

County

The Portales Journal

This instrument was filed for Record on the 20 day of Oct. 1917 at 9 o'clock P. M., and duly recorded in Book page Fees

VOLUME I

PORTALES, ROOSEVELT COUNTY, NEW MEXICO, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1917

NUMBER 19 Deputy

Elmer Louis Kohl
Elmer Louis Kohl, known to his intimate friends as Louie Kohl, died at Roswell, New Mexico, Thursday morning at five thirty o'clock. There was with him at the time of his demise, his wife and children and Mrs. Bernheisel, of Wichita, Kansas, a sister of Mrs. Kohl. Funeral services will be conducted at the Baptist church, Sunday afternoon at two-thirty, under the Masonic rites, Rev. M. W. Daily officiating, at the church service.

Louie Kohl was known by almost every resident of Roosevelt county, and his friends were equal in number to his acquaintances. His disposition was always bright and sunny and he was generous to a fault. The deceased was born at Republic, Kansas, on the thirtieth day of May, 1887, and moved, with his family, to Portales in the fall of 1910. The primary trouble that caused his demise was an abscess in the head just over the right eye. He was taken to Roswell and operated on for the abscess, but the trouble was of such long standing that his system had become so saturated with poison that human effort was without avail. He was a patient, though great sufferer during the short time that intervened between his taking to his bed and the end. He received every attention that the best skill of the state could render and his wife and the sisters at the hospital were untiring in their efforts. Mrs. Kohl was with him constantly, night and day and he had from one to three trained nurses at his bedside all the time. Every physician of any known repute in Roswell were taken into consultation and Dr. Williams of Portales, was called to Roswell for consultation, but science had done its best and the end was never in doubt. The remains were brought to Portales Friday morning and taken to the family residence where they were held until Sunday afternoon. Flowers in abundance, and of all varieties were sent by friends and by the Masonic order.

Deceased leaves a wife and two daughters, father, mother, three brothers and three sisters to mourn his loss. The bereaved family and relatives have the sympathy of the community in their loss.

Some Good Grapes

E. P. Kuhl brought to the Journal office this week four varieties of choice grapes. Mr. Kuhl wrote down the names of different varieties but, being a preacher, of course his chirography much resembles that of Horace Greeley and the Journal fiend could not make out the names, but the said fiend could and did make away with the grapes and pronounced them the best ever. They were picked from vines that had been severely bitten by frost in May, but had put on the second crop and matured them. They are all imported varieties and are the equal of those grown in any man's country.

Miss Hester Kenemore, left Saturday morning to look after her farm near Elida. She will return Sunday.

Proposed Tax Amendment

House Joint Resolution No. 24

To amend Section 1 of Article VIII of the State Constitution relative to taxation and revenue.

Be it resolved by the legislature of the State of New Mexico:

That it is hereby proposed to amend Section 1 of Article VIII of the State Constitution so as to read as follows:

Section 1. Taxes levied upon tangible property shall be in proportion to the value thereof, and taxes shall be equal and uniform upon all subjects of taxation of the same class.

No county, city, town, village or school district shall in any year make tax levies which will, in the aggregate, produce an amount more than five per cent in excess of the amount produced by tax levies therein during the year preceding, except as hereinafter provided.

In case the amount desired to be produced by tax levies is more than five per cent greater than the amount produced in the year preceding, such fact shall be set forth in the form of a special request and filed with the state tax commission. In case the state tax commission approves such proposed increase it shall specifically authorize the same; if it disapproves, it shall so state with its reasons therefor, and its decision shall be final.

All acts and parts of acts in conflict with the provisions of this act are hereby repealed.

Sec. 2. That after the submission and approval by the electors of this state, the provisions hereof shall take effect on January 1, 1918.

For the Amendment
Or la Enmienda
Against the Amendment
Contra de la Enmienda

Killing Near Kenna

Last Sunday morning within a few miles of Kenna, C.S. Crosby shot and killed J. C. Shafer, a cattleman. It appears that the trouble originated over the lease of a school section, both claiming it. On the morning stated, Crosby and a man working for him by name, "Doc" Roberts, met Shafer and when they arrived to within about forty feet of each other Crosby drew his gun and fired, killing Shafer almost instantly. The details are not known at this time. Crosby gave himself up to the sheriff of Chaves county, the killing occurring just across the line from Roswell, and he is being held pending investigation. Crosby is a farmer.

Mrs. Carr Entertains

Mrs. G. W. Carr entertained Monday evening with a buffet luncheon at her home, and a line party at the Cozy theatre, in honor of the following Fort Sumner ladies; Mesdames Nixon, Rederick, Se Legue, Oaks, Ervin, Brooks and Mrs. M. P. Carr.

Baptist Church

Cradle roll day Sunday, 11:00 o'clock a. m. at Baptist church. You are cordially invited to attend these services.
Mrs. J. K. Bland, Cradle roll Superintendent.

Miss Mattie Doss Hightower has been quite sick for the past several days and her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Jeff Hightower of Lubbock, Texas, arrived Wednesday to be with her.—Fort Sumner Review.

Miss Mattie Doss has been successfully operated upon and is now rapidly convalescing.

Proposed Judicial District Amendment

Amended House Joint Resolution Number 19

Proposing the amendment of Sections 12 and 25 of Article VI of the Constitution of the State of New Mexico, entitled "Judicial Department."

Be it resolved by the Legislature of the State of New Mexico:

That Sections 12 and 25 of Article VI of the Constitution of the State of New Mexico be amended so that said sections respectively shall read as follows:

"Section 12. From and after the first day of January, 1918, the state shall be divided into nine judicial districts and a judge shall be chosen for each district by the qualified electors thereof at the election for representatives in congress in the year 1918, and each sixth year thereafter. The terms of office of the district judges shall be six years."

"Sec. 25. From and after January 1st, 1919, the state shall be divided into nine judicial districts, as follows:

First District—The counties of Santa Fe, Rio Arriba and San Juan.

Second District—The counties of Bernalillo, McKinley and Sandoval.

Third District—The counties of Dona Ana, Otero, Lincoln and Torrance.

Fourth District—The counties of San Miguel, Mora and Guadalupe.

Fifth District—The counties of Chaves, Eddy and Lea.

Sixth District—The counties of Grant and Luna.

Seventh District—The counties of Socorro, Valencia and Sierra.

Eighth District—The counties of Colfax, Taos and Union.

Ninth District—The counties of De Baca, Curry, Quay and Roosevelt.

"In case of the creation of new counties the legislature shall have power to attach them to any contiguous district for judicial purposes."

"All suits, indictments, matters and proceedings pending in the several district courts of the state, and all criminal offenses committed at or prior to the time this amendment goes into effect, shall proceed to determination and be prosecuted in the courts of the districts hereby established in like manner as if the districts had been so constituted at the time such suits, indictments, matters, proceedings and offenses were respectively commenced, found and committed."

"For the purpose of electing the judges for said districts this amendment shall be effective November 1st, 1918, and the judge for each district shall be chosen by the electors of the counties comprising the respective districts hereby designated."

For the Amendment
Or la Enmienda
Against the Amendment
Contra de la Enmienda

Off For a Hunt

J. B. Priddy, Dr. Wilton, Harry Buchanan and Charley Great-house will leave Saturday morning for the Black range country on a hunting trip. These gentlemen have made several trips for big game and this time each one has declared himself as being out for bear. They usually bring home the goods and the Journal man would not be surprised if they did tote Mr. Bruin to camp this time.

Bond-Hughes

Mr. John Bond and Mrs. Katie Hughes were quietly married at the Woods boarding house, Wednesday, October 17th at 2:30. The couple immediately left for Clovis to take supper at the Harvey House. Mr. and Mrs. Bond will make Portales their future home.

Proposed Prohibition Amendment

Committee Substitute for Senate Joint Resolutions Numbers Two and Three.

Proposing an Amendment to the Constitution of the State of New Mexico, by Adding Thereto Another Article, the Same to Be Numbered XXIII.

Be It Resolved by the Legislature of the State of New Mexico:

That the Constitution of the State of New Mexico be and it is hereby amended by adding thereto a new article to be numbered and designated as Article XXIII, Intoxicating Liquors, as follows:

ARTICLE XXIII

Intoxicating Liquors

Section 1. From and after the first day of October, A. D. nineteen hundred and eighteen, no person, association or corporation, shall within this state, manufacture for sale, barter or gift; any ardent spirits, ale, beer, alcohol, wine or liquor of any kind whatsoever containing alcohol; and no person, association, or corporation shall import into this state any of such liquors or beverages for sale, barter or gift; and no person, association or corporation, shall, within this state, sell, or barter, or keep for sale or barter any of such liquors or beverages, or offer any of such liquors or beverages for sale, barter or trade, PROVIDED, nothing in this section shall be held to apply to denatured or wood alcohol, or grain alcohol when intended and used for medicinal, mechanical or scientific purposes only, or to wine, when intended and used for sacramental purposes only.

Sec. 2. Until otherwise provided by law, any person violating any of the provisions of section one (1) of this article, shall upon conviction, be punished by a fine of not less than fifty dollars, nor more than one thousand dollars, or shall be imprisoned in the county jail for not less than thirty days nor more than six months, or by both such fine and imprisonment, and upon conviction for a second and subsequent violation of said section such person shall be punished by a fine of not less than one hundred dollars nor more than one thousand dollars, and shall be imprisoned in the county jail or state penitentiary for a term of not less than three months nor more than one year.

For the Amendment
Or la Enmienda
Against the Amendment
Contra de la Enmienda

Masons to Clovis

Tuesday night of this week about fifteen members of the Masonic lodge of Portales went to Clovis by special invitation to attend the meeting at that place. There were many visiting members from other towns besides Portales. After the work had been completed they were taken to the Harvey house where a sumptuous banquet was served in the usual Harvey house elaborate style. Those present from Portales were: J. B. Priddy, A. G. Kenyon, E. J. Norris, E. D. Callow, B. K. Puckett, J. R. Stephenson, Inda Humphrey, J. M. George, Ed. J. Neer, W. E. Keeter, A. F. Jones, John W. Ballow, Leon Jones, Rev. W. W. Turner and E. C. Murrell. Everyone reports a splendid time and say that the Clovis Masons are great entertainers.

U. D. C. Meeting

The U. D. C. met Tuesday with Mrs. P. E. Jordan. A musical program was rendered by Mrs. W. Connally, Mrs. Beaver and Miss Fannie Williamson. Those present seemed to enjoy themselves. The next meeting will be with Mrs. C. O. Leach, with Mrs. T. E. Mears for leader.

Christ at Courthouse

On Tuesday night at the courthouse, C. H. Christ of Washington D. C. delivered an address on the conservation of the food of the nation. He recommended that two meatless days in each week be had, and that poultry and eggs supply the place of meat usually served on those two days, that the foreign allies of the United States might have sufficient solid food to enable them to continue the present war.

There was quite a good audience considering the fact that there was another attraction in town the same night. At the conclusion of this address, Judge G. A. Richardson made an appeal to those present to buy liberally of the second issue of the liberty bonds now being offered, and stated that unless the full amount was subscribed the only resort left would be to raise the amount of money needed by taxation. At the conclusion of the meeting a county organization for the conservation of foodstuffs was started and County Superintendent Sam J. Stinnett was selected as chairman. The idea is to send out cards to be signed by the families of the county pledging co-operation in this matter and the sending of daily reports to the state officer. The government issues daily bulletins on the progress of the food conservation proposition and must have these county and state reports in order to make an intelligent estimate national requirements.

