

PORTALES HERALD-TIMES

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF ROOSEVELT COUNTY, NEW MEXICO

Volume Twelve

PORTALES, NEW MEXICO, THURSDAY, DECEMBER, 17, 1914.

Number 52

VALLEY FARMERS DIVERSIFY

Peanuts Profitable Crop And Grown With Great Success

BEST SEED SHOULD BE SELECTED

Hay Fine Feed For Stock and Hogs and Fed to Great Advantage

We believe the farmers who would succeed in a large way, in this section must diversify. This is necessary because should one crop fail he has others to fall back upon. Then again, should the market be slow for certain crops, perhaps it will be good for another.

More and more it is being demonstrated that a very large variety of crops can be successfully grown in the Portales Valley and in this section. Hence there is no plausible reason for not diversifying here. This, we believe, most of the farmers are doing and they are meeting with gratifying success.

One of these men, is W. E. Brown. Mr. Brown came here from Colorado where he had made a success at farming. He has experimented with several different crops in the Portales Valley with good success. It is interesting and profitable to talk with him, because he is a man who thinks mixtures brains with muscles. Mr. Brown grows a small patch of peanuts this year, and is pleased with results. He is selling the peanuts for \$2.00 per bushel. It is his opinion that 75 bushels can be grown to the acre here. This crop requires but little, by no means, irrigation. Mr. Brown regards it as a very certain crop, so much so, that he said, "Were I to farm here next year, this would be one of my main crops."

"How would you advise planting peanuts?" we asked. "This being my first year to grow peanuts, I hardly like offering any suggestions as to how to grow them," said he. "However, I planted on ridges, this year, while they did well. I think they would have yielded more had I planted in furrows. I would list up the ridges, then drag this down to plant in the furrows. In this way the soil can be drawn to the ridges, and, I am confident the yield would be greater. I grew the Tennessee Red Peanuts this year, and they have proven satisfactory."

Another thing that Mr. Brown said worth remembering. That is, be careful in the selection of seed. This is true with reference to any crop. The yield of most crops could be materially increased by selecting good seed. Said Mr. Brown, "I experimented this year. I planted a few from pods that contained but one nut. The balance was planted from pods that contained from two to six, or more nuts. The pods of this part were much fuller, and consequently, the yield much larger." Figuring peanuts as a crop, it should be remembered that, in addition to nuts, the hay is relished by the hogs, and, is extra good as feed.

ANNOUNCEMENT

It is the means of saying to the people of Roosevelt and adjoining counties, that I have accepted the position of pastor-evangelist of the Clovis Baptist Church, with headquarters at Portales, New Mexico. I am working under the auspices of the New Mexico, West Texas and Texas Missionary Association. I will visit, as soon as possible every county of these counties and hold a conference of two at least. I would be glad to hear from you and to be of service to your community.

J. H. SHEPARD.

PASTOR-EVANGELIST

J. H. Shepard has been asked to take the position of pastor-evangelist for the Clovis District by the New Mexico West Texas Christian Missionary Association. We understand that he has accepted the position and is already at work in that line.

OPERETA, THE BEST EVER.

The Opereta "Bulbul" given last Friday night at the Cozy Theatre under the auspices of the Music Department of the Woman's Club, was the best musical production ever presented in Portales either by home talent or professional players. The house was filled to its capacity and the players held the undivided attention of the house throughout the play.

The stage during the first act presented a realistic garden scene. The back ground was especially designed by Captain T. J. Molinari and added greatly to the scenic effect.

The entire personnel presented their parts credibly. The principals appeared upon the stage with an ease which would only be expected of professionals. Mr. G. L. Beatty, lamit, "The Mild Mannered Monarch" had the regal air and dignity characteristic of one in his position. Mrs. J. F. Garmany, however, with her loving charm and courtly coquetry prevailed upon lamit to change her station in life from that of Court Chaperon to "His Majesty's Queen." Mrs. Hatcher as Princess Bulbul and Dr. L. R. Hough playing the part of Prince Caspian received repeated applause. Mrs. Hatcher has appeared at various times before Portales audiences and her wonderful voice and sympathetic interpretation of her score, are always greatly enjoyed by her many friends. Dr. Hough who possesses a tenor voice of unusual volume and range was at his best throughout the production. Much credit must be given the Prince and Princess for the success of the entire Opereta. Mrs. S. D. Beaver as Lilla, "A friend of the Princess" was the embodiment of ease, charm, grace and vivacity upon the stage. Mr. E. R. Smith, a friend of Prince Caspian, was especially entertaining in his presentation of the part of a young Court attendant and in his affectionate devotion to Lilla. Fred, F. B. Timmons, "Tobias" Keeper of the Royal Spectacles and Mr. S. G. Bridges, "Justo" Keeper of the Royal Cash Box were perfectly at home as servants of "His Majesty."

The Chorus composed of Misses Nola Keon, Myrtle Moore, Irene Molinari, Madames Roy Connolly, Hough, and Nixon; Messrs. Temple Molinari, Charles Henesje, Bryan J. Moore, and L. L. Brown, assisted by the Girls' Glee Club of Portales, were very instrumental in making the play such a marked success. They showed careful training and unusual ability in the difficult numbers which they rendered.

Although the work of those above mentioned could not have been dispensed with, the ultimate success must be accredited to the untiring efforts and earnest supervision of Mrs. S. E. Ward, who is well known to all the music lovers of Portales. It was only under the direction of one of her ability and musical training that an Opereta of this character could have been so successfully presented.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE MEETING.

The domestic science department stored another success in the splendid meeting last week with Mrs. Carr. No meeting has been so full of valuable help for the cook as this one. By diagrams and cuts of meat Mrs. Lisle showed the various steaks, roasts etc., into which the calf is divided and aided by others, explained methods of cooking that would convert low priced meat into food as good as expensive cuts. By charts and demonstrations Mrs. Carr showed the food value of eggs and proper methods of cooking cream cabbage and soup were prepared, and served, recipes of which will be given later.

OUR UP-TO-DATE JEWELRY STORE

Messrs. Whitcomb and Larrabee, proprietors of the Kandy Kitchen recently bought the Orlofsky stock of jewelry at Clovis have the most complete line of jewelry that has ever been offered in Portales.

They have bought this stock of jewelry at such a price that they are offering it for sale at prices that cannot be beaten anywhere in the country. Mr. Whitcomb is an expert in his line, a man of many years successful experience in the jewelry business, and does engraving free on all goods sold by him.

RESULTS OF SUDAN SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES

Most Remarkable Dry Forage Crop Ever Known, Everywhere it Spells Great Success

NATIONS FUTURE PROSPERITY DEPENDS UPON PRODUCT OF PASTURES

A Dependable Crop Which Stock Eat Readily in Preference to Others, Makes Fine Ensilage

"It has been well said 'No Nation is greater than her grasses,' for agriculturally speaking, her future prosperity depends upon the products of her pastures."

The world has never produced enough hay. Hay products heretofore grown have been adjusted to certain local territory.

Hay crops grown successfully in one section of the country cannot be grown in another section.

Sudan grass, one of the most remarkable forage crops known, is adapted to all localities of our country. It has been tested in the United States and State Experiment Stations in different sections of the country. The verdict is unanimous. Everywhere it spells success. In the black land belts, the clay formations, or on sandy loam, it seems to grow whether the rainfall is ample or limited. It is the greatest drought-resisting forage crop grown and it does not blight under ample rainfall.

The U. S. Department of Agriculture obtained 1 1/2 pounds of Sudan seed from the Sudan government at Kartoum, on March 16th, 1909, and planted it at the forage crop field station, Chillicothe, Texas. Its growth was so wonderful, that they immediately began to give it a thorough test in practically every state in the United States, and in 1912 it was put before the public as the most wonderful forage crop this country has ever known.

It is a tall annual grass, and under normal conditions, ranges in height from six to ten feet. The stems are small and somewhat more leafy than Johnson grass, which it most nearly resembles, though it is entirely different from Johnson grass. Like the Sorghum crops it must be planted each spring and dies when the first frost comes. The number of cuttings each season depends, therefore, upon the length of the seasons. It usually matures ninety days from planting, and the second crop is ready for harvesting within thirty days from the first cutting.

Its feeding value marks it easily as one of the dependable crops for the farm. Stock of all kind eat it readily and will leave any other kind of hay to eat it. It makes a splendid silo crop. In arid districts it is usually planted in rows thirty-six inches apart. This requires one to two pounds of

seed to the acre. Sown broadcast where the rainfall is ample requires from six to twenty pounds to the acre.

Sudan grass has come to be recognized as a crop of real merit wherever grown. Mr. H. N. Vinall of the United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., has just returned from a tour of inspection of the Sudan fields, of New Mexico and Texas, and pronounces them to be the finest he has seen anywhere in the United States. The grass this year (1914) stands from seven to ten feet in height and is well matured. It is grown without irrigation. The seed retails at one dollar (\$1.00) per pound. The demand will greatly exceed the supply. Last year (1913) the price of the seed rose as high as \$5.00 per pound.

Results Speak For Themselves. As demonstrating the wide range of adaptability of Sudan grass to various climates and soils we append extracts from letters in our files from parties to whom small samples of seed were sent last spring: "Mr. W. F. Duncan, Tasso, Tenn.: 'Last spring you sent me a sample (of seed) which I sowed May 15th. It is as high as my head now and growing fine. I shall want to buy a lot of seed for next spring planting. Several of my neighbors want seed for spring sowing.'"

Mr. C. F. French, Olmeca, Calif.: "I planted this seed at least a month late, but it is four and one-half feet high and will yield a nice lot of seed and the settlers here are very much pleased with its appearance and growth. I want to know how much seed I can place an order for this fall. I am convinced that it will be a big success in this hot, dry climate." Mr. Geo. F. Hart, Sandy Hook, Miss.: "I gave the Sudan grass very little attention and had the luck to have the hogs break in and eat it down twice and now it is over seven feet high. As to its growth and its resistance to drought, I am sure it has had a good test, and has proven O. K." Mr. C. E. Jones, Carysbrook, Va.: "Please file my order for twenty pounds. Sudan grass is now four to seven feet high, sixty-two days from seeding. It passed through a three weeks drought just after seeding and some of the seed did not come up until the end of the drought." (Continued next week.)

DR. REID MAKES EXCELLENT SHOWING.

Dr. J. L. Reid's, prize winning chickens, raised by him on the Red Feather farm, west of Portales, made an excellent showing at the exhibit held by the Panhandle Poultry Association, at Amarillo, recently.

They received considerable boost in the Amarillo papers which refer to them as "The Champions of New Mexico" and comments on the excellent showing they made against birds which cost the owners as high as \$100. There were exhibits there from Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas and New Mexico.

The following prizes were taken: single comb, Rhode Island Reds, second hen, third cockrel, and fourth pen, Black Minorcas, second cock.

A PROSPEROUS COUNTY.

Senator William M. McCoy, of Torrance county, traveling salesman for a wholesale mercantile house left Sunday for Roswell after calling on the trade in the different parts of the county.

The Senator was very loud in his praises of the advancement our county is making and the prosperity of our farmers. He was amazed at the great increase in the number of cattle and hogs, their fine condition, and the grain that has been raised to feed them.

The country stores have increased their stock and are doing a bigger business. Surely Roosevelt county is booming and it is due to a great measure to the increase in cattle, dairying and hog raising.

Probate Clerk

Filed the 18 day of Dec 1914 at 11 o'clock A.M. and recorded in Book

Page
L. J. Mitchell
By J. J. Mitchell
Seymour

SCHOOL NOTES.

In the contest of the High School grades for a fourth-day holiday, the Sophomores won the honor of being the model class in application and deportment.

Portales won many compliments and some honors in the Oratorical and Declamatory contest with Clovis last Saturday night. Miss Edith Reagan won first place, Miss Hallie Mitchell third and Miss Helen Lindsey fourth. The contestants were accompanied by some of the teachers and students. They all report a most enjoyable time. Mr. Baker, president of Silver City Normal University and Mrs. Arnold of the Tyler, Texas Business College favored the High School with a very interesting talk Monday morning.

Mrs. King was a visitor Tuesday morning in the interest of an entertainment which is to be given next Friday night.

The Periclean Literary Society of the High School will give their next program on Wednesday before Xmas. Everyone cordially invited to come.

HONOR ROLL.

FIRST GRADE.

Pernice Lawrence, R. D. Crow, William Thompson, Durward Jones, Perle Ferguson, Lela Mai Freeman, Louise Trout, Lois Trout, Cecil Cave, John Fairly, Jr., Berie Moore, Minnie Munsinger, Johnie Allison, Lois Cave, Irene Oates, Clovis Garrett.

SECOND GRADE.

Nettie Lee Allison, Beatrice Crow, Maxine Dameron, Mildred Merrill, Wetmar Norris, Marjorie Pearce, Cecile Wilcoxon, Inman Freeman, Graydon Hough, Fremont Harris, Guy Norton, Dudley Pitts, R. L. Pukett, John Wyly, J. E. Darsell.

THIRD GRADE.

Lacie Wood, Ruth Duncan, Kathryne Kenady, Bettie Stephenson, Duell Price, Jack Hopper, Vera Bell, Elsie Murrell.

FOURTH GRADE.

Ruffin Sledge, Jim Jones, Ralph Warrick, Carol Pitts, Ruth Watson, Jasmine Fairly, Hershel Boucher, Dorothy Ham, Carry Lynn Daws, Madge Shepard, Roma Stone, Claud Wood, Kenneth Bell, Horace Brown, Howard Kenady.

SHAKESPEARE MEETING

The last regular meeting for the study of King Lear was held Wednesday. The program was fine and the interest in the study so great that it was decided to meet January 8th for reading, each member assuming a character of the play. MRS. LONG, Chr.

BAPTIST NOTES

On Wednesday evening of last week, B. B. Crimm delivered a very tender sermon to an audience of his warmest friends, and most ardent admirers. Bro. Crimm and Cumber have just completed a very successful year of evangelism in our Sunshine State.

Crim has greatly impressed every community into which he has gone with his sterling rugged manhood and leaves us for a fine work in Texas. Our prayers will follow him and his good singer Cumber.

Our Sunday School services continue to gain in enthusiasm. Subject 11 o'clock next Sunday: "Thy Seeking and Pursuance of Peace." For the evening: "The Early Home and Education of Jesus."

Strangers and visitors will find a welcome in our church. Yours for the best of our town.

W. E. DAWN, Pastor.

METHODIST CHURCH.

We had good services at the Methodist Church last Sunday. Last but not the least the Male Quartette gave us two soul inspiring numbers at night. Come hear them sing again next Sunday night. You also have a cordial invitation to our Sabbath school which convenes at 10 a. m. and the morning preaching service 11 a. m.

In the morning we will preach a Christmas sermon and the music will be in line with the sermon.

