

THE PORTALES VALLEY NEWS

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Volume II

PORTALES, ROOSEVELT COUNTY, NEW MEXICO, THURSDAY, JANUARY 21, 1915

Number 33

PROFESSOR HARE DELIVERS TWO TALKS ON AGRICULTURE HERE

On Account of Meeting Not Being Advertised But Few Were in Attendance to Hear Him

Some of the Ways in Which This Department of the State College May Help Farmers

The New Mexico College of Agriculture, located at the town of State College, New Mexico, is a state institution that is supported largely by federal funds. The endowment from this fund is a liberal one, but must be used for certain specific purposes. The work of the college is divided into three great divisions. First, we have the division of instruction, the object of which is to instruct the young men and young women of the state along the lines of a general education as well as to prepare them for a life work along the lines of engineering, agriculture or in the trades. The young women are instructed in both the theory and practice of domestic science, and when graduated are prepared to teach in the high schools of the state, or to properly conduct a home. The second great division of the college work is the state agricultural experiment station. For conducting experiments of interest to the farmers of the state, the federal government has appropriated \$30,000 and a force of about 15 men are busily engaged in a study and effort to improve the farming and stock raising conditions of the state. If the farmers of this state have problems that need investigation, they should organize and request a study of these problems with the funds that congress has so liberally appropriated for this purpose. The third great division of the work is that of agricultural extension. This is to be conducted under a new appropriation from congress called the Smith-Lever bill. Its object is to carry instruction to the farmer in his own home. The college now has about ten men traveling over the state teaching the farmers those problems that have been solved at the state experiment stations. Professor Hare, one of these traveling men, was a visitor in Portales this week and delivered an address at the court house Thursday afternoon.

Opinion by Judge Richardson

Judge G. A. Richardson recently handed down the following ruling in the noted Sim Newman case, which was of deep local interest, since it involved the right of the farmer to sell his own products in the city of Roswell. Judge Richardson's opinion in full follows:

"This case is before the court on appeal from the justice of the peace court of precinct No. 1, Chaves county, New Mexico.

"By an examination of the pleadings we find the defendant is charged with the violation of sections 23 and 28, ordinance 24 of the compiled ordinances of the city of Roswell, New Mexico.

"Upon examination of said ordinance and the aforesaid sections thereof, we find that the same denounces as a crime for any person to sell meats within the limits of the city of Roswell without first having taken out a

'license as a butcher.' Section 23 of said ordinance reads as follows:

"Every butcher doing business or who shall hereafter do business within the city of Roswell shall be required to take out license as such butcher and shall pay an annual license fee of \$25, payable quarterly in advance, and every person, firm or corporation whose business it is to slaughter animals for meat or who shall sell fresh veal, beef, pork or mutton shall be considered butchers."

"Section 28 of said ordinance reads as follows:

"It shall be unlawful for any person to peddle or sell from any wagon, cart or other vehicle within the city of Roswell any coffee, tea or groceries, hay, vegetables or other farm products without first having taken out a license therefor, and every such peddler or huckster shall pay an annual license tax as follows: For peddling groceries, coffee and tea, or either of same, \$50; for peddling hay, vegetables and other farm products or any such, the sum of \$15; and no license shall be issued for a period less than three months. Provided that nothing herein contained shall be construed to prohibit any person from selling any article above mentioned where the same is raised or produced by himself on his own premises without taking out a license."

"Section 35 of said ordinance provides the penalty for a violation thereof by fine of not less than \$10 or more than \$100 or by imprisonment of not less than ten nor more than one hundred days, in the discretion of the court having jurisdiction of the cause.

"The court is not called upon to pass upon the constitutionality of said ordinance, but simply upon the question as to whether or not it applies to a farmer who raises products upon his farm and sells them within the limits of the city of Roswell and to the inhabitants thereof. It is the opinion of the court that said ordinance was not intended to apply to such persons or to prohibit the sale of products of any kind or character raised upon a farm and sold by the person who raises them, as in this case; in fact, the proviso at the conclusion of section 28 distinctly recites the fact that such products so raised may be sold within the city of Roswell without first taking out a license as provided in this ordinance.

"The only question further involved in the controversy is as to whether or not animals which have been slaughtered as shown by the stipulation in this case and by the answer of the defendants filed herein are farm products. It is the opinion of the court that anything produced by the farmer upon his farm as a result of his own labor and at his own expense is a farm product, and that an animal slaughtered by him thus raised and fattened for slaughter is as much a farm product as the corn, butter, eggs, poultry and fruit that he produces on said farm, and that this ordinance 24 is not intended to preclude the sale of such products within the city limits of Roswell by the producer thereof without license.

"This court is not in sympathy and would not look with favor upon any restriction limiting the sale of products which are the result of labor, skill and expense of the man who produces.

"It is therefore the opinion of the court that this defendant has not violated ordinance 24 of the city of Roswell or any part thereof, and that his acts in selling the products of his farm are not prohibited by said ordinance.

Dated: At Roswell, N. M., this 26th day of December, 1914. (Signed) G. A. RICHARDSON, Judge."

PORTALES PULLS OFF THE LID, GRAIN PRICES GO SKYWARD AND FARMERS GRAB THE GLUE

The Peerless Princess Maintains Her Record for Paying From Five to Twenty Cents Per Hundred More Than Any Other Town in Grain Producing Districts of State

There is Genuine Competition Among the Buyers and it Begins to Look as Though "Mr. Cornassel" Was About to Make His Debut Into the Limousine Club and Mums Extra Dry Class

It sure is some scandalous the way Roosevelt county has laid it all over all the other counties of the state this year in the production of grain and the feeding of live stock. Not content with annexing all the good things at the state fair at Albuquerque, both in dry farming and irrigated products, and not content with feeding more cattle and hogs than any county in the state, she must, it appears, furnish the greater part of the grain for the other stock feeding counties on the eastern slope. This, however, has produced no hardship upon our farmers, neither has it made any appreciable inroad upon the supply on hand. It would appear that the continual stream of wagons hauling this grain to the Portales market would soon exhaust the crop but, from all sections comes the report that the hauling has barely started. Notwithstanding the fact that every thresher is working over time, it will be impossible to get all this crop threshed before planting time arrives.

The market has had an upward tendency from the first, beginning at eighty cents for bulk grain, the price steadily advanced to its present high mark of one dollar five. While this appears to be a pretty stiff figure, it is confidently predicted that the price will go to a dollar and a half before next harvest time. The indications being so good for a further advance in price, it would seem to be good business judgment to hold as much of this crop as possible until the high point strikes.

This one grain crop, the product of our dry farms, together with our increased live stocks interests, has begun to make a substantial showing upon business. From the various mercantile establishments come reports of debt liquidation and a larger volume of cash trade, while bank deposits show an increase, within the past sixty days, of, approximately, fifty thousand dollars. Of course the sale of cattle has given a great impetus to business, but the proceeds from these transactions have been reinvested in more cattle, consequently the added wealth to the county from this source, is represented by the increased number of cattle and hogs now being fed here. This leaves the matter of the large increase in deposits and general debt liquidation up to these dry farmers and their millions of tons of grain. That this responsibility does not rest heavily on their shoulders is evidenced by the broad grins that decorate their faces as they push their deposit slips inside the window; by the large number of new wagons that daily go out from our stores, and the general air of prosperity that prevails.

While this immense grain crop has put our farmers on their feet, they should now take advantage of their bettered conditions and surround themselves with some sort of stock to consume their next year's crop. It can scarcely be expected that this year's prices will be obtained next year, yet, by feeding it to cattle or hogs, even more money may be certainly counted upon.

Should our farmers now put in pit silos and follow up this year of unprecedented prosperity with intelligent and aggressive stock farming, there will be no way in the world of keeping them from connecting with the kale. Those who have adopted this route already, have, without exception, made good and there appears to be no reason why others should fail. It would, also, be good business to put out from five to ten acres of Sudan grass for hay, but cheap, condemned seed, usually sold for ten to fifteen cents per pound, or given away as premiums, should be shunned, as dangerous to your farm and the community.

Society Notes

Wednesday, January 20, the Portales suffragettes were invited to the home of Mrs. Lindsey for a luncheon, and it is needless to say that it was enjoyed by all. First course: Half Oranges. Second course: Tomato bouillon. Third course: Scalloped potatoes, veal loaf, roast pork, tomato salad, southern biscuits, relish, pickles. Fourth course: Half peaches and whipped cream, and fudge. Fifth course: Coffee. In the afternoon the suffragettes held their regular meeting. Those present were: Mesdames W. E. Patterson, C. B. Rogers, Harold Rogers, S. F. Culbertson, R. Culbertson, H. F. Jones, L. R. Hough, G. W. Carr and Robert Humphrey, mother of Mrs. C. O. Leach.

The Civic and Art club met with Mrs. C. O. Leach. The afternoon was spent working fancy work. Quite a number had the honor of being guests. Delicious refreshments were served of cherry salad and bananas, cheese sandwiches, coffee, cocoa and cake, sea foam candy.

Miss Dell Wilson gave a six o'clock dinner to a few of her friends last Friday evening. All of you have heard of the Wilson's cooking and many have sampled it so no more need be said.

Mrs. Robert Puckett gave a luncheon last Friday noon in honor of her mother, Mrs. Joe Lang, who has been visiting her daughter in El Paso for some month. The following ladies enjoyed this luncheon: Mesdames A. F. Jones, R. W. Hughes, Joe Howard, C. O. Leach and F. T. McDonald.

A few evenings past the young ladies of the society set were agreeably surprised with a dance given at the Cosy by the young men of that set. These dances are appreciated very much by the girls who do not on dancing and nice, clean amusement.

Mrs. G. W. Carr entertained the Civic and Art club with a sewing bee on last Monday afternoon. The ladies had the pleasure of a short talk on suffrage by Mrs. W. E. Lindsey, which was especially enjoyed by the anti's. Coffee, sandwiches and cake were served and late the ladies departed.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold C. Rogers celebrated their first wedding anniversary with a six o'clock dinner on January 20th, 1915. The table was beautifully decorated with sweet peas and fine linen. The following were present: Mrs. C. B. Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Rogers and family, and Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Leach and son.

Baptist Notes

Last Sunday the pastor had the pleasure of baptizing Mrs. Poets into the membership of the church.

The Ladies Aid entertained the grown people of the church on last Friday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Terry. Everyone seemed to enjoy the occasion very much. Many thanks to the ladies and Mr. and Mrs. Terry for the good time.

We were glad to have with us a few days this week, Brother Reece, the Clovis pastor.

We will have the morning service next Sunday and will administer the ordinance of baptism at the 11 o'clock hour. There will be no service at night owing to the meeting at the Methodist church. All members are requested to be present at the morning service.

W. E. DAWN, Pastor.

"Runaway June"

In two reels with an all-star cast. Don't miss the first installment next Monday at the Cosy. It is the most beautiful picture you have ever seen. It

Dr. D. D. Swearingin, the eye, ear, nose and throat specialist, of Roswell, is here this week filling his regular appointment. Also he has been called in consultation in some very serious cases of sickness. While he has quit the regular practice of medicine, yet he is much sought after for consultation by the most reputable physicians of the city.

STATE ENGINEER C. J. MARIUS ARRIVES TO COMMENCE WORK

On Portales-Clovis Automobile Road and Expects to Have Things Running Next Week

Has Looked Over the Road and is Prepared to Break Ground on Arrival of Equipment

Casteran J. Marius, the engineer who will have the building of the Portales-Clovis road in charge, arrived this week to commence operations. He expected, upon his arrival, to find his equipment already on the ground, it having been shipped in plenty of time to have arrived before him but, through some hitch or other, it has not arrived at this time, however it cannot be long before it will be here. Mr. Marius, accompanied by Tom Taylor, made a trip over the proposed line this week, on a sort of inspection tour, for the purpose of locating the clay pits, camping grounds, etc. Mr. Taylor, it is understood, will have supervision of the grading work, while Mr. Marius will be the engineer in charge over all. The equipment shipped consists of a complete camping outfit, graders, scrapers and all and everything necessary for the construction work. He has employed a considerable number of men and teams and will employ more who want to work, in fact, he is proceeding rapidly toward the organization of his forces, and it is confidently expected that actual work will begin not later than the first of the week. He stated to the News man that he had been afraid that he would find it difficult to obtain the number and character of teams necessary for this character of work, but that, upon his arrival, he was agreeably surprised to find that he would experience no difficulty, at all, along this line. This is a road that has long been contemplated, in fact, Roosevelt county, some three or four years ago, upon the promise of Curry county to build its part, had expended some thousands of dollars in completing her part of it, but by reason of the failure of Curry to perform her part of the contract, this expenditure was not followed up as it should have been, and this money was a loss. However, the people will be glad to know that this work has now been put into such capable hands and that it will be vigorously prosecuted until final completion. The people of Roosevelt county are requested to co-operate in every way possible with Mr. Marius to the end that no time may be lost and that his stay among us may be as pleasant as possible.

Civic and Art Club

The society met with Mrs. G. W. Carr on last Monday. A large number were present and a short time was taken up with the revival prayer meeting, led by Mrs. Culbertson. An appropriation of \$5.00 was voted for the state federated legislative measures. A vote of thanks was extended to Mrs. Oldham and Mrs. Pew for magazines donated for the county library, and to Mr. Humphrey for making the boxes for the library. The society will meet next Monday afternoon at 1:30 with Mrs. Pearl Leach-Rogers.

LITTLE THINGS PICKED UP IN ORCHARD



Fun for the Baby, but Bad for the Tree.

If the tops of your trees are nipped by excessive cold this winter do not chop down the trees at first sight. Wait until the leaves start, prune off all dead wood and cultivate the ground thoroughly. This will put new life into your trees.

Some people seem to think that in order to spray their orchards they must have a big two-horse outfit and pay out a lot of money to start. Nothing of the kind! An orchard of 100 trees can quickly be sprayed by a barrel sprayer set on a stone sled, drawn by a single horse.

Scraping out the dead wood and filling the cavity with cement will be the means of saving valuable apple trees that otherwise would be destroyed by rot.

We cannot paint peaches a nice luscious color without a liberal use of potash.

Plow the peach orchard in the spring and keep down the weeds and grasses until August, then sow rye or

crimson clover to plow under next spring.

Elevated sites are desirable for peach orchards, some of the oldest peach trees are on the tops of hills.

The application of too much fresh barnyard manure stimulates an unhealthy growth of wood and leads to the winter killing of many of the peach-buds.

A few mulberry trees set out around the fruit orchard will divert the attention of the birds and afford a wind-break for the fruit trees.

Poultry and plum growing make a nice combination for the small farmer who wishes to make use of his poultry yards.

The human eye is the great fruit buyer and we must put our fruit up in neat, attractive packages if we care to obtain the best prices on the market.

The honest fruit grower who puts up good fruit and gives honest sized packages does not need to look up trade. It will come to him.

PROTECT THE FRUIT TREES FROM INJURY

Stovepipe, slit lengthwise, will keep away injurious little Rabbits and Mice.

Rabbits do many hundred dollars' of damage to orchardists, nurserymen and gardeners every year. In view of the damage they do it would seem better to offer a bounty for their destruction than to impose a fine for so doing. In winter where they are very numerous they kill many young trees every year. Older trees of eight inches in diameter and upwards are seldom disturbed unless the rabbits are closely pressed for food.

A good way to protect young fruit trees from injury by these pests is to procure sections of stovepipe, slit them lengthwise and pass them around the body of the tree. Secure the pipe to its natural shape by means of a strong string tied about it, and press the lower end an inch or two into the soil. This method is very effective, but might be found slightly expensive to the large orchardist who has several hundred trees to protect. To the farmer with only a dozen or two trees to give protection it is a cheap and convenient method of keeping the rabbit away.

Remember that mice do almost as much damage per year as rabbits and if the slit in the pipe be close fitted after it is put around the tree, and the pipe pressed well into the soil, it will be just as impossible for mice to get to the tree as rabbits. Keep the orchard free of hollow logs, tree tops, tall weeds or grass, rail or tile pipes or any other places where rabbits are apt to frequent, and get every one on the table you can.