Christmas packets for Soldiers
Nothing should go in them which will rot fresh from the time of packing until Christmas.

Dried fruits and other food products should be packed in small tin or wooden boxes, one quarter to one-half pound size.

Hard candy, including chocolate, would probably be safe in tin foil or heavy cardboard, but no soft chocolates or anything that could possibly be crushed should be used, as the other contents of the package might be spoiled thereby.

Several dainties packed in oblong tin boxes each holding a quarter of a pound, will provide a better variety for a packet than a large quantity of a single confection.

No liquids nor articles packed in glass should be placed in the package.

For wrapping the gifts use a khaki-colored handkerchief, twenty seven inches square, and form the base of the packet by placing on the center of the hand a pad of writing-paper about seven by ten inches.

Select variety of articles either from the suggested list (or according to individual wishes) to an amount not exceeding \$1.50, and arrange them on the pad of paper so that the entire package shall be the width of the pad and approximately five or six inches high.

Wrap and tie with one-inch red ribbon and place a Christmas card under the bow of ribbon. A card bearing the greetings of the Chapter would be desirable.

Wrap the parcel again in heavy light-brown manila paper, and tie securely with red, green, or gilt cord, and use Christmas labels or American flags as desired.

HAPPENINGS in the CITIES

Affable Strangers Got Savings of Seven Years

INDIANAPOLIS.—Seeing the white lights at Riverside park with two newly acquired "friends" cost Christ Jack, thirty-five years old, a Serbian living in the foreign quarter on South West street, \$1,800, his savings of seven years. Jack reported the swindle to the police after he had taken a bundle, which he supposed contained \$15,000, intrusted to him by his friends, to a bank to have it deposited in a safety vault. When a clerk opened the bundle Jack found that it contained only a wad of newspaper.



Jack told the police that he returned from Warren, Pa., where he had been employed in a steel mill for eight months, and was carrying his money in a suitcase. At Washington and West streets he met another foreigner, who "struck up" with him and was most agreeable after he pressed a few questions to learn whether Jack had any money.

The pair went to Camp Sullivan park, where they met another man, and the trio decided to visit Riverside park.

One of the men had a bundle and confided to Jack that it contained \$15,000, and after they reached the park he asked his intended victim if he would permit him to place the bundle of money in the suitcase. Jack agreed and they proceeded to enjoy the evening riding on all the racers and coasters and drinking "pop." Jack declared in broken English that he never met more companionable men.

As the night wore on they returned to the city and Jack obtained a room after bidding the men good-by and having an understanding that he would meet them again on Friday. In the morning he opened his suitcase and discovered that his purse and \$1,800 were gone, but was consoled when he saw that the paper bundle remained.

Believed She Could Have More Fun as a Boy

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.—"There's no fun in the world for a girl," declared fourteen-year-old Dorothy Schedel at the jail here, where she was placed after posing as a boy in her brother's army uniform and hiking most of the 200 miles from Petoskey, where her mother lives.



She had cut off most of her hair and was on her way to Flint to see her father, who was separated from his wife more than a year ago.

When she reached here she got a real haircut and went on toward Flint. At Caledonia she let out her secret and somebody told the officers. They brought her back here.

"I'd like to be a boy," she told reporters. "Boys can wear torn pants

and nobody laughs at them. But a girl has to primp and powder and look pretty or folks laugh. Gee, I had to laugh," she went on, as she recounted an experience at Cadillac, where she worked part of a day. "The officers there talked about the missing girl from Petoskey, and they didn't dream that I was that girl. I could have gone through with the whole thing if I hadn't just had to tell it to somebody in Caledonia. Then somebody snitched, and it was all off.

"I get along fine with my dad, but I can't get along with my mother. My mother can't make me mind, but dad can. He don't use a whip, but ma does. I'd like to go and live with him."

Youthful Hero the Victim of Base Ingratitude

NEW YORK.—Two fighting dogs, a boy and a policeman were actors in a back-yard melodrama which ended in tragedy. There were self-sacrifice, ingratitude and heroism in it. Ralph Protta, nine years old, scaled the fence back of his home, 245 East One Hundred and Fiftieth street, and leaped into the adjoining yard. He went to the rescue of a black dog, with which he had often played. The black dog was engaged in combat with a large red-haired dog.



But when Ralph tried to separate the dogs both turned on him. The boy cried in vain for mercy to the dog he had thought was his friend. Those who had been brought to their windows by the commotion turned away from the sight. Women and children screamed and men shouted. Policeman Flannagan responded to the neighborhood hubbub. He entered the yard with his pistol in one hand and his club in the other. The two dogs were finishing their work. They turned and made for the policeman. But he did not budge from his position by the gate. He fired a shot. The bullet penetrated the brain of the black dog. Then, with the club, the policeman beat the red dog until the animal cringed at his feet.

Ralph Protta died in the ambulance on the way to the hospital. Probably more painful to the boy than the suffering he endured before his death was the knowledge his playmate, whom he sought to help, turned on him and aided in inflicting his mortal hurts.

Housemaid Proved Herself Terror in a "Scrap"

PHILADELPHIA.—A stubborn housemaid who refused to be "fired" gave battle to four policemen and a husky apartment house janitor before she was loaded into a patrol wagon at the Satterlee apartment and hauled to a cell in the police station. For a half hour she battled with Policeman Prendergast and Harry Stillman, the janitor, in the basement of the apartment house before Prendergast summoned three "cops" to help him.



She rolled the "cop" around on the floor, tore his hair, scratched his face and landed several man-sized punches with a stiff right arm. Just before the patrol arrived, Prendergast got her under control and started to lead her to the wagon. The sight of the three other "cops" infuriated the woman, and she started all over again. She broke away from Prendergast's grasp, dodged into the arms of another policeman, fought, scratched, and struggled. It took ten minutes more of strenuous work on the part of the four "cops" before she was finally loaded into the wagon.

Stubborn to the last, she refused to give any name when she was "slated" at the police station and placed in a cell. At the apartment house it was explained that the woman came there three months ago as a servant. Her employers had discharged her.

Then the janitor found her, he said, in the basement of the apartment house trying to open a locker. He ordered her to leave, but when she showed fight, he called a policeman.

THIS BUNGALOW NEEDS BIG LOT

Type Described Here Pleasing to Admirers of Odd Architecture.

DETAILS OF THE STRUCTURE

Entrance into Living Room is Through Vestibule—Roomy Sleeping Porch on Second Floor—Many Neat Conveniences Too.

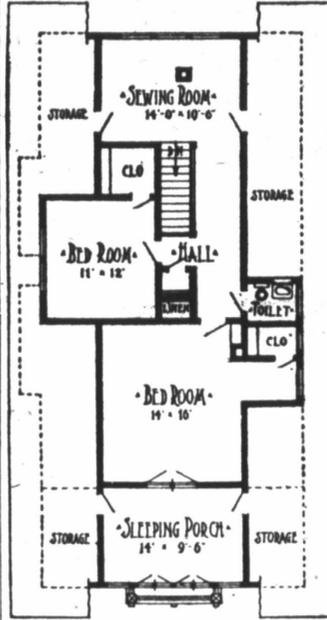
Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 1827 Prairie avenue, Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

By WILLIAM A. RADFORD.

Where a sufficient frontage is available, a bungalow of the type shown in the accompanying perspective view is an excellent residence design for the person who appreciates bungalow architecture. The building is one which is designed to have its longest dimension on the street.

The foundation walls of the house are of concrete up to grade and of face brick to the sills. A belt of wide rough clapboards girts the structure between the brick and the window sills. Above this line, the walls are finished with standard narrow bevel siding up to the plate. The gables and the dormer walls are finished with stained shingles. The rough clapboards may be painted in some harmonizing color which is not too dark and the trim is best finished in pure white, since contrast is needed with the prevailing dark tones of the walls. Ornamentation of the roof consists

three-window bay. Toward the front of the house through a large eared opening is the coziest little den which anyone might ask for. Bookcases are placed on either side of the room just within the opening and from these, entirely around the enclosed space, there is a built-in seat. There is a large window in the center of the forward wall of the nook. A colonnade separates the living room from the dining room, which completes the group. The dining room also has a three-window bay in the outer wall and a buffet is placed against the center of the wall opposite.



Second-Floor Plan.

tically all glazed, which establishes this as one of the most pleasant features of the house. In the corner of the house adjacent to the breakfast room is grouped the rear entry, the kitchen and, near the center, the pantry. The arrangement is ideal. The refrigerator is placed in the entry and a door is built in the wall for being it



in the use of a simple open rafter cornice and attractive brackets. A special ornamentation feature is the small balcony at one end of the second floor, above the front porch. This balcony is supported by three cantilever beams which are securely anchored to the second floor joists. The rail used is of an especially pleasing design.

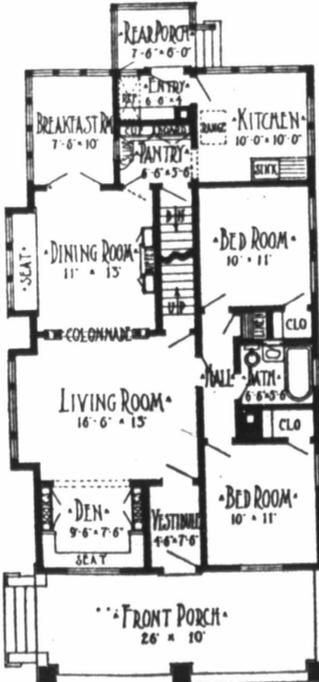
Even more interesting than the exterior design is the interior arrange-

A broad seat is built into the bay, adding the final touch to the scheme.

French doors lead back from the dining room into the breakfast room. The outer walls of this room are practically all glazed. Across the wall opposite the entrance there is a shelf from the chimney to the side wall. This shelf is high enough so that the refrigerator sets under it. The most interesting detail of this arrangement is the location of the serving pantry. This pantry connects the kitchen with the dining room. There is a cased opening from it into the kitchen and a swinging door into the dining room. A cupboard occupies the wall toward the rear of the building. A slide is provided which extends out under the window in the hall between the pantry and the breakfast porch.

The first floor bedrooms are arranged according to the best modern practice, which places them side by side with a connecting hall. Each bedroom closet is fitted with a shelf and a rail all around for clothes hooks. Most contractors and builders will suggest that an iron pipe or wood rod be placed horizontally across the closet just under the shelf, so that clothes placed on hangers may be hung there, greatly increasing the capacity of the closet and keeping the clothes in much better condition than if they were hung against the wall.

The second floor is reached from the living room, the stair door being directly in front of the vestibule. The stairs lead to the sewing room on the second floor which connects with an open hall leading to the bedrooms and toilet. There is a linen closet in this hall handy to the two bedrooms. These bedrooms are provided with closets and in the larger one there is also a shelf just behind the door as it swings open. The statement has been made that there is practically no outside exposure on the walls of the second floor rooms. This is clearly indicated on the plan, which shows that there is plenty of storage space provided under the roof along both sides of the building. These spaces are reached from the sewing room and from the sleeping porch.



First-Floor Plan.

ment. The entrance into the house is by way of a vestibule which opens into the living room. Three rooms are here grouped together in a most pleasing manner. Centrally located in the group is the large living room with its

PAIN? NOT A BIT! LIFT YOUR CORNS OR CALLUSES OFF

No humbug! Apply few drops then just lift them away with fingers.

This new drug is an ether compound discovered by a Cincinnati chemist. It is called freezone, and can now be obtained in tiny bottles as here shown at very little cost from any drug store. Just ask for freezone. Apply a drop or two directly upon a tender corn or callus and instantly the soreness disappears. Shortly you will find the corn or callus so loose that you can lift it off, root and all, with the fingers.

