

THE PORTALES VALLEY NEWS

The Official Paper of the City of Portales and the Only Newspaper in Roosevelt County that is Read by the People

Volume II

PORTALES, ROOSEVELT COUNTY, NEW MEXICO, THURSDAY, AUGUST 26, 1915

Number 44

Boys and Girls Encampment

The boys and girls Industrial club workers of New Mexico are to have a big camp at the state fair. Every county in the state will be represented with from five to twenty youngsters, and Roosevelt will send at least three boys and three girls.

Professor Conway, who has charge of boys and girls club work for the state, has organized industrial clubs in nearly every county, and preference will be given to boys and girls who have followed some of the projects outlined by Mr. Conway. In Roosevelt county, Mrs. S. F. Culberson, county superintendent, and a committee selected by her, will have charge of the selection of the lucky winners who attend the encampment, this year.

Mr. J. H. Toulouse, superintendent of the boys and girls department of the state fair, was in the city last week and in conference with the banks, and business men, who assured him that Mrs. Culberson would be furnished with sufficient funds to at least defray the railroad fare of six from this county. The state fair association has set aside sufficient funds to properly house and feed all those attending, including tickets to the fair and places of amusement, and Mr. Toulouse informs us that when the boys and girls step off the train at Albuquerque, the every penny of their expenses will be met by the fair commission.

A model kitchen will be arranged for the girls and at least three sons and demonstrations in domestic science will be given daily to the girls. Miss Ross will have charge of the instructions for the girls, and the extension department of the State College will look after the instruction and care of the boys. All work will be so arranged that it will not interfere with the amusement features of the State Fair, and the youngsters will be furnished free to everything held on the grounds.

Every county in the state will be represented and each group of girls will be accompanied by a chaperon. Mrs. Culberson will either accompany the group from Roosevelt county or will personally select some other capable lady to take her place.

The lowest possible R. R. rate will be arranged for, and it is thought now that the rate will be some where near nine dollars round trip for boys and girls, in this connection it might be well to state that if there are any boys and girls who care to attend this encampment and pay their own railroad fare, that if they secure the recommendation of County Superintendent Mrs. Culberson, the fair management will make arrangement to take care of them without charge, the same as the other boys and girls, providing the number does not exceed ten boys and ten girls from any one county.

Felix Holmes, was in town, Tuesday, of this week, with a load of Elberta peaches and other produce. The peaches were exceptionally good and he exhibited one apple, that would make the state of Arkansas take a back seat. It measured fourteen and three-quarter inches, in circumference. Felix says, this is only one of his big ones.

Rev. Hugh M. Smith, left Wednesday, for Amarillo, Texas, where he will make his future home. Rev. Smith has been pastor of the First Presbyterian church here for the past two years and was well liked by everyone and will be greatly missed in Portales.

Smith-Boucher Wedding

The friends of Rev. Hugh M. Smith, and Miss Anna Boucher, will be surprised to know that they were married in Clovis, on the evening of August, the 17th, at the home of A. L. Gurley, Dr. Moore pastor of the Presbyterian church, officiating. The ceremony was a quiet one, only a few intimate friends, and sister of the bride being present.

The groom has been pastor of the Presbyterian church of Portales, for the past two years and being a man of unusual ability, and christian merit, has a score of friends here.

The bride came from Missouri, to New Mexico, a year ago, and taught in the public school the past year. She is a young woman of culture and refinement, her accomplishments are many and her friends are numbered by her acquaintances.

They will leave for Amarillo this week, where they will make their home for the present.

Their many friends regret to see them leave but here's hoping that the flowers of love and happiness will be theirs through a long and useful life.

Baptist Notes

Last Sunday was a very satisfactory day at the Baptist church. We were pleased to have a number of visitors in the preaching services, both morning and evening. Brother Smith preached a fine sermon, at night, on "The vows of the gospel." We regret to lose from our midst, Brother Smith, and S. G. Bridges. They will be missed very much in religious circles. May the Lord bless them wherever they may cast their lot. The church elected a full quorum of officers, for the ensuing associational year. All honor to the retiring officers, who have rendered much efficient service in the year past into history. We trust that the incoming year will be the most prosperous in the history of the church. Glad to receive three new members last Sunday. Services next Sunday, as usual. Subject for the morning service, "The resurrection of the body." We will continue our study on, "The life of Christ," Sunday night. Come thou with us and we will do thee good.