STEPHENSON BUYS CATTLE

Three Hundred Fine Coming Two-Year Old Steers From W. E. Roberts

BANKERS BOOST CATTLE BUSINESS

Conditions Have Changed, Better Cattle and More of Them

One of the biggest cattle deals in Roosevelt county was consummated early this week when J. R. Stephenson bought 300 coming two year old steers from W. E. Roberts in Chavez county near Redland.

These steers have been put on the Stephenson ranch which is admirably situated about 12 miles east of Portales in the sand hills between black-water draw and the Portales Valley. "The grass is good on my range," said Mr. Stephenson, "and I will have no trouble carrying this herd through until new grass comes in the spring." "They are the best non-registered herd of young stuff that I have been able to find in this country."

John Stephenson is a cow man of many years experience and one never finds on his place anything but the best stuff. In the fall he shipped nearly 400 head to market. On his place is sufficient range for at least 500 head and by spring he proposes to have that many.

Our bankers, W. O. Oldham and G. M. Williamson, must be given much credit for part they have taken in boosting the cattle business in this county. They organized the Williamson-Oldham Cattle Co., for the purpose of bringing good live stock into this county and selling them to the stock farmers.

Conditions have changed greatly here during the past few years in the dry farming parts of this county. A few years ago our farmers expanded their energy to raise feed and hay to market. Now they have quit what they cannot feed.

Each year sees an improvement in the grade of stock in this county. It is not possible for all of our stockfarmers to have herds so large as the subject of this sketch but they all have some cattle. Most of them have cattle and the ones who have not, see the profits the others are making and are working in that direction. Our cattlemen and stock farmers have learned that the profits from good stock are greater than from just ordinary ones and are breeding up their herds.

CUPID GETS BUSY AT TAIBAN.

Deputy county clerk Guy F. Mitchell, on Monday, issued marriage licenses to the following: William Elliott Canton, and Miss Willie Mae Culbertson, Taiban; James K. Polk Jones, Canton and Miss Sarah Ethel Monroe, Taiban.

While the residence of these young ladies appear on the records as Taiban, they are really two of our most popular Portales girls. Miss Willie Mae Culbertson, is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Culbertson and is a teacher in the Taiban school. Miss Ethel Monroe is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Monroe and has been teaching music at Taiban.

WATKINS-CAPPS.

Herbert Watkins and Miss Katie Capps of Carter were married by Probate Judge J. C. Compton, here Wednesday afternoon. Mr. Watkins is a son of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Watkins and Miss Capps is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Capps, two of the most highly respected families in the southern part of the county.

This young couple have always taken an active part in the social affairs of their community and are prominent there. The Herald-Times extends congratulations and wishes them a happy and prosperous journey through life.

The Million Dollar Mystery

By HAROLD MAC GRATH

Illustrated from Scenes in the Photo Drama of the Same Name by the Thalhouser Film Company

SYNOPSIS.

Stanley Hargrave, millionaire, after a miraculous escape from the den of the gang of brilliant thieves known as the Black Hundred, lives the life of a recluse for eighteen years. Hargrave one night enters a Broadway restaurant and there comes face to face with the king's leader, Braine. After the meeting, during which Hargrave hurries to his magnificent Riverside home and lays plans for making his escape from the country. He writes a letter to the girls school in New Jersey where eighteen years before he had mysteriously left on the dorevett his baby daughter, Florence Grey. He also pays a visit to the hangar of a daredevil aviator, Braine and members of his band surround Hargrave's home at night, but as they enter the house the watchers outside see a balloon leave the roof. The safe is found empty. The million which Hargrave was known to have drawn that day was gone. Then some one announced the balloon had been punctured and dropped into the sea. Florence arrives from the girls' school. Princess Olga, Braine's companion, visits her and claims to be a relative. Two bogus detectives call but their plot is foiled by Norton, a newspaper man. By bribing the captain of the Orient Norton lays a trap for Braine and his gang. Princess Olga also visits the Orient's captain and she easily falls into the reporter's snare. The plan proves abortive through Braine's good luck and only hirings fall into the hands of the police.

CHAPTER IV—Continued.

"If you want my opinion," said Norton, "I believe the gunmen were out to shoot up another gang, and the police got wind of it."

"Don't you think it about time the police called a halt in this gunman matter?"

"Oh, so long as they pot each other the police look the other way. It saves a long trial and passage up the river. Besides, whenever they are nabbed some big politician manages to open the door for them. Great is the American voter."

"Take Mr. Norton's order, Luigi," said Braine.

"A German pancake, buttered toast and coffee," ordered the reporter.

"Man, eat something."

"It's enough for me."

"And you'll go all the rest of the day on tobacco. I know something of your chaps. I don't see how you manage to do it."

"Food is the least of our troubles. By the way, may I ask you a few questions? Nothing for print, unless you've got a new book coming."

"Fire away."

"What do you know about the Princess Perigoff?"

"Let me see. Hm. Met her first about a year ago at a reception given to Nasimova. A very attractive woman. I see quite a lot of her. Why?"

"Well, she claims to be the sort of aunt to Hargrave's daughter."

"She said something to me about that the other night. You never know where you're at in this world, do you?"

The German pancake, the toast, the coffee disappeared, and the reporter passed his cigars.

"The president visits town today and I'm off to watch the show. I suppose I'll have to interview him about the tariff and all that rot. When you start on a new book let me know and I'll be your press agent."

"That's a bargain."

"Thanks for the breakfast."

Braine picked up his newspaper, smoked and read. He smoked, yes, but he only pretended to read. The young fool was clever, but no man is infallible. He had not the least suspicion, he saw only the newspaper story. Still, in some manner he might stumble upon the truth, and it would be just as well to tie the reporter's hands effectually.

The rancor of early morning had been subdued, anger and quick temper never paid in the long run, and no one appreciated this fact better than Braine. To put Norton out of the way temporarily was only a wise precaution; it was not a matter of spite or reprisal.

He paid the reckoning, left the restaurant, and dropped into one of his clubs for a game of billiards. He drew quite a gallery about the table. He won easily, racked his cue and sought the apartments of the princess.

What a piece of luck it was that Olga had really married that old dotard, Perigoff! He had left her a titled widow six months after her marriage. But she had had hardly a kopeck to call her own.

"Olga, Hargrave is alive. He was there last night. But somehow he anticipated the raid and had the police in waiting. The question is, has he fooled us? Did he take that million or did he hide it? There is one thing left—to get that girl. No matter where Hargrave is hidden, the knowledge that she is in my hands will bring him out into the open."

"No more blind alleys."

"What's on your mind?"

"She has never seen her father. She confessed to me that she has not even seen a photograph of him."

There was a long pause.

"Do you understand me?" she asked.

"By the Lord Harry, I do! You've a head on you worth two of mine. The very simplicity of the idea will win for us. Some one to pose as her father; a message handed to her

in secret; dire misfortune if she whispers a word to anyone; that her father's life hangs upon the secrecy; she must confide in no one, least of all Jones, the butler. It all depends upon how the letter gets to her. Bred in the country, she probably sleeps with her window open. A pebble attached to a note, tossed into the window. I'll trust this to no one; I'll do it myself. With the girl in our control the rest will be easy. If she really does not know where the money is Hargrave will tell us. Great head, little woman, great head. She does not know her father's handwriting."

"She has never seen a scrap of it. All that Miss Farlow ever received was money. The original note left on the doorstep with Florence has been lost. Trust me to make all these inquiries."

"Tomorrow night, then, immediately after dinner, a taxicab will await her just around the corner. Grange is the best man I can think of. He's an artist when it comes to playing the old man parts."

"Not too old, remember. Hargrave isn't over forty-five."

"Another good point. I'm going to stretch out here on the divan and snooze for a while. Had a devil of a time last night."

"When shall I wake you?"

"At six. We'll have an early dinner sent in. I want to keep out of everybody's way. Hy-by!"

In less than three minutes he was sound asleep. The woman gazed down at him in wonder and envy. If only she could drop to sleep like that. Very softly she pressed her lips to his hair.

At eleven o'clock the following night the hall light in the Hargrave house was turned off and the whole interior became dark. A shadow crept through the lilac bushes without any more sound than a cat would have made. Florence's window was open, as the arch-conspirator had expected it would be. With a small string and stone as a sling he sent the letter whirling skillfully through the air. It sailed into the girl's room. The man below heard no sound of the stone hitting anything and concluded that it had struck the bed.

He waited patiently. Presently a wavering light could be distinguished over the sill of the window. The girl was awake and had lit the candle. This knowledge was sufficient for his need. The tragic letter would do the rest, that is, if the girl came from the same pattern as her father and mother—strong willed and adventurous.

He tiptoed back to the lilacs, when a noise sent him close to the ground. Half a dozen feet away he saw a shadow creeping along toward the front door. Presently the shadow stood up as if listening. He stooped again and ran lightly to the steps, up these to the door, which he hugged.

Who was this? wondered Braine. Patiently he waited, arranging his posture so that he could keep a lookout at the door. By and by the door opened cautiously. A man holding a candle appeared. Braine vaguely recognized Olga's description of the butler. The man on the veranda suddenly blew out the light.

Braine could hear the low murmur of voices, but nothing more. The conversation lasted scarcely a minute. The door closed and the man ran down the steps, across the lawn, with Braine close at his heels.

"Just a moment, Mr. Hargrave," he called ironically. "Just a moment!"

The man he addressed as Hargrave turned with lightning rapidity and struck. The blow caught Braine above the ear, knocking him flat. When he regained his feet the rumble of a motor told him the rest of the story.

By the dim light of her bedroom candle Florence read the note which had found entrance so strangely and mysteriously into her room. Her father! He lived, he needed her! Alive but in dread peril, and only she could save him! She longed to fly to him at once, then and there. How could she wait till tomorrow night at eight? Immediately she began to plan how to circumvent the watchful Jones and the careful Susan. Her father! She slept no more that night.

"My Darling Daughter: I must see you. Come at eight o'clock tomorrow night to 78 Grove street, third floor. Confide in no one, or you seal my death warrant."

"Your unhappy FATHER."

What child would refuse to obey a summons like this?

A light tap on the door started her. "Is anything the matter?" asked the mild voice of Jones.

"No. I got up to get a drink of water."

She heard his footsteps die away down the corridor. She thrust the letter into the pocket of her dress, which lay neatly folded on the chair at the foot of the bed, then climbed back into the bed itself. She must not tell even Mr. Norton.

Was the child spinning a romance

over the first young man she had ever met? In her heart of hearts the girl did not know.

Her father!

It was all so terribly and tragically simple, to match a woman's mind against that of a child. Both Norton and the sober Jones had explicitly warned her never to go anywhere, receive telephone calls or letters, without first consulting one or the other of them. And now she had planned to deceive them, with all the cunning of her sex.

The next morning at breakfast there was nothing unusual either in her appearance or manners. Under the shrewd scrutiny of Jones she was just her everyday self, a fine bit of acting for one who had yet to see the stage. But it is born in woman to act, as it is born in man to fight, and Florence was no exception to the rule.

She was going to save her father.

She read with Susan, played the piano, sewed a little, hummed and did a thousand and one things young girls do when they have the deception of their elders in view.

All day long Jones went about like an old hound with his nose to the wind. There was something in the air, but he could not tell what it was. Somehow or other, no matter which room Florence went into, there was Jones within earshot. And she dared not show the least impatience or restiveness. It was a large order for so young a girl, but she filled it.

She rather expected that the reporter would appear some time during the afternoon, and sure enough he did. He could no more resist the desire to see and talk to her than he could resist breathing. There was no use denying it; the world had suddenly turned at a new angle, presenting a new face, a roseate vision. It rather subdued his easy banter.

"What news?" she asked.

"None," rather despondingly. "I'm sorry. I had hoped by this time to get somewhere. But it happens that I can't get any further than this house."

She did not ask him what he meant by that.

"Shall I play something for you?" she said.

"Please."

He drew a chair beside the piano and watched her fingers, white as the ivory keys, flutter up and down the board. She played Chopin for him, Mendelssohn, Grieg and Chaminade; and she played them in a surprisingly scholarly fashion. He had expected the usual schoolgirl choice and execution. "Titanic," the "Moonlight Sonata" (which not half a dozen great pianists have ever played correctly), "Monastery Bells," and the like. He had prepared to make a martyr of himself; instead, he was distinctly and delightfully entertained.

"You don't," he said whimsically, when she finally stopped, "you don't, by any chance, know 'The Maiden's Prayer'?"

She laughed. This piece was a standing joke at school.

"I have never played it. It may, however, be in the music cabinet. Would you like to hear it?" mischievously.

"Heaven forbid!" he murmured, raising his hands.

All the while the letter burned against her heart, and the smile on her face and the gayety on her tongue were forced. "Confide in no one," she

set fire to the house. When he returned, having, of course, discovered no fire, he found Florence gone. He rushed into the hall. Her hat was missing. He made for the hall door with a speed which seemed incredible to the bewildered Susan's eyes. Out into the street, up and down which he looked. Far away he discovered a dwindling taxicab. The child was gone.

In the house Susan was answering the telephone, talking incoherently.

"Who is it?" Jones whispered, his lips white and dry.

"The princess. . . ." began Susan. He took the receiver from her roughly.

"Hello, who is it?"

"This is Olga Perigoff. Is Florence there?"

"No, madam. She has just stepped out for a moment. Shall I tell her to call you when she returns?"

"Yes, please. I want her and Susan and Mr. Norton to come to tea tomorrow. Good-by."

Jones hung up the receiver, sank into a chair near by and buried his face in his hands.

"What is it?" cried Susan, terrified by the haggardness of his face.

"She's gone! My God, those wretches have got her! They've got her!"

Florence was whirled away at top speed. Her father! She was actually on the way to her father, whom she had always loved in dreams, yet never seen.

Number 78 Grove street was not an attractive place, but when she arrived she was too highly keyed to take note of its sordidness. She was rather out of breath when she reached the door of the third flat. She knocked timidly. The door was instantly opened by a man who wore a black mask. She would have turned then and there and flown but for the swift picture she had of a well-dressed man at a table. He lay with his head upon his arms.

"Father!" she whispered.

The man raised his careworn face, so very well done that only the closest scrutiny would have betrayed the paste of the theater. He arose and staggered toward her with outstretched arms. But the moment they closed about her Florence experienced a peculiar shiver.

"My child!" murmured the broken man. "They caught me when I was about to come to you. I have given up the fight." A sob choked him.

What was it? wondered the child, her heart burning with the misery of the thought that she was sad instead of glad. Over his shoulder she sent a glance about the room. There was a sofa, a table, some chairs and an enormous clock, the face of which was dented and the hands hopelessly tangled. Why, at such a moment, she should note such details disturbed her. Then she chanced to look into the cracked mirror. In it she saw several faces, all masked. These men were peering at her through the half-closed door behind her.

"You must return home and bring me the money," went on the wretch who dared to perpetrate such a mockery. "It is all that stands between me and death."

Then she knew! The insistent daily warnings came home to her. She understood now. She had deliberately walked into the spider's net. But instead of terror an extraordinary calm fell upon her.