ERADICATING PESTS DURING THE WINTER

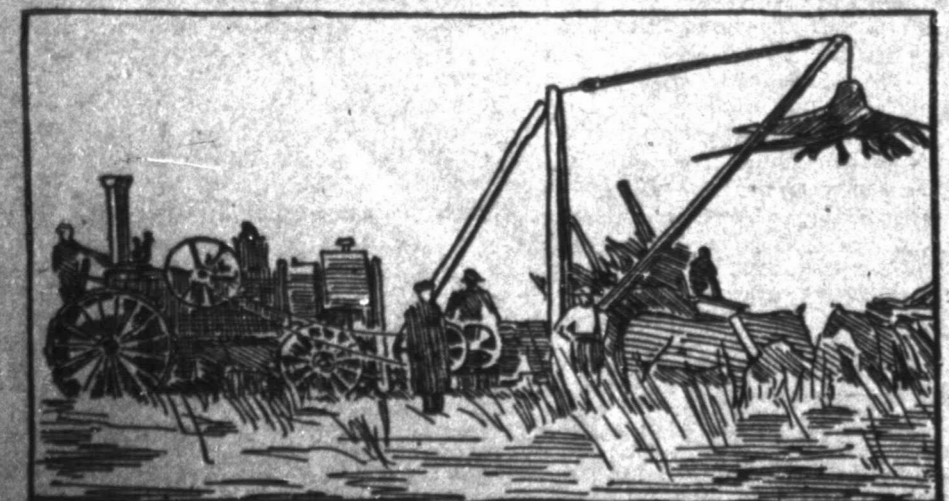
Little Extra Work During Cold Weather Season Will Save Trees From Coddling Moth.

During fall and winter, when the trees are bare, is a good time to rid all trees of the cocoons or nests of numerous insects. They are then easily discernible and may be removed from the branches or trunks of trees with little trouble. A little extra work during the winter will save many trees from destruction by the coddling moth. It is the larvae or young of this insect that are responsible for our wormy apples. Even the work of removing the cocoons will not suffice, but it will help. The spring treatment is to spray with an arsenical poison, paris green or arsenate of lead, immediately after the petals fall, using three pounds of arsenate of lead to 50 gallons of Bordeaux mixture or of water. If paris green is used it should be at the rate of from six to eight ounces to each 50 gallons of spray. This spraying should be repeated in about ten days. Where the second brood of coddling moth causes damage, a further spraying should be given, in latitudes about parallel with northern Indiana in the latter part of July, and in latitudes like southern Indiana about two weeks earlier. The first coddling moth spraying given just after the petals fall, should be as thorough as it can possibly be made. Try to get some of the poison in the open calyx throat of every blossom on the tree.

Timely Work.

Now is a good time to clear out fence corners and burn the trash and brush found there.

REMOVAL OF OLD STUMPS IS MADE EASY



The Modern Stump Puller.

In some sections of the north-central states the difficulty of removing stumps from "cut-over" lands has been, in the past, the chief drawback to the rapid development of the country. Improved machinery whereby the land can be cleared more rapidly and at less cost is now coming into general use, and the removal of stumps from newly cut-over timber lands is accomplished cheaply and effectively by the use of modern stump-pulling machines.

ALFALFA ON DRY LAND

Prepare Soil One Year Before the Seed is Sown.

Deep Plowing is Important and it is Essential That Moisture Should Be Conserved to Greatest Extent Practicable.

(By Prof. Thomas Shaw.) Alfalfa may be grown in nine-tenths of the land in the northwestern states, providing the land is properly prepared, the right kind of seed is sown, and the seed is properly put into the ground and the plants suitably cared for.

The preparation of the soil should begin one year before the seed is sown when the plants are sown on dry land. The object sought is, first, to clean the land, and second, to conserve the soil moisture as far as this may be possible. These objects may be secured by carefully summer fallowing the land when it does not blow, or by growing a clean, cultivated crop on it, and by growing a corn crop where the soil does not blow.

Before plowing the land for the summer fallow or the cultivated crop, not less than a dozen good loads of farm yard manure should be applied to the land, which ought to be plowed deeply. Deep plowing is important, except on light, sandy land. It is essential that the land shall be kept clean and that the moisture shall be conserved in it to the greatest extent practicable. Whether the land is summer fallowed or a cultivated crop is grown, it should not be again plowed before sowing the seed. In the early spring, however, it ought to be disked, but not deeply, and then harrowed. The harrow may be used further at intervals before the seed is sown. This maintains a dust mulch and destroys weeds that may sprout.

The seed sown should be northern grown. Turkestan, Grimm and what is called Northern Montana are all good. Northern Montana is another name for northern grown. All of these are good when they can be obtained true to name, and all are sufficiently hardy.

The seed should be sown with the drill and without a nurse crop. It should be buried from one to two inches. When sown broadcast it is not buried evenly, and if dry weather follows the stand will be uneven. If the drill will not sow the seed alone, it may be mixed with something, as dry soil, free from grit, or wheat bran.

Where the rainfall is not more than 15 inches in a year, six pounds of good seed on well-prepared land is enough. Where the rainfall is not more than 18 to 19 inches, it may be better to sow seven or eight pounds. If the plants are too many for the moisture in the land, the roots will not go down sufficiently, and the yield of hay will be correspondingly reduced.

The plants may be harrowed; if necessary, when from five to six inches high, if weeds are present or if the tops of the plants should lose color, the mower should be run over the ground with the cutbar set so high as not to clip the crowns of the plants. What is thus mown should be left on the land to mulch the same. Before the arrival of winter the plants will be high enough from the subsequent growth to hold the snow that falls for winter protection.

When the plants are one year old, they may be disked lightly with profit to the crop. Every year subsequently the crop should be disked more or less severely in the early spring and under some conditions after each cutting. The disking loosens and aerates the soil and allows the moisture to penetrate more deeply. The harrow should follow the disk.

It is probable that seed will be grown by sowing the alfalfa in rows from 30 to 42 inches distant, and cultivating as for corn when thus sown, two or two and a half pounds of seed per acre should be ample.

MAINTENANCE OF THE ROADS

General Impression Current That Certain Types of Highways Are Permanent is Erroneous.

There is no phase of the road problem more important than that of maintenance. The general impression that there are certain types of roads that are permanent is erroneous. No permanent road has ever been constructed, or ever will be, according to the road specialists of the department. The only things about a road that may be considered permanent are the grading, culverts and bridges. Roads constructed by the most skillful highway engineers will soon be destroyed by the traffic, frost, rain and wind, unless they are properly maintained. But the life of these roads may be prolonged by systematic maintenance.

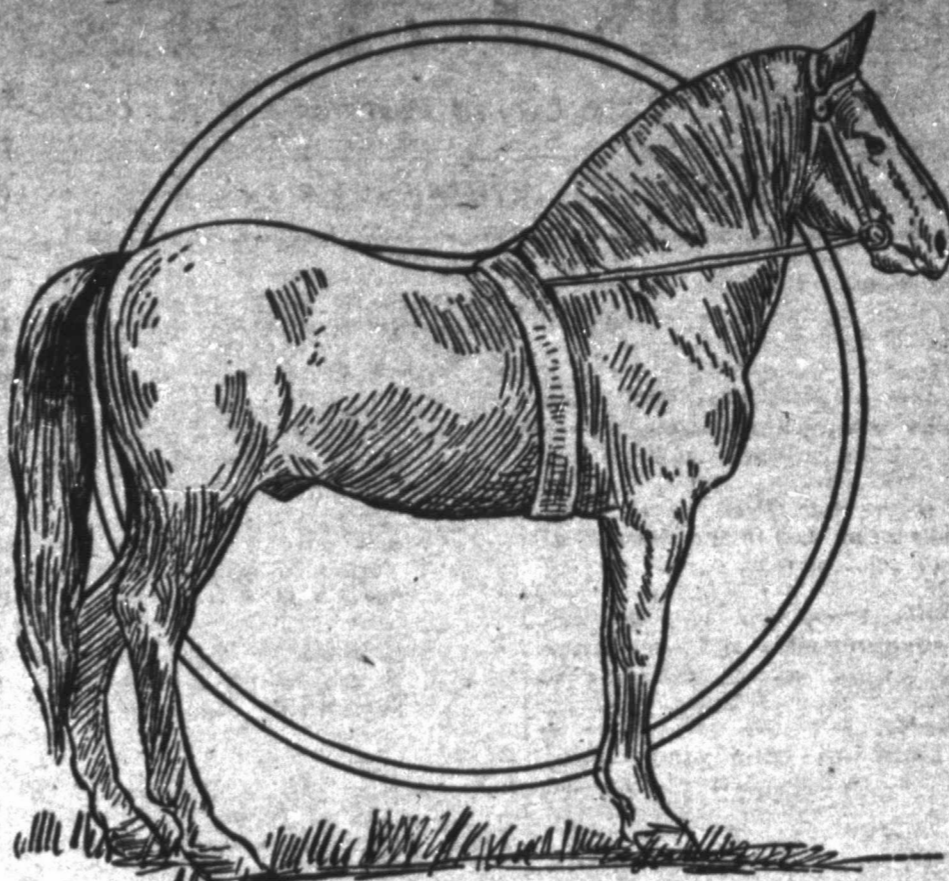
Late Sowing of Crops.

Mr. Campbell of dry-farming repute recommends very late sowing of corn and cane on ground that has been kept thoroughly tilled to conserve moisture. Some remarkable results have been obtained by this method. The growth being very rapid, the fiber is less, the digestible part greater and the protein content greater than in corn of longer growth.

Alfalfa on Dry Land.

In a dry country nothing should run over or cut off alfalfa until it is well rooted at least, and then pasturing had better be lightly done, if at all.

MAKING PROFIT IN GOOD DRAFT HORSES



Kokane, a Fine Specimen of Carriage Type of Horse.

It costs but very little more to raise good draft horses than the ordinary scrub and the drafter will sell for three or four times as much.

A well bred draft horse is almost as good as cash in the bank, because he sells on sight and brings a good price. A farmer who breeds good drafters, using first class stallions, can in a few years make a reputation which will add from 10 to 25 per cent to the price of his animals over the prices of others equally good bred by men without reputation.

There is always good money to be made in raising horses of this class, although many farmers seem to think that it does not pay. Most of them are right about this as far as their own experiences go because they do not raise the right kind.

It is true that horses of a nondescript character, lacking proper form, weight or style for any particular purpose, never bring high prices and are, therefore, not profitable to raise. The average farmer has no business to attempt to raise fancy carriage or saddle horses because they require special knowledge of breeding and training and are profitable only to men who thoroughly understand the business of preparing them for market.

The draft horse, however, is the animal that does the hard work not only on the farm but in the big cities and he is always in demand. The reason there have been so few good drafters raised in the past few years, is because too many farmers took up with the craze several years ago of trying to produce roadsters by breeding their mares to light stallions and as most of them were not willing to pay for the service of a first class animal, the result is that the country is filled with second and third rate horses of no particular use and which bring low prices.

It is gratifying to note, however, that farmers are coming to their senses and are now breeding more drafters than ever before. Using stallions on mares of the same type with proper weight, he can produce a type of animal that will turn out a profit at three years.

Draft mares will do practically as much work on the farm as horses, and if properly handled these working mares will prove the best breeders.

LIVE STOCK RELISH FEED WHEN COOKED

Found Quite Advantageous When Given to Dairy Cattle During Cold Weather of Winter.

Whenever the question as to the advisability of cooking feed in its preparation for stock is raised in a group of feeders, there is an argument. The question is one that is hard to decide upon, because there are so many things that enter into it that will determine whether or not it is the best thing to do. There is little doubt that in some cases it is advisable, but valuable as some cooked feeds are on any farm, there is danger that the enthusiasm for them will cause it to be overdone and the result may be positive danger to the stock. The old saying about getting "too much of a good thing" may not give favorable results if carried too far in this case.

Warming feed in cold weather for one feed a day is a good practice, but a hot feed three times a day should be condemned. The hot meal has its place, but as a steady diet it will do more harm than good. On cold days, when stock have an opportunity to fill on warm feed, they will suffer with the cold more than if the feed had not been warm. A warm feed once a day is very much relished, and when fed with other roughage such as hay, fodder and other roughage that is not cooked, will assist the animal greatly in keeping in good condition. Dairy cattle can be handled a little differently, for a little warm feed during cold weather at each milking, fed in connection with the other feed, will be found advantageous, as the animal will respond by giving an increased flow of milk.

The two objections to cooking feed are that it sometimes requires too much labor, and that some feeds are made less digestible by being cooked. When food is cooked the protein in it will coagulate, thus causing it to be less digestible. This is illustrated by the fact that when an egg is cooked, the albumen, or white, is less digestible than it is when it is raw. Some feeds that contain little protein, as potatoes, are greatly improved by cooking, and many other feeds can be made palatable by cooking that would not otherwise be eaten by the stock.

Make Hens Pay.

The kind of chickens you should breed depends largely on what you are breeding for, whether for eggs or for market broilers. Then some like one breed the best and some like another. This question of breed is best left for the breeder to decide, but whatever breed you may choose, be sure that the strain is pure.

Deserving of Punishment.

A man who will work a horse with a sore shoulder and make no attempt to cure it or change the collar ought to be compelled to wear ill-fitting shoes that would raise a new crop of blisters every week.

USING GROUND CORN TO FATTEN STEERS

Missouri Experiment Station Has Been Investigating This Question for Two Years.

(By H. O. ALLISON, Missouri Experiment Station.)

Does it pay to grind corn for fattening two-year-old steers? The Missouri experiment station has been investigating this question for the last two years. While this investigation is not yet completed, results obtained up to the present time indicate that more rapid gains in live weight and a quicker finish may be expected by the use of ground grain. Cattle also feed more uniformly on ground than on whole corn. There is no doubt but that two-year-old steers will much more completely digest ground grain and the finer it is the more completely it will be digested.

The work at the Missouri College of Agriculture shows clearly that when ground corn is fed fewer hogs are needed to follow the steers. The figures obtained indicate that from 17 to 22 per cent of the value of the ear corn fed to steers should be charged to the hogs, while with finely ground corn chop it will not be more than 3 to 4 per cent. The evidence concerning the total gain in live weight on cattle and hogs per bushel of corn fed is not yet conclusive. It is not likely that there will be much difference between feeding ground or whole grain if the hogs are properly cared for and if the feeding is done in lots which are reasonably free from mud.

FRENCH TONIC FOR THE YOUNG TURKEYS

It is of Greatest Importance to Begin Treatment Before Commencement of the Red.

A French authority, many years ago, recommended the following tonic for young turkeys during the critical stage:

Take cassia bark in fine powder, three parts; ginger, ten parts; gentian, one part; anise seed, one part; carbonate of iron, five parts; mix thoroughly by sifting.

A teaspoonful of the powder should be mingled with the dough for 20 turkeys each morning and evening. It is of the greatest importance to begin the treatment a fortnight before the appearance of the red, and to continue it two or three weeks after.

Best Time to Sell.

Under average conditions and with the majority of crops and stock, the best time to sell is when fully ready. Holding beyond this time increases the cost and adds to the risk of loss; besides with grain there is always more or less loss by shrinkage that is unavoidable.

It is impossible to be strong and robust if handicapped by a weak stomach or lazy liver; but you can help Nature conquer them with the assistance of

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

Wasted Dress. Clarence—Did you color that the dented dyes they use to color clothing will no longer be obtainable because of the horrid war?

Reggie—Dear, dear! What's a fellow to do? Dress in black?

Clarence—If we are to dress in black I shall feel almost sorry moths didn't insist upon making me a clergyman, don't you know?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

GRANDMA USED SAGE TEA TO DARKEN HER GRAY HAIR

She Made Up a Mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur to Bring Back Color, Gloss, Thickness.

Almost everyone knows that Sage Tea and Sulphur, properly compounded, brings back the natural color and lustre to the hair when faded, streaked or gray; also ends dandruff, itching scalp and stops falling hair. Years ago the only way to get this mixture was to make it at home, which is messy and troublesome. Nowadays, by asking at any store for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy," you will get a large bottle of the famous old recipe for about 50 cents.

Don't stay gray! Try it! No one can possibly tell that you darkened your hair, as it does it so naturally and evenly. You dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time, by morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, thick and glossy.—Adv.

NEW IN NATURAL HISTORY

Donald's Sharp Eyes Had Noticed Animal That None of the Class Recognized.

The class of little people were telling stories in geography recitation. Each one was allowed to describe an animal and the others were to guess the name. Donald anxiously awaited his turn. When it came he began with enthusiasm: "Why, it's a great, big, clumsy animal with a thick hide and a tail like a rope. It has little eyes close together, big, floppy ears, a long trunk—"

Here he was interrupted by many eager to guess.