W. E. DAWN, Pastor.

Amarillo Clubs Organize

The Board of city development, the Merchants Association and the Fair board, of Amarillo, Texas, have organized into nine teams and will canvas the territory all directions from Amarillo in automobiles, in interests of the Panhandle fair this fall. They will endeavor to get exhibits from all counties they visit, in the line of live stock and agricultural products. We note that J. M. Neely and P. H. Landgerin, are assigned to visit the Santa Fe line, Hereford and south to Portales. The date will be announced later.

Some Gardener, This Fellow

Rev. E. P. Kuhl this week brought two nice watermelons to this office which were very much appreciated by the News force. Rev. Kuhl also had in his wagon fifteen different varieties of vegetables which he had no trouble in disposing of. Also, he informed us that he could have brought twenty-two varieties just as well, but there was no market for a part of it. He has only been in this valley about a year, yet he has one of the finest young vineyards that can be found anywhere, besides all kind of young fruit trees.

Dance steps, old and new, in "The Captain of Plymouth."

COMIC OPERA!

"The Captain of Plymouth" AT THE COSY THEATRE Wednesday Evening, September 1st

This Opera is given under the auspices of the Woman's Club, proceeds from which will be applied to the funds now being raised, for the entertainment of the State Federation of Clubs which convenes here October, 5, 6, and 7. This entertainment is one of the best that local talent has ever attempted, no effort being spared to make it a complete success from every standpoint. It will demand, and we know will receive, the entire appreciation as well as patronage of Portales citizenship, not only for the financial consideration for which it is given, but on its own merits as a strictly dramatic, artistic and exceptionally pleasing entertainment.

Cast of Characters

Miles Standish	Mr. Bascom Howard
John Alden	Mr. Temple Molinari
Erasmus	Mr. Clifford Deen
Wattawamut, Indian Chief	Mr. Howard Leach
Elder Brewster	Mr. Bryan Moore
Pricilla	Mrs. Beaver
Mercy	Miss Myrtle Moore
Katona, Indian Princess	Miss Edith Reagan
Patience	Miss Lucy Culberson
Charity	Miss Dora Smith

Soldiers, Sailors, Indians, lads and lassies of the colony, will be represented by the following: Misses Molinari, Merrill, Smith, Monroe, Tinsley, Lindsey, Ferguson, Owens, Wollard, Madames Pearman and Nixon, and Messrs. Patterson, Brown, Jones, Gowan, Braley, Boucher, Dunaway, Bivens, and Norris.

Synopsis

ACT I. Scene— Outdoor Scene at Plymouth. Frivolty among the Colonists. Admonition by Elder Brewster. Arrival of Captain Miles. Erasmus in trouble— Mercy too. Pricilla appears, Miles would "Like to do it himself."

ACT II. Scene I.— Pricilla's home. "Why dont you speak for yourself John? Scene II.— Indian Camp. Miles and Erasmus in captivity. Their release and victory.

ACT III. Scene— Same as Act I. Preparation in Plymouth, for the Marriage of Pricilla to Captain Miles Standish. A "Happy Ending. Accompanist— Miss Mignon Jones. Director— Mrs. B. F. Pearman.

Admission, - 35c and 50c
Reserved Seats 10c. Sale at Neer's drug store

Mr. Business Man:

Is there not some way in which we could take a few minutes off and have a general get together meeting and talk over the needs and welfare of our city and country?

Do we need community cooperation such as we have been publishing in our paper for some time?

Do you want to see our prosperous city and country grow, and get the benefit rightfully due us?

Will you help, by giving a little of your spare time? Talk this over with your friends and neighbors and let's get down to real business, and see what we can do.

Make business men out of your clerks and employes. They have good ideas and are really in a better position to know what the trades people want than you are. Let someone make a start. Who will it be?

A representative of The National Community Betterment association, of Des Moines, Iowa, was a Portales visitor this week of the week. The purpose of this organization is to create a better feeling among the people of each community and to unite in promoting community welfare. They have designated Sunday, October 3rd, 1915, as National Community Day and urge everybody to co-operate by attending church. Also they ask that ministers everywhere consider the subject from their pulpits and thus assist the movement.

Willis Wood arrived this week for a visit with his mother, Mrs. R. L. Wood.

W. F. Faggard Hurt

W. F. Faggard, had a painful and what might have been a serious accident, last Monday night, near Redlake. Accompanied by Wiley Jones and Claud Reynolds. They were coming to town, from the Langston place and the machine took to the prairie and run into a fence post, pinning Mr. Faggard, to his seat and throwing the other occupants out. Mr. Faggard, was hurt internally and partly paralyzed by the jar. Up to the present he is getting along nicely but will be confined for several days. The other parties were slightly, bruised and shocked. The car caught fire and was destroyed.