"Very well, father, I will go and get it." Gently she released herself from those horrible arms.

"Wait, my child, till I see if they will let you go. They may wish to hold you as hostage."

When he was gone she tried the doors. They were locked. Then she crossed over to the window and looked out. A leap from there would kill her. She turned her gaze toward the lamp, wondering.

The false father returned, dejectedly.

"It is as I said. They insist upon sending some one. Write down the directions I gave to you. I am very weak."

Write down the directions yourself, father, you know them better than I! Since she saw no escape, she was determined to keep up the tragic farce no longer.

"I am not your father."

"So I see," she replied, still with the amazing calm.

Braine, in the other room, shook his head savagely. Father and daughter; the same steel in the nerves. Could they bend her? Would they break her? He did not wish to injure her bodily, but a million was always a million, and there was revenge which was worth more to him than the money itself. He listened, motioning to the others to be silent.

"Write the directions," commanded the scoundrel, who discarded the broken man's style.

"I know of no hidden money."

"Then your father dies this night. Grange put a whistle to his lips. "Sign, write!"

"I refuse!"

"Once more. The moment I blow this whistle the men in the other room will understand that your father is to die. Be wise. Money is nothing—life is everything."

"I refuse!" Even as she had known this vile creature to be an impostor so she knew that he lied, that her father was still free.

Grange blew the whistle. Instantly the room became filled with masked men. But Florence was ready. She seized the lamp and hurled it to the floor, quite indifferent whether it exploded or went out. Happily for her, it was extinguished. At the same moment she cast the lamp she caught hold of a chair, remembering the direction of the window. She was su-

perhumanly strong in this moment. The chair went true. A crash followed.

"She has thrown herself out of the window!" yelled a voice.

Some one groped for the lamp, lit it, and turned in time to see Florence pass out of the room into that from which they had come. The door slammed. The surprised men heard the key click.

She was free. But she was no longer a child.

CHAPTER V.

The Problem of the Sealed Box.

"Gone!"

Jones kept saying to himself that he must strive to be calm, to think, think. Despite all his warnings, the warnings of Norton, she had tricked them and run away. It was maddening. He wanted to rave, tear his hair, break things. He tramped the hall. It would be wasting time to send for the police. They would only putter about fruitlessly. The Black Hundred knew how to arrange these abductions.

How had they succeeded in doing it? No one had entered the house that day without his being present. There had been no telephone call he had not heard the gist of, nor any letters he had not first glanced over. How had they done it? Suddenly into his mind flashed the remembrance of the candlelight under Florence's door the night before. In a dozen bounds he was in her room, searching drawers, paper boxes, baskets. He found nothing. He returned in despair to Susan, who, during all this turmoil, had sat as if frozen in her chair.

"Speak!" he cried. "For God's sake, say something, think something! Those devils are likely to torture her, hurt her!"

He leaned against the wall, his head on his arm.

When he turned again he was calm. He walked with bent head toward the door, opened it and stood upon the threshold for a space. Across the street a shadow stirred, but Jones did not see it. His gaze was attracted by something which shone dimly white on the walk just beyond the steps. He ran to it. A crumpled letter, undressed. He carried it back to the house, smoothed it out and read its contents. Florence in her haste had dropped the letter.

He clutched at his hat, put it on and ran to Susan.

"Here!" he cried, holding out an automatic. "If anyone comes in that you don't know, shoot! Don't ask questions, shoot!"

"I'm afraid!" she breathed with difficulty.

"Afraid!" he roared at her. He put the weapon in her hand. It slipped

and thudded to the floor. He stooped for it and slammed it into her lap.

"You love your life and honor. You'll know how to shoot when the time comes. Now, attend to me. If I'm not back here by ten o'clock, turn this note over to the police. If you can't do that, then God help us all!" And with that he ran from the house.

Susan eyed the revolver with growing terror. For what had she left the peace and quiet of Miss Farlow's, assassination, robbery, thieves and kidnapers? She wanted to shriek, but her throat was as dry as paper. Gingly she touched the pistol. The cold steel sent a thrill of fear over her. He hadn't told her how to shoot it!

Two blocks down the street, up an alley, was the garage wherein Hargrave had been wont to keep his car. Toward this Jones ran with the speed of a track athlete. There might be half a dozen taxicabs about, but he would not run the risk of engaging any one of them. The Black Hundred was capable of anticipating his every movement.

The shadow across the street stood undecided. At length he concluded to give Jones ten minutes in which to return. If he did not return within that time, the watcher would go up to the drug store and telephone for instructions.

But Jones did not come back.

"Where's Howard?" he demanded.

"Howard, Jones, what's up?"

"Howard, get that car out at once."

"Out she comes. Wait till I give her radiator a bucket of water. Gee!" whispered Howard, whom Hargrave often used as his chauffeur, "get on to his nibs! First time I ever saw him awake. I wonder what's doing? You never know what's back of those mummy-faced headwaiters. . . . All right, Jones!"

She tried the doors. They Were Locked.

repeated mentally, "or you seal my death warrant."

"Why do you shake your head like that?" he asked.

"Did I shake my head?" Her heart fluttered wildly. "I was not conscious of it."

"Are you going to keep your promise?"

"What promise?"

"Never to leave this house without Jones or myself being with you."

"I couldn't if I wanted to. I'll wager Jones is out there in the hall this minute. I know; it is all for my sake. But it bothers me."

Jones was indeed in the hall, and when he sensed the petulance in her voice his shoulders sank despondently and he sighed deeply if silently.

At a quarter to eight Florence, being alone for a minute, set fire to a veil and stuffed it down the register.

"Jones," she called excitedly, "I smell something burning!"

Jones dashed into the room, sniffed, and dashed out again, heading for the cellar door. His first thought was naturally that the devils incarnate had



She Has Thrown Herself Out of the Window!

and thudded to the floor. He stooped for it and slammed it into her lap.

"You love your life and honor. You'll know how to shoot when the time comes. Now, attend to me. If I'm not back here by ten o'clock, turn this note over to the police. If you can't do that, then God help us all!" And with that he ran from the house.

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FACTORY

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wrong! Forgive me."

Unconsciously the arm

her drew her closer.

"Never mind," he consoled. "Go

one what has happened. Go abo

usual. Don't let even Susan

Whatever your poor father did

your sake. He wanted you to

happy, without a care in the wor

"I promise."

ceased. "But I feel so old, I

very old. I threw over the

threw a chair through the

They thought that it was I

jumped out. That gave me a

sary time. I don't understand

did it. I wasn't frightened at

I gained the street."

They found Susan still seated

chair, the automatic in her

had not moved in all this

Braine paced the apartment

Princess Perigoff. From

room to the boudoir and

twenty times. From the

watched him nervously. He

a tiger, fresh in captivity. All

be paused in front of her.

"Do you realize what that

did?"

"I do."

"Planned to the minute

her, seven of us; doors

all that. No weeping, no

could not understand then. B

now. It's in the blood. Harg

as peaceful as a St. Bernard

you cornered him, and then

lion, O, the devil! Slipped

fingers like an eagle. And

any particular attention to

from now on I shall be

may not know where the

Jones does, Jones does! J

shall watch. Feiton on the

Orloff from the window

serried house. With open

will be able to take note

happens in the house dur

He will be able to see the

And that's the important

a good plan, little woman

would have been plain

He had remembered that

Hargrave's daughter. He

night hereafter when you

like this will have

placations of every one. Our

with you. Anything on your

the Herald?" She drew

paper toward her and

words.

He read: "Florence

place is discovered. How

more secret spot at once. I

laughed and shook his

afraid that will never

"If she reads it, Jones

with the opera glasses

thing. There's a chance

become worried."

"Well, we'll give it a

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Military Academy as

was established by an act

in 1802.

FACTORS INFLUENCING GRADE OF COTTON

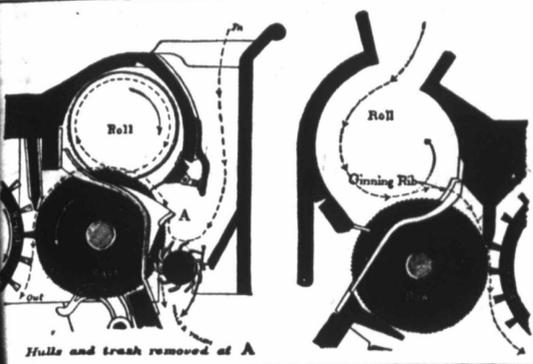


Fig. 1—Sectional View of Huller Gin. Fig. 2—Sectional View of Plain Gin.

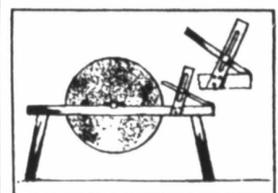
prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture. The principal points to be considered in deciding the grade of cotton are:

- 1) Foreign matter or impurities such as leaf, dirt, sand, and castings, notes, neps, gin-cut fiber, cut, and urripe fiber.
2) Color.
3) Foreign matter or impurities...
4) Neps and cut fibers may be removed by feeding the gin too fast...
5) Urripe fibers are usually matted together...

HOLD TOOLS ON GRINDSTONE

Simple Arrangement for Holding Various Implements While Grinding—Good Job Is Assured.

When grinding tools by simply holding them with the hands against the stone, frequent changes of angle will cause much extra labor and result in a poor job.



Tool Holder for Grindstone.

which can easily be made and attached to the grinding stone as follows:

Screw on each side of the base of the grinding stone a wooden arm as pictured in the drawing. These arms should be slotted. A board a little larger than the ordinary plane iron is cut and bored with a one-fourth inch hole, running from edge to edge. The board is fastened to the grindstone with a hinge.

GENERAL FARM NOTES

- Cut every cocklebur on the place and burn it.
Give the truck patch a heavy coat of stable manure.
Prune fruit trees in winter for wood and in summer for fruit.
An orchard should be so arranged as to have one crop follow another.
Clean up every fence corner, the yard, the barnyard, the orchard.
There is a ready market for more turkeys than are generally raised.
Wheat is most at home in soils where fine silt and clay predominate.
Lambs should be weaned when from four to four and one-half months old.
Poor ventilation is, unfortunately, the rule rather than the exception in farm homes.
No one business has any assurance of always proving a profitable one, because changes so frequently occur to disturb all branches of farming.

Sprains, Bruises Stiff Muscles

Sloan's Liniment will save hours of suffering. For bruise or sprain it gives instant relief. It arrests inflammation and thus prevents more serious troubles developing.

Here's Proof: Charles Johnson, P. O. Box 108, Lumberton, N. Y., writes: 'I sprained my ankle and dislocated my left hip by falling out of a third story window six months ago. I went on crutches for four months, then I started to use some of your Liniment, according to your directions, and I must say that it is helping me wonderfully. I threw my crutches away. Only used two bottles of your Liniment and now I am walking quite well with one cane. I never will be without Sloan's Liniment.'

All Dealers, 25c. Send four cents in stamps for a TRIAL BOTTLE. Dr. Earl S. Sloan, Inc. Dept. B. Philadelphia, Pa.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT Kills Pain



Tutt's Pills

stimulate the torpid liver, strengthen the digestive organs, regulate the bowels. A remedy for sick headache. Unexcelled as an ANTI-BILIOUS MEDICINE.

Elegantly sugar coated. Small dose. Price, 25c.

BALANCE KEPT BY NATURE

Increase of the Human Race Seems to Be Regulated by Wars and Other Devastations.

Every year, according to scientists who attempt to keep the general records, at least 80,000,000 human beings are born on this earth and 60,000,000 or 70,000,000 die.

The ravages of war do little to impede the increase. Far more effective have been the upheavals of nature. The Franco-Prussian war killed about 130,000 in seven months. The death roll of the Russo-Japanese reached about 200,000. A single earthquake (1737, in India) has been estimated to have caused 300,000 deaths.

Safe Either Way.

A farmer in a cyclone district was building a superb stone wall. He was building the wall stanch and solid, five feet across the base and four feet high. A stranger stopped his horse and said to the farmer: 'You're taking a lot of trouble with that wall.'

For Domestic Animals.

Horses, cattle and sheep are liable to sores, sprains, galls, calks, kicks, bruises and cuts, and Hanford's Balm of Myrrh is the standard remedy for such cases.

Just Mother's Way.

Robbie (from the depths of a bed-time cuddle)—Mother, you member you told me today that no one could possibly love dirty, noisy little boys?

Ought to Have Been.

'I wonder if there was a hot time last night.'

THE WHEAT LANDS OF WESTERN CANADA AN ATTRACTION

THE EUROPEAN WAR MAKES THE GROWING OF WHEAT EXCEPTIONALLY REMUNERATIVE.

One result of the European War has been to reduce the volume of business done by many of the manufacturing institutions of the United States, commercial enterprises have been affected, business of many kinds have been hampered, and a financial stringency has been forced on almost every community.

The wheat-growing sections of the United States have about reached their limit of production, and this source cannot be depended upon to meet a great deal of the demand that there will be for some years.

Another vast area is that held by railway and reliable land companies, held at from \$10 to \$25 per acre. Improved farms are slightly higher in price. Information regarding these lands may be had of any Canadian Government Agent.

The fact that Canada offers such a splendid opportunity should be accepted with a wide-spread appreciation, and not met with attempts on the part of some to spread misleading statements.

An item to which special exception is taken is one which says: 'They are sending them away as rapidly as possible; but the young men are not permitted to leave Canada.'

'Time to Match.' 'Did you go in your auto ride at lightning speed?' 'Yes, and had a thundering good time.'

'No Need.' 'He—Do you believe in auto suggestion?' 'She—No real gentleman forces a lady to make one.'

'Men Fight On Their Stomachs.' Napoleon so said. A man with a weak stomach is pretty sure to be a poor fighter. It is difficult—almost impossible—for anyone, man or woman, if digestion is poor, to succeed in business or socially—or to enjoy life.

'Conscience.' 'Maid (knocking in the mornings)—Madame, I've forgotten whether you wanted to be waked at seven or eight. 'What time is it now?' 'Eight.'—Lustige Blatter.

'Plaint of Pessimist.' 'Hail the world doesn't know how the other half lives.' 'But it has its suspicions.' 'The worst thing about the dead beat is that he is so very much alive.'

Domestic Menace.

On matters of feminine dress we seldom venture to express an opinion unless it be occasionally a word in defense of that liberalism which permits a woman to consider her freedom and comfort as well as her appearance.

But we are prompted now to utter protest against the progress of American fashion designers, who, with a free field for the first time in history, can think of nothing better than to mimic the military uniforms of Europe.

Higher Criticism. Visitor—Don't you believe in the sand man? Boston Child—Certainly not; he could be thrown through my spectacles?

Red Cross Ball Blue, much better, goes farther than liquid blue. Get from any grocer. Adv.

Two heads are better than one—in a kissing match. The man who waits to be given a chance has a life job as a waiter.