Not a twinge of pain, soreness or irritation; not even the slightest smarting, either when applying freezone or afterwards.

This drug doesn't eat up the corn or callus, but shrivels them so they loosen and come right out. It is no humbug! It works like a charm. For a few cents you can get rid of every hard corn, soft corn or corn between the toes, as well as painful calluses on bottom of your feet. It never disappoints and never burns, bites or inflames. If your druggist hasn't any freezone yet, tell him to get a little bottle for you from his wholesale house.—adv.



Which is Wrong, of Course.

"I hope Tom spends his money right."
"No, right and left."—New Haven Register.

SAVE A DOCTOR'S BILL

by keeping Mississippi Diarrhea Cordial handy for all stomach complaints. Price 25c and 50c.—Adv.

She Would Get Even.

Marcellis was very fond of playing with the calves. One day one chased her. Very much frightened, she crawled under the fence and said, "You can stand there looking at me now, calf, but I'll have some of you in my stomach before long."

Advertising the Enemy.

"The editor of the Plaindealer has a good deal more enthusiasm than judgment," commented Farmer Hornbeak, in the midst of his perusal of the village newspaper. "Here he's got a long editorial fiercely attacking the kaiser, when if he'd just let the scamp severely alone people would soon forget all about him."—Kansas City Star.

But She Didn't.

She was a very newly fledged baroness or duchess or something like that, and, somehow or other, she became thick with a professor, as the classical blokes would have it, and he invited her to come to his observatory to see the eclipse, says London Ideas. She arrived about two hours late.

"I've come to see the eclipse," she told the professor's assistant. "Professor Squashnoodle invited me to come."

"I'm sorry, but the whole thing was over an hour ago," said the assistant, contritely.

"Then," said the dignified dame, "I will wait for the next."

Nearly all free thinking men are in the bachelor class.

If
you never
tasted
Grape-Nuts
FOOD
you have
missed
one of the
good things
in life

TIPPECANOE

Being a True Chronicle of Certain Passages Between DAVID LARRENCE and ANTOINETTE O'BANNON of the Battle of Tippecanoe in the Indiana Wilderness, and of What Befell Thereafter in Old Corydon and Now First Set Forth

By SAMUEL McCOY
Illustrations by DeAlton Valentine

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CHAPTER XXIII.—Continued.

She shrank away from his filthy hand in unutterable loathing and threw herself face downward in a paroxysm of weeping. The music of the drums and fife had ceased. Outside, the camp buzzed with activity. The Prophet bent the red cup of his eyesless socket over a lapful of grotesque amulets, muttering incantations to himself.

Girty passed his hand soothingly over the trembling shoulders of the girl, and patted the tangled, silken cloud of her hair.

"I kin't blame ye, my dear, fur not takin' a likin' to sech a ugly ole critter as I be, but I've had a hard life, my dear, a hard life. I been ornery, I'll grant ye, I been ornery, but I been obliged to be. They's a lot o' pesky mean men in this world, my dear, an' I've had to fight hard agin' 'em. I've been waitin' fur a likely young gal like you so es I kin go into the settlements on the Canady side and live quiet, like a king. I'm askin' ye quiet to go with me, ye see?"

Toinette only sobbed.

"Ain't that fair, es I put it to ye? What kin be fairer nor that? I kin see that es pretty es a picter—me an' you a-settin' in front of the fire, me a-readin' in the Book about the blessed Lamb o' God. Oh, ye may know I was es good es any on 'em when I was a little devil. I had a good old mother!"

Toinette wondered to hear him name his mother. She made no reply, and he suddenly burst in a string of the foulest oaths, cursing and blaspheming. But he offered her no violence. He still hoped to find some officer in Malden who would pay a rich price for her. And such a purchaser would demand her physically sound. For this he had seen to it that no warrior had harmed her; and he meant to claim his money in the end.

The drums had begun again, loud, defiant; but instead of drawing nearer their music passed farther and farther away, fainter and fainter. Elkskatawa stole cautiously from the tent. Suddenly there swept over Toinette the realization that Girty had lied—the fife was playing an air that red-coats never marched to—the stirring swing of "The President's March!" She leaped to her feet, her eyes blazing. Fainter and fainter came the air to which she unconsciously fitted the triumphant words:

—who fought and bled in Freedom's cause
And when the storm of war was past—

"Listen!" she cried. "'Tis the men from home!" She faced Girty, and all her days of dread, all her hours of suffering were forgotten. "I have prayed to God and he has answered me!"

For a moment Girty was silent before the white radiance of her faith; but he threw off his hesitancy with a sneering laugh.

"A pretty lot of good that handful o' sheep kin do," he snarled. "By sundown tomorry we'll bring ye ever' one of their wet skelps fur ye to play weth." He stepped hastily outdoors, and assuring himself that the troops had defiled from view, he returned, and, seizing Toinette's arm, dragged her roughly from the tent. As she passed out into the raw November wind, Toinette shivered.

"Ye kin see fer yerself they hain't any on yer precious sogers brave enough ter fight a papoose, let alone all these braves," he said tauntingly. The innumerable warriors of the Prophet, hideous in war-paint, stalking to and fro among the tents of the village, contemptuous of the cautious whites, lent support to his boast. Toinette looked helplessly from side to side, seeking some avenue of escape, and hope died in her eyes.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Battle.

Soundlessly, in the dark hour after midnight, the great war-bow of the Indian was strung. But the camp of the Americans slept. A light rain fell. It was nearly dawn.

Suddenly through the black mist spat the red flame of a rifle; with the flame and the crack came the sound of a man running. It was the Kentuckian, Stephen Mars, of Geiger's company, an outpost. A dozen rifles in the hands of crawling Indians rang

out; he fell in the wet and tangled brush, his face in the sodden ground. The night, which had been soundless save for the soft rush of the rain and the dripping of the water from the trees, suddenly became filled with the stir and uproar of the awakening camp, with the whooping of the hidden foe, striking in the dark.

David awoke from sleep and bounded to his feet. A hand clutched his wrist and dragged him down again, while a voice commanded, "Keep low!" He saw that all the others in the company were quickly, silently looking to their rifles, but that all remained crouching on the ground. The yells of the Indians seemed loudest at the extreme left, where Geiger's horsemen stood, and at the extreme right, where Spencer's riflemen lay behind their kneeling horses. Before his own company, which, with the other militia companies of Wilson, Norris and Wilkins, was stationed in the center of the rear line, the woods lay quiet, seemingly empty of any Indians.

David turned about and glanced toward the center of the camp. Fifty yards away were the tents of the officers, lighted up by the campfires. He could distinguish the figures of them all. They were all fully dressed and were buckling on their sword-belts as they talked. Harrison was standing impatiently waiting while an orderly struggled with his horse.

Hargrove, divining that it was the general's intention to ride away toward the points where the savages were attacking in numbers, struck David on the shoulder in his hurry:

"Go ask Colonel Decker if we are to stand here! Quick, before General Harrison goes!"

David ran toward the officers. As he reached them, Harrison succeeded in getting his foot into the stirrup and threw himself into the saddle. Decker was about to mount. David saluted as he ran, crying, "Is Captain Hargrove to stand where he is?"

Harrison answered before the colonel could reply:

"All the captains are to hold their companies as they stand! You will do nothing but hold the ground until light enough to advance!"

He gathered up the reins and with a bound was gone through the falling mist, Boyd, Owen, Hurst, Taylor, Washington Johnston and Davless urging their horses at his heels.

David ran back toward his captain. The horrid tumult at the northwest and southeast angles grew louder. David listened with an excitement that filled his ears with the sound of his own heart's throbbing. Two hundred yards away the rifles cracked in a ceaseless sputter.

The drums began. The orderly drummer at the officers' tents was beating the long roll; the steady unvarying tattoo spread its imperious summons through the night with a sound that forced its way through all the wilder babel of the camp. David wondered why it had not begun sooner; it did not seem possible that not sixty seconds had elapsed since the first alarm had been given.

A cold gust made the raindrops waver. He became conscious that his teeth were chattering. Two men, wriggling on the ground, succeeded in scattering the fire so that its light died down to the embers. David saw the other company fires go out, one by one. But they had not all been extinguished soon enough.

As the light of the fires died out the flashing of the rifles became more plainly visible. The damp air was heavy with the acrid smell of powder smoke. In the swamp at the east David could see the flames of the Indians' rifles twinkling like fireflies.

The uproar at the northwest angle of the camp, two hundred yards away, grew louder. David strained his eyes through the darkness but distinguished nothing. Suddenly from the dark angle a trumpet blared out its immemorial summons to charge. On the last note arose a burst of cheering.

"Charging!" ejaculated Hargrove at David's side.

It was the plan of the Indians to wait until a girdle had been formed on three sides of the camp, where a simultaneous attack might be made, north, east and south; but before they had completed this detour of the wooded plateau the impatient savages stationed at the northwest corner had drawn in closer and closer to the American sentries in their eagerness to rush in. It was one of these whom Stephen Mars had heard gliding through the wet underbrush; and at the report of his rifle the Indians threw aside concealment and began the onset on the north flank of the little army, without waiting for more of their numbers to complete the circle on the east front.

And so the men of Geiger's Kentucky Rifles and those of Captain Barton's regular troops, forming the northwest angle, awoke to find a hundred shadowy forms rushing on them with the cries of wild beasts. Their answering fire burnt the very breasts of the Indians and lighted up the painted, hideous faces. There was no time to reload; the rifles became clubs that swung and crashed against rib and skull, or red warrior and white went down locked in the terrible em-

brace which the bloody knife alone, rising and falling, might end.

But the angle held firm. When Harrison and his staff reined in their horses at the spot, the hand-to-hand conflict was over, and the savages had retreated to the shelter of trees, where they might have time to reload their guns. Behind them they left a score of dead and dying of their own number; but some bore at their belts the dripping scalps of the newly slain.

It was then that the trumpeter, at Major Wells' command, had placed the trumpet to his lips and blown the charge. With a cheer, the men of Barton's company heard the order repeated by their own captain and went ahead at a run. Only a dozen or so of Geiger's men had been able to secure their frightened horses at the trumpet call, but these, riding from tree to tree, drove the baffled Indians before them into the willows by the creek, where the horses could go no farther. From the angle came an aide with Harrison's order to sound the recall.

They came back. It was wisdom that saved them from being cut off from the main body of the troops. For the fight had just begun. Only a little breathing space they had; and in it they looked upon the faces of their dead.

The commander and his staff inspected the lines, letting their horses pick their way through the trees, through the darkness, loose-reined; each company, as they passed it, pleading to be allowed to go into the thick of the fight, and the commander counseling each to hold its ground, until at last they came to Norris' and Warrick's companies at the corner of the right flank and here found Spier Spencer's riflemen from Corydon in the midst of a red baptism of carnage such as Geiger's and Barton's companies had just gone through.

At this moment David heard someone calling to his captain. He strained his eyes through the mist, and as the man ran up to Hargrove, David recognized him as George Croghan. Captain Hargrove spoke sharply:

"What's the matter?"

Croghan saluted. "The chief surgeon has requested Colonel Decker to let him have some assistance. We have only three surgeon's mates. We need more help with the stretchers. Can you detail someone, sir?"

Hargrove named Larrence and Cokrum; they hurried away as Croghan led. From company to company they ran, lifting the dead and wounded on rude litters and bearing them to the shelter of the wagons in the center of the camp; here they left their burdens and went back for a second and a third time, and each time found some new victim.