Carder Brothers Making Good

Among the prosperous farmers of the Inez community in town this week were the Carder brothers, who had two loads of maize for market. They have in cultivation this year, one hundred and fifty acres of maize and fifty acres of Sudan grass, of which they have cut twice making an average of three tons per acre. He states that his maize is extra fine and the only thing that is worrying him now is how and where he is going to market his grain, as there is some very bad roads between Portales and Inez and they cannot pull over half tonage. This is not the case of just one man for there are many other farmers in this territory in the same condition.

We are glad to say the roads in this direction are being repaired as far as the road funds will permit, but we are afraid it will not meet the requirements to draw the bumper crops from this territory.

Judge and Mrs. Reese at Fair

The following clipping from the Albuquerque Journal relative to visitors at the state building at the San Diego exposition has the following to say about Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Reese.

Mr. and Mrs. George L. Reese were much pleased with the slides, films and lectures covering Portales and Pecos valley. They make their home at Portales. The New Mexico idea of exploiting the agricultural resources by means of slides, films and lectures appealed especially to Mr. Reese. A party of five ladies who had entered the building under the impression that New Mexico was part of Villa's and Carranza's domain, soon learned better and as a result will visit Albuquerque, Santa Fe and Las Vegas.

Boy Drowns at Clovis

Kenneth Pattison the seventeen year old son of W. H. Pattison of Clovis was drowned in a lake near that place last Sunday, while in bathing with some other boys. They had swam the lake which is about a quarter of a mile wide and started back and sank about the middle. His body was located and brought to surface in about two hours. His father is manager of the creamery at that place.

Artesia Appreciates Play

The Cemetery Association is noted for its entertainments. They possess originality and distinction, but "The Captain of Plymouth" given on Tuesday evening, under the patronage of this association was without doubt the most striking and elaborate entertainment ever given in Artesia. — Artesia Advocate.

Gordon Moore, the four year old son, of Mr. and Mrs. Guy Matthews, died Sunday morning and was laid to rest in the Portales cemetery, Monday morning, at eleven o'clock. Rev. W. E. Dawn performing the burial ceremony at the grave. The News extends its sincerest sympathy, to the loved ones in their bereavement.

J. H. Jackson, of Wichita Falls, Texas, and J. W. Jackson, of Duncan, Oklahoma, were here this week visiting with Q. L. Metz and family and incidentally looking over the Portales Valley. These gentlemen are very much pleased with this country and will probably locate here.

A new windmill man arrived, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Johnston, Wednesday, night of this week. Mr. Johnston, says, he will now have help in fixing windmills and engines.

See the Fairs of New Mexico

The people of the state are making commendable efforts to make the fairs this fall representative. Nearly every county is at work collecting material for creditable exhibits of the products of the soil. The growers of live stock are arranging to show the best of its kind in dairy, dual purpose, and beef cattle, horses, sheep, swine, and poultry. The women and the schools will add attractive departments. Merchants, manufacturers, jobbers will be there with their wares, showing the latest and best. There will be amusement for everybody besides.

It is the place touch elbows and tone up the enthusiasm. It is the place to gather new ideas on agriculture, stock, and other things that go to make profit in town and country and things that add to the comforts of life.

The east side of New Mexico starts out with county fairs that may be attended with great benefit by the people of the county and their neighbors. The county fairs over, the best exhibits will go to the Live Stock and Products Exposition at Roswell and from there to the State Fair at Albuquerque. All is worth seeing by young and old.

There will be low fares on the railroads and the best of accommodations for the visitors while seeing the fairs. It is a good time to get away from the daily routine and also see how the neighbors are. The dates and location of the various fairs may be read in the advertising columns of the home news papers.

A. M. HOVE.

A Good Farmer

Uncle Jess Morrison, living west of town, is one of our energetic and prosperous farmers, that would be a good pattern to take lessons from, in the way of cultivation. He has one hundred and ten acres, in cultivation, including, fifty acres of corn, that make an average of forty bushels per acre. The other sixty acres being in row grain, that is extra good. He has five acres in orchard, such as apples, peaches, plums and pears. His trees this year, being so full, that they had to be thinned. We managed to get an estimate of plums, raised on three trees, which was the wild goose variety, and about two hundred and fifty pounds, was picked from each tree. These trees he did not think much of and didn't care if they did break down. Uncle Jess is seventy two years old and he cultivated this, one hundred and fifteen acres, by himself with the exception of about three days plowing, done by his son, who was visiting him, this summer. Of course, this couldn't be done anywhere else except the Portales Valley. Uncle Jess also believes in good roads.