MEALTIME IS HERE, BUT NO APPETITE

YOU SHOULD TRY HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

It tones the stomach—brings back the appetite—assists digestion and assimilation—promotes liver and bowel activity—prevents Bloating, Heartburn, Indigestion, Bilioussness and Malaria. Get A Bottle This Very Day

BLACK LOSSES SURELY PREVENTED by Cutler's Bleeding Pills. Write for booklet and testimonials. 15-day supply, 10-cent bottles. 30-day supply, 20-cent bottles. 60-day supply, 40-cent bottles. The superiority of Cutler's products is due to over 15 years of specializing in venous and arterial ailments. The Cutler Laboratory, Berkeley, Cal., or Chicago, Ill. W. N. U., Oklahoma City, No. 48-1914.

Advertisement for Castoria 900 Drops. 'ALCOHOL—3 PER CENT. A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of INFANTS & CHILDREN. Promote Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC. THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK. 35 Doses—35 CENTS. Guaranteed under the Food and Drug Act. Exact Copy of Wrapper.'

Advertisement for Castoria. 'CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of J. C. A. Fletcher. In Use For Over Thirty Years. CASTORIA. THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y.'

'By Wire.' Louise Randolph smilingly confirms this tale told of her the other day: 'She was in her dressing room preparing to go "on" when the call boy announced that she was wanted at the telephone. "I can't go now," she replied. "take the message." The boy returned shortly, slightly embarrassed. "You had better come, Miss Randolph," he said. "It's your daughter, and she wants to give you a kiss over the phone."—Green Book.

Pluck. Lawson—Bjones has been married for a year now, and he still looks happy. Dawson—Bjones always was a good loser. Hanford's Balm has cured many cases of running sores of many years' standing. Adv. The golden calf used to get a lot of worship that is now devoted to the silken calf.

'A GOOD COMPLEXION GUARANTEED. USE ZONA POMADE the beauty powder compressed with healing agents, you will never be annoyed by pimples, blackheads or facial blemishes. If not satisfied, after thirty days' trial your dealer will exchange for 50c in other goods. Zona has satisfied for twenty years—try it at our risk. At dealers or mailed, 50c. ZONA COMPANY, WICHTA, KANSAS'

Advertisement for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. 'Men Fight On Their Stomachs. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery helps weak stomachs to strong, healthy action—helps them to digest the food that makes the good, rich, red blood which nourishes the entire body. This vegetable remedy, to a great extent, puts the liver into activity—oils the machinery of the human system so that those who spend their working hours at the desk, behind the counter, or in the home are rejuvenated into vigorous health. See brought relief to many thousands every year for over forty years. It can relieve you and doubtless restore to you your former health and strength. At least you owe it to yourself to give it a trial. Sold by Medicine Dealers or send for total box of Tablets—Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel & Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N.Y. You can have Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Advice of 1000 Pages for 50c.'



Advertisement for 'You Look Prematurely Old'. 'Because of those ugly, grizzly, gray hairs—Use "LA OROLE" HAIR DRESSING. PRICE, \$1.00, retail.'

PLAINS CATTLE CONDITION.

Cattlemen of Extensive Knowledge Have Optimistic Opinion of Cattle Conditions.

A liberal number of cattle will be carried over into the winter in Curry county. Twenty-five thousand is probably a conservative estimate.

Record prices have been paid this year for calves, and at the present time record prices are being paid for breeding stock.

The range country is covered with tall grass cured up, which means good winter grazing. Of course, stock men do not depend wholly on this grass.

Commissioners' Proceedings

Proceedings of the board of county commissioners of Roosevelt county, New Mexico, at a recessed session of the regular October, 1915 term thereof, held in the court house in Portales, New Mexico, December 21, 1915.

Present: C. V. Harris, chairman, S. E. Johnson, commissioner, C. P. Mitchell, clerk by J. W. Ballow, deputy.

ELECTION PROCLAMATION

Pursuant to Section 3224, Chapter 24 of the Compiled Laws of 1897, it is the order of the board of county commissioners of Roosevelt county, New Mexico, that an election be and is hereby called to be held in all the Precincts of Roosevelt county, on the second Monday of January, 1916, for the purpose of electing one Justice of the Peace and one Constable in each of said precincts of said county; said election to be held in accordance with the laws of the State of New Mexico, governing Justice of the Peace elections.

The following judges are by the board, appointed for the purpose of holding said election in the various precincts, to-wit:

- Precinct 1, J. E. Morrison, T. J. Molinari and W. E. Keeter. Precinct 2, G. W. Robertson, Fred Kackmar and J. C. Thrautman. Precinct 3, S. A. Fry, Ben Hall and Thomas Hendley.

- Precinct 4, E. C. Price, S. F. Lane and Hugh King. Precinct 5, E. Whitwood, H. C. Struggs and J. T. Coleman. Precinct 6, J. H. Short, A. L. Mayfield and J. A. Murphy.

- Precinct 7, J. B. Crawford, J. J. Pinson and E. M. Trammell. Precinct 8, H. W. Davidson, G. A. Bailey and R. A. Cromer. Precinct 9, A. D. Smith, L. W. Dillon and H. J. Kagle.

- Precinct 10, W. M. Wilson, G. W. Jolly and J. M. Cheshire. Precinct 11, Lem Miller, J. S. Frazer and Fred Maxwell. Precinct 12, J. W. Thompson, J. M. McCormack, Arthur McFall.

- Precinct 13, W. J. Phillips, J. F. Vaughan and F. A. Williamson. Precinct 14, H. H. Rowland, High Plummer and W. H. Johnson. Precinct 15, G. W. Jones, Loril Barger and George Parks.

- Precinct 16, T. J. Mullins, W. R. Tollett and E. P. Williams. Precinct 17, W. Todd, James Stinson and J. W. Francis. Precinct 18, L. E. Jones, Ernest Gore and Oliver Gore.

"I Ain't Got the Nerve to Tell Him There Ain't No Santa Clans"

In a recent copy of a magazine, the writer's attention was attracted by a small picture. It was a scene in the remote district of some busy city.

In the picture, we see the front window display of a toy store at Christmas time. The street is covered with snow, and through the glass of the gathering darkness and the still falling snow, we see figures hurrying along, apparently intent on reaching more comfortable surroundings.

While we have not the ability with pen and brush to paint this picture as we would desire it, we can attempt to make it a real one in home around us. Let us see, one and all, that there are no homes around Clavis in which the spirit of the Good Saint is not manifested.

"I ain't got the nerve to tell him there ain't no Santa Clans." - F. W.

Ben C. Williams, the local Santa Fe operator left the last of the week for Los Angeles, Calif. Cashier A. B. Hale's duties will now include that of operator and Berry Henderson will have charge of the freight room.

BETHEL SCHOOL.

School is progressing nicely at Bethel, and we have a splendid attendance. The children are making preparations for a Christmas tree and entertainment. Those perfect in spelling last week were as follows: First grade, Chris Thompson; second grade, Blanche Smith, Ernest Wheeler; third grade, Iva Smith, Orville Thompson, Lena Dorsett; fourth grade, Odessa Thompson, Clifford Anderson, Verna Anderson; fifth grade, Jack Stevenson, Gladys Stevenson and Elsie Smith. Minnie Forbes, teacher.



TWO MEN START OUT

both apparently equally well dressed. But in a short time one's clothing is all out of shape while the other's is as stylish and shapely as ever.

LANDERS AND BRIDGES

County assessor J. E. McCall left Tuesday for Santa Fe. He will represent this county at the meeting of the county assessors and commissioners who are in session there.

Advertisement for Scott's Emulsion for Motherhood, featuring an image of a woman and child.

DO IT NOW!

If with pleasure you are viewing any work a man is doing. If you like him or you love him tell him now.

More than fame and more than money is the comment kind and sunny. And the hearty, warm approval of a friend.

Do not wait till life is over and he's underneath the clover. For he cannot read his tombstone when he's dead!

Advertisement for W.S. Merrill, Agent, featuring a Santa Claus illustration and holiday excursion information.

MONUMENTS of Georgia Marble and Colorado Black Granite HUMPHREY & SLEDGE

BURL JOHNSON, Auctioneer. See me at assessors office Rates and Dates. PORTALES, N. M.

G. L. REESE Attorney-At-Law Practice in all Courts. Office in Reese building PORTALES, NEW MEXICO

Washington E. Lindsey Attorney-At-Law Notary Public United States Commissioner Final Proof and Homestead Applications PORTALES, NEW MEXICO

T. E. MEARS LAWYER Will practice in all Courts, Territorial and Federal Portales, New Mexico

City Transfer R. S. ADAMS Proprietor Sole Collectors 71 Trucks a Specialty

DR. W. E. PATTERSON Physician and Surgeon Phone 67 2 rings Office in Neer's Drug Store

JAMES F. GARMANY Physician and Surgeon Office in Howard Block, Portales New Mexico.

R. E. T. DUNAWAY Physician and Surgeon at Portales Drug Company. Phone 1. Residence No. 4

L. R. HOUGH DENTIST in Reese Building

FREEMAN JEWELER Portales, N M

HAIR NEXT The smoothest, easiest and satisfying shave and up-to-date hair cut in Portales when you get in one of our chairs at Sanitary Barber Shop HARGY BUILDING

- 22, Perry school house. 23, School house. 25, School house. 26, School house. 27, Cox's store. 28, Lohmeyer's store.

C. V. Harris, chairman, Attest: C. P. Mitchell, clerk. By J. W. Ballow, deputy. The butcher's bond of O. L. Collins of Elida, New Mexico, was received, examined and approved.

- The following bills were examined and approved and the clerk was ordered to draw warrants in payment of same, to-wit: J. E. Morrison, commission on taxes, \$21.30. J. B. Gray, repair on court house, 64.85. J. J. Watson, work on court house, 9.00. C. W. Leon, material for and work on court house, 58.85. A. J. Goodwin, work on court house, 12.00. Goodloe & Wiley, material for court chase, 73.90. Goodloe & Wiley, work on court house and jail, 148.15. Minahan Office Supply Co., supplies, 30.75. Hartman Furniture & Carpet Co., store for Treasurer's office, 17.00. H. L. Atkinson, work on court house, 26.00.

No further business appearing, at this time, it was ordered that court take a recess until the next regular meeting unless sooner convened by order of the chairman. C. V. Harris, chairman, Attest: C. P. Mitchell, clerk. By J. W. Ballow, deputy.

ABOUT CLIMATE

In sunny California's clime They boast their climate all the time. If strangers come with their wits They hear the praise of that great state.

While those who do not pass that way Will get it from some gadding boy. Who still insists the Golden West Produces no brand but the best.

Italians offer weather trials Supposed to cure all human ills: Their substitute is alleged to be The best put out on land or sea: Their offer are blue as justice, And loudly do they tell us so. By printed word and word of mouth From kindly north to sultry south.

For this the tourists flock that way, And settle down to spend their pay: To purchase prunes and bangles, And patronize the picture show. So Portales ought to take a lesson From Valley Son or Dago bunch: To hang out hot climatic facts Throughout the show and 'twixt the acts.

Notice for Publication. Real good land Department of the Interior, U. S. land office at Fort Sumner, N. M., December 1, 1915.

Notice is hereby given that Charles V. Burnett of Red Lake, N. M., who on December 23, 1907 made and recorded entry serial No. 04820 for 160 acres of land in Section 17 Township 4 south Range 33 east and on August 19, 1915 made additional homestead entry serial No. 018201 for 160 acres of land in Section 14, Township 4, T. 4 south, R. 33 east.

Notice is hereby given that Charles C. Price, of Red Lake, N. M. James E. Johnson, Jackson W. Frense, Wiley Todd all three of Elida, N. M., C. C. Henry, Register.

Mrs. B. Biskampship and daughter left Wednesday to visit at Elida, Texas.

For this the tourists flock that way, And settle down to spend their pay: To purchase prunes and bangles, And patronize the picture show. So Portales ought to take a lesson From Valley Son or Dago bunch: To hang out hot climatic facts Throughout the show and 'twixt the acts.

We ought to tell the folks back east. The scrub, the plumber and the priest. The lawyer and the farmer mix And every other one who mix. That down here in New Mexico Is where they really ought to go. If they would find a promised land Which keeps its word to beat the band. -Wall Mills, Johnston City

White House Grocery Co. Will give a handsome water color marine picture to the customer receiving the highest number of votes. Every 25-cent purchase represents one vote. Contest closes February 1st. Painting is now on exhibition at our store. Everyone is cordially invited to call and see it. We handle only clean, fresh goods of the highest quality and the prices are right. We pay cash for cream, butter and eggs. White House Grocery Co.

More Cents In Dollars When Spent Here



The practical man or woman this Christmas will look for useful articles—something the recipient will appreciate. You could find no better assortment of practical or useful presents than you will be able to get from us. We invite a close comparison of quality and prices; quality is always first with us in selecting all our purchases. We know this is also cheapest for you. Our very large output enables us to constantly keep new and fresh supplies of everything we sell you. Compare our quality with the so-called just as good.

<p>GROCERIES</p> <p>Our quality Groceries are not equaled anywhere in this section. See to it that your Christmas dinner comes from our quality. It costs you no more after throwing away the inferior articles that you get with the so-called cheaper grades.</p>	<p>HARDWARE</p> <p>Take a look over your wife's kitchen, then look through our Hardware department. You have no idea how many articles you can find to lessen her work. Articles of quality at a normal cost.</p>	<p>DRY GOODS</p> <p>Quality in our Dry Goods department is making friends for us every day. If your Santa Claus comes here the recipient is sure to be pleased. We have entirely too many articles to give description and prices in this small space.</p>
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More Cents In Dollars When Spent Here

In keeping with one of our mottos, to always do the best for our customers, we are giving more for your grain than any one in this section of the country, on account or in trade.

<p>REST ROOM FOR LADIES and CHILDREN</p>	<p>JOYCE-PRUIT COMPANY</p>	<p>REST ROOM FOR LADIES and CHILDREN</p>
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PERSONAL & LOCAL

Cut rate jewelry sale, at the Kandy Kitchen.

Get your Christmas toys at Neer's drug store.

All kinds of fancy crackers at Dobb's confectionery.

Headquarters for Santa Claus at Neer's drug store.

New line of Christmas Jewelry, at the Kandy Kitchen.

Most complete line of Jewelry in town, at the Kandy Kitchen.

Babe Prine, who has been for some time in Texas, returned Sunday.

Mrs. F. P. Hill of Curtis, Nebraska is visiting her daughter, Mrs. A. E. Seigner.

Don't fail to read the Trey O'Hearts in the Herald-Times and see it at the Cozy Theatre.

St. Street, the Elida merchant, was transacting some business matters here Tuesday.

Earl Patterson is now employed in the dry goods department for the Joyce-Fruit Co.

A. A. Reeman, the Elida banker, was looking after business interests here Tuesday.

Buy your Christmas Jewelry now while we have a good selection, the Kandy Kitchen.

W. W. Hensley, the Delpros wine manufacturer, was transacting business here Saturday.

Edw. H. Newcom, of the Mann community was transacting business here the last of the week.