And then David was in the thick of the panting struggle which Spier Spencer's men were enduring. The horses lay on the ground, and from over their backs the riflemen fired into the darkness peopled with the vague shapes of the howling savages; but the horses, terrorized by the uproar and mysterious stinging things that tore them, tried again and again to rise; their masters kept them down only by superhuman exertions.

There was a momentary lull; from across the little valley where the rushing creek gurgled among the willows there came a strange and wild chanting; high above the groans and the sounds of hurrying feet it rose, the sonorous cadence of the aborigine's prayer to the Great Manitou, the father of all.

"'Tis the Shawnee Prophet, singing his own song," said Dubois, the interpreter at Harrison's side.

David looked at General Harrison. The silent horseman seemed to have gathered in his eyes all the tremendous tragedy of the despairing race of red men. And then a grim smile crossed his face, as he reflected that he and his little army, uncouth, profane, greedy for material things, so did as all humanity, was the flaming sword of the progress of humanity—driving out the old order, substituting the new.

The song of Elkskatawa, the Prophet, the Loud Voice, went on. The white men heard it and were troubled. The red men heard it and grew drunk with audacity. "The bullets of the white man shall fall at your feet, my children, and their powder shall be sand!" How could they be harmed? Again their wild attack commenced; they left the shelter of trees and fallen log and charged the slender line that held the right flank. Harrison shouted orders to his aids:

"Send Robb's company here for reinforcement! Tell Major Floyd to place Prescott's company in Robb's position. Send Snelling to the northwest angle, Cook and Baen here! Tell Colonel Decker to send Wilson's company to the northwest angle, Colonel Bartholomew to send Scott's company with Wilson's!"

The night was slowly giving place to the gray dawn. A faint light stole gradually through the dripping branches. David could see how yellow the faces of the wounded looked in the pale break of day. Baen, he knew, was wounded mortally, Bartholomew hurt.

As he neared the center of the camp, Robb's Mounted Rifles, 76 men,

went by him with a rush, the galloping hoofs thudding on the wet turf. Here and there the smoldering embers of the campfires blazed up again. David went on with the sickening work of the hospital corps.

He was carrying a wounded man to the shelter of the wagons when little Jimmy Spencer, Captain Spencer's fourteen-year-old son, ran from the tents and clutched him by the sleeve, begging to be told if his father was unhurt. David answered the boy reassuringly; he had just seen the captain cheering on his men, a bloody handkerchief tied about his head. When they went back to the right, Jimmy ran at David's side, refusing to stay behind.

"Father!" he cried, and the soldier turned at the call. He was about to warn the boy to go back when a bullet struck him in the hip and passed through both thighs; he tottered and fell.

"Go back to the tent, son," he said, smiling. "Your mother will need you if I don't go home."

He drew the boy down and kissed him. For a long minute he rested till his faintness passed; and then he began calling to his men to fight on. Suddenly the voice ceased altogether as a ball tore its way through his heart.

With the fife's shrill music in their ears, the Yellow Jackets held their ground, though MacMahan, who took Spencer's place, fell dead, and Berry, his second lieutenant, fell also; held it for two hours in the face of the frenzied attack of the Indians.

The men with the litters were very busy; not only here but back at the northwest angle, where the first attack had been made. At the opposite angle Jo Davless was still chafing with impatience. From behind a log, seventy yards away, a dozen Indian sharpshooters were pouring a wicked fire into the mass of tethered horses of the three squadrons of dragoons—Parke's, Funk's and Beggs' companies. Twice Davless had sent to Harrison for permission to charge and dislodge them. The stripling Croghan carried his third request. Presently Croghan came back on the run. He was wild with delight.

"Tell Major Davless," Harrison had said, "that he has heard my opinion twice; he may now use his own discretion."

"God be praised!" ejaculated Davless. Hastily he called for twenty volunteers. Quickly they threw themselves in the saddle. David saw them dash across the little space between the line and the log where the Indians were hidden and saw the spurts of red flame run along the top of the log. For every flash of fire a trooper reeled in his saddle; at the front rode Davless, the idol of the backwoodsmen. As the red warriors began to break and scatter from behind the log, the last of their rifles rang out together, and the Kentuckian rose in his stirrups, clutched at his breast, and pitched headlong.

As he saw Davless fall, David drew a deep breath and began to run across the wet and slippery grass that lay between the camp and the ambuscading woods beyond. The bullets ripped viciously through the dripping weeds and tore into the frozen ground at his feet. He heard shouts of warning, like voices in a dream, behind him; but he paid no heed and reached the Kentuckian's side unhurt. He placed his hand under Davless' shoulders and the dead weight sickened him. Three men from Parke's company ran out and joined him as he strove to lift the body; with a desperate heave they raised up the dying man and staggered back toward the line of riflemen.

The men of Parke's and Beggs' dragoons began to cheer as the four men laid their unconscious burden down in safety, and the exultant yells spread like fire from end to end of the little plateau; for Davless had been struck at the very moment when the attack of the savages had ceased, and from group to group of powder-grimed and bloodstained riflemen ran the shouts of victory.

The sky had scarcely lightened. The trees still dripped with rain. They had been fighting less than four hours; and the baffled Prophet, his incantations futile, his power shattered, was flying through the woods. A hundred of his braves lay upon the sodden field; the rest had faded away like the mist that drifted through the forest.

All day the men rested, caring for the wounded, burying the dead, repairing their rifles. All day Davless lay beneath the tree where they had placed him, his life slowly ebbing out; and when at last his eyes closed, they buried him by the side of Thomas Randolph, the Virginian, his friend. The battle was won; and, although they did not know it then, this handful of men had saved to the nation an empire. Men threw themselves on the ground, the dreadful tension relaxed; young John Tipton scrawled in his daily journal; but David could not rest.

In the night that followed he wrestled in agony with his fear for Toinette. At dawn they were to attack the Prophet's village. Would she be found there, living or dead? He could not shut from his eyes the picture of what dreadful signs might be found

in the tents—a torn robe, a tress of blood-stained hair, even her body—shuddered and the cold sweat stood upon his forehead. At last dawn came and the men were once more un-leashed.

CHAPTER XV.

On Wildcat Creek.

Toinette was dead. The news came to David and left him without hope or aim or wish for life. One of the Indian prisoners told the horrible story of her death to his captors, with a gleam of fiendish malevolence in his eyes.

David shuddered as he had not among all the carnage of battle, and his limbs tottered beneath him. Some one of the soldiers raised up his rifle and struck down the booster as if he were crushing a snake. No one held back his hand.

One, with awkward sympathy, put his hand on the shoulder of the shaken David and led him back to the American camp. Behind them the ruined village lay smoldering in the November sun; but David himself walked as in a dream. Men who met him stepped aside in silence, to let him pass, daring to ask no question. Behind him rose the wailing of the Indian women, mourning for their dead, wailing among the trampled maize; and the unutterable sorrow in his heart grew heavier beneath their unending lamentation as the stalks of corn are beaten to the sodden ground in the cold rains of the dying year.

Mechanically he took up his work of watching over the wounded in the heavy wagons. The camp was struck, the homeward journey begun.

The suffering of the men in the wagons was torture indescribable. Over the uneven ground the oxen dragged the lumbering carts, the wooden disks that served as wheels slipping and jolting over rocks and into ditches with a cruelty which was no less heartrending because it was unavoidable. The carts were springless. Hot with fever under the icy wind and racked with the terrific jolting, the wounded men raved, cursed, sang in delirium. Of the 151 wounded, 25 died on the merciless journey from the battlefield to the blockhouse on the Vermillion river, where the boats had been left. Day and night David heard their pitiful moaning, the snatches of pleadings, the imprecations and the incoherent wanderings of their tortured minds:

"A tubful of honey in the lead-to and the bear got it!"—"That ball went through the hoop!"—"Make the stockade higher!"—"From Kaskasky with George Clark, I tell ye!"—"The Angel Gabriel set his feet on those stones!"—"That calf's got the milk-sick!"—"No, deante, there ain't no more men!"—"Teacher, may I get a fresh quill?"—"I'm a old man an' I want some whisky!"—"All the Federalists' schemin'!"—"Water! ain't there even some rainwater?"—"Oh, Molly, Molly, Molly!"—"Watch the right flank! The right flank!"—"Water! Water!"

Three miles below Tippecanoe the fleeing Prophet made a night's camp on Wildcat creek, the Panse Pichou of the French. Dubois' scouts found the warm ashes of his campfire there and close by one of the guides picked up a bit of lace. The man put it in the pocket of his shirt and brought it back to the marching column. David was among the men who crowded about him to gaze at the tiny shred of cloth; and having seen it he put out his hand and took it, and no man said him no; for they saw that he had recognized it as a part of a garment of Antoinette O'Bannon, whom he had loved and who was slain. Willingly the man who had found the cloth led David, at his request, back to the ashes of the fire and there left him in silence; and for a long time David stood looking at the ground where Toinette's feet last had been.

The frozen wilderness was very still. The bare branches of the forest creaked and groaned in the November gusts, but there was no sound of human life. On a dead limb a mottled woodpecker with a scarlet cap searched industriously and vainly for its food. A sleek, brown-furred beaver crawled to the top of the stream's bank, looked inquiringly at the motionless figure brooding over the ashes of the fire, and slid back into the water with a splash. Deep in the woods a flock of wild turkeys clucked among the underbrush. And so standing, David tasted to the dregs the bitterness of his failure, the numbing consciousness of irremediable loss; tasted the bitterness of helpless defeat and spent his hour of agony and vain self-reproach, while the grim forest shut him in with silence.

A rifle cracked.

The ball knocked the cap from David's head. An inch to the right and he would have fallen, his skull shattered; but he had bent his head at the very moment when the hidden marksman's finger pressed the trigger.

He was all alone; only his own speed and quickness of resource saved him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Cold Siberian Rivers.
Several of the Siberian rivers flow over beds of solid ice.

THE PORTALES JOURNAL

Entered as second-class matter June 16, 1917, at the post office at Portales, N. M. under Act of March 3, 1879.

H. B. RYTHER, Manager

Published every Friday at Portales, New Mexico, and devoted to the upbuilding of Roosevelt County, the garden spot of the Sunshine State.

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One Year..... \$1 00
Six Months..... 50
Three Months..... 25

A DEMOCRATIC NEWSPAPER

KILL IT

Tax payers will do well to study carefully the provisions of the proposed tax amendment. The more you study this proposition the worse it will look to you. It puts every political subdivision of the state absolutely at the mercy of the tax commission, which said tax commission is composed of the political appointees of whatever party happens to be in power at the time. Also they are open to all the prejudices natural and unnatural produced by local conditions. They would have it in their power to ruin any community at will. They would not be bound by any laws of equity or justice. They could discriminate at will and their acts will not be subject to review by the courts, nor are there any other avenues of redress for wrongs that the injured community might apply to for redress. Their powers would be absolute, more so than the decree of any prince or potentate of Russia in its darkest days. You who vote yes on this amendment are but signing your own death warrant, with no chance for commutation of your sentence. Look this thing squarely in the face and you will have none of it.