R. L. Blanton, of Slaton, Texas, has bought interest in the local Ford agency, and the firm of Blanton and Jordan, are putting in a garage and repair shop, on the Stone property, northeast corner of square. They expect to carry a complete Ford car in stock, in parts and full line of automobile accessories.

Prof. R. A. Deen and family left Wednesday of this week for Taiban, New Mexico, where Prof. Deen will take charge as principal in the Public school at that place. We regret to lose these people but are assured they will make friends wherever they may go.

A glimpse of the past, and the strictly up to now, in "The Captain of Plymouth."

The PRICE

By FRANCIS LYNDE

ILLUSTRATIONS by CDRHODES

SYNOPSIS.

Kenneth Griswold, an unsuccessful writer because of socialist tendencies, sues with his friend Bainbridge at Chau-diev's restaurant in New Orleans and declares that if necessary he will steal to keep from starving. He holds up Andrew Galbraith, president of the Bayou State Security, in his private office and escapes with \$100,000 in cash. By original methods he escapes the Belle Julie as a deckhand. He unexpectedly confronts Charlotte Farnham of Wahaska, Minn., who had seen him cash Galbraith's check in the bank. Charlotte recognizes Griswold, but decides to write to Galbraith rather than denounce the robber to the captain. She sees the brutal mate rescued from drowning by Griswold and delays sending her letter to Galbraith. She tells to Griswold and by his advice sends her letter of betrayal to Galbraith anonymously. Griswold is arrested on the arrival of the boat at St. Louis but escapes from his captors.

CHAPTER VII—Continued.

McGrath found his handcuffs and tried the key in those upon Griswold's wrists. It fitted.

"Now ye're fut and hand loose, I'll say to ye what I wouldn't say to a cripple. Wan is that ye're not Gavitt; ye're no more like him than I am. Let that go. Ye've been up to some deviltry. But that's all over and gone. What'll ye be doing next?"

Griswold took a leaf out of the past. Safety in a former peril had grown out of a breakfast deliberately eaten in a cafe next door to the Bayou State Security.

"What would I do but finish my job on the Julie?" he said, pushing the theory to its logical conclusion.

The mate shook his head. "Ye needn't do that; the cops might be coming down here and running you in again. How much pay have ye drawn?"

"Not any."

McGrath took a greasy wallet from his pocket and counted out a deck-hand's wages for the trip.

"Take this, and I'll be getting it back from the clerk. It might not be good fr ye to show up at the office."

Griswold suffered a sudden return to the mellowing humanities.

"I've been calling you all the hard names I could lay tongue to, McGrath, and there have been times when I would have given the price of a good farm for the privilege of standing up to you on a bit of green grass with no body looking on. I take it all back. You say you haven't forgotten; neither will I forget, and maybe my turn will come again, some day."

"Go along with you," growled the rough-tongued Irishman, whose very kindness had a tang of brutality in it. "If ye're coming across the naygur,



McGrath Tried the Key in Those Upon Griswold's Wrists.

Mose, anywhere, and him back and tell him I'll see that he gets real money fr helping us unload. Off with ye, now, whilst they're catching up with yer runaway cab."

Griswold went leisurely, as befitted his theory, and upon reaching the levee, turned aside among the freight pyramids in search of his confederate. Now that there was time to recall the facts he feared that the negro had been taken. He had secured but a few yards' start in the race, and his pursuer was a white man, able to back speed with intelligence. Griswold had a sickening fit of despair when he contemplated the possibility of failure with the goal almost in sight; and the reaction, when he stumbled upon the negro skulking in the shadows of a lumber cargo, was sharp enough to make him faint and dizzy.

The negro did not recognize him at first and was about to run away, when Griswold shook off the benumbing weakness and called out.

"Tank de good Lawd! Is dat you, ell, Cap'm Gravitt? I's dat shuck up I couldn't recognize my ol' mammy! Tek disyer cunjah-bag o' yourn 'o' gwine drap hit. Hit's des been t'n'n my han's ev' sense I done tuk

Griswold took the handkerchief bundle, and the mere touch of it put new life into him.

"Where is the fellow who was chasing you, Mose?" he asked.

"I's nev' gwine tell you dat; no, suh. Las' time I seed him, he's des 'arin' off strips up de levee after turrer fellah."

"What other fellow?"

The negro laughed and did a double shuffle at the mere recollection of it.

"Hi-yah! Turrer fellah is de fellah what done tuk my job. Hit was des a-way; when I tink dat white man gwine catch me, sholy, I dos drap down in de darkest cawneh I kin fin; dat's what I done, yas, suh. He des keep on a-goin', spat, spat, spat, an' when he come out front de General Jackson over yondeh, one dem boys what's wukkin' on her, he tuk out, an' dat white man des t'u'n hisself loose an' mek his laigs go lak he gwine shek 'um plum off; yas, sah!"