"An elephant," shouted the first boy permitted to speak.

"No," said Donald, stolidly. The class searched their brains for other guesses and even the teacher was puzzled. Finally all "gave up," and Donald was asked the name.

"Why, I see pictures of it every day in the paper and so do you. It's a Gop."

SYRUP OF FIGS FOR A CHILD'S BOWELS

It is cruel to force nauseating, harsh physic into a sick child.

Look back at your childhood days. Remember the "dose" mother insisted on—castor oil, calomel, cathartics. How you hated them, how you fought against taking them.

With our children it's different. Mothers who cling to the old form of physic simply don't realize what they do. The children's revolt is well-founded. Their tender little "insides" are injured by them.

If your child's stomach, liver and bowels need cleansing, give only delicious "California Syrup of Figs." Its action is positive, but gentle. Millions of mothers keep this harmless "fruit laxative" handy; they know children love to take it; that it never fails to clean the liver and bowels and sweeten the stomach, and that a teaspoonful given today saves a sick child tomorrow.

Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on each bottle. Adv.

The Rank.

"They took that junior officer off the ship to command the torpedo boat."

"I guess that was because he was a sub marine."

Confessions of a Mail Order Man

By Mr. M. C. X.

Revolutions by One Whose Experience in the Business Covers a Range From Other Day to General Manager

FAIL TO SUBSIDIZE THE COUNTRY EDITOR.

In waging a campaign for increased mail order business I wanted the country press on my side. I wanted to get more kind words into the columns of the small newspapers and country weeklies because I realized then, as I do now, the power of the country press and the great value it possesses to present a claim for preference before the people of the community.

I outlined a plan to whip the country newspapers into line and arrange for them to carry my advertising matter as well as to persuade them to give me free reading notices and editorials, telling what a great help and comfort the mail order houses were to the people of the country.

It was nothing more nor less than bribery. I believed that I could get the editors of the country newspapers to be false to their home interests and foster ours, for a price. I had the money to pay them and I thought lots of dollars could do the work easily and readily.

I worked months over that campaign. I prepared an electrotyped advertisement in which I advised the use of the mail order medium and urged the readers of each newspaper to send into the big cities for the catalogue. I prepared sheets of "press notices" and editorials, with elaborate and plain instructions for their use. I was going to convert the people of the whole country to mail order buying.

I expected to spend thousands of dollars during the course of the next few years, but it would be worth it, if I obtained the results. I was after the people's dollars.

A strong form letter was prepared as the first step, this letter to be sent out to the editors of the country newspapers. From advertising agencies and from various other sources I compiled a list of something like 15,000 newspapers, all of which were published in small towns. I was already fixed with the big daily newspapers. The only trouble was I couldn't somehow or another fix it with the country newspaper.

The letter read something like this: To the Editor: Dear Sir—You are publishing a newspaper for business reasons—not for your health.

You find it difficult to obtain adequate support from the merchants in your town. They do not appreciate the value of your newspaper as an advertising medium.

We know that you are printing a live newspaper in your community and that you are entitled to more support than you are receiving.

The postal laws, under which you enjoy the privilege of second class postage for mailing your newspaper, require you to accept all legitimate advertising offered at your rates.

Enclosed please find a contract for advertising to the amount of \$100.00. Please sign it and return to us and we will forward electrotypes of advertisements to be run together with instructions.

In giving you this business it is but natural that we shall expect you to run, each week, the reading notices and editorials sent herewith.

Very truly yours, BLANK ADVERTISING AGENCY.

Yes, it was a great scheme. I expected to swamp the country with sugared editorials and splendid notices about the mail order business. I cheerfully anticipated that I would put the country merchants out of business. I even went so far as to figure out a plan for taking advantage of the conditions of business depression that would inevitably follow such a sweeping fall in values and considered the organization of some sort of a land trust to buy up the richest farms and most desirable town property in the communities where the policy would work out the quickest. I was becoming a multi-millionaire without delay.

But I experienced the most astonishing disappointment of my life. The plan, so well considered, so carefully planned, so craftily laid out, was an absolute fiasco.

Why? It was the perversity of the newspaper editor. He would not be bought, he would not be bribed, he would not be cajoled or threatened.

In reading the preceding letter you have noted the "bunk" and the jolly, followed by the appeal to his business instincts and then the covert threat about the postal laws. Yes, the plan was well laid.

But who can delve into the soul of the man who will spend his days and nights in running a country newspaper in a community that will not give adequate support? Who can fathom the motives of a man who bustles all the time to boost his home town, but who has difficulty at times in collecting the subscriptions to his paper and who falls to obtain more than a grudging pittance in advertising from the merchants in his town?

I could not understand it. I believed that every newspaper editor would be overjoyed to receive real money to the amount of many dollars each week, merely for printing the advertising copy and, of course, the few paragraphs in the way of reading notices and editorials, which I thought he would like to have with which to fill up his paper.

And the answers. Whew! What a storm!

One would imagine from the ac-

count I received in response to my courteous invitation to take money from the mail order houses that the country editors were wealthy and all rode in their own automobiles. Indigestion, reprobach, invective, wrath, disdain.

They did not want the money. They were poor but proud. They would not be bribed. They would not print the fulsome and false boasts which I had forwarded with the contract to be signed. They would stand by their home town. They would be loyal to the community in which they lived. They would preserve their fealty to the local merchants. They would stand by their subscribers and would not prostitute the columns of their newspapers to inveigle the people in their community to send their money to my mail order house.

I haven't recovered from my astonishment yet. To think that the poorest paid and hardest worked men in every community should decline a good business proposition out of sentiment. I couldn't understand it.

And even yet I insist that was the most chivalrous act, taken with perfect accord by thousands of men scattered all over the country, that I have known of. Honest and loyal to their home communities I could not fail to admire their disinterestedness while deploring that a great scheme had failed of accomplishment.

What was their recompense? Did the merchants in their home towns spring to the support of those newspapers as a reward for their declination to introduce competition. I don't know. Ask the editor.

Of course, this plan failing it was necessary for my success to evolve a new plan. I must get into close touch with the people in the country. I had my appropriation of thousands of dollars, and more, so I worked out another plan.

I'm not going to tell you just what it was, but if you will remember that a few years ago there was a great flock of mail order journals flying all over the country—probably every reader of this article has received many copies, samples and otherwise—you can guess what became of thousands of dollars.

Here's something that the business men in every small city should give a careful thought to. Perhaps you do not know it, and perhaps you never heard of it. I give the tale out of admiration for a good enemy, a good and a fair fighter. There is nothing in the story for me to be proud of, because I was the loser.

But you business men in the small towns were the gainers. It was worth millions of dollars to you. It is worth millions to you every year.

What did the newspaper editor get for this service to the business men of the community? Ask him.

If he had rendered a similar service for my mail order house he would have been handed a pocketful of advertising contracts that would have made his newspaper a very profitable business indeed. It would have been worth it.

What did the business men of his home town do for him after he had chased the mail order magazine competition away?

Ask the newspaper editor in your town.

Reforming a Chief.

In "Among the Primitive Bakongo" Mr. John H. Weeks tells the story of a chief, Mampuya of Kinkura, who called on him at Wathen station to request that a teacher be sent to his town. He seemed a very quiet, gentlemanly sort of a man, says Mr. Weeks, and I was very much surprised to hear that he had not always been so deferential and modest.

Mampuya at one time treated the people of his town in very contemptuous fashion, and was always extorting, on one plea or another, fowls, goats, and other goods from them. At last they could bear his extortions no longer, and so they bound him securely, put him on a shelf in his own house, built a fire under him, and sprinkled a quantity of red pepper on it. Then they went out, and shut the door closely behind them. The pungent smoke filled the hut, and Mampuya sneezed tremendously. He would have died if there had been a little more pepper on the fire. At last they took him out of the smoke, and tied a stick across his chest to his extended arms with the intention of punishing him still further; but they let him off on payment of a fine and many promises of better behavior—which promises he has scrupulously kept.

Price of Democracy. The price that Harold pays for democracy is in a slovenliness of speech which I find offensive and Emmeline finds utterly distracting. It seems a pity to have his school drill in phonetics and the memorizing of good literature vitiated by the sturred and clipped syllables of the street. Harold says, "It is me," and frequently he says, "It is nuttin'." The snag of the participle has virtually disappeared from his vocabulary. He sometimes says, "I ain't got nuttin'." While Emmeline is distracted I am merely offended, because I recall that there is a great body of linguistic authority growing up in favor of Harold's democratic practices in phonetics and grammar. When Harold says, "It is me," Professor Lunsbury should worry. By the time Harold grows up it will probably be good grammar to say, "I ain't got nothing." By the time Harold grows up, the Decalogue, in its latest recension, will read, "Thou shalt not have some other gods before I," and, "Thou shalt not bear no false witness against some of thy neighbors."—Blossom Strinsky, in Atlantic.

INDIGESTION, GAS OR SICK STOMACH

Timewill Pape's Diapepsin ends all Stomach misery in five minutes.

Do some foods you eat hit back—taste good, but work badly; ferment into stubborn lumps and cause a sick, sour, gassy stomach? Now, Mr. or Mrs. Diapepsic, get this down: Pape's Diapepsin digests everything, leaving nothing to sour and upset you. There never was anything so safely quick, so certainly effective. No difference how badly your stomach is disordered you will get happy relief in five minutes, but what pleases you most is that it strengthens and regulates your stomach so you can eat your favorite foods without fear.

You feel different as soon as "Pape's Diapepsin" comes in contact with the stomach—distress just vanishes—your stomach gets sweet, no gases, no belching, no eructations of undigested food. Go now, make the best investment you ever made by getting a large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin from any store. You realize in five minutes how needless it is to suffer from indigestion, dyspepsia or bad stomach. Adv.

MR. BUSBY AS A HUMORIST

Of Course It Doesn't Often Happen, But on This Occasion He Failed to Score.

Busby—I see th' Turks have been kicking up th' sand around the Suez canal.

Mrs. B. (faintly interested)—Some religious ceremony?

Busby—No-o! It's war. They're fighting. The report from Berlin says they've licked th' British army to a frazzle. It looks as if the canal would fall into th' Turks' hands.

Mrs. B. (calmly)—I can't see what good it would do them.

Busby (leading up to his climax)—Why, they'd loot it.

Mrs. B. (innocently)—Of what?

Busby (triumphantly)—Of the hardware. They'd take the locks, of course. Ha, ha, ha!

A brief silence ensues.

Mrs. Busby (sweetly)—But there are no locks in the Suez canal.

And it wasn't any consolation to Busby to remember that he had no one but himself to blame.

Something in This Name.

In New York a teacher found that a little negro girl was named Fertilizer Johnson.

"Are you sure that Fertilizer is your right name?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the little girl.

"Well, tell your mother to come here," said the teacher.

The mother came the next day.

"Yes, Fertilizer is right," she said.

"You see, I named her after her name and mother both. Her father's name is Ferdinand and my name is Lisa, so we called her Fertilizer."

Wonders of Science.

A French scientist says that the billions of cubic feet of heated gas that have been shot into the upper air since the first of August have been displaced by cold air from the north pole, thus causing the early freeze along the battle line. On the same theory it may be that the safe and sane Fourth of July crusade was to blame for our hot summer.

No Failure is Final.

One of Napoleon's marshals is said to have approached him on the battlefield and exclaimed:

"General, I fear that the battle is lost."

Napoleon coolly looked at his watch and replied:

"Time for another battle. Summon the army to a fresh charge."

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher* in Use For Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

His Own Fault.

"Sir, your daughter has promised to become my wife."

"Well, don't come to me for sympathy; you might know something would happen to you, hanging around here five nights a week."—Houston Post.

Accounted For.

"How do you like my new fence?"

"I'd like it better if the pickets were an equal distance apart. What's the idea of building it like that?"

"The only man I could get to build it stutted."

She Kept Her Vow.

"Glady vowed she would never live to be gray-haired."

"She has kept her oath. I found her in a dyeing condition."

Her Age.

Howard—How old can Miss Jones be?

Victor—Old enough to call college men "college boys."—Judge.

TO TILL UNOCCUPIED CANADIAN LANDS

THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT ASKING FOR INCREASED ACREAGE IN GRAIN, TO MEET EUROPEAN DEMAND.

There are a number of holders of land in Western Canada, living in the United States, to whom the Canadian Government will shortly make an appeal to place the unoccupied areas they are holding under cultivation. The lands are highly productive, but in a state of idleness they are not giving any revenue beyond the unearned increment and are not of the benefit to Canada that these lands could easily be made. It is pointed out that the demand for grains for years to come will cause good prices for all that can be produced. Not only will the price of grains be affected, but also will that of cattle, hogs and horses, in fact, everything that can be grown on the farms. When placed under proper cultivation, not the kind that is often resorted to, which lessens yield and land values, many farms will pay for themselves in two or three years. Careful and intensive work is required, and if this is given in the way it is given to the high-priced lands of older settled countries, surprising results will follow.

There are those who are paying rent, who should not be doing so. They would do better to purchase lands in Western Canada at the present low price at which they are being offered by land companies or private individuals. These have been held for the high prices that many would have realized, but for the war and the financial stringency. Now is the time to buy; or if it is preferred advantage might be taken of the offer of 100 acres of land free that is made by the Dominion Government. The man who owns his farm has a life of independence. Then again there are those who are renting who might wish to continue as renters. They have some means as well as sufficient outfit to begin in a new country where all the advantages are favourable. Many of the owners of unoccupied lands would be willing to lease them on reasonable terms. Then again, attention is drawn to the fact that Western Canada numbers amongst its most successful farmers, artisans, business men, lawyers, doctors and many other professions. Farming today is a profession. It is no longer accompanied by the drudgery that we were acquainted with a generation ago. The fact that a man is not following a farming life today, does not preclude him from going on a Western Canada farm tomorrow, and making a success of it. If he is not in possession of Western Canada land that he can convert into a farm he should secure some, make it a farm by equipping it and working it himself. The man who has been holding his Western Canada land waiting for the profit he naturally expected has been justified in doing so. Its agricultural possibilities are certain and sure. If he has not realized immediately by making a sale, he should not worry. But to let it lie idle is not good business. By getting it placed under cultivation a greater profit will come to him. Have it cultivated by working it himself, or get some good representative to do it. Set about getting a purchaser, a renter or some one to operate on shares.

The department of the Dominion Government having charge of the Immigration, through Mr. W. D. Scott, Superintendent at Ottawa, Canada, is directing the attention of non-resident owners of Western Canada lands to the fact that money will be made out of farming these lands. The agents of the Department, located at different points in the States, are rendering assistance to this end.—Advertisement.

Ammunition Used in War.

How much ammunition does a modern army use? We shall not know until after the war what the German and the allied forces have been expending; but we know what the Germans used in 1870-71. The total for rifles was 30,000,000 cartridges, for field artillery 362,000 rounds. It is worth noting that battles are much less costly in ammunition than sieges. The siege of Strassburg alone cost, weight for weight, three times the amount of ammunition used in all the decisive battles and actions throughout the whole war. Of course these figures are a mere bagatelle compared, with its millions of soldiers and its quick-firing guns and its week-long battles.—Manchester Guardian.

Not Ready.

"Put on your helmet an' your red shirt, Silas, there's a big fire down the road a piece."

"Shucks! I can't go. My shirt's in the washtub an' the old woman's out in the garden fillin' my helmet with a mess of beans."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Probably the most convenient thing about a woman's figure is her ability to shift her waist line anywhere between her knees and shoulders.

GALOMEL WHEN BILIOUS? NO! STOP ACTS LIKE DYNAMITE ON L

I Guarantee "Dodson's Liver Tone" Will Give You the Best Liver and Bowel Cleansing You Ever Had—Doesn't Make You Sick

Stop using calomel! It makes you sick. Don't lose a day's work. If you feel lazy, sluggish, bilious or constipated, listen to me!

Calomel is mercury or quicksilver which causes necrosis of the bones. Calomel, when it comes into contact with your bile crashes into it, breaking it up. This is when you feel that awful nausea and cramping. If you feel "all knocked out," if your liver is torpid and bowels constipated or you have headache, dizziness, coated tongue, if breath is bad or stomach sour just try a spoonful of harmless Dodson's Liver Tone.