Ralph Gore, the Upton merchant, was here the later part of the week getting supplies for his store.

Judge Mears and family returned Monday after a visit of several weeks to Arkansas.

Complete line of Christmas candies at Dobb's confectionery.

Miss Nora Herrington, representing the El Paso Herald was here the first of the week.

Polk Turner and wife of Amarillo spent several days here last week visiting relatives.

Nothing new for a Christmas present than a nice rocking chair. See them at Neer's furniture store.

John Tyson came over from his ranch at Taiban and was transacting business here several days last week.

Miss Mattie Doss Hightower came in from her school at Plainview, and spent the week end with her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Rogers and Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Ward went to Clovis by auto Sunday returning Monday.

Geo. Lack and family returned this week from Texas and will live on their farm near Mann. They will come back.

Cecil Honey, who is now located at Clovis, came down Sunday to do some work for the Mountain States Tel. Co.

Ed. Wall, of Elida, chairman of the Roosevelt county road board, was up looking after some road business Tuesday and Wednesday.

Mrs. Alma Caraway and boy left last week to visit her sister at Amarillo and her mother at Graham, Texas during the holidays.

G. L. Bryant, of Clay county, Missouri, a brother of Representative elect R. G. Bryant came in Saturday and will make his home here.

Roy Wheeler returned from Ft. Worth, Tuesday where he had been looking after the shipment of hogs from here last week.

The Trey O'Hearts, the most extraordinary serial ever produced will be published in the Herald-Times and shown at the Cozy Theatre.

Mrs. Cecil Neal of Clovis was visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Seigner, at the Travelers Inn.

Mrs. Ida Frickie and boys left Sunday for Texas, where the boys will work for Carl Granff on the ranch of Dr. L. R. Hough.

Ira Montgomery came in Sunday from Tulsa, Texas, to spend a few days at home. He has been working in a hardware store at that place.

Miss Cora Cunningham, of Amarillo, spent several days here last week visiting her daughters the proprietresses of the Pecos Valley Hotel.

The Portales Utilities Company received seven barrels of paint. This is the first shipment of paint that will be used to paint the Portales Valley.

J. W. Puckett of Amarillo, a prominent cattleman, was here the first of the week visiting his brother, R. K. Puckett and looking after business interests.

Louie Kirby, a former resident of this place, now proprietor of a barber shop at Elida, was up the first of the week looking after his property interests here.

R. H. Adams, who has been in business here for several years left Saturday for his old home at Paducah, Ky. He has many friends here who regret to see him leave.

W. L. Carlton said last week, one of his registered Jersey bull calves to W. P. Pitts. Blooded stock are increasing fast in the Portales Valley and Roosevelt.

Buy your wife a Hot Point electric iron for a Christmas present. The best on the market, price \$3.50 at Dobb's.

Judge James A. Hall returned this morning from Roswell. He reports Mrs. Hall better and expects her to be able to come home in the near future.

Through a mistake there is an installment of the "Million Dollar Mystery" in our special feature section this week. We have made arrangements to run the "Tray O' Hearts" beginning next week and the pictures will be shown at the Cozy theater beginning December 31.

NOTICE OF PENDENCY OF CAUSE

THE STATE OF NEW MEXICO

To M. C. Vaughan, defendant, greeting: You will take notice that a suit has been filed against you in the District Court of the 5th Judicial District in and for Roosevelt County, New Mexico, wherein The Texas State Bank of Farwell is plaintiff and the said M. C. Vaughan is defendant and W. F. Shaw, Louis Kohl and Brackett Lawrence are garnishees, same being No. 1059 on the civil docket of said court.

The plaintiff demands judgment against you for the sum of \$2500.00 with ten per cent per annum interest thereon from Jan. 24th, 1914, until paid and ten per cent additional on the sum due thereon as attorneys fees, and all costs of suit, on account of a note of same date for said sum being executed by you to plaintiff and due on demand.

You are further notified that the plaintiff has applied for and obtained a writ of attachment and a writ of garnishment in said cause; and that your property to-wit: Blocks three and four in the Bogard Addition to the town of Portales, New Mexico, and Lot No. 7 and a strip of land ten feet wide off Northwest side of Lot No. 8 all in Block No. 19 in the Original Town of Portales, New Mexico, and also fractional Lot No. 7 and a strip of land ten feet wide off the Northwest side of Lot 8 in Block No. 3 in the School Addition to said Town of Portales, New Mexico, has been levied on under said writ of attachment by the sheriff of said county, and all moneys, debts owing or due to you by W. F. Shaw, Louis Kohl, or Brackett Lawrence, all of Portales, New Mexico, has been garnished in their hands and possession.

You are further notified that unless you appear in said cause on or before the 6th day of February, 1915, judgment will be rendered against you by default and your property sold and your said moneys applied to satisfy same.

Sam Bratton, Farwell, Texas, and T. E. Mears, Portales, New Mexico, are attorneys for plaintiff and their post office addresses are as above.

Witness my hand and seal of said court this the 17th, day of Dec., 1914.

C. P. Mitchell, Clerk.

By J. W. Ballou, Deputy.

The Portales Lumber Company

FOR

ALL KINDS OF BUILDING MATERIALS

G. W. Carr, . . . Manager.

CHRISTMAS GOODS

Manicure Sets, Japanese Ware, Toilet Sets, Christmas Cards, Baby Dolls

Full Line of Christmas Jewelry

PEARCE'S PHARMACY

Mrs. J. C. Compton and children left Wednesday to spend the holidays with Mrs. Compton's parents at Canyon City, Texas.

Mrs. C. B. Rogers, of Los Gatos, Cal., arrived the first of the week and will spend the holidays at the home of her son, A. A. Rogers.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hardister and daughter Gertrude of Moberly, Missouri, who have been visiting at the home of Capt. and Mrs. T. J. Molinari left Wednesday and will pass through western New Mexico and Colorado on their way home.

C. L. Seagraves of Chicago, general colonization agent, J. Brinker of Amarillo, general freight and passenger agent, H. M. Bainer of Amarillo, agricultural demonstrator, all of the Santa Fe system were here this week looking over the Portales Valley.

SNOW FELL SATURDAY

Considerable snow fell Saturday morning. The fall was while it lasted, coming down in flakes, and amounted to several inches. Much of the snow melted as it fell and early in the day the sun made its appearance and it all to disappear.

Bastom Howard and family were in Elida Saturday and returned to their home in the south part of the county and report three inches of snow on the ground.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Rogers returned Sunday and returned to their home in the south part of the county.

The Trey O'Hearts

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

The most extraordinary moving picture play ever produced.

It cost a big price to get it for this community, but we have it.

Next week in the Herald-Times and December 31st at the Cozy Theatre.

JEWELRY SALE

 We have bought at a bargain, the Orlofsky stock of Jewelry at Clovis, and are selling these goods cheaper than the mail order houses could buy them. X X

Sterling Silver-Ware
Silver Thimbles
Tie Pin Sets
Gold Thimbles
Fountain Pins
Neck Chains
Bracelets
Diamonds
Rings

ENGRAVING FREE
ON ALL OUR GOODS

Rogers 1847 Silver-ware
High Grade Watches
Manicure Sets
Military Sets
Toilet Sets
Cuff Buttons
Stick Pins
Pendants
Pin Sets

Elgin, 19 Jewels, B. W. Raymond fully adjusted in 20 year screw case for only \$20.00
 Waltham, 21 Jewels, Vanguard 20 year case, screw back and bezel, this sale for \$20.00
 Columbus King, 25 Jewels, 20 year case, \$20.00. Any of these watches cannot be bought ordinarily for less than \$40.00 Only a limited number of these High Grade Watches so come early while the supply lasts. All goods Guaranteed to give Satisfaction

Whitcomb & Larrabee AT THE KANDY KITCHEN PORTALES, NEW MEXICO.

COULD SCARCELY WALK ABOUT

And For Three Summers Mrs. Vincent Was Unable to Attend to Any of Her Housework.

Pleasant Hill, N. C.—"I suffered for three summers," writes Mrs. Walter Vincent, of this town, "and the third and last time, was my worst."

I had dreadful nervous headaches and prostration, and was scarcely able to walk about. Could not do any of my housework.

I also had dreadful pains in my back and sides and when one of those weak, sinking spells would come on me, I would have to give up and lie down, until it wore off.

I was certainly in a dreadful state of health, when I finally decided to try Cardul, the woman's tonic, and I firmly

believe I would have died if I hadn't taken it.

After I began taking Cardul, I was greatly helped, and all three bottles relieved me entirely.

I fattened up, and grew so much stronger in three months, I felt like another person altogether."

Cardul is purely vegetable and gentle-acting. Its ingredients have a mild, tonic effect, on the womanly constitution.

Cardul makes for increased strength, improves the appetite, tones up the nervous system, and helps to make pale, sallow cheeks, fresh and rosy.

Cardul has helped more than a million weak women, during the past 50 years. It will surely do for you, what it has done for them. Try Cardul today.

Write to: Chattanooga Medicine Co., Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions on your case and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent a plain wrapper. 1-63

OF COURSE—WHY NOT?

"Will good times ever return?" inquired a pessimist in speculating on his Christmas expenditures.

Here's the why of the why not:

1. There is just as much money in the country now as there ever was.
2. The farmers have just harvested one of the biggest crops in history and are selling at good prices.
3. Federal reserve banks have been opened and millions of dollars of new money will be placed at the disposal of the banks of the country.
4. The banks in turn will have plenty of money to loan to big manufacturing and other industries for operating capital.
5. These concerns in their turn will start the wheels of commerce to revolve and millions of unemployed men and women will return to work.
6. Foreign governments are placing heavy orders for all kinds of supplies in prosecuting their war.
7. Other orders for American made goods are pouring in from all parts of the world.
8. The financial situation has clarified, congress has adjourned, banks are opening up their vaults, and great manufacturing industries are preparing to open up again on an extensive

GOD AND THE WAR.

Corra Harris, and American writing of the war from London for the Saturday Evening Post.

"God will undoubtedly do something about all this, but, whatever He does, it will not be in wrath. The more I see of the rage of men against one another, the more I cannot associate Him with vengeance. He will come like kindness, like the sun in the morning after a very dark night; like the little leaves in the spring after bitter cold—folded green buds in prayer. He will forgive, and forgive, and forgive, so that there shall be nothing left in the world to do but for men to forgive one another."

"God is very much in demand in this part of the world now, for the same reason that we discovered Him at all—the great need of men for some salvation and protection beyond the power of men to destroy; and for the other reason, which runs like a red smear of shame through all history—the degrading of Providence to sanction the crimes that men commit against one another."

"The most awful atrocities the world has ever seen have been done in His name. Nations have perished from the face of the earth, women have been thrown to wild beasts, and martyrs burned at the stake—all in His name. No wonder the stars seem so far withdrawn from such scenes as we are now witnessing!"

"The German emperor has destroyed the Belgian nation, and he has seen the men of his own empire fall like grass before the reaper. The effect of all this is that he represents himself as the right hand of Almighty God, the flaming sword of honor and virtue."

"Meantime the other nations are also looking to this same Providence for strength to fight and die like Christian souls. Many of the Belgian soldiers have died—not only of wounds, but of exhaustion in the trenches, with little emblems and crosses on their breasts. And their faith will be justified. God, Who is the only God of Peace, will restore to them their home and country through His Spirit, which works forever to ward justice in the hearts of men."

"The British take their religion as they do everything else, with moderation, but with a steady conviction that never rises or falls. It is the bones of their civilization; but they are not inclined to show their homes. I doubt whether there is much emotion of prayer among the English soldiers. Their faith in Providence was settled before they were born. They no longer actuate that matter. Their business is to fight like men, and die. If they must die, like Englishmen. The rest they leave to Him with a faith that is sublime, knowing their women are attending faithfully to the details of prayer at home and to the "Now-I-lay-me-down-to-sleep" training of their children."

"The change in the spirit of France is noticeable. For more than half a century the French people as a nation have professed a kind of intellectual independence of the Almighty. That is the queer thing about religious faith: when things are moving smoothly, when riches are ripening everywhere, when commerce and reason rule the world—the rationalists repudiate any Providence save the providence of their own hands and brains."

"When something horrible and irrational happens in the world, however, which cannot be settled by an ideal, however lofty, or by an argument, however convincing, men turn to their Everlasting Father, just as other children turn to theirs when they are lost and know that they are surrounded by unimaginable dangers. So now the whole French nation is calling loudly on Him. It is not craven; it is sublime. They are fighting like little children. No finer image of the goal of a man can be drawn in this crisis."



THE SOARING THERMOMETER

makes everybody want to get away from the heat. But when the cold weather comes everybody wants all the heat he can get. You'll get plenty of it if you have a good pile of our coal in your cellar. It is the clean, free burning kind that gives the most heat with the least coal. Better order today and have it off your mind.

CONNALLY COAL COMPANY

Notice for Publication.

Now coal land Department of the Interior, U. S. land office at Fort Sumner, N. M., November 16, 1914. Notice is hereby given that A. Anna Foster, of Floyd, N. M., who on Aug. 19, 1911, made homestead entry Serial No. 9790, for NE 1/4 Sec. 10, T. 36 N., R. 18 E., has filed notice of intention to make final 3 year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, at his office at Portales, N. M., on the 8th day of February 1915. Claimant names as witnesses: James P. Hasty, Nelson S. Bingham, James E. Spear, John W. Spear, all of Floyd, N. M., C. C. Henry, Register

HONEST WORK

General Blacksmithing and Repair Shop.—First Class Horse Shoeing in Connection.—Carriage and Wagon Material Sold Right. X X X

R. W. MOORE

H. C. M'CALLUM

For any and all kinds of hauling Telephone 104 and he will be right around. X X X

Portales, .. New Mexico

ATTENTION FARMERS

Highest CASH Price Paid for Cream and other Country Produce X X X

L. M. WINTER, Central Hotel, Elida, N. M.

You will never be successful until you know yourself better than you do your neighbor.

The Herald \$1.00 a year and worth it

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surface. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quick medicine. It is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surface. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, price 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

If You Have a Printing Want

WE WANT TO KNOW WHAT IT IS

Putting out good printing is our business, and when we say good printing we don't mean fair, but the best obtainable. If you are "from Missouri" give us a trial and we will

Show You



The Adventures of Kathlyn

By HAROLD MAC GRATH

Illustrated by Pictures from the Moving Picture Production of the Selig Polyscope Co.