Griswold suffered another lapse into the humanities when he saw the list of participants in his act growing steadily with each fresh complication, and he said, "I'm sorry for that, Mose."

"Nev' you min' 'bout dat, Cap'm. Dat boy he been doin' somepin to mek him touchous, 'less'n he nev' tuk out dat-a-way, no, suh!"

"Maybe so. Well, we can't help it now. Here is the twenty I promised you."

"Tank you, suh; tank you kinly, Cap'm. You-all's des de whites' white man ev' I knowed. You sholy is."

"What are you going to do with yourself, now?" Griswold inquired.

"Who, me? I's gwine up yondeh to dat resterau an' git me de bigges' mess o' fried fish I can hol'—dat's me; yas, suh."

"McGrath says he'll pay you levee wages if you'll come back to the boat and help get the cargo out of her."

"Reckon I ain't gwine back to de Julie; no, suh. Dat'd be gittin' rich too fas' for dis neggeh. Good-night, Cap'm Gravitt; an' tank you kinly, suh."

Griswold went his way musing upon the little object lesson afforded by the negro's determination. Here was a fellow man who was one of the feeblest of the underdogs in the great social fight; and with money enough in hand to give him at least a breathing interval, his highest ambition was a mess of fried fish.

The object lesson was suggestive, if not specially encouraging, and Griswold made a mental note of it for further study when the question of present safety should be more satisfactorily answered.

CHAPTER VIII.

Griswold Emergent.

Half an hour or such a matter after the hue-and-cry runaway from the curb in front of the saloon two doors above, Mr. Abram Sonnenschein, dealer in second-hand clothing and sweat-shop bargains, saw a possible customer drifting across the street, and made ready the grappling hooks of commercial enterprise.

There was little suggestion of the tramp roustabout, and still less, perhaps, of the gentleman, about the person who presently emerged from the Sonnenschein emporium. A square farther on he selected a barber's shop of cleanly promise. An hour later, reaching the retail district, he strolled past many brilliantly lighted shops until he found one exactly to his liking. A courteous salesman caught him up at the door, and led the way to the designated departments.

By this time Mr. Sonnenschein's hesitant and countrified customer had undergone a complete metamorphosis. No longer reluctant and hard to please, he passed rapidly from counter to counter, making his selections with manlike celerity and certainty and bargaining not at all. When he was quite through, there was enough to furnish a generous traveling wardrobe; a head-to-foot change of garments with a surplus to fill two lordly suitcases; so he bought the suitcases also, and had them taken with his other purchases to the dressing room.

All traces of the deck-hand Gavitt, and of the Sonnenschein planter-customer having been obliterated, there remained only the paying of his bill and the summoning of a cab. Oddly enough, the cab, when it came, proved to be a four-wheeler driven by a little, wizen-faced man whose thin, high-pitched voice was singularly familiar.

"The Hotel Chouteau?—yes, sorr. Will you please hand me thim grips? I can't lave me harness."

The driver's excuse instantly tied the knot of recognition, and the man who had just cremated his former identities swore softly.

All things considered, it was the Griswold of the college-graduate days—the days of the slender patrimony which had capitalized the literary beginning—who presented himself at the counter of the Hotel Chouteau at half-past nine o'clock on the evening of the Belle Julie's arrival at St. Louis, wrote his name in the guest-book and

permitted an attentive bell boy to relieve him of his two suitcases.

The clerk, a round little man with a promising bald spot and a permanent smile, had appraised his latest guest in the moment of book-signing, and the result was a small triumph for the Olive street furnishing house. Next to the genuinely tailor-made stands the quality of verisimilitude; and the keynote of the clerk's greeting was respectful affability.

"Glad to have you with us, Mr. Griswold. Would you like a room, or a suite?"

"Neither; if I have time to get my supper and catch a train. Have you a railway guide?"

"There is one in the writing room. But possibly I can tell you what you wish to know. Which way are you going?"

Without stopping to think of the critical happenings which had intervened since the forming of the impulsive resolution fixing his destination, Griswold named the chosen field for the hazard of fresh fortunes, and its direction.

"North; to a town in Minnesota called Wahaska. Do you happen to know the place?"

The clerk smiled and shook his head.

"Plenty of time, is there?" Griswold asked.

"Oh, yes. Your train leaves the terminal at eleven-thirty; but you can get into the sleeper any time after eight o'clock."