THE INSANE ASYLUM

The superintendent of the asylum for the insane has tendered his resignation, the reason given being that the allowance for the maintenance of the inmates was insufficient to furnish the barest necessities of life. The superintendent states that he was permitted only five cents per day for food for each inmate. Sheriffs are allowed fifty cents per day for feeding criminals and those charged with crime, and it certainly looks as though the unfortunate inmates of the asylum were entitled to as much consideration as are those charged with crime. If the statement of the superintendent is true it may account in some part for the fact that about every one that has gone from Roosevelt county to this institution has soon passed to that land where food is not a necessity. People who are restrained of their liberty should be properly fed at whatever cost to the power that has put them under restraint and the state of New Mexico is not so poor that these unfortunates must be both restrained and starved.

THE NEW DISTRICT

There is no reason why any citizen of Roosevelt county should hesitate about voting for the proposed new judicial district. It is true that it is a Republican scheme to make another district safely Republican, but Roosevelt county is not affected by that proposition. She is in-

terested in being separated from Roswell and Chaves county. So long as we remain a part of the Fifth district, so long will we be governed by and subject to the dictation of Roswell. That place names both judges and the district attorney. In the last primaries we had no choice whatever, in the matter of selecting a district attorney, the choice having been made before our primaries were held. As the Fifth judicial district is now constituted, Roosevelt county is a non-entity, Chaves and Roswell hog everything in sight and will continue to do so just so long as they have the present opportunities. It is a case of playing both ends against the middle and we are always the middle. The new district amendment should appeal to every lover of home rule and every one who is opposed to government for and by Roswell. If you enjoy being in vassalage to the "Queen of the Alkali Flats," vote against this amendment, but if, on the other hand you have tired of present conditions you will welcome any kind of a change calculated to give relief from this affliction.

Notice of Trustee's Sale

Whereas, on the first day of November, 1916, William Perkins, also known as W. C. Perkins, executed and delivered his certain deed of trust to S. E. Davis for better securing the payment of one promissory note for the principal sum of two hundred seventy-five (\$275.00) dollars, made by the said William Perkins, payable to B. F. Stinson or order, same being dated November first, 1916, and to become due and payable six months after the date thereof, and said deed of trust provided that the said William Perkins should become indebted unto the said B. F. Stinson in a further sum or sums, after the execution of said deed of trust, and that said covenant was made to be secured and enforcement of the payment of said present and future indebtedness and whereafter thereafter the said William Perkins did become indebted to the said B. F. Stinson in the sum of one hundred and seventy-five and 75/100 (\$175.75) dollars, which is evidenced by the promissory note of the said William Perkins, dated March the 7th, 1917, and becoming due and payable May the first, 1917, and signed by the said William Perkins under the name of W. C. Perkins, which said indebtedness is secured by the lien created by said deed of trust upon the following described premises, to-wit: The south half of section 16, township 36 north, range 18 west, new Mexico meridian, New Mexico, containing three hundred and twenty acres; and whereas, before the maturity of the above said notes, the said B. F. Stinson for a valuable consideration, sold, transferred and delivered said notes, and each of them to the said S. E. Davis, who is now the legal and equitable owner of said notes, including the lien created by said deed of trust thereon, and indebtedness and hereafter the said S. E. Davis, trustee named in said deed of trust, has become the legal owner and holder of said notes and said deed of trust, and because, the said S. E. Davis, trustee named in said deed of trust, became incompetent to execute said deed of trust in her own behalf, and whereas, pursuant to authority in said deed of trust contained, the said S. E. Davis, trustee named in said deed of trust, has appointed as a substitute trustee to execute the said deed of trust, namely George L. Reese, of Portales, New Mexico, the undersigned, who is duly authorized to execute said deed of trust, and the power conferred upon him to said original trustee, and whereas, it is further provided in said deed of trust that if the said William Perkins should fail or refuse to pay said notes when due, or the interest thereon, or the same accrued, or should fail to perform any of the other covenants in said deed of trust contained, then the said trustee named therein, or any substitute trustee, was and is the one authorized to advertise and sell and describe real estate, as provided in said deed of trust, and by law, and whereas, said promissory notes, with interest thereon at the rate of ten per cent per annum from their respective dates until paid, has long since been due the said S. E. Davis, and the said S. E. Perkins has failed and refused to pay the same, or any part thereof, though often requested to pay the same, and on account of such default said notes and deed of trust have been placed in the hands of an attorney for collection and foreclosure, thereby making an additional amount due upon said indebtedness and secured by said lien of ten per cent upon the principal and interest due upon said indebtedness as provided in said notes for attorney's fees, expenses, by virtue of said deed of trust and the power contained therein. I, the undersigned substitute trustee in said deed of trust, will, on the 6th day of November, 1917, at the hour of two o'clock p. m. at the east front door of the court house, in the town of Portales, Roosevelt county, New Mexico, sell said described real estate, at public vendue, to the highest bidder for cash, for the purpose of satisfying said indebtedness, interest and attorney's fees, and all costs of said sale.

Witness my hand at Portales, New Mexico, this 19th day of September, 1917.

S-28 GEORGE L. REESE, Trustee.

In the Probate Court of Roosevelt County, State of New Mexico.

In the matter of the last will and testament of Mary Nickls, deceased. No. 117.

Notice

THE STATE OF NEW MEXICO, ss.

To Whom It May Concern: Notice is hereby given that on or about the 12th day of March, 1917, Mary Nickls, late of Roosevelt county, New Mexico, departed this life that prior to her death she made and executed in writing her last will and testament disposing of her property, which said will has been filed in said probate court. That Ida Lula Rine, of New Hope, New Mexico, Joseph Adeline Pritchard, of New Hope, New Mexico, Laura Melvina Parks, of Richland, New Mexico, and Nora Landreth, of Yeager, Oklahoma, are the sole and only legatees and devisees in said will. That John W. Stigall is named in said will as executor thereof and has filed his application in said probate court, praying that said will of deceased be probated according to law. You are further notified that Monday, the 5th day of November, 1917, the same being the first day of the regular November term of said probate court, has been fixed as the date for proving said will. That said court will, at said time, examine witnesses and hear testimony for or against said will, or any objections that may be made therein.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and the seal of said probate court this 25th day of September, 1917.

[SEAL] SETH A. MORRISON, Clerk.

Farm Loans

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FRANCES A. RYTHER

Land Loans—See W. O. or W. B. Oldham.

W. B. Oldham received a car load of Buicks this week.

O. B. Daniels of Roswell was a Portales visitor this week.

Willie Nelson left Tuesday for Garlsbad, to attend to business matters.

Miss Ettie Stovall left Sunday for Floyd to take charge of her school at that place.

School shoes that will wear. C. V. Harris'.

Frank Smith purchased a little Buick four from the Oldham-Honea establishment last week.

Mrs. Agnes Manes of Roswell has been visiting in the city the past two weeks.

Winter underwear for men women and children.

Frank Beeman of Elida, bought a Maxwell of the O'dham-Honea Buick and Maxwell company.

S. Street, the largest merchant of Elida was in Portales the first of the week as a witness in a civil suit.

J. M. Carter, of Plainview, Texas, was in the city the first of the week visiting his brother, C. L. Carter

Mrs. M. A. Knight, who has been attending her sick brother in Haskell, Texas, returned Friday morning.

Mace Carl McHorse, macanic and vulcanizer of the Highway Garage was a visitor in the city the first of the week.

Blankets and comfort cheap, at C. V. Harris'.

W. H. Copper, wife and daughter and Miss Josie Good were in Portales the first of the week from Kenna.

R. L. Ballow and family, of Hico, Texas, brother of County Treasurer John W. Ballow, were visiting in the city this week.

Mrs. Edwin N. Neer will leave for Las Vegas to join her husband who is manager of the Continental Oil company plant at that place.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Kohl, of Friona, Texas, arrived Friday morning to attend the services over the remains of their son, E. L. Kohl.

Ladies serge dresses. Right price. C.V.Harris'.

Rev. L. L. Thurston, of Elida, is making a short visit in the city among friends, prior to accepting a pastor-ship at Texico-Farewell.

John Biggersaff, mixerologist at Dobb's confectionery, is in Dallas this week taking in the big fair. John says that all look fair to him.

Do you need a blanket or a comfort to keep you warm, if so go to C. V. Harris'. He's got them, the price is correct.

Land Loans—See W. O. or W. B. Oldham.

Miss Myrtle Moore is visiting her brother, Bryan J. Moore, in Albuquerque this week. The guards are anticipating a removal to San Francisco, in which case Miss Myrtle will accompany her brother and complete her visit and thense to Oklahoma. This is Miss Myrtles annual vacation and she thinks it is much needed and is acting accordingly.

The "Rummies" must go. This is the verdict in Iowa and about twenty or thirty other states of the Union. Within the next two years your "Uncle Samuel" will put a lasting quietus on their operations. Might as well commence now by voting yes on that amendment November 6th.

The Journal is in receipt of a letter from R. V. Lawrence at Fort Riley, Kansas. Mr. Lawrence says that soldiering is not half so bad as he had been led to believe, that they have the best officers in the world and that all are cheerful and doing well.

Ladies serge, silk and wool poplin skirts at right price. C. V. Harris'.

Dr. D. B. Williams, E. B. Bristow and the Journal man went to Roswell Sunday to see Louie Kohl who is dangerously ill at St. Frauces hospital. They found him in a very serious condition, but receiving every attention that was possible.

The Journal is both late and short on news this week but has a plea of absence from the city to enter in defense of the "dope" mixer. Will hndevor to make up for shortage next week.

Miss Lucy Johnson, left Saturday morning to take charge of her school at Longa. Miss Lucy is a graduate of the Portales High school and is also an old resident of Portales.

Tom Amos, formerly with the Joyce-Pruit people here, but now of Des Moines, New Mexico, was in Portales this week attending court in the capacity of a witness in a civil suit.

J. A. Johnson and family who have been sight-seeing in the city a few days continued their journey, Tuesday morning, to Odessa, Texas, where they expect to make their home.

Emmett Miller, formerly of this place, but recently of Magdalena, this state, was visiting his mother and brother here this week. He hss accepted a position in Clovis.

See the good as wheat school shoe, the solid leather at C. V. Harris'.

Mrs. M.F. Jabara received an announcement of the marriage of her sister, Lillian to Leon pursley at Craham, Oklahoma, Sunday October the fourteenth.

James H. Locke, formerly with the Joyce-Pruit company here, has resigned and acceeted a position at Tempe, Arizona, with a creamery at that place.

FOR SALE—About four or five thousand pounds of nice cabbage at four cents per pound, at the potato house.

G. M. WILLIAMSON, President M. B. JONES, Cashier H. C. WAGGONER, Assistant Cashier

...THE...

First National Bank

Capital and Surplus, \$100,000.00

The Time Has Come to Conquer or Submit

Our President has uttered these words, and they are as true as gospel. Do not wait for someone else to make the sacrifice—make it yourself by doing without something you would like to have, and buy Liberty Bonds. Our boys are giving their lives—we certainly should be willing to give, at least, a part of our money. Let us back our soldiers by loaning the government our savings from new economies.

Yours for Assistance,

The First National Bank

"The Bank Where You Feel at Home"

Buy a Liberty Bond

E. A. BANNISTER

Piano Tuner

Guaranteed expert work. Leave orders at Peoples Store, Portales N. M.