(Copyright by Harold MacGrath)

SYNOPSIS

Kathlyn Hare, believing her father, Col. Hare, in peril, has summoned her lover, her home in California to go to him in Allaha, India. Umballa, pretender to the throne of that principality, has imprisoned the colonel, named by the late king as his heir. Upon her arrival in Allaha, Kathlyn is informed by Umballa that her father, being dead, she is to be queen and must marry him forthwith. Because of her refusal she is sentenced to undergo two or three trials with wild beasts. John Bruce, an American, saves her life. The elephant which carries her from the scene of her trials runs away, separating her from the rest of the party. After a ride filled with peril Kathlyn takes refuge in a ruined temple but her haven is also the abode of a lion and she is forced to flee from it. She finds a retreat in the jungle, only to fall into the hands of slave traders, who bring her to Allaha to the public market. She is sold to Umballa, who, finding her still unsubmitive, throws her into the dungeon with her father. Bruce and his friends effect the release of Kathlyn and the colonel, and the fugitives are given shelter in the palace of Hala Khan. Supplied with arms and servants by that hospitable prince, the party endeavors to reach the coast, but is overpowered by a band of brigands, and the ancient results in the colonel being delivered to Umballa. Kathlyn and Bruce escape from their captors and return to Allaha, where Kathlyn learns that her father, while nominally king, is in reality a prisoner. Kathlyn rescues him, and once more they start away from Allaha, but return when they learn that Winnie, Kathlyn's young sister, has come to India. Umballa makes her a prisoner. She is crowned queen of Allaha. Kathlyn, in disguise, gains admission to Winnie's room, but is discovered by Umballa, who orders that she be offered as a sacrifice to the god Juggernaut. She is rescued by the colonel and his friends. Kathlyn, disguised as an exhibition taker, takes part in a public exhibition, reveals her identity to the people and rescues her sister, Kathlyn. Winnie, her father and Bruce find a hiding place in the home of Ramabal. The latter's wife, Pundita, is the lawful queen of Allaha and rules as regent in the absence of the growing. The people at last weary of Umballa's misrule rise against him.

CHAPTER XIX—Continued.

When Lal Singh staggered into the house of Ramabal, holding his side in mortal agony, dying, Kathlyn felt the recurrence of that strange duality which she had first known in the Temple of the Lion.

"We have failed," whispered Lal Singh. "The palace soldiers betrayed us. All are prisoners, shortly to be shot. Food and water there? Fly!"

As in a dream Kathlyn ran from the house into the street. Winnie would have followed, but Pundita clung to her, refusing to let her go. The stony look in Kathlyn's eyes had warned Pundita of the futility of trying to coerce her.

With the sun breathing in lanes of light against the ancient chair armor, her golden hair flying behind her like a cloud, on Kathlyn ran, never stumbling, never faltering, till she came out into the square before the palace. Like an Amazon of old she called to the scattering revolutionists, called, harangued, smothered them under her scorn and contempt, and finally roused them to frenzy. She became again in their eyes the white goddess whom no beast nor trap could harm, and they would have gone to the gates of hell at a word from her. And many did.

In her madness Kathlyn turned the tide, and when her father's arm closed round her she sank insensible upon his breast.

CHAPTER XX.

A Goddess in Armor. They tell of it to this day in Allaha. To be sure, they will elaborate and prevaricate, twist and distort, as only the Asiatic knows how, having an innate horror of brevity and directness, but the basic truth of Kathlyn's exploit is held intact. The hoary old beggar who sits with his beggar's bowl near the steps of the mosque, loquacious, verbose, and flowery, for an Sanna piece will tell you the tale, which happened all of 30 years ago.

"Thanks, huzoor!" he will begin, carefully scrutinizing the coin and testing its solidity between two fine rows of teeth for a man of seventy.

"Ah, that was a day! It was like a day I knew in Delhi, when I was a child; for I saw the great Mutiny, I saw the powder magazine. . . . Ah, yes, huzoor, it is about the white goddess that you wish to know. But help me over to Ali's coffee house, for it is hot here, and it is a long story."

So you take the old rascal over to and seat him under the umbrellas of Ali, and you will buy him a sugar drink and a smoke from a water bottle, he having brought forth suggestively a cracked amber mouthpiece.

"Huzoor, she came out of nowhere, in a chain armor that shone like rippling water in the sunshine. She was tall and lithe and vigorous, and as beautiful as a dream of paradise."

"When we saw the sahibs and Ramabal trapped by the cowardly soldiers of the palace we found ourselves without a head. The men who led us had vanished. We huddled like sheep, scattered, formed, fired aimlessly, began to run away. And brave Lal Singh, with a bullet through his stomach, staggered off. We were without hope. We were brave enough, but bravely 'as to be directed. We knew only of Ramabal's plans."

"And what about this man Ahmed?"

"Kit, Kit!" he ran back to the

house of Ramabal when everything had apparently come to an end. For Ahmed loved the white goddess even as you and I love life. He was brave, but as the serpent is—wisely. Did not the white queen of all the English give him a bit of copper to wear on his breast because he was wise as well as brave?"

The old beggar tilted his cup without touching it with his lips and let the sweetened water trickle down his throat.

"When one is old, one is always thirsty," he observed. "To go on. So there we were, like sheep. The majority of us did not have sense enough to run away. Huzoor, Umballa had lined up the white men and Ramabal against the wall in the throne room and was about to send them to their gods, when suddenly I noticed a commotion in the rear of us. We were thrown about like sticks in a whirlpool."

"And then I saw her! Ah, protector of the poor, you white people rule the world because you always know what you want and when you want it. But it is not natural for us brown people to think and act quickly at the same time. I saw her, and I thought at first that the gates of paradise had opened and Allah himself had set her down among us!"

The water bubbles in the bowl of the pipe and a thin stream of smoke trickles from his bearded lips. You must have patience, for he will tell this tale only in his own fashion.

"Straight to the palace steps she ran, waving her arms. Behold! She spoke to us in her own tongue, but Allah is witness that we understood what she was saying! First we grew ashamed, then we stopped running, then we became men, huzoor. The lead tubes began to speak again, and we too, found our voices. With yells we followed. And there was battle, battle, battle to the very foot of the throne."

She threw herself between the leveled guns and her people. The soldiers could not fire. And Umballa, seeing that in truth he had lost this time—Umballa fled toward the corridors, and none was quick enough to prevent him.

"But we went shouting after him, through this corridor and that. We could not find him. It seems he escaped through one of the chambers in the zenana."

A shrilling of fifes and a rattling of drums distract you and break in upon the story. A company of trim, wiry Gurkhas tramp past, and you know



A Woman Who Loved Him Hid Him in a Palanquin.

by the flag they carry under whose rule Allaha works out its destiny today.

"What became of the captain of the guards?"

"He was ordered to the arena lions. But we saved him, loosing the arena lions to do so. Huzoor, I am thirsty again."

"And you buy him another cup of sweetened water."

"But we cheered the white goddess that day! There are men who will swear that her feet never touched the earth as she walked. But I know that she was the daughter of Colonel Sahib, and that she had red blood in her veins, like the rest of us. Women are mysteries. Here was one who fought like an ancient warrior, and yet she swooned in her father's arms! That is all today, huzoor. I am an old man, and my throat dries quickly. Come tomorrow and I will tell you more."

But tomorrow comes to find you interested in something else; and the old beggar juggles his bowl before the steps of the mosque, patiently waiting for another listener.

"Kit, Kit!" cried Kathlyn's father

when she came to her senses. "My girl, my girl!"

"Dad!"

"How could you do it?"

"Do what?" vaguely.

"Lead a forlorn cause to victory, you, a girl!"

She brushed back the hair which tumbled about her eyes, glanced at the powder-stained faces grouped about her, glanced at the toppled throne, at Bruce, at Ramabal. She made an effort to explain, but the words would not come.

"I would not question her," said Bruce to the colonel. "For my part, I never so thoroughly believed in God as I do now. She does not realize what she has done."

The colonel bent his head reverently.

"We owe our lives to her," said Ramabal. "Somewhere in the dim ages there was a great mother, and today her soul entered the memmah."

"Mine!" murmured Bruce. "This beautiful, strange woman is mine! God send the day quickly when I can take her in my arms and guard her! Ramabal," he said aloud, "go to the balcony and proclaim Pundita queen. Let us have done with this before there is any chance of Umballa recovering. What shall we do with the Council?"

"Wait!" responded Ramabal. "It is for another to say." And he pointed to the marble flags at his feet.

And all understood what honor meant to this man of dark skin.

"Now," he continued, "I wish to go home at once. We will leave a sufficient guard here to watch over the palace. My wife waits; and the death of Lal Singh may—"

The same thought flashed through Kathlyn's mind; the dagger Dying Lal Singh had declared that Ramabal was a prisoner; and well would Pundita comprehend what that meant.

"Yes, yes! Let us go quickly!" Kathlyn cried. Pundita might be dead and Winnie crazed with grief.

They left the palace immediately. The overthrow of Umballa seemed to be complete. Everywhere the soldiers surrendered, for it was better to have food in the stomach than lead. Tomorrow there would be many a pyre at the burning ghats, but today was a day of victory.

Every one began to hunt for Umballa. There was as yet no price on his head; it was the zest of hunting only that set the people to it. They ran in and out of Umballa's house, and were not above looting, though word had gone forth that Ramabal would have every looter shot if found in the act. But search as they would, they could find no trace of Umballa.

A woman who loved him—the only one loyal to him in all Allaha that day—had hidden him in a palanquin in the garden of brides. Crouched down in the narrow space shuddering at the sound of shot, whether near or far, dying a thousand deaths, wishing he had never been taken from the gutter, willing to give up his jewels, his plate, simply to live.

The woman of the zenana, when the tumult died away completely, found some slaves. She made them divest themselves of the royal turbans and assume ordinary white ones. Then she told them to carry the palanquin to a certain house in the fruit bazaar, to go by side streets, alleys, passages, to avoid all gatherings. Once in the house of her sister, the dancer, Umballa would be safe till he could secretly return to his own house and enter the secret chamber.

When Kathlyn left the palace a thunder of cheers greeted her. Kathlyn was forced to mount the durbah throne, much as she longed to be off. But Bruce anticipated her thought and dispatched one of the revolutionists to the house of Ramabal. Kathlyn held out her hands towards the excited populace, then turned to Ramabal expectantly. Ramabal, calm and unruffled as ever, stepped forward and was about to address the people, when the disheveled captain of the guard, whom Umballa had sent to the arena lions, pushed his way to the foot of the platform.

"The arena lions have escaped!"

And there were a dozen lions in all, strong, cruel, and no doubt hungry!

Panic. Men who had been at each other's throat, bravely and hardily, turned and fled. It was a foolish panic, senseless, but like all panics, uncontrollable. Those on the platform ran down the steps and at once were swallowed up by the pressing, trampling crowd.

Bruce and the colonel, believing that Kathlyn was behind them, fought their way to a clearing, determined to secure nets and take the lions alive. When they turned Kathlyn was gone. For a moment the two men stood as if paralyzed. Then Bruce relieved the tension by smiling. He laid his hand on the colonel's shoulder.

"She has lost us, but that will not matter. Ordinarily I should be wild with anxiety; but today Kathlyn may go where she will, and nothing but awe and reverence will follow her. Besides, she has her revolver."

"I believe you're right. She will miss us and start right off for Ramabal's. Boy, she is a goddess. She is supernatural."

"She was this morning. As God is judge, I do not believe she understands or ever will understand what she did. You noticed her eyes? They were like those of a person in a trance, supreme moment! That coat of mail, her hair falling about her head—"

Ah, colonel, what's the use of beating about the bush? You know I love her. Will you give her to me?"

Without a moment's hesitation the colonel said: "Yes, John. You have proved yourself a man. God bless you

both! But we're not out of the woods yet. We've got to find Umballa and lock him up. When that's done I'll be able to breathe."

"I believe it is as Ahmed says: we'll all pull out of this safely in the end. Now, let's go and get the nets. There will not be a dozen men in the whole town who will have sense enough to shoot the lions as they appear. They'll shoot the lions for shelter. Ramabal's welcome to Allaha. Hi, there's one now; see, coming round the corner! I'll put him."

But ere Bruce could level his weapon the lion turned back, perhaps frightened at the clamor.

Kathlyn was not alarmed upon finding herself separated from the two men she loved so well. Her only concern was to avoid being knocked down and trampled upon. She knew



"The Arena Lions Have Escaped!"

animals. If left quietly to themselves the lions would make for the jungle, but if harried or frightened they would maul any one within reach.

Kathlyn was packed in rather closely, and she was carried past the street which led to the house of Ramabal, though she struggled desperately to push through. She was presently carried into the bazaars. The people in their senseless flight tried to do what they could for her, but self-preservation was their first thought. And it wasn't the cleanest smelling crowd in the world, either.

At the same time Kathlyn was fighting vigorously to get free of the mob. Winnie was struggling with Pundita, striving to wrench the dagger from the grief-stricken wife's hand.

"No, no, Pundita!"

"Let me go! My lord is dead, and I wish to follow!"

"You are a Christian!"

"At it!"

"But he may not be dead. Help, help!"

"Is not Lal Singh there dead? Is that not proof?"

Either and neither across the floor they fought. But Winnie soon realized that Pundita, being in a frenzy, was strongest. The struggle ended quickly, however, but not through Winnie's efforts. Pundita did something unorthodox, she fainted, dragging Winnie to the floor with her. The young girl's head came into contact with the wall, and she was stunned for a moment. Upon sitting up she did not know exactly where she was. But the calm, high bred face of the dead Lal Singh recalled the situation clearly, and she went about the resuscitation of Pundita.

As the latter's eyes opened wildly Winnie heard a pounding at the door. She was pulled two ways. If she answered the summons Pundita might take advantage of her absence and kill herself. Again, it might be the help for which she had called.

Instinctively she snatched up the fallen dagger, ran to the door, peered out cautiously, and recognized one of the revolutionists who had left the house but an hour or two since. She flung open the door.

"Pundita!" cried the man.

Winnie caught him by the sleeve and dragged him into the chamber. . . . Just in time. The distracted Pundita had plucked another dagger from the wall, and the man stayed her arm even as she struck.

"Highness," he cried, "he lives!"

And he recounted the startling events of the morning, the treachery of the palace troops, the coming of Kathlyn in chain armor, the turn of the tide.

"They live!" cried Pundita, and covered her face.

Winnie had not understood a word said, but the expression on Pundita's face was illuminative. She threw her arms around the native woman, and the two of them wept in common. All human beings have two faculties alike, that of weeping and laughing.

To return to Kathlyn: by and by she was able to slip into a doorway, and the bawling rabble passed on down the narrow street. The house was deserted, and the hallway and what had been a booth was filled with rubbish. Kathlyn, as she leaned breathlessly against the door, felt it give. And very glad she was of this knowledge a moment later, when two lions galloped into the street, their manes stiff, their tails arched. Doubtless, they were badly frightened.

Kathlyn reached for the revolver she carried and fired at the animals, not expecting to hit one of them, but hoping that the noise of the firearms would swerve them into the passage across the way. Instead, they came straight to where she stood.

She stepped inside and slammed the door, holding it and feeling about in vain for lock or bolt.

Evidently the lions had halted outside, undecided, for she could hear them sniffing at the doorsill. If they leaped she was lost, for she could not hope to hold the door against the onrush of beasts as heavy as these lions were.