Seated at a well-appointed table in the Chouteau cafe, Griswold had ample time to overtake himself in the race reconstructive, and for the moment the point of view became frankly Philistine. The luxurious hotel, with its air of invincible respectability; the snowy napery, the cut glass, the shaded lights, the deferential service; all these appealed irresistibly to the epicurean in him. It was as if he had come suddenly to his own again after an undeserved season of deprivation, and the effect of it was to push the hardships and perils of the preceding weeks and months into a far-away past.

He ordered his supper deliberately, and while he waited for its serving, imagination cleared the stage and set the scene for the drama of the future. That future, with all its opportunities for the realizing of ideals, was now safely assured. He could go whither he pleased and do what seemed right in his own eyes, and there was none to say him nay.

In this minor city of his hasty selection he would find the environment most favorable for a rewriting of his book and for a renewal of his studies. Here, too, he might hope to become by unostentatious degrees the beneficent god-in-the-car of his worthier ambition, raising the fallen, succoring the helpless and fighting the battles of the oppressed.

Further along, when she should have quite forgotten the Belle Julie's deck-hand, he would meet Miss Farnham on an equal social footing; and the conclusion of the whole matter should be a triumphant demonstration to her by their irrefutable logic of good deeds and a life well-lived that in his case, at least, the end justified the means.

The train of reflective thought was broken abruptly by the seating of two other supper guests at his table; a big-framed man in the grizzled fifties, and a young woman who looked as if she might have stepped the moment before out of the fitting rooms of the most famous of Parisian dressmakers.

Griswold's supper was served, and for a time he made shift to ignore the couple at the other end of the table. Then an overheard word, the name of the town which he had chosen as his future abiding place, made him suddenly observant.

It was the young woman who had named Wahaska, and he saw now that his first impression had been at fault; she was not over-dressed. Also he saw that she was piquantly pretty; a bravura type, slightly suggesting the Rialto at its best, perhaps, but equally suggestive of sophistication, travel and a serene disregard of chaperonage.

The young woman's companion was undeniably her father, Gray, heavy-browed, and with a face that was a life-mask of crude strength and elemental shrewdness, the man had a queathed no single feature to the alertly beautiful daughter; yet the resemblance was unmistakable. Griswold did not listen designedly, but he could not help overhearing much of the talk at the other end of the table. From it he gathered that the young woman was lately returned from some Florida winter resort; that her father had met her by appointment in St. Louis; and that the two were going on together; perhaps to Wahaska, since that was the place name oftener on the lips of the daughter.

It was at this point that the apex of Philistine contentment was passed and the reaction set in. He had been spending strength and vitality recklessly and the accounting was at hand. The descent began when he took himself sharply to task for the high-priced supper. What right had he to order costly food that he could not eat when the price of this single meal would feed a family for a week?

After that, nothing that the obsequious and attentive waiter could bring proved tempting enough to recall the vanished appetite. Never having known what it was to be sick, Griswold disregarded the warning, drank a cup of strong coffee and went out to the lobby to get a cigar, leaving his table companions in the midst of their meal. To his surprise and chagrin the carefully selected "perfecto" made him dizzy and faint, bringing a disquieting recurrence of the vertigo which had seized him while he was searching for his negro treasure-bearer on the levee.



The Porter Knew the Calling of the Red-Faced Man by Intuition.

"I've had an overdose of excitement, I guess," he said to himself, flinging the cigar away. "The best thing for me to do is to go down to the train and get to bed."

He went about it listlessly, with a curious buzzing in his ears and a certain dimness of sight which was quite disconcerting; and when a cab was summoned he was glad enough to let a respectfully sympathetic porter lend him a shoulder to the sidewalk.

The drive in the open air was sufficiently tonic to help him through the details of ticket-buying and embarkation; and afterward sleep came so quickly that he did not know when the Pullman porter drew the curtains to adjust the screen in the window at his feet, though he did awake drowsily later on at the sound of voices in the aisle, awoke to realize vaguely that his two table companions of the Hotel Chouteau cafe were to be his fellow travelers in the Pullman.

The train was made up ready to leave, and the locomotive was filling the great train shed with stertorous hissings, when a red-faced man slipped through the gates to saunter over to the Pullman and to peek inquisitively at the porter.

"Much of a load tonight, George?"

"No, sah; mighty light; four young ladies goin' up to de school in Faribault, Mistah Grierson and his daughter, and a gentleman from de Chouteau."

"A gentleman from the Chouteau? When did he come down?"

The porter knew the calling of the red-faced man only by intuition; but Griswold's tip was warming in his pocket and he lied at random and on general principles.