Here's my guarantee—Go to any drug store or dealer and get a 50-cent bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone. Take a

spoonful and if it doesn't straighten you right up and make you feel fine and vigorous I want you to go back to the store and get your money. Dodson's Liver Tone is destroying the sale of calomel because it is real liver medicine; entirely vegetable, therefore it cannot salivate or make you sick.

I guarantee that one spoonful of Dodson's Liver Tone will put your sluggish liver to work and clean your bowels of that sour bile and constipated waste which is clogging your system and making you feel miserable. I guarantee that a bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone will keep your entire family feeling fine for months. Give it to your children. It is harmless; doesn't gripe and they like its pleasant taste.



WORMS.

"Worms," that's what's the matter of 'em. Stomach and intestinal worms. Nearly as bad as dyspepsia. Get you the worm medicine to feed 'em. Look 'em up. Don't shy at 'em. Spohn's Worms will remove the worms, improve the appetite, and tone up all round, and don't "hydrate." Acts on glands and blood. Full directions with each bottle, and sold by all druggists. SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Chemists, Chicago, Ind., U. S. A.

Not a Misdemeanor.

Colonel Carter had been playing golf for but three months. Therefore, when the secretary of the club saw the colonel playing his ball several feet in front of the tee disks during a tournament he thought the veteran soldier had forgotten the rules.

"Colonel! Colonel!" he exclaimed, "you must play from behind the tee disks!"

The colonel's face turned red, but he preserved his dignity.

"It's none of your business, sah," he answered as calmly as possible, "but this is my third stroke!"—Collier's Weekly.

TAKE SALTS TO FLUSH KIDNEYS IF BACK HURTS

Says Too Much Meat Forms Uric Acid Which Clogs the Kidneys and Irritates the Bladder.

Most folks forget that the kidneys, like the bowels, get sluggish and clogged and need a flushing occasionally, else we have backache and dull misery in the kidney region, severe headaches, rheumatic twinges, torpid liver, acid stomach, sleeplessness and all sorts of bladder disorders.

You simply must keep your kidneys active and clean, and the moment you feel an ache or pain in the kidney region, get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any good drug store here, take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and is harmless to flush clogged kidneys and stimulate them to normal activity. It also neutralizes the acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is harmless; inexpensive; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which everybody should take now and then to keep their kidneys clean, thus avoiding serious complications.

A well-known local druggist says he sells lots of Jad Salts to folks who believe in overcoming kidney trouble while it is only trouble.—Adv.

Quiet Louvain.

I had a look at the now much-talked-of Louvain, quite a pretty old place, with its magnificent hotel de ville crowded in by the impressive church in the center of the town, and its innumerable other old gray churches with long sloping roofs—the place a perfect nest of nuns and friars. The streets were lined with the high walls and closed windows of convent after convent, and huge clusters of monasteries were on the hills about the town—many very newly built and modern—and the town was seething with black-robed priests and brown barefooted monks and coped nuns. This was the great Roman Catholic center, where some of the monastic orders have their chief establishments. The library of the university, so ruthlessly destroyed, contained a priceless collection of church documents—"A Glimpse of Belgium Before the War," Isabel Anderson, in National Magazine.

True to Type.

The Customer—These grand opera phonograph records are no good. I can't get anything out of half of them.

The Salesman—They are our finest achievement. You never can tell when these records will sing. They're so temperamental.—London Opinion.

A Gentle Hint.

He—Once for all, I demand to know who is master in this house?

She—You'll be happier if you don't find out.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Lovers oft rush in where husbands fear to tread.

She Remembers.

"Mamma," said the little girl, "Aunt Mary is getting awfully fat, isn't she?"

"It isn't polite to say fat, dear. You should say 'stout,'" rejoined her mother.

At dinner that evening when she was asked what kind of meat she would like, Lauretta replied: "A little of the lean and a little of the stout, please."

The Shocks of Football.

"How rough this sport of football is! What shocks of irresistible bodies!"

"Humph! What shocks of irresistible hair!"

Many a school boy's life is made miserable by trying to learn the multiplication table.

YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU that Murine Eye Remedy for Red, Itchy, Weak Eyes and General Irritation of the Membrane is the best. Write for Book of the Eye by mail free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

The average man had rather be the author of a book than to make a million dollars.

Always use Red Cross Ball Blue. Delights the laundress. At all good grocers. Adv.

A man would rather have fortune smile on him than give him the laugh.

For Thrush and Foot Diseases



HANFORD'S Balsam of Myrrh

For Cuts, Wounds, Strains, Lameness, Bruises, Blisters, Old Sores, Nail Wounds, Foot Rot, Fistula, Bleeding, Etc., Etc.

Ask Anybody who has used it. Made Since 1848. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00. All Dealers c. c. Hanford, Inc., SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Constipation Vanishes Forever

Prompt Relief—Permanent Cure CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS never fail. Purely vegetable—act surely but gently on the liver. Stop after dinner—cure indigestion—improve the complexion, brighten the eyes. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

DEFIANCE STARCH

is constantly growing in favor because it Does Not Stick to the Iron and it will not injure the finest fabric. For laundry purposes it has no equal. If a package 10c, 2-3 more starch for same money. DEFIANCE STARCH CO., Omaha, Nebraska

PARKER'S HAIR BALM A safe preservative of youth. Keeps the hair from falling out. Restores to Gray Hair its natural color. Sold by all Druggists.

W. N. U., Oklahoma City, No. 1-1915.

Death Lurks In A Weak Heart

If Yours is fluttering or weak, use "REMOVINE." Made by Van Vleet-Hanford Drug Co., Memphis, Tenn. Price \$1.00

THE PORTALES VALLEY NEWS

J. B. HENDERSON, Editor and Proprietor

Published as second-class mail matter November 14, 1913, at the post office at Portales, New Mexico, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Published weekly at Portales, New Mexico, and devoted to the interests of the greatest country on earth, the Portales Valley and Roosevelt County.

ADVERTISING RATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, ONE DOLLAR FOR ONE YEAR

New Mexico State Record Lauds Members of the State Legislature and Lambasts the Democrats of the National Administration

It has now come to pass in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and fifteen, and of our emancipation from the sovereignty of "Terrible Ted" the seventh thereof; the same being the third year after the banishment from the White House at Washington, of "Sunny Jim," whose chief claim to distinction consisted of the enormous girth of his paunch; that a new messiah has arisen at Santa Fe. The oracle of this personally discovered and all wise prophet at Santa Fe is the New Mexico State Record, a publication that holds to the belief of the total depravity of everything Democratic, and in the virgin purity of all things that are "stand pat" Republican. This all knowing, all powerful Omnipotence has arrived at the mature age of sixteen weeks, of seven full days each, and from the profundity of its logic no appeal is possible. Read some of its official utterances.

"Romero selected speaker of the house. The membership is of high order in the New Mexico legislature. Few old members in the house." Now, get a list of this membership and read it over. Does it not listen like the roll call of some company of South African natives? High grade membership only in that, like a bunch of sheep, they may be depended upon to blindly follow the leadership of their "bell weather." High grade membership only in that their one confession of faith is that of the "Grand Old Party," to which they render an idolatrous, idiotic and fanatical homage, for revenue only. High grade membership is, in this instance, servility, ignorance, unpronounceable names, predilection to boodle in bills of one dollar denomination, unfamiliarity with the American tongue and a lack of all other virtues usually held to be good by pale faced people.

"Many people are trying to be cheerful under all the untoward circumstances. They are whistling to keep up their courage. First of all, they are hopeful that congress will complete its work and get away from Washington to give the country a rest. If the "New Freedom" must be endured—and there is, apparently, no escape from it for a while—the business man feels he would be safer without a Democratic congress being in session to vitalize new isms. The situation in Mexico is unsatisfactory. President Wilson's policy there has been anything but successful. No one can tell when there will be such a flagrant outbreak among warring factions that our troops must again march on Mexico City. New complications are arising in other quarters, foreign and domestic, and there is gloom in Washington, generally, over the outlook."

The above rather elaborate tissue of falsehoods is a part of one of the front page articles of the Record, and a companion of the one which lauds our present Republican legislature. Has this organ of "stand pat" Republicanism forgotten that Mr. Wilson's policy toward Mexico is the identical policy of their former chief, Mr. Taft, he of the mighty girth? Surely this mountain of statesmanship was not in error when he ordered "hands off" in Mexico.

Again, how is it possible that this universal grouch against Mr. Wilson and the Democratic congress is known only to the Santa Fe prophet? The general public, apparently, is laboring under a delusion. If this public distrust is anything more tangible than a reflection of the hopes and prayers of the new messiah at the ancient town, then it has not become visible to the naked eye.

Is it possible that the Record, not content with laying the fault for the Mexican revolution at the door President Wilson, also desires to hold him and his Democratic friends directly responsible for the European war now in progress and for the downfall of the Belgian government? Why not, also, accuse him of having a hand in the blowing up of the Maine, or the Boxer uprising in China?

Speaking of financial matters, the depression of 1907 is not yet ancient history. At that time the markets of the world were not closed to American exports, neither was the country being drained of every foreign dollar invested here. It was, in fact, at a time when the nation should have been prosperous, yet, under the wise administration of "Teddy the Trustbuster" the trusts had multiplied so rapidly that ruin threatened. The banks paid out no money and clearing house checks were the only medium of exchange. These things occurred under a Republican administration and at a time when the whole world was at peace and prosperity promised well for all.

Why this continued falsifying of the facts? It lends no dignity to the Record, neither does it render it more valuable as a party organ. If you ever acquire any prominence as a newspaper, it will not be through your ability to misrepresent, though your rise to distinction might well be the result of misrepresentation. However, your efforts will not seriously embarrass Mr. Wilson, or the administration at Washington.

HERR VON KLUCK

(NEW YORK HERALD)

It was three weeks ago, today? That first we heard the allies say, "Tomorrow morning you'll have learned, Herr von Kluck's right flank's been turned." Somehow the turning movement stuck; He didn't budge, did Herr von Kluck.

A few days later, word from Paris, Announced that two new corps would harass Von Kluck's right wing and, rank by rank, Maneuvre round and turn his flank. But these new corps had rotten luck; It's no dead cinch to turn von Kluck.

A week went by, when we were glad, To get a cable from Petrograd. It said, "Von Kluck's communication Was threatened with annihilation." But he stood pat, and passed the buck. He's got some flank, has Herr von Kluck.

And all last week our headlines whirled, With the various ways von Kluck was "hurled" Von Kluck's right wing was being pounded; Von Kluck's whole army'd been surrounded; The hour for turning that flank had struck; But the flank's still there, and so's von Kluck.

So take your kaisers, and princes, and grafs, Your iron crosses, and general staffs, Your General Joffres, and Sir John Frenches; With all their men in the shelter trenches. I'll take for mine, that game old buck, Who won't be turned—ja! Her von Kluck.

Notice of Pendency of Suit

State of New Mexico, to Ellen W. Jones, J. W. Jones and Leon Jones, Grantees: You will take notice that a suit has been filed against you in the district court of the Fifth judicial district of the state of New Mexico, in and for Roosevelt county, to-wit: M. C. Boush, Plaintiff and you, the said Ellen W. Jones, J. W. Jones and Leon Jones are defendants, said cause being numbered 1001 upon the civil docket of said court. The plaintiff seeks the recovery of the sum of \$200.00 with interest thereon at the rate of twelve per cent per annum, payable annually, from the 5th day of November, 1913, till paid, less per cent additional upon the amount due upon said promissory note for attorney's fees, the sum of \$200.00 paid by the plaintiff for taxes assessed against the land hereinafter described, together with all costs of suit; and foreclosure of said mortgage upon the following described real estate, to-wit: The south half of the northwest quarter and the east half of the southwest quarter of section five and the northeast quarter of the southwest quarter of section eight in township one south of range thirty-four east of the New Mexican meridian, in New Mexico, containing 20 acres and all the improvements thereon. And lot twelve and the southeast half of lot eleven in block seventeen and all the improvements thereon, situated in the town of Portales, New Mexico.

To have said property sold and the proceeds of said sale applied to the satisfaction of plaintiff's said demands and costs of suit; to have said mortgage declared a superior lien in any claim or title of the defendants or either of them; and the defendants, J. W. Jones and Leon Jones claiming an interest in said property as heirs of said Hobson Jones upon the said premises as against any claim of mortgage; for the appointment of a receiver to take charge of and collect rents of above property and for general relief. You are further notified that unless you enter your appearance in said cause on or before the 25th day of February, 1914, judgment by default will be taken against you and the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint. You are further notified that George L. Reese is attorney for the plaintiff and his business address is 1024 Broadway, New York City, N. Y. Witness my hand and seal of said court this 25th day of December, 1914. C. F. MITCHELL, Clerk. 10-41 By J. W. BALLLOW, His Deputy.

Notice of Pendency of Suit

In the District Court of Roosevelt County, New Mexico, Plaintiff vs. Grace E. Lawrence and Howard W. Hyatt, defendants. No. 1002. The State of New Mexico, to Grace E. Lawrence and Howard W. Hyatt, Grantees: You will take notice that a suit has been filed against you in the district court of the Fifth judicial district of the state of New Mexico, in and for Roosevelt county, wherein Ida Koehnig is plaintiff and you, the said Grace E. Lawrence and Howard W. Hyatt, are defendants, said cause being numbered 1002 upon the civil docket of said court. The general objects of said action are as follows: The plaintiff seeks to recover judgment upon a promissory note and mortgage executed and delivered by Joseph E. Pain and Coletta I. Pain to the plaintiff for the sum of \$275.00 with interest thereon at the rate of twelve per cent per annum from the 7th day of March, 1913, till paid, less per cent additional upon said amount as attorney's fees and all costs of suit; to have plaintiff's said mortgage declared a first and prior lien upon the said premises as against any claim of the defendants, who are alleged to have received conveyance of said property, subsequent to the date of the plaintiff's said mortgage; to have plaintiff's said mortgage foreclosed upon the lands conveyed therein to plaintiff, described as follows: The southwest quarter of section thirty-four in township one south of range thirty-east of the New Mexican meridian, New Mexico; to have said property sold and the proceeds of such sale applied in the first place to the satisfaction of plaintiff's said judgment and demands upon said promissory note and mortgage and for the further sum of \$13.18 paid by plaintiff for taxes assessed against said land, and for costs and general relief. You are further notified that unless you enter your appearance in said cause on or before the 25th day of January, 1914, judgment by default will be rendered in said cause against you and the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint. George L. Reese is attorney for the plaintiff and his postoffice address is Portales, New Mexico. Witness my hand and seal of said court this 25th day of December, 1914. C. F. MITCHELL, Clerk. 10-41 By J. W. BALLLOW, Deputy.

Dr. Swearingin's Dates

Dr. Swearingin, of the firm of Doctors Presley & Swearingin, specialists, Roswell, New Mexico, will be in Portales, at Neer's drug store, on the 20th, 21st and 22d of each month, to treat diseases of the eye, ear, nose and throat, and to fit glasses. 1-tf

SORGHUM—H. C. Bedinger will be in the Hardy building on Tuesdays and Saturdays of each week with plenty of good, home made sorghum.

Notice of Foreclosure Sale

No. 1041. Whereas, on the 14th day of November, 1914, in a certain cause pending in the district court of the Fifth judicial district of the state of New Mexico, in and for Roosevelt county, wherein A. A. Rogers is plaintiff and F. T. Burke and the Portales Lumber company are defendants, said cause being numbered 1041 upon the civil docket of said court, the plaintiff recovered a judgment and decree upon a promissory note and mortgage given for their security, executed and delivered by F. T. Burke to the Portales Irrigation company on the 25th day of December, 1909, and duly assigned to the plaintiff herein, said judgment running against the land hereinafter described, and being for the sum of \$204.00, which said judgment at the date of sale hereinafter mentioned will amount to the sum of \$207.64 with all costs of suit; and, whereas, in said decree said mortgage in favor of the plaintiff, securing said debt was foreclosed upon the following described property, to-wit: The south one-half of the southwest quarter and the southwest quarter of the southeast quarter of section thirteen in township one south of range thirty-four east of the New Mexican meridian, New Mexico; and whereas, in said decree the undersigned, S. E. Ward, was appointed special commissioner and directed to advertise and sell said property according to law, and to apply the proceeds of such sale to the satisfaction of plaintiff's said judgment and demands. Therefore by virtue of said judgment and decree and the power vested in me as such special commissioner, I will, on the 25th day of February, 1915, at the hour of 2 o'clock, p. m., at the northeast front door of the court house, in the town of Portales, New Mexico, sell said property at public vendue, to the highest bidder for cash, for the purpose of satisfying said judgment, interest and costs of suit. Witness my hand this 19th day of December, 1914. S. E. WARD, Special Commissioner.