V. J. CAMPBELL THE AUCTIONEER

No sale too large or too small, I cry 'em all. See me, get the high dollar. Post-office address, Longa, N. M. Phone M. A. Fullerton, Longa.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation Etc. Required by the Act of Congress of Aug. 24, 1912

Of the Portales Journal, published weekly at Portales, New Mexico, for October, 1917. State of New Mexico, County of Roosevelt, ss. Before me, a notary public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared A. F. Jones who, having been sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the secretary of the Portales Publishing Company and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership and management of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by act of August 24, 1912. That the name of the publisher is, Portales Publishing Company and that H. B. Ryther is editor and manager. That G. M. Williamson, P. E. Jordan, J. B. Priddy, A. F. Jones, J. P. Reese and G. L. Reese are the stockholders of said corporation and that their post office address is Portales, New Mexico, and that there are no bondholders or mortgagees. Portales Publishing Company. By A. F. Jones, Secretary. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 19th day of October, 1917. Jim P. Reese, Notary Public. My commission expires Feb. 19, 1921.

WANTS

WANTED—Empty syrup buckets, F. G. Calloway grocery.

WANTED TO BUY—Empty syrup buckets. White House Grocery.

FOR SALE—The prettiest five-acre home in Portales, or will trade for unimproved land. John R. Hopper.

FOR SALE CHEAP—Four good mares and one colt, will sell cheap or will trade for small house and in Portales. Box 336. F. T. McDonald.

FOR SALE—One five roomed house, with bath room and two nice porches, near high school and business part of town. Price, \$1,000. Mrs. R. W. Eastland, Curry, N. M.



RICHELIEU COFFEE. Its flavor and aroma cannot be surpassed. Do you drink it? If not, TRY IT.

JOYCE-PRUIT COMPANY.

SAY, You can get MARRIED in Reno, catch the early morning train for Portales, come right up to the Pritchett Studio and have your picture taken, and

Live Happy Ever After

The Bland Grocery

If it's good, we've got it. If you want it in a hurry, that's US. We'll do anything in reason to please you. Try us.

We want your Butter, Eggs and Produce. Top Prices Paid

J. K. BLAND'S GROCERY, TELEPHONE 11

WOMAN SICK TWO YEARS

Could Do No Work. Now Strong as a Man.

Chicago, Ill.—“For about two years I suffered from a female trouble so I was unable to walk or do any of my own work. I read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in the newspapers and determined to try it. It brought almost immediate relief. My weakness has entirely disappeared and I never had better health. I weigh 165 pounds and am as strong as a man. I think money is well spent which purchases Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.”—Mrs. Jos. O'BRYAN, 1755 Newport Ave., Chicago, Ill.

The success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, is unparalleled. It may be used with perfect confidence by women who suffer from displacements, inflammation, ulceration, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, and nervous prostration. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the standard remedy for female ills.

Almost Human.

A few days after the arrival of a family of kittens at a neighbor's, little four-year-old Isabel was invited to pay them a visit. Delighted with what she had seen, she returned in ecstasies to her mother.

“Oh, mamma,” she rapturously exclaimed, “they have the dearest little pussy cats next door! But do you know that their papa has gone away on a long holiday and left their mamma alone to take care of them? Isn't it a shame.”—St. Louis City Tribune.

CUTICURA HEALS ECZEMA

And Rashes That Itch and Burn—Trial Free to Anyone Anywhere.

In the treatment of skin and scalp troubles bathe freely with Cuticura Soap and hot water, dry and apply Cuticura Ointment. If there is a natural tendency to rashes, pimples, etc., prevent their recurrence by making Cuticura your daily toilet preparation. Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Willing to Listen.

He—You would never know how much I love you.
She—What is your objection to telling me?

Whenever You Need a General Tonic Take Grove's

The Old Standard Grove's Tasteless Chilli Tonic is equally valuable as a General Tonic because it contains the well known tonic properties of QUININE and IRON. It acts on the Liver, Drives out Malaria, Enriches the Blood and Builds up the Whole System. 60 cents.

Her Idea.

He—How would you like to live in a cottage by the sea?
She—By the sea, yes. But why a cottage?

THIS IS THE AGE OF YOUTH.

You will look ten years younger if you darken your ugly, grizzly, gray hairs by using “La Creole” Hair Dressing.—Adv.

As a less expensive substitute for an electric hair drier an electrician in Europe has invented a device for warming ordinary combs.

Why That Lame Back?

Morning lameness, sharp twinges when bending, or an all-day backache; each is cause enough to suspect kidney trouble. Get after the cause. Help the kidneys. We Americans go it too hard. We overdo, overeat and neglect our sleep and exercise and so we are fast becoming a nation of kidney sufferers. 72% more deaths than in 1890 is the 1910 census story. Use Doan's Kidney Pills. Thousands recommend them.

A Texas Case

A. B. Johnson, Beeville, Texas, says: “A year and a half ago I realized my kidneys were affected. When lifting a sharp pain caught me across my back and I had to give up. The kidney secretions passed too frequently and scalded terribly. Three boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills put my kidneys in good shape and for the past several years I have had no further need of a kidney medicine.”

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
POSTER, MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

VEGETABLES FOR WINTER CONSUMPTION

Natural storage is the simplest and least expensive method of keeping vegetables for fall and winter consumption. Wherever practicable, this method should be made use of, especially this season when the conservation of food and the keeping down of food expenses is peculiarly important. Owners of home gardens are, in general, best situated for storing vegetables since they probably have surpluses of vegetables in the fall. It often is possible, however, for other householders to buy vegetables cheaply enough in the fall to justify the preparation and stocking of storage places.

Storage is especially successful with the root, tuber, and bulb crops such as carrots, potatoes, onions, etc. Cabbage, celery, pumpkins also winter squash, mature beans and peas, and a number of other vegetables also may be stored.

The successful storage of vegetables is not at all difficult; in fact, good storage facilities already exist in most homes, it being only necessary to make use of the cellar, the attic, a large closet, or other parts of the dwelling, depending upon the character of the product to be stored. Storage Room in the Basement of the Dwelling.

A cool, well-ventilated cellar under the dwelling offers good conditions for the storage of vegetables. Many cellars are not well suited for storing vegetables because of poor insulation or lack of ventilation. Cellars containing a furnace for heating the dwelling usually are too warm and too dry for the storage of root crops. It is often possible, however, to partition off a room either in one corner or at one end of the cellar where the temperature may be controlled by means of outside windows. At least one window is necessary, and two or more are desirable for admitting light and for ventilation.

Construction of the Storage Room.

The size of the storage room should be determined by the space available and the amount of material to be stored. Natural earth makes a better floor than concrete or brick, as a certain amount of moisture is desirable. The walls of the storage room should be parallel to the walls of the cellar. Lay 2-by-4-inch scantling flat on the floor and secure them with pegs driven into the floor or by nailing them to the top of short posts set in the ground. Set 2-by-4-inch studding from this sill to the ceiling, spacing them 16 inches apart from center to center. Locate the door to the storage room at the most convenient point, making it large enough to admit barrels, boxes, etc., 2½ feet wide by 6½ feet high being a good size. Set the studs on either side of the door 32 inches apart, which will allow for the door and the frame. Put a header over the door, allowing 1 inch for the frame and ¼ of an inch for the sill at the bottom. Set the studs against the walls where the cellar walls and storage-room walls meet. Care exercised in making the frame square and plumb will enable the builder to get the structure tight with a minimum of labor. A good room is made by covering the studding on the outside with tongue-and-groove material, but a better way is to sheathe the outside with plain lumber, tack building paper on this, and side with tongue-and-groove material. This construction in connection with lath and plaster or wall board on the inside makes an excellent room.

Ventilation may be secured by opening one or more windows. An air duct constructed of wood, metal, or terra cotta and fitted in one of the windows, as illustrated in figure 4, is desirable, as it permits the cool air to enter at the bottom of the room. Two or more joints of 6-inch stovepipe, one with a damper, and an elbow may be used. A piece of board with a hole the size of the pipe is fitted in the

window in place of one of the panes of glass. Another pane of glass may be removed from the sash and a small hinged door fitted in its place, which when open allows the heated air to escape. In cold weather both the hinged door and the damper in the stovepipe must be closed. The windows in the storage room should be darkened in order to protect the vegetables from the light.

Barrels, crates, boxes, or bins may be used as containers for the various vegetables, but movable containers are preferable to built-in bins, as it is possible to remove them for cleaning. It is advisable to construct shelves or a slat floor to keep the crates, boxes, baskets, and other containers off the ground. This is highly desirable to insure a free circulation of air and to prevent the containers from harboring mice, rats, and other vermin. The shelves for canned goods along one side of the room need not be more

ORGANIC MATTER IN STRAW

Three Dollars' Worth of Plantfood Contained in Every Ton—Should Be Applied to Soil.

Farmer, spare that straw stack! “Three dollars' worth of plantfood goes up in smoke every time a ton of straw is burned,” declares R. I. Throckmorton, associate professor of agronomy in the Kansas State Agricultural college. “Many Kansas farmers are overlooking the chief by-product of the farm.

“The soils in Kansas are becoming deficient rapidly in organic matter and straw is a means of increasing that content. Wheat fields produce quantities of available straw.”

The best way to use straw is to bed stock with it. By this method the moisture content of the manure is absorbed by the straw. What straw cannot be used in this manner can be applied as a surface dressing to soil in the late fall or winter months. Straw should be scattered with uniform thickness at the rate of one ton per acre. The surface dressing acts as a soil mulch and thus prevents loss of water during rains. It also aids in holding the snow and in preventing winter killing.

FALL WORK ON RASPBERRIES

Prune to Remove Dead Wood Which Bore Fruit Preceding Year—Break Off the Tips.

The chief pruning for raspberries is to cut out the dead wood which bore fruit the preceding year. This may be done any time during the fall, winter or early spring.

As the young shoots spring up from the roots, and get to be about two feet high, it is often good practice to break off with the hand the tip, four or five inches back, thus causing the sending out of lateral shoots, and increasing the amount of fruiting-wood for the year following.

GENERAL FARM NOTES

In the humid sections distribute the poisoned-bran bait for grasshoppers early in the morning.

Join with your neighbors in buying spraying materials and thus get the benefit of wholesale prices.

Clear up Johnson grass, Bermuda grass, and salt grass in order to destroy the desert corn flea-beetles' winter quarters.

In the semiarid sections poisoned-bran bait for grasshoppers should be distributed in the late afternoon or early evening.

CAPITAL REQUIRED FOR BEES

Strong Point in Favor of Honey Industry Is Small Amount of Money Needed for Results.

The men who are engaged in honey production as an exclusive business are getting results equal to those derived from any other form of agriculture, with less capital invested and with less risk, according to Dr. J. H. Merrill, assistant professor of entomology in the Kansas State Agricultural college.

“The fact that it requires far less capital to engage in beekeeping than in general farming is a strong point in favor of the industry,” commented Doctor Merrill.

“As an exclusive business beekeeping requires high-grade talent. It looks so simple and easy that those who engage in it are not willing to take the time to master the work in all of its details as they would in any other line of business. For this reason comparatively few persons succeed in making it profitable? Fifteen years ago there were more

beekeepers than there are today, but there has been an increase in the number of bees kept. Doctor Merrill pointed out. This plainly indicates that the beekeepers are becoming specialists.

BLANCH EARLY CELERY CROP

Special Paper Twelve Inches Wide Made for This Purpose—Two Weeks Time Is Required.

Early celery is best blanched with boards or paper, a special paper 12 inches wide being made for this purpose.

In warm weather it will blanch in about two weeks, when the boards may be removed along and so used several times in a season.

Blanching Celery Crop.

Celery may be blanched by placing boards, paper or dirt about it. A drain tile will do. Soil is likely to cause decay in the early varieties if put on during hot weather.

Use the poisoned bran bait to control grasshoppers.

THIS WOMAN ONLY WEIGHED 76 POUNDS

Takes Tanlac and She Now Weighs One Hundred and Six.