Elsewhere in the bazaars the colonel, Bruce, and Ahmed were setting nets for the recapture of the lions, quite confident that Kathlyn was by this time safe in the haven of Ramabal's house.

The girl glanced hurriedly over her shoulder toward the dim rickety staircase. The moment the sniffing ceased she withdrew from the door and ran up the stairs to the first landing, to find all these doors lockless! A crash below announced that the lions had heard her and had entered. There was a second fight, and up this flew the girl. She might fire at the beasts, and even if she succeeded in hitting them it would serve only to madden them. One cannot kill lions with a toy.

Still lockless doors! No safety. She then espied a ladder which gave to the roof top, and up this she climbed. They could not possibly follow her up the ladder, and as she reached the top she knew that for the present she had nothing to fear from the lions.

The interior of the house was of the flimsiest wood, slovenly put together. Along the roof was a parapet. She left the trap one so that she could see all that went on below. Almost as she looked the tawny bodies swept up to the foot of the ladder, and there remained, snarling and spitting and reaching up as far as they could. Somewhere on the way Kathlyn knew that these lions had tasted blood.

It was in this street dwelt the sister of the woman in the zenana, the woman who loved Umballa.

Kathlyn leaned over the parapet, the street was totally deserted. All the doors of the shops were closed and the windows shut. She must fight it out alone. She drew a deep breath and squared her shoulders, a trick she had long ago learned from her father. She had fought battles alone ere this, so she was not without confidence. Perhaps the lions, finding their efforts futile, would depart. She must wait.

It grew to noon. The sun beat down upon her savagely. Here and there she could see fires in the city. Pillage. The murrain's tower of the mosque was like a finger pointing to heaven. She could even glimpse a patch of white stucco which belonged to the palace.

And she had fought her way that morning to the steps of the palace, as the daughter of the Goth had scaled the steps of the Quirinal in Rome! It was unbelievable! She could not remember anything but the dead Lal Singh and the strong arms of her father as she came out of her swoon. And she had turned defeat into victory! She drew her hand across her eyes.

One of the lions sent up a nerve-shaking roar, but Kathlyn did not stir. Silence.

Then, round the passage she saw a palanquin, carried by slaves. She leaned far over.

"Help!" she cried. "Help!"

The bearers paused abruptly, and the curtain of the palanquin was swept back. The dark sinister visage of Umballa was revealed.

"Thou," he said, "then his laughter rose up to the girl, motionless through her terror. 'Come down, O hour of Saad!' 'Come to the arms of Durga Ram, who loves you.' Will not? Woe to thee!" dropping his mockery.

"Yes, Durga Ram, it is I!" replied Kathlyn, finding her voice, insensate rage usurping the throne of terror. "Here I am; come and take me!"

"Let him face the lions!"

Umballa left the palanquin, opened the door of the house, espied the rubbish in the hall, was in the act of mounting the first steps when one of the lions roared again. Drunk as he was filled with a drunkard's courage, Umballa started back. The lions! Out into the street he went. He turned to the bearers and ordered them to fire the inflammables in the hall. But they refused, for they recognized the chain armor. Mad with rage, Umballa struck at them, entered the hall again, and threw a lighted match into the rubbish.

He left the horrified bearers and staggered to the house where he was to find shelter. He was admitted, the door closed and barred. From a window he watched the progress of the fire. At last! He would pass from Allaha, but not without his revenge. It was sweet! She could not escape; the lions would bar the way till it was too late. Let her God save her if he could!

The smoke rose quickly. It volleyed and poured out of the windows, thick and black. Flame tongues darted hither and yon. Higher and higher, till at length the form on the parapet was no longer visible.

Umballa took from his cumberbund his last bottle of wine, broke the neck against the window sill, and drank, cutting his lips as he did so.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Sounds Cool.

"And what have you done to keep the chicken cool, Katie?" asked the lady of the house.

"Taken all the feathers off it, ma'am," was the surprising reply.

Those Who Succeed.

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It Happened in Boston. "Did your husband cut his hair with acerbity?" "No, mum, wid a rash."

Austrian Army. Adjutant—Our equipment is... General—So much the better! The Russians get it they can't use it.

Dared. "Mr. Wilgus tried to kiss me last evening." "How dared he?" "He didn't—I dared him."

Father's Ultimatum. "I think two can live as cheaply as one, sir." "You can't edge into my family of that theory, young man. I'm willing to keep on supporting my daughter, but you'll have to pay board."

Halted in His Search. "They say your husband was looking for work." "Yes, I believe he's out looking for work. There are some men digging a hole down at the corner, and he doesn't seem able to get any further." —Stray Stories.

Our Early Chinese Trade. The rapid growth of our early trade with China is shown by the fact that the 37 vessels carrying in 1905 nearly five and three-quarters millions' worth of goods to Canton, represented a larger fraction of our total foreign commerce than our trade with the whole of China does today. The silver imported to balance American trade with China averaged more than two and a half millions annually in the 20 years down to 1827, and reached a maximum of seven and a half millions in 1818.—John Ford, in Yenching Companion.

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The Adventures of Kathlyn

By HAROLD MAC GRATH

A Novelization of the Moving Picture Production of the Selig Polyscope Co.

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When Hare, believing in peril, has summoned her lover, her home in California to go to him in Allaha, India. Umballa, pretender to the throne of that principality, has imprisoned the colonel, named by the late king as his heir.

Upon her arrival in Allaha, Kathlyn is informed by Umballa that her father, being dead, she is to be queen and must marry him forthwith. Because of her refusal she is sentenced to undergo two or three trials with wild beasts.

John Bruce, an American, saves her life. The elephant which carries her from the scene of her trials runs away, separating her from the rest of the party. After a ride filled with peril Kathlyn takes refuge in a ruined temple but her haven is also the abode of a lion and she is forced to flee from it.

She finds a retreat in the jungle, only to fall into the hands of slave traders, who bring her to Allaha to the public market. She is sold to Umballa, who, finding her still unsubmitive, throws her into the dungeon with her father.

Bruce and his friends effect the release of Kathlyn and the colonel, and the fugitives are given shelter in the palace of Hala Khan. Supplied with arms and servants by that hospitable prince, the party endeavors to reach the coast, but is overpowered by a band of brigands, and the ancient results in the colonel being delivered to Umballa.

Kathlyn and Bruce escape from their captors and return to Allaha, where Kathlyn learns that her father, while nominally king, is in reality a prisoner. Kathlyn rescues him, and once more they start away from Allaha, but return when they learn that Winnie, Kathlyn's young sister, has come to India.

Umballa makes her a prisoner. She is crowned queen of Allaha. Kathlyn, in disguise, gains admission to Winnie's room, but is discovered by Umballa, who orders that she be offered as a sacrifice to the god Juggernaut.

She is rescued by the colonel and his friends. Kathlyn, disguised as an exhibition taker, takes part in a public exhibition, reveals her identity to the people and rescues her sister, Kathlyn.

Winnie, her father and Bruce find a hiding place in the home of Ramabal. The latter's wife, Pundita, is the lawful queen of Allaha and rules as regent in the absence of the growing. The people at last weary of Umballa's misrule rise against him.

CHAPTER XX.

A Goddess in Armor. They tell of it to this day in Allaha. To be sure, they will elaborate and prevaricate, twist and distort, as only the Asiatic knows how, having an innate horror of brevity and directness, but the basic truth of Kathlyn's exploit is held intact.

CHAPTER XIX—Continued.

When Lal Singh staggered into the house of Ramabal, holding his side in mortal agony, dying, Kathlyn felt the recurrence of that strange duality which she had first known in the Temple of the Lion.

"We have failed," whispered Lal Singh. "The palace soldiers betrayed us. All are prisoners, shortly to be shot. Food and water there? Fly!"

The Adventures of Kathlyn

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A Novelization of the Moving Picture Production of the Selig Polyscope Company

SYNOPSIS.

John Hare, believing her father, Colonel Hare, had summoned her, leaves India. Umballa, pretender to the throne, named by the late king as his successor, is imprisoned and must remain in the hands of his captors until he is released. John Hare, an American, saves her life. The elephant carries her from the scene of her rescue to the jungle. She finds a retreat in the jungle. She is rescued by the colonel and taken to a room. She is discovered by Umballa, who orders that she be taken to a room. She is rescued by the colonel and taken to a room. She is discovered by Umballa, who orders that she be taken to a room. She is rescued by the colonel and taken to a room. She is discovered by Umballa, who orders that she be taken to a room.

CHAPTER XXI.

Saved From the Flames.
When the lions snuffed the acrid smoke the two of them fell to roaring. They reared and attempted to climb the ladder, only to be jerked back by the ropes. The man and woman, struck with that inborn terror of fire, they dared not descend in face of that lurid magic which rose from that sparkling magic which they had feared since the beginning of time.

Kathlyn could have descended without fear of the beasts moaning below, but it was too late. Finally she threw down the trap and the fire cleared a little, but the inferno went on crackling merrily.

The houses on each side were single stories. She would break every bone in her body if she jumped. There were cartridges in the revolver. She looked at it and studied it. She could not detach it. She could not detach it. She could not detach it. She could not detach it. She could not detach it.

right hand of Siva. Al, al, al! The walls rose to the girl on the roof. Al, al! The bazaars were doomed. There was neither water nor men who knew how to use it. Besides, who among them would offend the terrible Siva by meddling with his plaything?

The painted dancing girl in the house where Umballa had taken temporary refuge began to gather her trinkets, her amber and turquoise necklaces, bracelets, and anklets. These she placed in a brass enameled box and tucked it under her arm. Next she shook the sodden Umballa by the sleeve.

"Come!" she cried.

"I would sleep," he muttered.

"Durga Ram, I risk my life in offering you shelter; but I refuse to risk it in fire. Come! There is a way through the rear, to the house of a friend of mine. The fire will not reach there. And tonight you can seek shelter in the jungle, or where you will."

"Listen to me, Durga Ram: touch me again and you shall die! Can you not see I am trying to save you because my sister so wills it? The fire will spread, for the wind has risen. What! Am I one of your slaves that you lift your hand against me?" She seized a bowl containing some flowers and cast the contents into his face. "Fire, fire, and death!" she shrieked at him.

The douché brought the man out of his stupor.

"Fire?" he repeated.

"Come!"

This time he followed her docilely, wiping his face on his sleeve.

They heard the great shouting in the street, but did not tarry to learn what had caused it.

One of Umballa's bearers, upon realizing what his master had done, had run down the street for aid. He had had two objects in view—to save the white goddess and to buy his freedom. A few hundred yards away, in another street, the colonel, Bruce, and Ahmed were dragging a net for the purpose of laying it for a lion at bay in a blind alley. Into their presence rushed the wild-eyed bearer.

"Save the white goddess!" he cried.

Bruce seized him by the shoulder.

"What is that?"

"The white goddess, sahib! She is on the roof of a burning house. Durga Ram, my master, set fire to it. He is drunk and hiding in a house near by."

"The man is mad," declared the colonel. "Kit would not have lost her way this far. He is lying. He wants money."

Ahmed spoke. The bearer fell upon his knees.

Three shots, at intervals!

The colonel and Bruce stared into each other's eyes.

"God in heaven!" gasped the colonel. "Those are revolver shots!"

"Bring the net!" shouted Ahmed. To the trembling bearer he said: "Lead us; we follow. And if you have spoken the truth you shall not only have your freedom but rupees for your old age."

A lion's net is a heavy affair, but with the aid of the keepers the men ran as quickly and lightly as if burdenless. Smoke. There was a fire. The hearts of the white men beat painfully. And the same thought occurred to both of them; they should have gone to Ramabai's home first, then turned their attention to the lions. And Umballa was hiding in a house near by!

Well for them that they entered the doomed quarters as they did. Kathlyn saw them, and the muzzle of the revolver which she was pressing to her heart was lowered, the weapon itself slipping from her hand to the roof. God was not going to let her die like this.

"Spread out the net!" commanded Bruce. "Kathlyn, can you hear me?" he shouted, cupping his hands before his mouth. Faintly he heard her reply. "When I give the word, jump. Do not be afraid."

Kathlyn stepped upon the parapet. A great volume of smoke obscured her for a moment. Out of the windows the vivid tongues of flames darted, flashing upward. She summoned all her courage and waited for the call of the man she loved. Inside a floor gave way with a crash and the collateral walls of the building away ominously. A deafening roar accompanied the thunder of falling beams. The lions had gone to their death.

"Jump!"

Without hesitation Kathlyn swung herself into space. A murmur ran through the crowd, which had for the

moment forgotten its own danger in the wonder of this spectacle. The men holding the net threw themselves backward as Kathlyn struck the mesh. Even then her body touched the street cobbles and she was bruised and shaken severely, but O, alive, alive! There rose the great shouting which Umballa and the dancing girl had heard.

Shortly after the house collapsed. The fire spread to the houses on each side.

Bruce seized the bearer by the arm. "Now, the house which Umballa entered!"

Eagerly enough the slave directed him. For all the abuse and beatings the slave was to have his hour. But they found the house empty except for a chattering monkey and a screaming parakeet, both attached to pedestal perches. Bruce liberated them and returned to the colonel.

"Gone! Well, let him hide in the jungle, a prey to fear and hunger. At least we are rid of him. But I shall die unhappy if in this life we two fail to meet again. Kit!"

"John!" She withdrew from her father's arms and sought those of the man who loved her and whom she loved, as youth will and must. "Let him go. Why should we care? Take me to my sister."

Ahmed smiled as he and his men rolled the net. This was as it should be. For what man was a better mate for his golden-haired mistress? And then he thought of Lal Singh, and he choked a little. For Lal Singh and he had spent many pleasant hours together. They had worked together in play and in war, shared danger and bread and glory, all of which was written in the books of the British raj in Calcutta.

It was the will of Allah: there was but one God, and Mahomet was his prophet. Then Ahmed dismissed Lal Singh and the past from his thoughts, after the philosophical manner of the Asiatic, and turned to the more vital affairs under hand.

At Ramabai's house there was a happy reunion; and on her knees Pundita confessed to her lord how near she had been to Christian damnation. She had fallen from grace; she had reverted to the old customs of her race, to whom suicide was not sin. Ramabai took her in his arms and touched her forehead with his lips.

"And now," said the colonel, "the king!"

The majordomo cocked his ears; but Ramabai said nothing more.

At the colonel's bungalow there was rejoicing. Ramabai had written that since the king could not be found he would head the provisional government as regent, search for and arrest Umballa, and at any time the Colonel Sahib signified would furnish him with a trusty escort to the railway, three days' journey away. He added, however, that he hoped the Colonel Sahib would be good enough to remain till order was established.

The majordomo contrived to tarry long enough to overhear as much of the conversation as needed—for he understood English—and then returned to the city to carry the news to Umballa. To him Umballa gave a white powder.

"Tonight, you say, Ramabai gives a banquet?"

"Yes, huzoor."

"Well, put this in his cup and your obligation to me is paid."

The majordomo stared a long time at that little packet of powder. A cold sweat formed upon his brow under his turban.