Notice of Foreclosure Sale

No. 1011. Whereas, on the 2nd day of September, 1914, in a certain cause pending in the district court of the Fifth judicial district of the state of New Mexico, in and for Roosevelt county, wherein A. A. Rogers is plaintiff and W. J. EnEarl, Lillie A. EnEarl, Hugh M. Kivington and Star Brothers Nurseries and Orchard company are defendants, said cause being numbered 1011 upon the civil docket of said court, the plaintiff recovered a judgment and decree upon six promissory notes and a mortgage given for their security, executed and delivered by Mitchell M. Bonds, E. J. Bonds and Z. Oberidge Bonds to the Portales Irrigation company on the 30th day of December, 1909, and duly assigned to the plaintiff herein, said judgment running against the land hereinafter described, and being for the sum of \$1718.29, which said judgment at the date of sale hereinafter mentioned will amount to the sum of \$1757.58, with all costs of suit; and, whereas, in said decree said mortgage in favor of the plaintiff, securing said debt, was foreclosed upon the following described property, to-wit: The southwest quarter of the southwest quarter of section five in township one south of range thirty-five east of the New Mexican meridian, New Mexico; and whereas, in said decree the undersigned, S. E. Ward, was appointed by the court as special commissioner and directed to advertise and sell said property according to law and to apply the proceeds of such sale to the satisfaction of plaintiff's said judgment and demands. Therefore, by virtue of said judgment and decree and the power vested in me as such special commissioner, I will, on the 19th day of January, 1915, at the hour of 2 o'clock, p. m., at the northeast front door of the court house, in the town of Portales, New Mexico, sell said property at public vendue, to the highest bidder, for cash, for the purpose of satisfying said judgment, interest and costs of suit. Witness my hand this 19th day of December, 1914. S. E. WARD, Special Commissioner. 9-41

Notice of Foreclosure Sale

No. 1040. Whereas on the 14th day of November, 1914, in a certain cause pending in the district court of the Fifth judicial district of the state of New Mexico, in and for Roosevelt county, wherein A. A. Rogers is plaintiff and Eleanor Dyrart, John C. Dyrart, Anna Robinson, Thomas McBride Dyrart, Eleanor Dyrart, executor of the estate of Boyd W. Dyrart, deceased, and all unknown claimants of interest in the premises hereinafter described are defendants, said cause being numbered 1040 upon the civil docket of said court, the plaintiff recovered a judgment and decree upon six promissory notes and a mortgage given for their security, executed and delivered by Thomas H. Turner and Ella Turner to the Portales Irrigation company on the 25th day of December, 1909, and duly assigned to the plaintiff herein, said judgment running against the land hereinafter described and being for the sum of \$120.58, which said judgment at the date of sale hereinafter mentioned will amount to the sum of \$122.04, with all costs of suit; and, whereas, in said decree said mortgage in favor of the plaintiff, securing said debt was foreclosed upon the following described property, to-wit: The northeast quarter of the northeast quarter of section twenty-eight in township one south of range thirty-four east of the New Mexican meridian, New Mexico. Whereas, in said decree the undersigned, S. E. Ward, was appointed by the court as special commissioner and directed to advertise and sell said property according to law and to apply the proceeds of such sale to the satisfaction of plaintiff's said judgment and demands. Therefore, by virtue of said judgment and decree and the power vested in me as such special commissioner, I will, on the 25th day of February, 1915, at the hour of two o'clock, p. m., at the northeast front door of the court house, in the town of Portales, New Mexico, sell said property at public vendue, to the highest bidder, for cash, for the purpose of satisfying said judgment, interest and costs of suit. Witness my hand this 19th day of December, 1914. S. E. WARD, Special Commissioner. 9-41

Our Aim and Effort

Is to give such service to our customers that they may profit by our dealings and recommend...us to their friends...



FIRST NATIONAL BANK Portales, New Mexico Member Federal Reserve System

..WE HAVE..

Inquiries for farms and small ranches. List your places with us. We have Farms, Hotels, Stores, Etc., in different places to trade for New Mexico Lands. SEE US. "DO IT NOW."

WE ALSO WRITE INSURANCE "WE KNOW HOW"

..Braley & Ball..

Kohl's Garage ...AND REPAIR SHOP...

Automobile repairing and automobile supplies. Red Top Tires for Fords and Firestone Non-Skids. All guaranteed and worth the money. Don't wait until your machine is ready for the scrap heap. A little work now will save you much money later.

KOHL'S GARAGE

LOUIE KOHL, Proprietor

THE PORTALES LUMBER COMPANY

FOR

....All Kinds of Building Material....

G. W. CARR, Manager

Bring in Your Catalogues

We'll Duplicate the Goods and Prices

Whitcomb & Larrabee, Jewelers

SEE US BEFORE BUYING YOUR LISTERS
SEE US BEFORE BUYING YOUR LISTERS

Humphrey & Sledge

HARDWARE AND IMPLEMENTS

SEE US BEFORE BUYING YOUR LISTERS
SEE US BEFORE BUYING YOUR LISTERS

Patronize Your Home Merchant

From the Santa Fe New Mexican

Pointing out that communities owe much more to their local merchants than is generally realized, Secretary of State Antonio Locero, in a statement given out today, makes a plea to residents of New Mexico for the expenditure of their money "at home." He says:

"In Albuquerque, a gentleman answering to the name of Simon Stern, who, impelled by the desire, no doubt, to suggest something calculated to make times good in New Mexico, advances the proposition that business men should cultivate the habit, from now on, more than they have in the past, to be as prompt as possible in the matter of paying their bills, at home, if they would set an example which they would insist upon others following at all times and under any and all circumstances. Mr. Stern seems to be so strongly of the opinion that this sort of thing would go a long way toward helping things along for better times in New Mexico that he even proposes that if anybody is to be made to wait for his money the fellow who lives outside of New Mexico, and not the creditor here, should be that person."

"The suggestion of Mr. Stern has the right ring to it. But what about the thousands of dollars that leave the state every day of the year, for the purchase not only of lineries but even of articles of first necessity, by residents of our state?"

"This money goes and we never see it again, and its departure means a loss not only to the merchants but to the whole commonwealth. We owe nothing to the outside merchant. He hasn't a dollar invested in our midst, and, therefore, is not a bit interested in our material or even spiritual welfare. But we do owe a great deal to the local merchant. He helps us pay our taxes, helps to improve the community where he does business, and when money is needed for a public enterprise he is the first person upon whom a demand is made for a contribution. And, if we stop to think, we will find that a merchant seldom fails to respond, when such demands are made upon him. But that is not all our merchants do. They do a great deal of charity work—more than the general public has any idea. If a man with a family is out of work, through misfortune or otherwise, the merchant in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred, is the man who comes to his rescue and helps him until he is able to work. If the farmer needs provisions to tide him over until he makes a crop, the merchant is the friend in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred who comes to his rescue and helps him to

keep the wolf from his door until harvest time.

"These things considered, I do not believe we do the right thing by our merchants when we keep on cultivating the habit of sending away for things we can get right here at home.

"Some will argue that they can get things cheaper by sending away for them than they can by buying them here. That may be true, although I am not prepared to admit that it is. If our merchants cannot sell us some things as cheap as we can buy them outside of New Mexico, we, the general public, in a measure, are responsible for all of that. We don't do by them as they do by us. We expect too much from them and then, if they don't do as we want them to do, we fly off in another direction and never come back.

"The general public has forced the merchant to establish a delivery and credit system to do any business at all, which keeps the poor fellow on a continuous jump to make both ends meet. Some of his best customers quite frequently abuse one or both of those privileges, and he, in order to save himself from ruin, sells something higher than he would if this were not so. To illustrate, a customer living a mile away from the store, orders a five-cent loaf of bread about five minutes before dinner time and she must have it sent immediately. The merchant complies in order not to lose a customer. A special messenger is sent with the loaf of bread. The trip costs about fifteen cents. To make back the loss the business man must do something and his only alternative is to sell some goods a little higher than he would if conditions were different.

"I am not pleading the cause of the merchant. The merchants, as a rule, are well bled to take care of themselves and of their business. My plea is for a system, for an effort, and so to speak, to keep our money at home. We need it here. We need it to help develop the resources, the latent wealth of our state. The money we spend here, it makes no difference with whom, remains among us and we still have another chance at it. The money that is spent outside of the state goes never to return. We will never have another chance at it.

"We cannot force people to buy all they consume right here at home. That is impossible and I do not know that anybody is ever going to try to do it. All we can do is to appeal to the patriotism, to the home pride of our people, and if this thing is done, systematically, by our press and by our business men generally, I believe we will get results. Let us do it."

Why You Should Join the Yeomen

"If money is ever needed it is when you are disabled to work and still living. Again, when the husband or wife is taken away it is also needed." When you get a Yeomen policy it has all these provisions and more. If you need protection you should make application to join the Yeomen at the earliest possible moment and become a charter member in this great society which is now being organized in Portales. Remember our rates are cheaper than others on account of our reserve plan which makes all pay equally. We take both men and women. See

J. WALTER HUNTER,
1st District Deputy, he's here.

Sudan grass seed at the News office. Get it now.

We have many inquiries from parties in Missouri, Oklahoma, Arkansas, Texas, Kansas, Iowa and many other states, who want to trade farms, hotels and various business enterprises for property in New Mexico. Those who have irrigated, shallow water or deep water lands, who would like to make a trade of this kind are requested to call into the office and list it with us. Braley & Ball. 13-tf

Dr. L. R. Hough will be in Elida on Friday before the first Saturday in each month, and at Melrose three days preceding the last day of each month to do all kinds of first class dental work.

We write insurance on farm property and grains. Most favorable terms to insured and at slight cost. Braley & Ball. 13-

Commissioners Proceedings

Proceedings of the board of county commissioners of Roosevelt county, at a recessed session of the regular January, 1915, term thereof, held in the court house at Portales, New Mexico, Friday, January 15, 1915. Present, D. K. Smith, chairman pro tem, S. E. Johnson, commissioner, C. P. Mitchell, clerk, by J. W. Ballow, deputy.

After setting as a board of county commissioners the board rose as a board of county commissioners and sat as a canvassing board for the purpose of canvassing the returns from the J. P. election held in the various precincts of the county, on Monday, January 11, 1915, when the following results were obtained, to-wit:

- Precinct 1. J. P. Henderson, justice of the peace; L. M. Anderson, constable.
- 2. Edgar Savage, justice; Oscar Anthony, constable.
- 3. S. A. Fry, justice; no constable.
- 4. Moses Hawkins, justice; Dug Cheek, constable.
- 5. J. W. Cowart, justice, I. C. Evans, constable.
- 9. A. M. Sanders, justice; J. M. Spencer, constable.
- 10. A. T. Cheshire, justice; N. A. Vaught, constable.
- 13. J. A. Newburn, justice; M. L. Rogers, constable.
- 14. J. W. Ross, justice; no constable.
- 15. G. W. Jones, justice; J. M. Riley, constable.
- 16. E. P. Williams, justice; J. A. Matheson, constable.
- 18. Oliver Gore, justice; Horace Cowart, constable.
- 19. J. F. Cranford, justice; R. L. Perry, constable.
- 20. M. A. Goldston, justice; L. G. Scott, constable.
- 22. J. N. Tibbett, justice; F. P. Russell, constable.
- 25. W. W. Hensley, justice; T. A. Higgins, constable.
- 27. N. B. Long, justice; J. N. Swain, constable.

There were no returns from the following precincts, to-wit: Nos. 6, 7, 8, 11, 12, 23 and 28. Precincts Nos. 17, 21 and 26 reported no election. This board rose as a canvassing board and sat as a board of county commissioners, after which it was ordered that a recess be taken until tomorrow morning at 8 o'clock.

SATURDAY, JAN. 16, 1915
Court convened pursuant to recess of yesterday, present and presiding as then.

- The following bills were examined and approved and the clerk was ordered to draw warrants in payment of same, to-wit:
- Herald Printing company, printing assessor's notices..... \$ 2 00
 - Herald Printing company, printing treasurer's report and cards..... 12 92
 - Herald Printing company, printing commissioner's proceedings..... 24 84
 - C. W. Ison, work and repairs on courthouse..... 38 35
 - W. O. Davis, registrar..... 3 00
 - J. P. Nash, registrar and judge of election..... 5 00
 - J. W. Dodd, election judge..... 2 00
 - R. A. Stoker, registrar..... 3 00
 - W. R. Shook, elec. clerk..... 2 00
 - J. W. Franse, registrar..... 3 00
 - James Stinson, elec. judge..... 2 00
 - Oliver Gore, registrar..... 3 00
 - Chas. Goodloe, work and paint for court house..... 2 75
 - L. B. Tucker, court house repairs..... 1 35
 - D. A. Gordon, elec. clerk..... 2 00

No further business appearing at this time, it was ordered that court take a recess until the next regular meeting unless sooner convened by order of the chairman.
D. K. SMITH,
Attest: Chairman, pro tem.
C. P. MITCHELL, Clerk.
By J. W. BALLOW, Deputy.

Inspected Sudan grass seed at this office.

WANTS

FOR SALE—Two highly bred registered Jersey bulls. H. C. Bedinger.

Nice span of horses for sale. Ursl Keen. 1tp

FOR SALE—One horse and buggy. J. B. Sledge. 4-tf

Have good Fuller & Johnson gasoline engine for sale. Ursl Keen. 1tp

SUDAN grass seed for sale. Curd's Second Hand store. 11-tf

FOR TRADE—A good young jack, for serviceable automobile. J. W. George.

WANTED—To buy some mule colts. See Wm. Kelly, Portales, N. M. 2tp

TO TRADE—Painting for 12 foot wind mill and tower and galvanized tank. Chas. Goodloe. 13-tf

Cover your floors with Lakeoleum, costs less, wears longer. For sale by C. M. Dobb.

FOR SALE—Young horses, mares and mules, or will trade them for maize. Curd's Second Hand store. 6-tf

FOR SALE—Good as new surrey, a bargain if taken at once. See G. L. Reese.

FOR SALE—Some nice choice shoats. See them at Boucher's wagon yard. Ursl Keen. 1tp

Horses and Automobiles to trade for land. See A. E. Stegner at Travelers Inn. 12-tf

BROOM CORN—Any one having small lots of broom corn bring it to the Portales Broom factory. 6-tf

WANTED—All kinds of poultry. Pay the highest cash price. J. A. Saylor, at Saylor's Cafe. 12-tf

FOR SALE—Three colts; one coming two years old and two yearlings, good draft mare colts. See or address L. L. Brown, Portales, N. M. 4-5p

WILL PAY CASH—I will buy and pay the cash for chickens, turkeys, eggs, beef hides and all country produce. Bring your stuff to me. Curd's Second Hand store. 2-tf

NEER'S TOILET CREAM will cure chapped hands and chapped lips. It is my own prescription and I can assure you that there is none better. Price, 25c at Neer's drug and furniture store.

FOR SALE—One span of good work mares. Also fresh milk cows. See Harley Thompson, R. F. D. No. 1, Portales, New Mexico. 7-4tp

FOR SALE—Eight head of Jersey cattle and three head of horses. Good terms. For particulars see John W. George. 11-tf

Manage with little money to represent the oil gas burner. See demonstration in Portales this. Address M. T. Brockett, care News office. 1tp

FOR SALE—Registered Jersey bull, two good milk cows, two heifer yearlings, 24 head of shoats, one Charter Oak range and household goods. W. E. Brown, Portales, N. M. 8-tf

SORGHUM—H. C. Bedinger will be in the Hardy building on Tuesdays and Saturdays of each week with plenty of good, home made sorghum.

FOR SALE—Wind mill and tower, tank and tower, and whole lot of household goods. See Bascom Howard. 1t

FOR SALE—5 young mules, 2 mares, 4 good saddle horses, 1 good all purpose horse, 4 good Jersey milk stock, also household goods. Lon Blankenship.

Mrs. F. J. Hardin (NEE KINMAN) NURSE and MIDWIFE Box 344 Portales, New Mexico

H. C. McCALLUM....

Dray and Transfer Baggage & Express

Telephone 104

Prompt and careful attention is given to all work entrusted to my care. Will appreciate your patronage and serve you to the best of my ability.