"Been heah all de evenin'; come down right early aft' supper, and went to bald like he was sick or tarr'd or somethin'."

"What sort of a looking man is he?"

"Little, smooth-faced, parr-chisted gentleman; look like he might be—"

But the train was moving out and the red-faced man had turned away. Whereupon the porter broke his simile in the midst, picked up his carpet-covered step and climbed aboard.

CHAPTER IX.

The Goths and Vandals.

In the day of its beginnings, Wahaska was a minor trading post on the northwestern frontier, and an outfitting station for the hunters and trappers of the upper Mississippi and Minnesota lake region.

Later, it became the market town of a wheat-growing district, and a foundation of modest prosperity was laid by well-to-do farmers gravitating to that county seat to give their children the benefit of a graded school. Later still came the passing of the wheat, a re-peopling of the farms by a fresh influx of home-seekers from the Old World, and the birth, in Wahaska and elsewhere, of the industrial era.

Jasper Grierson was a product of the wheat-growing period. The son of one of the earliest of the New York state homesteaders in the wheat belt, he came of age in the year of the Civil war draft, and was unpatriotic enough, some said, to dodge conscription, or the chance of it, by throwing up his hostler's job in a Wahaska livery stable and vanishing into the dim limbo of the farther West. Also, tradition added that he was well-spared by most; that he was ill-spared, indeed, by only one, and that one a woman.

After the westward vanishing, Wahaska saw him no more until he returned in his vigorous prime, a veteran soldier of fortune upon whom the goddess had poured a golden shower of some cornucopia of the Colorado mines. Although rumor, occasionally naming him during the years of absence, had never mentioned a wife, he was accompanied by a daughter, a dark-eyed, red-lipped young woman, a rather striking beauty of a type unfamiliar to Wahaska and owing nothing, it would seem, to the grim, gray-wolf Jasper.

Since the time was ripe, Wahaska did presently burst its swaddling-bands. Commercial enterprise is sheep-like; where one leads, others will follow; and the mere following breeds success, if only by the sheer impetus of the massed forward movement. Jasper Grierson was the man of the hour, but the price paid for leadership by the led is apt to be high.

When Wahaska became a city, with a charter and a bonded debt, electric lights, waterworks and a trolley system, Grierson's interest predominated in every considerable business venture in it, save and excepting the Raymer Foundry and Machine works.

He was president of one bank, and the principal stockholder in the other, which was practically an allied institution; he was the sole owner of the grain elevator, the saw and planing mills, the box factory and a dozen smaller industries in which his name did not appear. Also, it was his money, or rather his skill as a promoter, which had transformed the Wahaska & Pineboro railroad from a logging switch, built to serve the sawmill, into an important and independent connecting link in the great lake region system.

In each of these commercial or industrial chariots the returned native sat in the driver's seat; and those who remembered him as a loutish young farmhand overlooked the educative results of continued success and marveled at his gifts, wondering how and where he had acquired them.

While the father was thus gratifying a purely Gothic lust for conquest, the daughter figured, in at least one small circle, as a beautiful young Vandal, with a passion for overturning all the well-settled traditions. At first her attitude toward Wahaska and the Wahaskans had been serenely tolerant; the tolerance of the barbarian who neither understands, nor sympathizes with, the homely virtues and the customs which have grown out of them. Then resentment awoke, and with it a soaring ambition to reconstruct the social fabric of the countrified town upon a model of her own devising.

In this charitable undertaking she was aided and abetted by her father, who indulgently paid the bills. At her instigation he built an imposing red brick mansion on the sloping shore of Lake Minnedaska, named it—or suffered her to name it—"Mereside," had an artist of parts up from Chicago to design the decorations and superintend the furnishings, had a landscape gardener from Philadelphia to lay out the grounds and, when all was in readiness, gave a housewarming to which the invitations were in some sense mandatory, since by that time he had a finger in nearly every commercial and industrial pie in Wahaska.

But there were still obstacles to be surmounted. From the first there had been a perverse minority refusing stubbornly to bow the head in the house of—Grierson. The Farnhams were of it, and the Raymers, with a following of a few of the families called "old" as age is reckoned in the middle West. The men of this minority were slow to admit the omnipotence of Jasper Grierson's money, and the women were still slower to accept Miss Grierson on terms of social equality.

At the housewarming this minority had been represented only by variously worded regrets. At a reception, given to mark the closing of Mereside, socially, on the eve of Miss Margery's departure for the winter in Florida, the regrets were still polite and still unanimous. Miss Margery laughed defiantly and set her white teeth on a determined resolution to reduce this inner citadel of conservatism at all costs. Accordingly, she opened the campaign on the morning after the reception; began it at the breakfast table when she was pouring her father's coffee.

