S. 15. S. R. 15 W., containing 360 acres. There are no improvements. Sale No. 1102—S. W. 15 S. W. 15, Sec. 21: W. 16 W. 16, Sec. 28: S. 16 S. 17, Sec. 29, T. 23 S., R. 18 W., containing 360 acres. There are no improvements. Sale No. 1104—N. W. 16, Sec. 12: all of Sections 14 and 15; W. 16, Sec. 21: all of Sections 14 and 15; W. 16, Sec. 21: T. 24 S., R. 14 W., containing 1760 acres. There are no improvements.

Sale No. 1106—E. 16, Sec. 11: S. 16, Sec. 12, T. 24 S., R. 20 W., containing 640 acres. The improvements consist of fencing, value \$360.00.

Sale No. 1106—All of Sec. 20, T. 24 S., R. 20 W., containing 640 acres. Improvements consist of houses, 2 wells, windmill, tank, corral, trees, fencing: value, \$1890.00.

Sale No. 1106A—N. E. 16, Sec. 15; N. 16, N. W. 16, Sec. 23, T. 24 S., R. 20 W., containing 240 acres. The improvements consist of house, value, \$250.00, Sale No. 1107—S. 16, Sec. 28, T. 27 S., R. 19 W., containing 220 acres. Improvements consist of fencing; value, \$150.00.

Sale No. 1108—S. W. 16, Sec. 4, T. 27 S., R. 19 W., containing 210 acres.

N. W. M. Sec. 22, 7, 24 S., R. 20
W. containing \$40 acres. The improved of the second second

on the annive mars of the date of the on the anniversary of the date of the contract next following the date of tender.

The sale of land selected for the santa Fe and Grant County Railroad Hond Fund will be subject to the above terms and conditions except that the successful bidder must pay in cash or certified exchange at the time of sale one-tenth of the purchase price offered by him for the land, four percent interest in advance for the balance of such purchase price, and will be required to execute a contract providing for the payment of the balance of such purchase price in thirty equal annual installments with interest on all deferred payments at the rate of four per cent per annum in advance, payments and interest due on Outober lat of each year.

The above sale of land will be subject to valid existing rights, easements, rights of way and reservations.

The Commissioner of Public Lands or his agent holding such sale reserves the right to reject any and sile bids offered at said sale.

Possession under contracts of sale for the above described tracts will be given on or before October lat, 1218.

Witness my hand and the official seal of the State of New Mexico, this last day of February, 1218.

Commissioner of Public Lands of the State of New Mexico, this last day of February, 1218.

Commissioner of Public Lands of the State of New Mexico, this last day of February 1218.

Save Pennies-**Waste Dollars**

Some users of printing save pennies by get-ting inferior work and lose dollars through lack of advertising value in the work they get. Printers as a rule charge very reasonable prices, for none of them get rich although nearly all of them work hard. Moral: Give your printing to a good printer and save money.

Our Printing Is Unexcelled

A FARMER carrying an a big mail-order house was a big mail-order house was accosted by a local dealer.

"Why didn't you buy that bill of goods from me? I could have saved you the express, and bestdes you would have been putroutsing a home store, which helps pay the taxes and builds up this locality."

The farmer looked at the merchant a moment and then said:

"Why den't you patrouts your "Why dan't you patrentse your home paper and advertise? I read it and didn't know that you had the stuff I have here."

MORAL—ADVERTISE

So the People

that you are in business, come in and let us show what we can do for you in the way of attractive cards and letter heads. Good printing of all kinds is our specialty and if we cannot satisfy you we don't want your business.

> That's Fair. Isn't It?

JAS been responsible for thousands of business successes throughout the country. Everybody in town may know you but they don't know what you have to sell.

Advertising Will Help You

We Want You

to keep in mind the fact that in addition to printing this newspaper we do job work of any kind. When in need of anything in this line be sure

To See Us