Portales, New Mexico

The Portales Bank and Trust Company

There is just enough "fellowship" in our bank to make you feel that you are amongst home-folks when paying us a visit. We always like to meet you for a little talk-fest.

Portales Bank & Trust Co.
Portales, New Mexico, U. S. A.

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(Successor to Portales Drug Company)

Drugs, Proprietary Medicines, Sundries
Toilet Articles, Perfumes and Jewelry
.....Headquarters for Sporting Goods.....

Bring Us Your Prescription Work

..Same Store in the Same Location..

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Coffins, Caskets and Undertakers' Supplies. Calls answered day and night. Our motto, "Courtesy and Efficiency." Office phone 67 2-rings, residence 67 3-rings.

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Things to Eat

We have a full line of fresh, new things to eat.

PRICES RIGHT!

Come in and let us have a part of your business.

Strickland & Bland

BURL JOHNSON Auctioneer

See me at Court House to arrange date and prices

Portales, New Mexico

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Attorney at Law

United States Commissioner. Final Proof and Homestead Applications. Office second door south of postoffice

DR. W. E. PATTERSON

Physician and Surgeon

Office at Neer's Drug Store. Office phone 67 two rings, Residence 65

GEORGE L. REESE

Attorney at Law

Practice in all courts. Office up-stairs Reese Building

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Roswell, N. M. Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat. Portales dates, 20th to 22d of each month at Neer's Drug Store

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Office hours 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. Office in Reese building over Dobbs' Confectionery. Portales, New Mexico

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Practice in all courts. Office over Humphrey & Sledge Hardware. Portales, New Mexico.

You Are Next

to the smoothest, easiest and most satisfying shave and the most up-to-date hair cut you ever got when you get in one of the chairs at

The Sanitary Barber Shop

Dr. Marden's Uplift Talks

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN.

WHERE THE HONEY OF LIFE IS FOUND.

"Some folks tries so hard ter be happy in dis worl' dey gits miserable tryin'."

"That they have not found happiness where they expected to find it has been the experience of every human being who has made a specialty of hunting for it."

Real happiness is so simple that most people do not recognize it. It is derived from the simplest, the quietest, the most unpretentious things in the world.

It is difficult for many people who are honestly striving to make the most of themselves to see how they can possibly get happiness out of their monotonous, humdrum vocations to which they are chained by necessity or on account of those who are dependent upon them.

If we are ever happy, it will be because we create happiness out of our environment with all its vexations, cares and disheartening conditions.

An old farmer was once asked at a meeting of the Agricultural congress to give his opinion on the best slope of land for the raising of a particular kind of fruit.

Happiness does not depend so much upon our being favorably environed as upon the slope of our mind.

Nothing contributes more to the highest success than the formation of a habit of seeing the bright side of things. Whatever your calling in life may be, whatever misfortunes or hardships may come to you, make up your mind resolutely that, come what may, you will get the most possible real enjoyment out of every day.

LET IT GO WITH THE OLD YEAR.

How many of us make our backs ache carrying useless, foolish burdens! We carry luggage and rubbish that are of no earthly use, but which sap our strength and keep us jaded and tired to no purpose.

One of the secrets of right living is letting that go which absorbs our energies and retards our progress. We should let our unfortunate past experiences drop into the world of oblivion.

Gray Horse's Handicap. The dark horses are the ones that go to the war. The only objection to the gray horse is that to keep his coat spick and span he needs twice as much grooming as a dark horse.

Living, let go of the rubbish, the useless, the foolish, the silly; let go of the shams, the shoddy, the false; let go of the straining to keep up appearances, let go of the superficial, let go of the vice that cripples, the false thinking that demoralizes, and you will be surprised to see how much lighter and freer and truer you are to run the race, and how much surer of the goal.

The American people do not know how to let go. We keep our muscles tense and our nerves up to such a pitch that it is the hardest thing in the world for us to drop things.

Why not resolve this coming year that whatever you do or do not do, you will not be haunted by skeletons, that you will not cherish shadows? Determine that you will have nothing to do with discords, that every one of them must get out of your mind.

Whatever is disagreeable, whatever irritates, nags, destroys your balance of mind, forget it—thrust it out. It has nothing to do with you now. You have better use for your time than to waste it in regrets, in worry, in useless trifles.

If you have had an unfortunate experience forget it. If you have made a failure in your speech, your song, your book, your article, if you have been placed in an embarrassing position; if you have fallen and hurt yourself by a false step; if you have been slandered and abused, do not dwell upon it.

Our coats and gowns and hats are rarely exact copies of the original models, but the original models are reflected in them. As Americans we see fit to follow certain Paris creations at a little or a great distance, according to their adaptability to our needs.

The organ stop which emits a note one full octave below any that has ever been heard before has been installed in an organ at Lowell, Mass. This stop is 128 feet long and its note is musically indicated as CCCCCC.

"To understand what this means," says the Scientific American, "it may be said that a 32-foot pipe vibrates 16 times a second at its lowest note (CCCCC), and this is very near the point below which vibrations cease to form a continuous sound, while a 128-foot pipe vibrates but four times a second when producing its lowest sound."

Detecting Impurities in Honey. Biological tests of honey are described by J. Thoni in the Schweizerische Bienen-Zeitung. Such tests are necessary for detecting artificial or adulterated honey, when the natural product is almost perfectly imitated as to its physical and chemical properties.

Two tests are described in detail—the diastase reaction, based on the fact that honey contains a diastatic ferment secreted by the bee, which in contact with soluble starch, is capable of transforming the latter into sugar; and the precipitin reaction based on the fact that honey contains a special protein secreted by the bee which, when inoculated into rabbits causes the formation of antibodies in the blood serum.

Race Track on Salt. What is undoubtedly the most novel motor race course in the world is found at Salduro, Utah, where natural salt beds furnish the roadway. The beds are on the line of the Western Pacific railroad and are 65 miles in length and eight miles in width, furnishing a smooth, unbroken surface, level as a table, and are from two to twenty feet in depth.

Gray Horse's Handicap. The dark horses are the ones that go to the war. The only objection to the gray horse is that to keep his coat spick and span he needs twice as much grooming as a dark horse.

Satin Coat of French Design



BEFORE the great French dress-making houses were caught in the maelstrom of the war, they had brought out many new modes that were successful upon their presentation, and had in them a vitality that makes them apparent now in the fashions of the hour.

Our coats and gowns and hats are rarely exact copies of the original models, but the original models are reflected in them. As Americans we see fit to follow certain Paris creations at a little or a great distance, according to their adaptability to our needs.

The coat pictured here is one of those that may be copied exactly to advantage. It is of satin with long waist and flaring skirt, the fronts cut in one piece. Three cords are inserted near the bottom, giving the skirt its outward swing. The body is cut in one, with the sleeves and its ample fullness at the back gathered in where it is joined to the skirt.

Dainty Morning Caps That Cost Little



ALTHOUGH there is nothing startlingly new in morning and boudoir caps, they continue to captivate the feminine public and cause them to part with small sums of money. Surely nothing was ever designed which offered more in the way of daintiness and beauty in return for a little outlay than the gay caps of ribbon and lace which remind one of bright, well-known and well-loved flowers.

The two caps shown here are made of thin satin ribbon and shadow lace. The ribbon is about three inches wide, and one yard of it is used to join the strips of lace together, which form the cap. Wide flouncings of shadow lace cut into strips will provide a lace frill for one cap and the insertions in the crown of two. That is, a flouncing of ordinary width may be cut into five strips.

In the cap shown at the left two strips of ribbon join three of lace, making a square of 18 inches. The corners are rounded off and the edge turned up in a narrow hem. A narrow side-plating of net is sewed about the edge, and a narrow bias tape is stitched on the under side along the top edge of the net, to form a casing. Flat elastic cord is run in this casing, gathering the cap in about the head. It is finished with small flowers and loops of satin ribbon a half inch wide.

GOOD JOKES

UP TO HIM.

"Oh, Geoffrey, I like you well enough, but—" "Well, if you love me, Geraldine, isn't that all?" "No, dear! Years ago I took a solemn vow—" "What was it, darling?" "That I never would marry—" "A vow of that kind is better broken than kept! It isn't?" "You mustn't interrupt me. The vow I took was that I never would marry any but a handsome man!" "Great Scott! Am I so—" "And so, Geoffrey, dear, I hate to have to tell you, but—" "Go on! I can stand anything now." "You'll have to shave off that dinky little tuft of hair on your chin!"

The Difficulty. "It is a wonder that the Germans did not find it easy to march into France." "Why is it?" "Didn't they find their way paved with Belgian blocks?"

Same Object. "Why is a lynching party in the West the same thing practically as a band of art judges in the East?" "Why are they alike?" "Because they're both hanging committees."

SHE KNEW.



Mrs. Smith—The fire in my range always goes down. Mrs. Jones—Use a gasoline stove. That'll likely go up.

No Perfect Men, However. There was a man in our town who always knew just when to quit. But those he owed said with a frown He did not know when to remit.

Took It. "Do you believe opals are unlucky?" "I know it. I bought a peach of an opal one time." "And it brought you bad luck?" "Well, I offered it to a girl thinking she was superstitious, and she wasn't."

Fish That Bite. "You'd think," said he eagerly, "that fish would know better than to bite at those artificial baits." "Oh, I don't know," she replied. "It isn't so long ago that you bought a lot of very pretty automobile stock."

Misleading. Sergeant—Halt! You can't go there. Private Murphy—Why not, sir? Sergeant—Because it's the general's tent. Private Murphy—Then, bedad, what are they doing with "Private" above the door?

The Duffer's Lament. Old Player—Well, how do you feel after your first two-some at golf? Duffer—Feel? Hub! I started ahead of about forty two-somes and a half dozen four-somes, and I had so many people say, "Would you mind our going through you?" that I feel like a human sieve.

An Obliging Spirit. "I thought you were going to move into a more expensive apartment." "The landlord saved us the trouble," replied Mrs. Filmgilt. "He raised the rent of the one we have been occupying."

Wished He'd Been Forgotten. "Did your uncle remember you in his will?" "Yes; he directed his executors to collect the loans he had made me."

Very Unusual. "I can't understand why they appointed Wombal on that board." "Why, he understands all about it." "And that's why I can't understand the appointment."

A Diplomat. "How do you like your new music master?" "He is a very nice, polite young man. When I made a mistake yesterday he said: 'Pray, mademoiselle, why do you take so much pains to improve upon Beethoven?'"—Paris Figaro.

Affaire du Coeur. "So Maud is married. Was it an affair of the heart?" "Yes, she married a rich old man whose heart, she was told, might give out at any moment."

QUEER.



Gills—What's the excitement? Dink—Man run run down by an auto, and they can't find anything to carry him on. Gills—H'm. With all those rubbers it should be no trouble to find a stretcher.

Slim Fare. An optimist, methinks, is one who hums a little tune. Even though he goes when work is done To dine upon a prune.

His System. "You seem to have no trouble in finding your way about the intricate streets of Boston." "That is true. I must, however, admit that my system is purely guesswork."

"What do you mean by guesswork?" "I always go in the opposite direction from what I think is right."

The Lazy Rascal. Tired Employee—Is it true, boss, that a penny saved is a penny earned? Busy Boss—Sure, it is true! "Then I guess I'll knock off for today. I just earned \$2,000 for the firm by refusing to buy a motor truck a fellow wanted to sell the house."

If Truth Were Told. "Why do you want to earn such a lot more money than you and your wife will ever need?" "So that I can have enough to keep my children from learning to do anything to help themselves if ever they should need to."

How It Started. Ninnycus—Wonder who originated that saying, "Busy as a hen with one chicken?" Cynicus—Somebody, probably, who had observed the activity of a hen with one chicken just ready for the matrimonial market.—Judge.

Immune. "I understand your Canadian hunting party had a disastrous time." "Yep. I was the only one that escaped injury." "How did that happen?" "Why, I missed the train when the party started."

Celebrating. "If the czar and his Russian armies are really victorious and carry out their purposes—" "Well!" "I'll bet they go to Berlin on the Spree."

What He Got. Farmer A.—How much did you get for yer 'aters? Farmer B.—Well, I didn't get as much as I expected, and I didn't calculate I would.

NO KICK COMING.



Dinks—Don't you find it pretty expensive to keep up that big touring car? Winks—Yes, I do. But I'm not grumbling. You see, Helen agreed to give up playing bridge at the Skinfint's if I'd buy the car. Oh! I'm saving money all right.

Drowning No Sober to Them. Old Gentleman (who had just finished reading an account of a shipwreck with loss of passengers and all hands)—Ha! I am sorry for the poor sailors that were drowned. Old Lady—Sailors! It isn't the sailors—it's the passengers I am sorry for. The sailors are used to it.

Domestic Discard. "My husband used to call me his lovely lute." "And now?" "Now he picks on me."

The Land of Broken Promises

A Stirring Story of the Mexican Revolution

By DANE COOLIDGE
Author of "The Fighting Fool," "The Tumbler," "The Boy Who..."
Illustrations by Don J. Lewis

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SYNOPSIS

Bud Hooker and Phil De Lancy are forced, going to a revolution in Mexico, to give up their mining claim and return to the United States. In the border town of Gadsden Bud meets Henry Kruger, a wealthy miser, who makes him a proposition to return to Mexico to acquire title to a very rich mine which Kruger had blown up when he found he had been cheated out of the title by one Aragon. The Mexicans subsequently had spent a large sum of money in an unsuccessful attempt to release the vein and then allowed the land to revert for taxes. Hooker and De Lancy arrive at Fortuna, near where the single tail mine is located. They engage Cruz Mendez to acquire the title for them and begin preliminary work. Aragon accuses them of jumping his claim. Hooker discovers that matrimonial entanglements prevent Mendez from acquiring a valid title. Phil, who has been paying attention to Gracia Aragon, decides to marry Mendez and acquire the title. Aragon fails in his attempt to drive them off the claim. Rebels are reported in the vicinity. A rich vein of gold is struck and work on the mine is stopped until the title can be perfected. Phil is arrested by Manuel del Rey, captain of the rurales and tutor of Gracia's. He is released on promise to stay away from Gracia. He returns to Gracia and returns to the United States. Bud turns Mexican and takes steps to secure title to the mine in his own name.

CHAPTER XIX—Continued.

He looked the adobe house over thoughtfully, listened long to the news of the border and of the rurales' raid on their camp, and retired to the rocks for the night. Even Bud never knew where he slept—somewhere up on the hillside—in caves or clefts in the rocks—and not even the most pressing invitation could make him share the house for a night. To Amigo, as to an animal, a house was a trap; and he knew that the times were treacherous.

So indeed they were, as Hooker was to learn to his sorrow, and but for the Yaqui and his murderous knife he might easily have learned it too late. It was evening, after a rainless day, and Bud was cooking by the open fire, when suddenly Amigo vanished and four men rode in from above. They were armed with rifles, as befitted the times, but gave no signs of ruffianly bravado, and after a few words Bud invited them to get down and eat.

"Muchas gracias, señor," said the leader, dismounting and laying his rifle against a log. "we are not hungry."
"Then have some coffee," invited Hooker, who made it a point to feed every one who stopped, regardless of their merit; and once more the Mexicans declined. At this Bud looked at him sharply, for his refusal did not augur well, and it struck him the man's face was familiar. He was tall for a Mexican and heavily built, but with a rather sinister cast of countenance.

"Where have I seen you before?" asked Bud, after trying in vain to place him. "In Fortuna!"

"No, señor," answered the Mexican politely. "I have never been in that city. Is it far?"

"Ten miles by the trail," responded Hooker, by no means reassured, and under pretext of inviting them to eat, he took a look at the other men. If they had not stopped to eat, what then was their errand while the sun was sinking so low? And why this sullen refusal of the coffee which every Mexican drinks?

Bud stepped into the house, as if on some errand, and watched them unseen from the interior. Seeing them exchange glances then, he leaned his rifle just inside the door and went about his cooking.

It was one of the chances he took, living out in the brush, but he had come to know this low-browed type of semi-bandit all too well and had small respect for their courage. In case of trouble Amigo was close by with his gun in his hand—but with a little patience and circumspection the unwelcome visitors would doubtless move on.

So he thought, but instead they lingered, and when supper was cooked he decided to go to a show-down—and if they again refused to eat he would send them on their way.

"Ven amigoo," he said, spreading out the tin plates for them. "Come and eat!"