SUFFERED FOR 25 YEARS

Says Words Cannot Express the Gratitude She Owes “Master Medicine.”

“Words of praise can't express the gratitude I feel to Tanlac, for it has not only relieved me of troubles that kept me in misery for twenty-five years, but has built me up until I am thirty pounds heavier than I was when I started taking it,” said Mrs. J. C. Bogardus, of 4220 Clifton street, El Paso, Texas, a few days ago.

“I have suffered since I was about ten years old,” she continued, “with catarrhal trouble of the stomach and of recent years with rheumatism and it seemed my troubles were steadily growing worse. My food would sour on my stomach and the gas pressing against my heart affected my breathing. I fell off until I only weighed seventy-six pounds and was so weak and nervous I got but little sleep at nights. I was constipated and suffered terribly from headaches. The rheumatism affected my lower limbs mostly and I had such pains through my back and right side I simply could not look after my household duties.

“It surely was surprising to me the way Tanlac took hold of my troubles. I began improving right from the start. My strength came back to me day by day and I soon overcame the trouble from constipation and the headaches. The pains in my back and side have left me and I don't even feel the rheumatism in my lower limbs any more. I now weigh one hundred and six pounds, and many of my friends have spoken of my great improvement and asked what on earth I had been taking. Of course, I simply tell them ‘Tanlac’ for I think it the most remarkable medicine ever made.”

There is a Tanlac dealer in your town. Adv.

Some Information.

“Sedentary work,” said the lecturer on physical torture, “tends to lessen the endurance.”

“In other words,” butted in the smart Aleck, “the more one sits the less one can stand.”

“Exactly,” retorted the lecturer, “and if one lies a great deal one's standing is lost completely.”—Judge.

DON'T GAMBLE

That your heart's all right. Make sure. Take “Renovine”—a heart and nerve tonic. Price 50c and \$1.00.—Adv.

But Lottie Hadn't One.

Flossie (alluding to her new ring)—It isn't always what a present costs that makes it appreciated.

Lottie (who doesn't think much of it)—No, dear. Very often it is what other people think it costs.

How Did She Know?

“Do you shave up or down?”
“Down.”
“It feels like down.”—Lampoon.

THIS DRUGGIST KNOWS BEST KIDNEY MEDICINE

Sixteen years ago I began to sell Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root and today I believe it is one of the best medicines on the market; and my patrons are very much pleased with the results obtained from its use and speak very favorably regarding it. Swamp-Root has been very successful in the treatment of kidney, liver and bladder troubles according to the reports received and I have no hesitancy in recommending it for I have great faith in its merits.

Very truly yours,
OWL DRUG STORE,
By R. F. Boies,
Sedalia, Missouri.
Oct. 3, 1916.

Letter to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You. Send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample size bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention this paper. Large and medium size bottles for sale at all drug stores.—Adv.

Her Choice.

Hazel was at a loss to make a choice between two young sprouts in her garden of love. She desired a hardy plant, one that would thrive in any soil and under any conditions. No shadow must prevent the sprout selected from growing.

Every day could not have its full allotment of sunshine. Which would she choose? Either was pleasing to the eye. Then came a day when the wind blew hard—a draft from one end of the country to the other.

One of the sprouts withered from the biting blast. The other thrived and grew as though it had been blessed with continual sunshine. Now Hazel is happy. Her choice has been made.—Indianapolis News.

Lemons Beautify! Make Quarter Pint of Lotion, Cheap

Here is told how to prepare an inexpensive lemon lotion which can be used to bring back to any skin the sweet freshness, softness, whiteness and beauty.

The juice of two fresh lemons strained into a bottle containing three ounces of orchard white makes a whole quarter pint of the most remarkable lemon skin beautifier at about the cost one must pay for a small jar of the ordinary cold creams. Care should be taken to strain the lemon juice through a fine cloth so no lemon pulp gets in, then this lotion will keep fresh for months. Every woman knows that lemon juice is used to bleach and remove such blemishes as freckles, sallowness and tan, and is the ideal skin softener, smootheners and beautifier.

Just try it! Get three ounces of orchard white at any pharmacy and two lemons from the grocer and make up a quarter pint of this sweetly fragrant lemon lotion and massage it daily into the face, neck, arms and hands, and see for yourself. Adv.

She Followed Rule 34.

Jack—I kissed her when she wasn't looking.
Tom—What did she do?
Jack—Kept her eyes averted from the evening.—Pearson's Weekly.

What is Castoria

CASTORIA is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrup. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and “Just-as-Good” are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment. Genuine Castoria always bears the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

Open-Air Exercise and
Carter's Little Liver Pills
are two splendid things
For Constipation
If you can't get all the exercise you should have, its all the more important that you have the other tried-and-true remedy for a torpid liver and bowels which don't act freely and naturally.
Take one pill every night; more only when you're sure its necessary.
Genuine bears signature *Wm. Wood*
CHALKY, COLORLESS COMPLEXIONS NEED CARTER'S IRON PILLS



Tell them to go ahead

You might as well have the use of that building you are planning—there is nothing to be gained by waiting. There is no prospect of prices going down for some time after the war is over. Go ahead and let your contracts.

When it comes to the roof you can make a real saving, and get a better roof by specifying

Certain-teed Roofing

CERTAIN-TEED Roll Roofing is not cheaper because the quality is lower, but because it is a less expensive roofing to manufacture. It is better, not only because it is cheaper, but also because it is light weight, weather-tight, clean, sanitary, fire-retardant and costs practically nothing to maintain.

CERTAIN-TEED Roll Roofing is guaranteed for 5, 10 or 15 years, according to thickness (1, 2 or 3 ply).

Certain-teed Slate-Surfaced Asphalt Shingles

are supplanting wood and slate shingles for residences. They cost less, are just as good looking, wear better, won't fall off, buckle or split. They are fire-retardant and do not have to be painted or stained.

Certain-teed Paints and Varnishes

The name CERTAIN-TEED on a can of paint or varnish is the same guarantee of quality and satisfaction it is on a roll of roofing or a bundle of shingles. Made for all uses and in all colors.

Certain-teed Products Corporation

New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Boston, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Detroit, Buffalo, San Francisco, Milwaukee, Cincinnati, New Orleans, Los Angeles, Minneapolis, Kansas City, Seattle, Indianapolis, Atlanta, Richmond, Grand Rapids, Nashville, Salt Lake City, Des Moines, Houston, Duluth, London, Sydney, Havana

Flavor!

So long as your coffee has flavor, aroma and purity, without high cost—what more could you ask? That's R. B. M. Coffee.

Ask Your Grocer

Ridenour-Baker Merc. Co.

Oklahoma City



HIDES

Get all your hides, wool and furs are worth by shipping to

CENTRAL HIDE & FUR CO.

302 East Main St., OKLAHOMA CITY

Write for tags and prices.

Some Speed.

Marx—Are you athletic?
Lois—Oh, yes, I'm the fastest crocheter on our college team.
Marx—Zasso? How fast can you go?
Lois—Oh, about thirty knots an hour.

A quiet wedding is often the prelude to a noisy divorce.

MURINE Granulated Eyelids,
Sore Eyes, Eyes Inflamed by Sun, Dust and Wind quickly relieved by Murine. Try it in your Eyes and in Baby's Eyes.
YOUR EYES No Smarting, Just Eye Comfort
Murine Eye Remedy At Your Dispensing or by Mail
Murine Eye Salve, in Tubes etc. For Sale of the Eye—Prescribe Ask Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

Rechristening Jane

By HI AKERS

(Copyright, 1917, by W. G. Chapman.)

"I wish Carr you wouldn't call me Jane!"

"My land! That was the name you was christened!"

The little old lady with the thin, gray hair drawn very smoothly back in a small, tight knot at the back of her head, and the lined face bearing evidence of the storm and stress of many years of poverty, looked her surprise at the young, rather pretty girl who had passed in the act of putting on her hat before the small looking glass, and turned upon her aunt with some impatience. The neighbors had been telling her they thought Jane had come back to the little village with some "high falutin notions" after her visit to the city, but this seemed to Aunt Carrilla Bean about the last straw.

"Well, suppose I was christened Jane, the middle name was Mabel, and I want to be called Mabel. That's what they all called me at Aunt Carolina's."

"Hm!" sniffed Carrilla Bean. "So she's gone and changed her name, too. When I married Joel, her name was Carline. Seems awful queer to me what's took folks these days. Even sensible names ain't good enough for 'em any more."

"The world has been moving, and the people with it," said the girl. It's only people who want to stagnate and stick in the mud who object to new ways."

"Well I never supposed I was sticking in the mud—but mebbe I am," sighed the little woman. She seemed to be thinking hard, trying to draw up an estimate of herself, for she repeatedly questioned: "Mebbe I am."

Jane Mabel was neither unfeeling nor entirely selfish beyond the human tincture of these things which is always to be found in youth. The average young human has not yet suffered enough to think of the hurt in a heart. But Jane Mabel had some affection for Aunt Carr, who had taken care of her ever since her parents died, when she was a little child, so she noticed the look and tone of the other, and said: "Well, you know, aunty, it isn't to be expected when you live here in this little village year after year, you would know what people are doing and thinking out in the big world, in great cities, where you meet more people in a day than you do here in a year."

Aunt Carr's gentle gray eyes looked slightly incredulous, and again she said: "Mebbe, Mebbe." Then she added: "But it's going to come hard for me to call you Mabel after you bein' brought up 'Jane.' I'm likely to forget pretty often. And how are you ever going to break in Dan'l Jaynes?"

Jane Mabel turned a rather flushed, defiant face toward her aunt.

"I don't intend to try to 'break in' Mr. Jaynes. I don't mean he shall have a chance of calling me either Jane or Mabel!"

"My sakes! When did you break off with him?"

"Some time ago in my own mind. If he doesn't know it yet, he'll soon find out," flashed the girl.

"Well, I must say he'll be some taken back," said Mrs. Bean. "He was asking after you 'bout every day while you was gone. He's about the nicest young man in this place, and lots of girls would just jump at keepin' company with him."

"They can have him," was the terse reply.

"Well, I guess you found somebody down there in the city—is that it?"

"I met gentlemen," a strong emphasis on "gentlemen." "Yes, I did meet one I liked pretty well."

The girl's face seemed to tell so much more than her words to the observing woman, she answered: "I reckon so. Poor Dan'l! I hope he won't take it too hard."

Mabel, she meant henceforth to be called, gave her hat a parting tilt, and tripped out of the house carrying a letter to the post. It was addressed to Mr. David Sperry, at his office in the city. He had asked her to write him when she arrived home, and Mabel had taken pains with the letter. She meant to impress the gentleman with the fact that she could express herself in good English, and also not to let him see too much of her feelings regarding him. The letter must be simply friendly and dignified, for little Mabel was wise in her day and generation.

She received a very prompt answer which evinced a decided interest in her. The correspondence proceeded with increasing interest. Then when he one day spoke of the hope of soon seeing her, and hinted that business

might bring him to her little village, Mabel was seized with a dreadful misgiving lest he should come to her very humble little cottage with the faded carpet, crazy quilt pillows in the old rockers, and the pipe running up from the stove through the ceiling. It was all so shabby, old-fashioned, and in such questionable taste. But even worse than her surroundings was the old-fashioned, countrified aunt with her uncultured speech, tollsome hands and face, and ill-fitting clothes. How was she ever to let David Sperry know this was the aunt with whom she lived, after meeting her with the fashionable aunt who entertained so handsomely in the city. Well, if he did come to her home she concluded she must keep Aunt Carr as much as possible out of sight. She was miserably ashamed that he should know of her humble relative and her surroundings.