"Well!" said Umballa, ironically. "Huzoor, it is murder!"

"Umballa shrugged and held out his hand for the packet.

The majordomo swallowed a few times and bowed his head. "It shall be done, huzoor. My life is yours to do with as you please. I have said it."

"Begone, then, and bring me the news on the morrow that Ramabai is dead. You alone know where the king is. Should they near the hut in which I have hidden him, see that he is killed. He is also useless."

The major departed with a heavy heart. Ramabai was an honest man; but Durga Ram had spoken.

At the banquet, with its quail and pheasant, its fruits and flowers, its rare plates and its rarer goblets for the light wines high castes permitted themselves occasionally to drink, Ramabai toiled idly with his goblet and thoughtlessly pushed it toward Kathlyn, who sat at his right.

Imbued with a sense of gratitude for Ramabai's patience and kindness and assistance through all her dreadful ordeals, Kathlyn sprang up suddenly and without looking reached for what she supposed to be her own goblet, but inadvertently her hand came in contact with Ramabai's. What she had in mind to say was never spoken.

The majordomo stood appalled. This wonderful white woman over whom the gods watched as they watched the winds and the rains, of whom he had not dared speak to Umballa. She? No! He saw that he himself must die. He seized the goblet ere it reached her lips, drank, and flung it aside empty. He was as good as dead.

casual bit of vandalism had marked their pathway.

On the pain of death no soldier might enter the house.

The majordomo was permitted to enter without question. He passed the guards humbly. But once inside, beyond observation, he became a different man. For in Umballa's house, as in Ramabai's, there were secret chambers, and today the majordomo entered one of them—through a panel concealed behind a hanging Ispahan rug.

On the night after the revolt, Umballa, sober and desperate, had slunk back disguised as a candy seller. The house was not guarded then, so he had no difficulty in gaining admittance. But he had to gain entrance through a window in the zenana. He would not trust either his servants, his slaves, or his chief eunuch. To the women of his own zenana he had always been carelessly kind, and women are least bribable of the two sexes.

Umballa entered at once his secret chamber, and food and water were brought, one of the women acting as bearer, on the morning after the guards arrived, and Umballa knew not how long he might have to wait. Through one of the women he sent a verbal message to the majordomo, with the result that each day he learned what was taking place in the palace. So they hunted for the king? He was very well satisfied. He had had his revenge; and more than this, he was confident when the time came he would also gain his liberty. He had a ransom to pay: the king himself!

Now, then, Ramabai felt it incumbent on him to hold a banquet in the palace, there to state to his friends, native and white, just what he intended to do. And on the night of this sober occasion he sat in the throne room before a desk littered with documents. As he finished writing a note he summoned the majordomo.

"Have this delivered at once to Hare Sahib, whom you will find at his bungalow outside the city. Tell him also that he must be present tonight, he, his friend, and his daughters. It is of vital importance."

Pundita, who was starting out of the window, turned and asked her lord what he was sending the Colonel Sahib but he could not give him at the banquet.

"A surprise, an agreeable surprise," the majordomo cocked his ears; but Ramabai said nothing more.

CHAPTER XXII.

Allaha's Real King Killed.

In the rear of the temple Umballa sought was a small chamber which was used by the priests when they desired to rest or converse privately, which was often. The burning temple lamps of brass emphasized the darkness of the room rather than dispelled it. A shadow occasionally flickered through the amber haze—an exploring bat. A dozen or more priests stood in one of the dim corners, from which their own especial idol winked at them with eyes like coals blown upon. The Krishna of the Ruby eyes, an idol known far and wide but seen by few.

In the temple itself there was a handful of tardy worshippers. The heat of the candles, the smell of the eternal lotus flower and smoking incense sticks made even the huge vault stifling. Many of the idols were jeweled or patched with beaten gold leaf, and many had been covered by wandering white men, who, when their endeavor became known, disappeared mysteriously and were never more known in the haunts of men.

A man in tatters appeared suddenly in the great arched doorway. His turban came down almost to his eyes and a neckcloth covered his mouth. All that could be seen of him in the matter of countenance was a pair of brilliant eyes and predatory nose. He threw a quick, piercing glance about, assured himself that such devotees as he saw were harmless, then strode boldly if hurriedly toward the rear chamber, which he entered without ado. Instantly the indignant priests rushed toward him to expel him and give him a tongue-lashing for his impudence, when a hand was thrust out, and they hehled upon a finger a great green stone. They stopped as suddenly as though they had met an invisible electric current.

The curtain fell behind the man in tatters, and he remained motionless for a space. A low murmuring among the priests ensued, and presently one of their number—the youngest—passed out and stationed himself before the curtain. Not even a privileged dancing girl might enter now.

The man in tatters stepped forward. He became the center of the group; his gestures were quick, tense, authoritative. At length priest turned to protest, and the wrinkled faces became more wrinkled still: smiles.

"Highness," said the eldest, "we had thought of this, but you did not make us your confidant."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Great Disseminator.

"I admit that my wife and I quarrel occasionally, but it is soon over."

"Yes, soon all over the neighborhood. Mrs. Nextdoor attends to that."

for there were no antidotes for poisons Umballa gave. Those seated about the table were too astonished to stir. The majordomo put his hand to his eyes, reeled, steadied himself; and then Ramabai understood.

"Poison!" he gasped, springing up and catching the majordomo by the shoulders. "Poison, and it was meant for me. Speak!"

"Lord, I will tell all. I am dying!"

It was a strange tale of misplaced loyalty and gratitude, but it was peculiarly oriental. And when they learned that Umballa was hidden in his own house and the king in a hut outside the city they knew that God was just, whatever his prophet's name might be. Before he died the majordomo explained the method of entering the secret chamber.

The quail and pheasant, the fruits and wine remained untouched. The hall became deserted almost immediately. To the king first; to the king! The Umballa should pay his debt.

They found the poor king in the hut, in a pitiable condition. He laughed and babbled and smiled and wept as they led him away. But in the secret chamber which was to have held Umballa there was no living thing.

For Umballa had, at the departure of the majordomo, conceived a plan for rehabilitation so wide in its ramifications, so powerful and whelming, that nothing could stay it once it was set in motion. The priests, the real rulers of Asia; the wise and patient gurus, who held the most compelling of all accepters, superstition! Double fool that he had been not to have thought of this before! He knew that they hated Ramabai, who in religion was an outcast and a pariah, who worshipped but a single God whom none had ever seen, of whom no idol had been carved and set up in a temple.

Superstition!

Umballa threw off his robes and donned his candy seller's tatters, left the house without being questioned by the careless guard, and sought the chief temple.

Superstition!

To cow the populace, to bring the troops to the mark, with threats of cruces, famine, plague, eternal damnation! Superstition! And this is why Ramabai and his followers found the empty chamber.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Allaha's Real King Killed.

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Great Disseminator.

"I admit that my wife and I quarrel occasionally, but it is soon over."

"Yes, soon all over the neighborhood. Mrs. Nextdoor attends to that."

HAVE YOU A CHILD?

Many women long for children, but because of some curable physical derangement are deprived of the greatest of all happinesses.

The women whose names follow were restored to normal health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Write and ask them about it.



"I took your Compound and have a fine, strong baby." — Mrs. JOHN MITCHELL, Massena, N. Y.

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a wonderful medicine for expectant mothers." — Mrs. A. M. MYERS, Gordonville, Mo.

"I highly recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound before child-birth, it has done so much for me." — Mrs. E. M. DOERF, R. R. 1, Conshohocken, Pa.

"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to build up my system and have the dearest baby girl in the world." — Mrs. MOSS BLAKELEY, Imperial, Pa.

"I praise the Compound whenever I have a chance. It did so much for me before my little girl was born." — Mrs. E. W. SANDERS, Rowlesburg, W. Va.

"I took your Compound before baby was born and feel I owe my life to it." — Mrs. WOODS TULLIS, Winter Haven, Florida.

The surgeon knows how to get inside information.

For crushed finger thoroughly apply Hanford's Balm. Adv.

Isn't it funny that the things we like to do most are the things we are told we shouldn't do?

Any man might conquer the world if he had half as much perseverance as a female book agent.

Opportune.

The Optimist (who has just been struck by a passing motor car)— "Glory be! If this isn't a piece of luck! Sure, 'tis the docther himself that's in ut."—Punch.

Not to Be Thought Of.

"Now let us put our head together and see if we can't arrange matters." "Put our heads together? That would hardly do, Maude. Your green wig and my purple hair won't harmonize."

Antagonize Them.

"Has Bella many friends?" "Oh, yes, but she is the sort of girl who is bound to make a few enemies among the members of her own sex."

"Why so?" "She has such a good natural complexion."

The Tip.

"Study a child's character," said Henry Ford in Washington. "Note his proclivities. Then choose a trade or a profession for him accordingly."

"I sent a little boy out the other day with a quarter to make a small purchase for me. On his return he told me the article I desired was out of stock, and handed back my quarter—in the form of two dimes and a nickel."

Let Them Speak For Themselves

You needn't take anybody's word for the superiority of Post Toasties—

Get a package from your Grocer, pour some of the crisp, sweet flakes into a dish, add cream or milk, and a sprinkle of sugar if you wish. Then be the judge of

Post Toasties

The Superior Corn Flakes

—made from the hearts of the finest Indian Corn, skillfully cooked, seasoned, rolled and toasted.

Toasties are not ordinary "corn flakes," so remember when you want Superior Corn Flakes to ask your grocer for

Post Toasties

DOG GETS THE SHOW HABIT

Runaway Animal Found by Its Owner Trying to Enter a Dog Show Cage.

Seattle, Wash.—A cocker spaniel owned by Mrs. C. F. Johnson of Everett has acquired the dog show habit. After the exhibition of the Seattle Kennel club had closed Mrs. Johnson took her pet home from its box in the show.

Girl Bags Big Brown Bear.

Chico, Cal.—Miss Katie Berdan of Berdan, a little settlement in the section of Chico, has gained an enviable reputation as a huntswoman. She has

several bear skins hanging in her rooms as trophies of the hunt, and her last exploit was when she brought down a big brown bear that tipped the scales at 471 pounds.

Miss Berdan was out gathering wild plums, and while at work picking the fruit she heard a rustle in the bushes on the opposite side of the patch. Looking up she saw a big bear eating plums from the same patch. Miss Berdan always carries a 30-35 rifle, and she took aim and brought bruin to the ground.

Keeping Within the Law

She—"But why did you have a boy to deliver our wedding invitations instead of sending them by post?" Jack—"Couldn't afford to take any chances." She—"Chances of what?" Jack—"Being arrested. Don't you know it is unlawful to send lottery tickets through the post?"

How to Tell a Small Town.

A small town is one in which a stiff hat attracts as much attention as the fire department.—Athlison Globe.

Chance for the Optimist

Reed—"What do you suppose will happen on the judgment day, when the earth plunges into eternal darkness and desolation?" Grant—"Oh, I suppose some optimist will rise and proclaim, 'Now is a good time to buy stocks.'"—Judge.

Badly Twisted.

There is something wrong with the brain box of an herise who would rather marry an empty title than a real man.

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TO THE PUBLIC

The Portales Utilities Company desires to announce that they have concluded exclusive selling arrangements with the Martin-Hansen Investment Company of Kansas City, Mo., for the sale of the Portales Valley lands.

Selling Organization

An immediate selling campaign is under way and at least two hundred and fifty agents located in the states of Minnesota, the Dakotas, Iowa, Montana, Nebraska, Kansas, Wisconsin, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri and Arkansas are now working. The Martin-Hansen Investment Company is the successor to the Kroh-Martin Investment Company of Kansas City. This organization was the selling agency for the Pearson Syndicate at Plainview. They were released due to complications arising through the European war situation, and we were fortunate enough to secure this organization for the sale of Portales Valley lands.

Results Obtained Elsewhere

During the period of time embraced from January 1, 1914, up to September 1, 1914, this selling organization sold nearly \$300,000 worth of Plainview land to actual bona fide buyers. They claim and WE KNOW that the Portales Valley lands can be sold easier than the Plainview lands.

Why Portales Valley Lands Will Sell

- FIRST:** We have the same soil at Portales and our water is less than one-half as deep.
- SECOND:** We have electricity as motive power.
- THIRD:** We can equip a well for one-third the cost and operate it at very much less cost.

Time To Boost

Now is the time for every citizen of Portales to sit up and take notice. This Valley is going to be permanently put upon the map. Every citizen should become a booster.

Painting and Clean-up Competition

The painting and clean-up competition started on December 15, and ends on January 15, 1915. First prize for the neatest place in the Valley on January 15th will be \$20 in gold. Second prize, \$15 in gold. And there will be three third prizes of \$5 in gold each. The free paint will be distributed some time this week. The Portales Valley is going to look clean and neat. Let every man lend his assistance to this end.

Creamery

Steps are being taken to establish a bona fide creamery in this Valley. This creamery will be established in such a manner

that the marketing of the butter will be assured; in such a manner that when a farmer delivers his cream he can get a cream check in payment for it which will be good at the banks or at the stores. Get in behind this creamery proposition.

What Other People Are Doing

The United States is starting on the greatest boom this country has ever known; 35 per cent of the population of the United States must raise all the food necessary to feed the entire United States and nearly half of Europe. These millions of people must be fed, crops must be raised. Farm lands must increase in value.

Advertising

The Martin-Hansen Investment Company is placing advertising literature of the Portales Valley lands in the hands of every farmer in the Middle West. Hundreds of thousands of people will hear of this Valley. The Santa Fe railroad is soon to issue thousands of bulletins on the Shallow Water District of Eastern New Mexico, in which the Portales Valley will be featured. The Santa Fe Railroad is reported to have ordered twelve thousand tons of 90-pound rails, and the statement is made that they will spend \$3,000,000 a month for the next six months on road and equipment betterment. This is their faith in the Southwest country. We will obtain our share of the benefits of these expenditures.

New Power Schedule

Power rates have been reduced. Power can be obtained for pumping purposes from 2 1/2 cents per kilowatt up to 5 cents per kilowatt, depending upon the load factor. No restrictions as to where water is used. Get busy and get your power contract fixed up on the new basis. Arrange to put in an irrigated, sure watered crop next year. If you cannot afford an outfit of your own, arrange to buy water from your neighbor.

Selling Facilities

The Martin-Hansen Investment Company of Kansas City, Mo., is one of the best selling organizations in the United States. Their record at Plainview and at previous propositions handled by them, proves their ability. The Portales Utilities Company's selling contract with these people is exclusive; they cannot sell any lands excepting it be lands that they get from the Utilities Company. The real estate men of Portales are also organizing a real estate organization. The best of feeling and the most cordial relationship exists between these real estate men and the Utilities Company's selling organization. There will be created a market for your land if you want to sell it. Get busy and place it in the hands of some one of these real estate organizations. Get away from that absent treatment Christian Science system of boosting. Peel off your coat and get in behind and make this town and Valley successful.

MARTIN-HANSEN INVESTMENT CO.