The three low-brows glared at their leader, who had done what little talking there was so far, and, seized with a sudden animation, he immediately rose to his feet.

"Many thanks, señor," he said with a cringing and specious politeness. "We have come far and the trail is long, so we will eat. The times are hard for poor men now—this traitor, Madero, has made us all hungry. It is by him that we poor working men are driven to insurrection—but we know that the Americans are our friends. Yes, señor, I will take some of your beans, and thank you."

He filled a plate as he spoke and lifted a biscuit from the oven, continuing with his false patter while the others fell to in silence.

"Perhaps you have heard, señor," he went on, "the saying which is in the land: Mucho trabajo, poco dinero; no hay rrijoles, viva Madero! [Much work, little money; no beans, long live Madero!]

"That, in truth, is not just to the Mexican people. This man has betrayed us all; he has ruined the country and set brother against brother. And now, while we starve because the mines are shut down, he gathers his family about him in the city and lives fat on the money he has stolen."

He ran on in this style, after the fashion of the revolution, and by the very commencement of his ruminations Bud was thrown completely off his guard. That was the way they all talked, these worthless bandit-beggars—that and telling how they loved the Americans—and then, if they got a chance, they would stick a knife in your back.

He listened to the big man with a polite toleration, being careful not to turn his back, and ate a few bites as he waited, but though it was coming dusk the Mexicans were in no hurry to depart. Perhaps they hoped to stop for the night and get him in his sleep. Still they lingered on, the leader sitting on a log and continuing his harangue.

Then, in the middle of a sentence, and while Bud was bending over the fire, the Mexican stopped short and leaned to one side. A tense silence fell, and Hooker was waked from his trance by the warning click of a gun-lock. Suddenly his mind came back to his guests, and he ducked like a flash, but even as he went down he heard the hammer clack!

The gun had snapped! Instantly Hooker's hand leaped to his pistol and he fired from the hip pointblank at the would-be murderer. With a yell to the others, one of the Mexicans sprang on him from behind and tried to bear him down. They struggled for a moment while Bud shot blindly with his pistol and went down fighting.

Bud was a giant compared to the stunted Mexicans, and he threw them about like dogs that hang on to a bear. With a man in each hand he rose to his feet, crushing them down beneath him; then, in despair of shaking off his rider, he staggered a few steps and hurled himself over backward into the fire.

A yell of agony followed their fall and, as the live coals bit through the Mexican's thin shirt, he fought like a cat to get free. Rocks, pots and kettles were kicked in every direction, and when Hooker leaped to his feet the Mexican scrambled up and rushed madly for the creek.

But, though Bud was free, the battle had turned against him, for in the brief interval of his fight the other two Mexicans had run for their guns. The instant he rose they covered him. Their chief, who by some miracle had escaped Bud's shot, gave a shout for



Threw Them About Like Dogs That Hang Onto a Bear.

them to halt. Cheated of his victim at the first he was claiming the right to kill.

As Hooker stood blinded by the smoke and ashes the fellow took deliberate aim—and once more his rifle snapped. Then, as the other Mexicans stood agape, surprised at the failure of the shot, the cannonlike whang of a Mauser rent the air and the leader crumpled down in a heap.

An instant later a shrill yell rose from up the canyon and, as the two Mexicans started and stared, Amigo came dashing in upon them, a spitting pistol in one hand and his terrible "wood-chopping" knife brandished high in the other.

In the dusk his eyes and teeth gleamed white, his black hair seemed to bristle with fury, and the glint of his long knife made a light as he vaulted over the last rock and went plunging on their track. For, at the first glance at this huge, pursuing figure, the two Mexicans had turned and bolted like rabbits, and now, as the Yaqui whirled in after them, Bud could hear them squealing and scrambling

as he hunted them down among the rocks. It was grim work, too, even for his stomach, but Hooker let the Indian follow his nature. When Amigo came back from his hunting there was no need to ask questions. His eyes shone so terribly that Hooker said nothing, but set about cleaning up camp. After he had washed the ashes from his eyes, and when the fury had vanished from Amigo's face, they went as by common consent and gazed at the body of the chief of the desperadoes. Even in death his face seemed strangely familiar; but as Hooker stood gazing at him the Yaqui picked up his gun.

"Look!" he said, and pointed to a bullet-splashed where, as the Mexican held the gun across his breast, Bud's pistol shot had flattened harmlessly against the lock. It was that which had saved the Mexican chief from instant death, and the jar of the shot had doubtless broken the rifle and saved Bud, in turn, from the second shot.

All this was in the Yaqui's eye as he carefully tested the action; but, when he threw down the lever, a cartridge rose up from the magazine and glided smoothly into the breach. With a rifle full of cartridges the ignorant Mexican had been snapping on an empty chamber, not knowing enough to jack up a shell!

For a moment Amigo stared at the gun and the man, and his mouth drew down with contempt.

"Ha! Pendejo!" he grunted, and kicked the corpse with his foot.

But if the Mexican had been a fool, he had paid the price, for the second time he snapped his gun Amigo had shot him through and through.

CHAPTER XX.

In a country where witnesses to a crime are imprisoned along with the principals and kept more or less indefinitely in jail, a man thinks twice before he reports to the police.

With four dead Mexicans to the Yaqui's account, and Del Rey in charge of the district, Hooker followed his second thought—he said nothing, and took his chances on being arrested for murder. Until far into the night Amigo busied himself along the hillside, and when the sun rose not a sign remained to tell the story of the fight.

Men, horses, saddles and guns—all had disappeared. And, after packing a little food in a sack, Amigo disappeared also, with a grim smile in promise of return.

The sun rose round and hot, the same as usual; the south wind came up and blew into a belling mass of clouds, which lashed back with the accustomed rain; and when all the earth was washed clean and fresh the last trace of the struggle was gone. Only by the burns on his hands was Hooker aware of the fight and of the treachery which had reared its head against him like a snake which has been warmed and fed.

Nowhere in Mexico, where the low pelado classes have made such deeds a subtlety, could the man be found to dissimulate like that false assassin-in-chief. To pause suddenly in a protracted speech, swing over and pick up a gun, and halt his victim for the shooting by the preparatory click of the lock—that indeed called for a brand of cunning rarely found in the United States.

There was one thing about the affair that vaguely haunted Hooker—why was it that a man so cunning as that had failed to load his gun? Twice, and with everything in his favor, he had raised his rifle to fire; and both times it had snapped in his hands. Certainly he must have been inapt at arms—or accustomed to single-shot guns.

The reputed magic of the swift-firing rifles evidently had been his undoing, but where had he got his new gun? And who was he, anyway? With those two baffling questions Bud wrestled as he sat beside his door, and at evening his answer came.

The sun was swinging low and he was collecting wood down the gulch for a fire when, with a sudden thud of hoofs, a horseman rounded the point and came abruptly to a halt. It was Aragon, and he was spying on the camp.

For a full minute he scanned the house, tent and mine with a look so snaky and sinister that Bud could read his heart like a book. Here was the man who had sent the assassins, and he had come to view their work!

Very slowly Bud's hand crept toward his six-shooter but, slight as was the motion, Aragon caught it and sat frozen in his place. Then, with an inarticulate cry, he fell flat on his horse's neck and went spurting out of sight.

The answer to Bud's questions was very easy now. The Mexican who had led the attempt on his life was one of Aragon's bad men, one of the four gunmen whom Hooker had looked over so carefully when they came to drive him from the mine, and Aragon had fitted him out with new arms to make the result more sure. But with that question answered there came up another and another until, in a sudden clarity of vision, Bud saw through the hellish plot and beheld himself the master.

As man to man, Aragon would not dare to face him now, for he knew that he merited death. By his sly approach, by the look in his eyes and the dismay of his frenzied retreat, he had acknowledged more surely than by words his guilty knowledge of the raid. Coming to a camp where he expected to find all dead and still, he had found himself face to face with the very man he had sought to kill. How, then, had the American escaped destruction, and what had occurred to his men?

Perhaps, in his ignorance, Aragon

was raging at his hirelings because they had shirked their task; perhaps, not knowing that they were dead, he was waiting in a fever of impatience for them to accomplish the deed. However it was, Bud saw that he held the high card, and he was not slow to act.

In the morning he saddled Copper Bottom, who had been confined to the corral for weeks, and went galloping into town. There he lingered about the hotel until he saw his man and started boldly toward him. Surprise, alarm and pitiful fear chased themselves across Aragon's face as he stood, but Bud walked proudly by.

"Good morning, señor!" was all Bud said, but the look in his eyes was eloquent of a grim hereafter.

And instead of hurrying back to guard his precious mine Hooker lingered carelessly about town. His



The Artillery Drove Them Back.

mine was safe now—and he was safe. Aragon dared not raise a hand. So he sat himself down on the broad veranda and listened with boyish interest to Don Juan's account of the war.

"What have you not heard of the battle?" cried portly Don Juan, delighted to have a fresh listener. "Agua Negra has been taken and retaken, and the railroad will soon be repaired. My gracious! have you been out in the hills that long? Why, it was two weeks ago that the rebels captured the town by a coup, and eight days later the federals took it back."

"Ah, there has been a real war, Mr. Bud! You who have laughed at the courage of the Mexicans, what do you think of Bernardo Bravo and his men? They captured the last up train from Fortuna; loaded all the men into the ore cars and empty coaches; and while the federals were still in their barracks, the train ran clear into the station and took the town by storm."

"And eight days later, at sundown, the federals took it back. Ah, there was awful slaughter averted, señor! But for the fact that the fuse went out two hundred Yaqui Indians who led the charge would have been blown into eternity."

"Yes, so great was the charge of dynamite that the rebels had laid in their mine that not a house in Agua Negra would have been left standing if the fuse had done its work. Two tons of dynamite! Think of that, my friend!"

"But these rebels were as ignorant of its power as they were of laying a train. The Yaquis walked into the town at sundown and found it deserted—every man, woman and child had fled to Gadsden and the rebels had fled to the west."

"But listen, here was the way it happened—actually, and not as common report has it, for the country is all in an uproar and the real facts were never known. When Bernardo Bravo captured the town of Agua Negra the people acclaimed him a hero."

"He sent word to the junta at El Paso and set up a new form of government. All was enthusiasm, and several Americans joined his ranks to operate the machine guns and cannons. As for the federals, they occupied the country to the east and attempted a few sallies, but as they had nothing but their rifles, the artillery drove them back."

"Then, as the battle ceased, the rebels began to celebrate their victory. They broke into the closed cantinas, disobeying their officers and beginning the looting of the town, and while half of their number were drunk the federals, being informed of their condition, suddenly advanced upon them, with the Yaquis far in the lead."

"They did not shoot, those Yaquis; but, dragging their guns behind them, they crept up through the bushes and dug pits quite close to the lines. Then, when the rebels discovered them and manned their guns, the Yaquis shot down the gunners."

"Growing bolder, they crept farther to the front—the rebels became disorganized, their men became mutinous—and at last, when they saw they would surely be taken, the leaders buried two tons of dynamite in the trenches by the bull-ring and set a time-fuse, to explode when the Yaquis arrived."

"The word spread through the town like wildfire—all the people, all the soldiers fled every which way to escape—and then, when the worst was expected to happen, the dynamite failed to explode and the Yaquis rushed the trenches at sundown."

"Did those Yaquis know about the dynamite?" inquired Bud.

"Know!" repeated Don Juan, waving the thought away; "not a word! Their commanders kept it from them, even

after they discovered the mine. And now the Indians are making boasts; they are drunk with the thought of their valor and claim that the rebels fled from them alone."

"The roadmaster came into town this morning on a velocipede and said that the Yaquis are insufferable, thinking that it was their renown as fighters and not the news of the dynamite that drove all the soldiers from town."

"However, Agua Negra is once more in the hands of the government; the track is clear and most of the bridges repaired; so why quarrel with the Yaquis? While they are, of course, nothing but Indians, they serve their purpose in battle."

"Well, I guess yes!" responded Bud warmly. "Serve their purpose, eh? Where were these Mexican soldiers and their Spanish officers when the Yaquis were taking the town? And that was just like a dog-goned Mexican—setting that time-fuse and then not having it go off. More'n likely the poor yep that fired it was so scared he couldn't hold a match—probably never lit it, jest dropped the match and ran. They're a bum bunch, if you want to know what I think. I'd rather have a Yaqui than a hundred of 'em!"

"A hundred of whom?" inquired a cool voice behind him, and looking up Hooker saw the beautiful Gracia gazing out at him through the screen door.

"A hundred Mexicans!" he repeated, and Gracia murmured "Oh!" and was gone.

"Miss Aragon is very loyal to her country," observed Don Juan, but Hooker only grunted.

Somehow, since those four Mexicans had come to his camp, he had soured over everything south of the Hne; and even the charming Gracia could not make him take back his words. If she had intended the remark as a challenge—a subtle invitation to follow her and defend his faith—she failed for once of her purpose, for if there was any particular man in Mexico that Bud hated more than another it was her false-hearted father.

Hooker had, in fact, thought more seriously of making her a half-orphan than of winning her good-will, and he lingered about the hotel, not to make love to the daughter, but to strike terror to Aragon.

The company being good, and a train being expected soon, Bud stayed over another day. In the morning, when he came down for breakfast, he found that Aragon had fled before him. With his wife, daughter and retinue, he had moved suddenly back to his home. Hooker grinned when Don Juan told him the news.

"Well, why not?" he asked, chuckling maliciously. "Here it's the middle of the rainy season and the war going on all summer and nary a rebel in sight. Where's that big fight you was telling about—the battle of Fortuna? You've made a regular fortune out of these refugees, Brachamonte, but I fail to see the enemy."

"Ah, you may laugh," shrugged the hotel-keeper, "but wait! The time will come. The rebels are lost now—some day, when you least expect it, they will come upon us and then, believe me, my guests will be glad they are here. What is a few weeks' bill compared to being held for ransom? Look at that rich Señor Luna, who was here for a time in the spring. Against my advice he hurried home and now he is paying the price. Ten thousand pesos it cost to save his wife and family, and for himself and son his friends advanced ten thousand more. I make no evil prophecies, but it would be better for our friend if he stayed on at my poor hotel."

"Whose friend?" inquired Bud blunty, but Don Juan struck him upon the back with elephantine playfulness and hurried off to his duties.

As for Hooker, he tarried in town until he got his mail and a copy of the Sunday paper and then, well satisfied that the times were quiet and wars a thing of the past, he ambled back to the Eagle Tail and settled down for a rest.

Flat on his back by the doorway he lay on his bed and smoked, reading his way through the lurid supplement and watching the trail with one eye. Since the fight with Aragon's Mexicans all his apprehensions had left him. He had written briefly to Phil and Kruger, and now he was holding the fort.

It had been a close shave, but he had escaped the cowardly assassins and had Aragon in his power. Not by any force of law, but by the force of fear and the gnawing weakness of Aragon's own evil conscience.

Aragon was afraid of what he had done, but it was the suspense which rendered him so pitiable. On a day he had sent four armed Mexicans to kill this Texan—not one had returned and the Texan regarded him sneeringly. This it was that broke the Spaniard's will, for he knew not what to think. But as for Bud, he lay on his back by the doorway and laughed at the funny page.

As he sprawled there at his reading, Amigo came in from the hills, and he, too, was content to relax. Gravely scanning the colored sheet, his dark face lighted up.

It was all very peaceful and pleasant, but it was not destined to last. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Real Boss.

Wigg—"Young Bjoness thinks he is a born leader." Wagg—"Oh, many a fellow who thinks he was born to command marries a woman who was born to countermand."—Philadelphia Record.

Is in All Men's Power.

It is prodigious the quantity of good that may be done by one man if he will make a business of it.—Benjamin Franklin.

BILIOUS, HEADACHY, SICK "CASCARETS"

Gently cleanse your liver and sluggish bowels while you sleep.

Get a 10-cent box. Sick headache, biliousness, dizziness, coated tongue, foul taste and foul breath—always trace them to torpid liver; delayed, fermenting food in the bowels or sour, gassy stomach.

Poisonous matter clogged in the intestines, instead of being cast out of the system is re-absorbed into the blood. When this poison reaches the delicate brain tissue it causes congestion and that dull, throbbing, sickening headache.

Cascarets immediately cleanse the stomach, remove the sour, undigested food and foul gases, take the excess bile from the liver and carry out all the constipated waste matter and poisons in the bowels.