The fatal day arrived. She met young Sperry at the station. He was a good-looking, well-dressed man about twenty-six, with an unmistakable city air. The hangers-on at the station stared. Mabel, torn between her delight at seeing the man she loved, and the actual horror of taking him into the presence of Aunt Carr and the crazy-quilt pillows, had a strong impulse to lead him instead to the river, suggest taking a boat ride, and float off somewhere forever out of sight of the weather-beaten cottage with the tumble-down steps. But she steeled herself to the ordeal, and led the way. Arrived at the house, she made no apologies. She was too innately well-bred for that. But she put off the evil moment of introducing Aunt Carr as long as possible. When it could go no longer, she went out and brought in the little old lady who had been persuaded at the last moment to remove her checked apron. Young Sperry's kindly tact soon made her feel so much at home with him that she ran on glibly, in her characteristic idioms of the old-fashioned way. Mabel was intensely uncomfortable, especially when the old lady frequently called her



"I Want to Be Called Mabel."

"Jane," and corrected herself with apologies. Aunt Carr invited him to supper, but having made no move toward getting it, Mabel fled to the kitchen, and prepared the very frugal meal. After supper Mabel took him out for a little stroll by the river.

There he told her the old story, which is, after all, as young as the dawn.

Mabel was very happy, but she couldn't help dreading the going back to Aunt Carr, and the effect which the announcement might have. But he insisted on telling her. But Aunt Carr's homely: "My! I'm glad! I guess you'll be good to her," was not so bad, after all. Then Sperry said: "Now, aunty, you've got to promise to live with us. All my life I've wanted to have just the kind of an aunt you are. I won't be happy till I get one. I thought the dear old-fashioned aunts were passed off the earth, and here I've got you." Then he grabbed Aunt Carr, and kissed her, and she was so happy she cried big tears into her old checkered apron.

Newly Acquired Dignity.

Elmer brought home the morning mail, in which was the news of the arrival of mother's first grandchild. We other four children, as well as half a dozen of the neighbors, were sitting on the grass in the yard when Elmer, full of the news, rushed upon us, screaming at the top of his voice: "Get out of the way for your Uncle Elmer."—Exchange.

To Remove Rust Stains.

To remove rust stains from any fabric take the juice of a lemon and some salt and mix together. Rub it well into the material and then hang in the sun to dry. Repeat the second time if the first doesn't bring all the stain out. The second time the stain will all be removed.

CALOMEL IS MERCURY, IT SICKENS! STOP USING SALIVATING DRUG

Don't Lose a Day's Work! If Your Liver Is Sluggish or Bowels Constipated Take "Dodson's Liver Tone."—It's Fine!

You're bilious! Your liver is sluggish! You feel lazy, dizzy and all knocked out. Your head is dull, your tongue is coated; breath bad; stomach sour and bowels constipated. But don't take salivating calomel. It makes you sick, you may lose a day's work.

Calomel is mercury or quicksilver which causes necrosis of the bowels. Calomel crashes into sour bile like dynamite, breaking it up. That's when you feel that awful nausea and cramping.

If you want to enjoy the nicest, gentlest liver and bowel cleansing you ever experienced just take a spoonful of harmless Dodson's Liver Tone. Your druggist or dealer sells you a 50-cent bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone under my personal money-back guarantee that each spoonful will clean your

sluggish liver better than a dose of nasty calomel and that it won't make you sick.

Dodson's Liver Tone is real liver medicine. You'll know it next morning because you will wake up feeling fine, your liver will be working, your headache and dizziness gone, your stomach will be sweet and your bowels regular. You will feel like working; you'll be cheerful; full of vigor and ambition.

Dodson's Liver Tone is entirely vegetable, therefore harmless and cannot salivate. Give it to your children! Millions of people are using Dodson's Liver Tone instead of dangerous calomel now. Your druggist will tell you that the sale of calomel is almost stopped entirely here.—Adv.

WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC

Sold for 47 years. For Malaria, Chills & Fever. Also a Fine General Strengthening Tonic. 50c and \$1.00 at all Drug Stores.

TO WEAR ON COOL EVENINGS

Pretty Novelties Are the Shoulder Wraps That Will Be Needed Now the Days Are Shortening.

One of the pretty novelties for house and porch wear is a decorative cape to throw over the shoulders.

In these days of all too thin dress tops, and the consequent disappearance of sufficient underclothing over the chest and back, such wraps are necessary on cold days or in the chill of the summer evening.

One of these capes is made of about two yards of wide pink and white striped material, with a V cut out of the center of the back so the stripes come in points together and the material thus becomes slightly draped. The lowest fold in the back is weighted by a Chinese tassel; so are the front ends. The cape is lined with plain pink China silk.

Another cape to wear over the thintopped waist or dress is cut from a shorter piece of cloth—about one and one-half yards.

This scarf is lined with a contrast-

Many a man gives up a bad habit after he gets tired of it.

NO MALARIA—NO CHILLS. "Plantation" Chill Tonic is guaranteed to drive away Chills and Fever or your money refunded. Price 50c.—Adv.

Terrible Mistake. "Oh, Cecil, the cook has given notice; she says you swore at her on the phone." "Good heavens! I thought it was you, pet."

Neighborhood Society. "Oh, mother," cried Mabel, who had never visited in the country. "I have just had a letter from my schoolmate inviting me to spend two weeks on her father's farm."

Mabel's mother looked up languidly. "Yes, dear," she remarked, "and what does she say about the society in the neighborhood? Does she mention anyone?"

"No," answered Mabel thoughtfully, "but I've heard her mention the Holsteins and Guernseys."

"Oh, well," said her mother. "I presume they are pleasant people."—Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

Fine Pumphouse.

Charles had lived his four years on a farm. He was on a visit to his city aunt and upon arrival asked for a drink. His mother took him into the bathroom and drew some water from a faucet. "My," exclaimed Charles, looking around the white enameled room, "Aunt Dell has a lovely pumphouse."

Contrary Troubles.

"This is hard luck!" "What is?" "Only soft drinks."



I'm helping to save white bread by eating more Post Toasties



ing color and has no dressmaking beyond catching the material together under the arm by a pert little taffeta bow and curving the hem from there down to the center front and back.

Still another model is closed and goes on over the head, buttoning on by two buttons and loops on the elongated slash down over each shoulder. This can be made of chiffon cloth or satin, and there is no opening for the arms except two big circular holes, cut in the sides, to which wide applied satin cuffs are added which form sort of a short sleeve.

The hem of this slip-over, which comes almost to the knees, is cut full, but is gathered in slightly to a seven-inch band of the satin.

Useful for Mending.

A smooth, thin board, 18 inches in length and 6 inches wide at one end, tapering to 2 inches at the other, is a great help in the sewing room. Slip yokes, sleeves, trousers legs, etc., over it for mending or patching. It is far more satisfactory than a darning ball for darning the legs of stockings.

It Never Disappoints

To insure clothes of snowy whiteness on washday just use

Red + Cross Ball Blue

Take no imitation, but insist on the genuine Red Cross.

All good Grocers sell it. Large Package 5 cents.

Lacked Temptation. "Have you ever been arrested?" "No, sir. I've never owned an automobile."

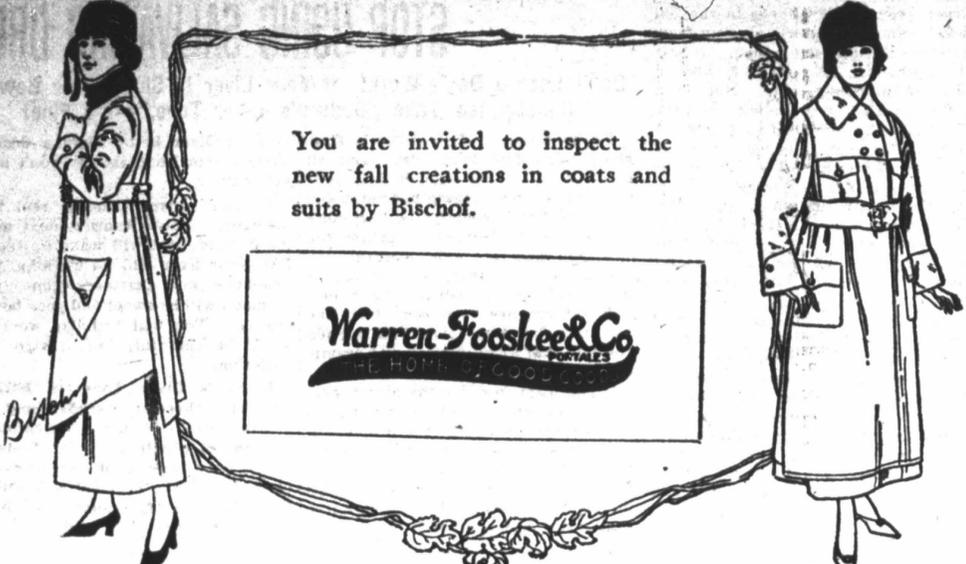
Spartan Women Suffered Untold Tortures but who wants to be a Spartan? Take "Femmina" for all female disorders. Price 50c and \$1.00.—Adv.

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It takes a lot of courage to enable a woman to admit that she is homely.

Every Woman Wants
Paxtine
ANTISEPTIC POWDER
FOR PERSONAL HYGIENE
Dissolved in water for douches stops pelvic catarrh, ulceration and inflammation. Recommended by Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co. for ten years. A healing wonder for nasal catarrh, sore throat and sore eyes. Economical. This extraordinary, pleasant and powerful germicide is sold in 50c and \$1.00 packages. Prepared by The Paxtine Toilet Company, Boston, Mass.

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For the drinks that hit the spot
That ice cream—every bite
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I mean the kind down at the Portales Drug Store.
Say Kid, if you want anything good to drink or eat,
They have it that can't be beat.
They have many new things,
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Continues to thrill those who come its way

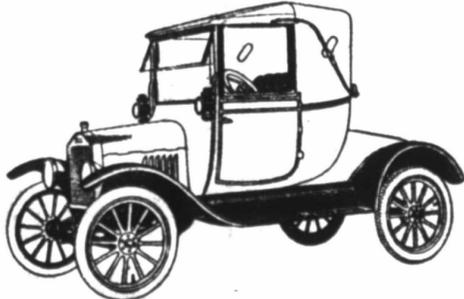
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THE HIGHWAY GARAGE CO.
Portales, - Fort Sumner
G. W. CARR, F. C. HACK, P. E. JORDAN

Miss Effie Maxwell was a visitor in Clovis the first of the week.

Everett Hubble of Roswell, is visiting friends in the city.

Richard Crosby of Kenna, is visiting friends in the city.

Mrs. B. Herringdon, left the first of the week to visit in Haskell and points in Texas.

Miss Lorena Burke, of Arch was visiting friends in the city the last of the week prior to taking charge of her school at Rogers. Miss Lorena graduated from our High School last spring and then entered the university during the summer. We are then justified in thinking Miss Burke will do splendid work.

DR. D. B. WILLIAMS

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Do you know that it would be a mighty fine thing to have a concrete walk around that home of yours—especially with wet, wintry weather coming on. Think about it, the cost is not great.

Portales Lumber Company
Raymond Lawrence, Manager

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Have just received a new shipment of jewelry. It's first grade goods, the kind that lasts, the kind you'll appreciate, the only kind I sell. The prices are right. Call.

Have a good line of optical goods that will cost you about one half what you have been paying. Might notice them, also.

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