A Cascaret to-night will surely straighten you out by morning. They work while you sleep—a 10-cent box from your druggist means your head clear, stomach sweet and your liver and bowels regular for months. Adv.

His Frame of Mind.

The horse had run away and was tangled up in the wire fence at the side of the muddy road. Its half-wild owner had kicked and sworn and tried to lift the animal until he was out of sorts and covered with mud.

A well-groomed man came along, took in the situation, and suggested: "Spring the fence back, then he can get his feet free."

The owner of the horse did as he was told. "Now give him a cut with the whip and he'll get up himself."

This the owner did. Then he looked at the horse, up and ready for travel, looked at himself covered with mud, and looked at the immaculate gentleman in the road. Wrath filled his soul.

"Well," he grumbled, "thank you just as much as if you'd helped me."

FALLING HAIR MEANS DANDRUFF IS ACTIVE

Save Your Hair! Get a 25 Cent Bottle of Danderine Right Now—Also Stops Itching Scalp.

Thin, brittle, colorless and scraggy hair is mute evidence of a neglected scalp; of dandruff—that awful scurf.

There is nothing so destructive to the hair as dandruff. It robs the hair of its luster, its strength and its very life; eventually producing a feverishness and itching of the scalp, which if not remedied causes the hair roots to shrink, loosen and die—then the hair falls out fast. A little Danderine tonight—now—any time—will surely save your hair.

Get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any store, and after the first application your hair will take on that life, luster and luxuriance which is so beautiful. It will become wavy and fluffy and have the appearance of abundance; an incomparable gloss and softness, but what will please you most will be after just a few weeks' use, when you will actually see a lot of fine, downy hair—new hair—growing all over the scalp. Adv.

Mark of 100 for "Sammy."

"Sammy" April, the small boy who supplies President Wilson with newspapers, called on Secretary Tumulty and asked him what he thought of Mr. Wilson's message to congress. Mr. Tumulty immediately launched into a laudatory discussion of the subject. When he had talked a few minutes, he paused and asked: "But why do you ask, Sammy?"

"I have to write a composition on it in school tomorrow," replied the boy, "and I thought I would come to headquarters for the information."

CLEAR YOUR SKIN

By Daily Use of Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Trial Free.

You may rely on these fragrant super-emollient ointments to care for your skin, scalp, hair and hands. Nothing better to clear the skin of pimples, blotches, redness and roughness, the scalp of dandruff and itching and the hands of chapping and soreness.

Sample each free by mail with 22-p. Skin Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. Y, Boston. Sold everywhere. Adv.

Few Survivors Left.

"I wonder why there are so many more borrowers than lenders in this world?"

"The explanation is most simple, my dear fellow. Fully 90 per cent are born borrowers and always remain such, and the few who start in as lenders are soon driven into the other class."

Its Kind.

"What's call money?"

"What you pay telephone bills with."—Rakimore American.

Most particular women use Red Cross Ball Blue. American made. Sure to please. At all good grocers. Adv.

Politeness is all right to a certain extent, but some people overdo it.

Hardy Hardware Co.

Telephone Number 91

Listers, Feed Mills, Corrugated Iron, Roofing, Nails, Barbed Wire, Ammunition, Windmills, Pump Cylinders, Lubricating Oils and Dry Cell Batteries

Wagon and Farm Trucks, Stoves and Majestic Ranges, Cast Iron Blast Heaters, Aluminum, Glassware, Tinware and Leather Goods

WANTS

FOR SALE—Two highly bred registered Jersey bulls. H. C. Bedinger.

Nice span of horses for sale. Ursi Keen. 1tp

FOR SALE—One horse and buggy. J. B. Sledge. 4-tf

Have good Fuller & Johnson gasoline engine for sale. Ursi Keen. 1tp

SUDAN grass seed for sale. Curd's Second Hand store. 11-tf

FOR TRADE. A good young jack, for serviceable automobile. J. W. George.

WANTED—To buy some mule colts. See Wm. Kelly, Portales, N. M. 2tp

Cover your floors with Lakeoleum, costs less, wears longer. For sale by C. M. Dobb.

FOR SALE—Young horses, mares and mules, or will trade them for maize. Curd's Second Hand store. 6-tf

FOR SALE—Good as new survey, a bargain if taken at once. See G. L. Reese.

FOR SALE—Some nice choice shoats. See them at Boucher's wagon yard. Ursi Keen. 1tp

Horses and Automobiles to trade for land. See A. E. Siegner at Travelers Inn. 12-tf

BROOM CORN—Any one having small lots of broom corn bring it to the Portales Broom factory. 6-tf

WANTED—All kinds of poultry. Pay the highest cash price. J. A. Saylor, at Saylor's Cafe. 12-tf

FOR SALE—Three colts; one coming two years old and two yearlings, good draft mare colts. See or address L. L. Brown, Portales, N.M. 4-5p

WILL PAY CASH—I will buy and pay the cash for chickens, turkeys, eggs, beef hides and all country produce. Bring your stuff to me. Curd's Second Hand store. 2-tf

NEER'S TOILET CREAM will cure chapped hands and chapped lips. It is my own prescription and I can assure you that there is none better. Price, 25c at Neer's drug and furniture store.

FOR SALE—One span of good work mares. Also fresh milk cows. See Harley Thompson, R. F. D. No. 1, Portales, New Mexico. 7-1tp

FOR SALE—Eight head of Jersey cattle and three head of horses. Good terms. For particulars see John W. George. 11-tf

Manage with little money to represent the oil gas burner. See demonstration in Portales this. Address M. T. Brockett, care News office. 1tp

FOR SALE—Registered Jersey bull, two good milk cows, two heifer yearlings, 24 head of shoats, one Charter Oak range and household goods. W. E. Brown, Portales, N. M. 8-tf

SORGHUM—H. C. Bedinger will be in the Hardy building on Tuesdays and Saturdays of each week with plenty of good, home made sorghum.

Notice of Foreclosure Sale

Number 1085
Whereas, on the 12th day of November, 1914, in a certain case pending in the district court of the Fifth judicial district of the state of New Mexico, in and for Roosevelt county, wherein M. C. Rowell is plaintiff and George Gram, or George Gram is defendant, said cause being numbered 1085 upon the civil docket of said court, the plaintiff recovered a judgment and decree upon a promissory note and a mortgage given for its security, executed and delivered by Joseph P. Orwinby and Mary Orwinby, on the 16th day of May, 1910, to the plaintiff herein, said judgment running against the land hereinafter described, and being for the sum of \$1294.30, which said judgment at the date of sale hereinafter mentioned will amount to the sum of \$1324.42, with all costs of suit; and whereas in said decree said mortgage in favor of the plaintiff, securing said debt, was foreclosed upon the following described property, to-wit: The east one-half of the southwest quarter and the west one-half of the southeast quarter of section thirty-two in township one south of range thirty-four east of the New Mexico meridian, New Mexico; and whereas, in said decree the undersigned, T. J. Molinari, was appointed by the court as special commissioner and directed to advertise and sell said property according to law, and to apply the proceeds of such sale to the satisfaction of plaintiff's said judgment and demands.

Therefore, by virtue of said judgment and decree and the power vested in me as such special commissioner, I will on the 15th day of February, 1915, at the hour of 2 o'clock, p. m., at the northeast front door of the court house in the town of Portales, New Mexico, sell said property at public vendue, to the highest bidder, for cash, for the purpose of satisfying said judgment, interest and costs of suit.

Witness my hand this 12th day of December, 1914.
T. J. MOLINARI,
Special Commissioner.

THE ROLL OF HONOR

FIRST GRADE

Willie Terrell	Minnie Munsinger
Berie Moore	John Allison
Lewis Terrell	Amos Heneise
Lois Troutt	Louise Troutt
Lillian Bell	Bessie Hightower
Robert Deen	Perie Ferguson
Gwin Roberts	William Thompson
Bernie Lawrence	Merrill Reynolds

SECOND GRADE

Lillian Bell	Nettie Lee Allison
Mabel Ballow	Beatrice Crow
Weimar Norris	Maxine Dameron
Ruth Ison	Cecile Wilcoxon
Thelma Prouty	Inman Freeman
Graydon Hough	Freemont Harris
John Wily	Elvie Terry

THIRD GRADE

Yera Bell	Bernice Blanchett
Sadie Six	Rorinne Roberts
Jack Hoppe	Lucile Duncan
Glie Fuller	Ruth Duncan

FOURTH GRADE

Roma Stone	Madge Shepard
Dorothy Ham	Lavan Brown
Claude Wood	Ira Wilcoxon
Charles Hart	Jasmine Fairly
Jewel Dunlap	Hershel Boucher
Kyle Dunlap	Reginald Smith

H. C. McCALLUM....

Dray and Transfer

Baggage & Express

Telephone 104

Prompt and careful attention is given to all work intrusted to my care. Will appreciate your patronage and serve you to the best of my ability.

Portales, New Mexico

The Portales Valley News

We have that Sudan Grass seed in stock and are prepared to furnish it in quantities of from one pound to one or more tons. It is seed that has been inspected and pronounced good and free from Johnson grass and other foreign seeds. If you are interested in the greatest non-irrigated forage crop in the world come in and talk the matter over with us.

The Portales Valley News

Portales, New Mexico

Notice of Foreclosure Sale

Whereas, on the 14th day of October, 1914, in case number 1083 on the civil docket of the district court of Roosevelt county New Mexico, wherein Frances E. Nixon is plaintiff and James R. Rittenberry, Martha E. Rittenberry and Haskell B. Rittenberry are defendants, the plaintiff recovered a decree of Foreclosure of the two certain mortgage deeds used in said cause for the sum of fourteen hundred and ninety-five dollars and fifteen cents (\$1495.15) for which said amount the court decreed plaintiff hold a lien against the properties hereinafter described and that said lien and mortgage deeds were executed and delivered to plaintiff by the respective defendants to secure their joint and several note and said mortgage deeds were on the aforesaid date and order of the court foreclosed and the hereinafter described lands of the defendants were ordered sold to satisfy the above named sum of \$1495.15, and the undersigned was appointed special commissioner to sell the following described lands to satisfy the above named amount:

The southeast quarter of section eight in township five south of range thirty-four east N. M. P. M. together with the improvements thereon being the same lands ordered sold in said decree and all the right, title and interest of the said James R. Rittenberry and his wife, Martha E. Rittenberry, in and to the said last described land will be sold on the date hereinafter mentioned to satisfy the above named amount; and all of the right, title and interest of the defendant Haskell B. Rittenberry in and to the southeast quarter of section nine in township five south of range thirty-four east, N. M. P. M., together with the improvements thereon situated will be sold on the date hereinafter mentioned to satisfy above named amount adjudged a lien and foreclosed against the said lands in favor of the plaintiff.

Therefore by virtue of said decree and the power vested in me as special commissioner, I will on the 6th day of February, 1915, at the hour of ten o'clock, a. m. at the northeast 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 aforesaid.

Witness my hand this 6th day of January, 1915.
JAMES A. HALL,
Special Commissioner.

Dissolution Notice

Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing between Charles Goodloe and D. W. Wiley, under the firm name of Goodloe & Wiley, has been dissolved, and that the said Charles Goodloe has succeeded to the business and property of the firm heretofore mentioned. Parties having claims against the said firm are notified to present them at once for payment. Dated at Portales, New Mexico, this 29th day of December, 1914.

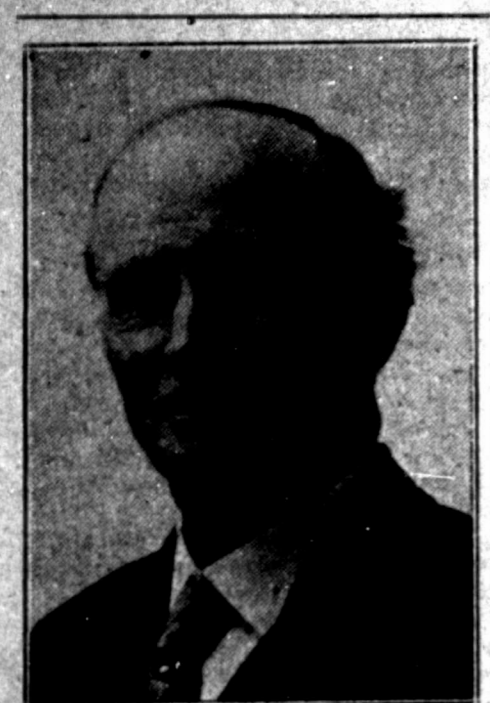
10-3t D. W. WILEY,
CHAS. GOODLOE.

ED. J. NEER is agent for the Clovis Green house. Parties desiring cut flowers may give their order to him.

Revival Growing in Interest

The McIntosh-Anderson revival which has been in progress at the Methodist church since Sunday, continues to grow in interest at each service. Several conversions have been reported to date. Following is a clipping from the Commercial Appeal, of Memphis, Tennessee, regarding Evangelist McIntosh:

"Rev. William Mitchell McIntosh, the evangelist, was born in Lee county, Alabama, December 23, 1858. His father was a thrifty Scotch farmer, and his mother of Irish descent. He entered the



W. M. McINTOSH, Evangelist

ministry at the age of 20. He received his primary education in his native state. He entered Emory College in 1882 and graduated therefrom in 1886, receiving his degree of 'A. B.' and a number of medals. He was poor and worked his way through the four years of his college course, but he had a firm friend in Bishop Hoggood, who always believed in the future of the young, struggling preacher. He has filled a number of leading places as pastor, and was president of Grenada Female College, and Woman's College at Oxford, Mississippi, for years. Dr. McIntosh is small of stature, but with a strong brain and a big heart. He is chuck full of nervous energy and an untiring worker. He has proven a success in every work in which he has engaged. Over 30,000 people have been converted in his meetings within the last eighteen years."

The little Scotch-Irishman is a wonder. His heart power is truly remarkable. His wit is as clear and refreshing as the mountain spring and bubbles out as naturally. He has all the Irishman's humor, combined with the Scotchman's splendid devotion and heroic courage. His sermons are practicable, bold and strong. His whole manner is such, however, as to impress you with the deep spirituality of the man. He leaves the sinner without excuse. His impress will be felt in this



L. J. ANDERSON, Singer

community for years to come, and only the great day of judgment will reveal all the good that his coming here has done.

Lucine J. Anderson, the singer, has organized a splendid choir and is delighted with the hearty

co-operation of the singers of the different choirs of the city.

Mr. Anderson is using the Billie Sunday song book, "Great Revival Hymns." Hours of service, 10 a. m. and 6:45 p. m.

School Notes

A supply of utensils for the domestic science class, has been installed in the lower hall and work in the culinary line began this week.

The High School debating club organized last week with the following officers: President, Lee Langston; vice president, Professor Timmons; second vice president, Elmer Walker; secretary, Dickbreder; assistant secretary, Lucy Culberson. Regular meetings are held on Monday and Thursday of each week.

Rev. W. M. McIntosh and Professor L. J. Anderson were visitors at the school Monday morning and gave some talks.

Mid-term examinations are being enjoyed (?) by the pupils this week.

Work has begun upon the Annual. Officers were elected on Tuesday morning.

J. F. Jones visited the school Wednesday and gave a talk on sheep.

The following subjects have been assigned to members of the Senior class for the graduation exercises: Class oration, Lee Langston; class poem, Willye Warnica; class reading, Edith Reagan; class musician, Willie Ferguson; class essay, Eunice Honea; class declamation, Herbert Yates; class will, Helen Lindsey; class prophesy, Bessie Dickbreder; class history, Nora Fairly.

The visitors during the past week have been: Mesdames Kohl, McCall, Strickland, Johnson, Dr. Hough, Deen and Stone.

Professor and Mr. J. S. Long very delightfully entertained the school faculty on last Friday afternoon from four to six. An elaborate two two course luncheon was served. The affair was very enjoyable and the faculty was all together for the first time during the school year.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Merrill entertained the High school teachers at a dinner on January 11th. Those present were Professor and Mrs. Long, the Misses Grinstead and Haynes and Professors Bieler and Timmons.

Dr. Swearingin's Dates

Dr. Swearingin, of the firm of Doctors Presley & Swearingin, specialists, Roswell, New Mexico, will be in Portales, at Neer's drug store, on the 20th, 21st and 22d of each month, to treat diseases of the eye, ear, nose and throat, and to fit glasses. 1-tf

Sudan grass seed at the News office. Get it now.

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