"You know everybody, and everybody's business, poppa; who is the treasurer of St. John's?" she inquired.

"How should I know?" grumbled the magnate whose familiarity with church affairs was limited to certain writings of a legal nature concerning the Presbyterian house of worship upon which he held a mortgage.

"You ought to know," asserted Miss Margery, with some asperity. "Isn't it Mr. Edward Raymer?"

Jasper Grierson frowned thoughtfully into space. "Why, yes; come to think of it, I guess he is the man. Anyway, he's one of their—what do you call 'em—trustees?"

"Wardens," corrected Margery.

"Yes, that's it; I knew it was something connected with a penitentiary. What do you want of him?"

"Nothing much of him; but I want a check for five hundred dollars payable to his order."

Jasper Grierson's laugh was suggestive of the noise made by a rusty door hinge. The tilting of the golden cornucopia had made him a ruthless money-grubber, but he never questioned his daughter's demands.

"Going in for the real old simon-pure, blue-ribbon brand of respectability this time, ain't you, Maggie?" he chuckled; but he wrote the check on the spot.

Two hours later, Miss Grierson's cutter, driven by herself, paraded in Main street to the delight of any eye esthetic. When the clean-limbed Kentuckian had measured the length of Main street he was sent on across the railroad tracks into the industrial half of the town, and was finally halted in front of the Raymer Foundry and Machine works.

Raymer was at his desk when the smart equipage drew up before the office door; and a moment later he was at the curb, bareheaded, offering to help the daughter of men out of the robe wrappings.

Raymer held the office door open for her, and in the grimy little den which had been his father's before him, placed a chair for her at the desk-end.

"Now you can tell me in comfort what I can do for you," he said.

"Oh, it's only a little thing. I came to see you about renting a pew in St. John's; that is our church, you know."

Raymer did not know, but he was politic enough not to say so.

"I am quite at your service," he hastened to say. "Shall I show you a plan of the sittings?"

When the sittings were finally decided upon she opened her purse.

"It is so good of you to take time from your business to wait on me," she told him; and then, in naive confusion: "I—I asked poppa to make out a check, but I don't know whether it is big enough."

Raymer took the order to pay, glanced at the amount, and from that to the velvety eyes with the half-bashed query in them. Miss Grierson's eyes were her most effective weapon. With them she could look anything from daggers drawn to kisses. Just now the look was of childlike beseeching, but Raymer withstood it—or thought he did.

"It is more than twice as much as we get for the best locations," he demurred. "Wait a minute and I'll write you a check for the difference and give you a receipt."

But at the word she was on her feet in an eager flutter of protest.

"Oh, please don't!" she pleaded. "If it is really too much, can't you put the difference in the missionary box, or in the—in the minister's salary?—as a little donation from us, you know?"

Thus the small matter of business was concluded; but Miss Margery was not yet ready to go. From St. John's and its affairs official she passed deftly to the treasurer of St. John's and his affairs personal. Was the machine works the place where they made steam engines and things? And did the sign, "No Admittance," on the doors mean that no visitors were allowed? If not, she would so much like to—

Raymer smiled and put himself once more at her service, this time as guide and megaphone. It was all very noisy and grimy, but if she cared to go through the works he would be glad to go with her.

He did not know how glad he was going to be until they had passed through the clamorous machine shop and had reached the comparatively quiet foundry. One of Miss Margery's gifts was the ability to become for the moment an active and sympathetic sharer in anyone's enthusiasms. In the foundry she looked and listened, and was unsophisticated only to the degree that invites explanation. It was a master-stroke of finesse. A man is never so transparent as when he forgets himself in his own trade talk; and Raymer was unrolling himself as a scroll for Miss Grierson to read as she ran.

The tour of the works which had begun in passing acquaintance ended in friendship, precisely as Miss Grierson had meant it should; and when Raymer was tucking her into the cutter and wrapping her in the fur robes, she added the finishing touch, or rather the touch for which all the other touches had been the preliminaries.

"I'm so glad I had the courage to come and see you this morning. We have been dreadfully remiss in church



"Going in for the Real Brand This Time! Ain't You Madge?"

matters, but I am going to try to make up for it in the future. I'm sorry you couldn't come to us last evening. Please tell your mother and sister that I do hope we'll meet, sometime. I should so dearly love to know them. Thank you so much for everything. Good-by."

Raymer watched her as she drove away, noted her skillful handling of the fiery Kentuckian and her straight seat in the flying cutter, and the smile which a day or two earlier might have been mildly satirical was now openly appreciative.

"She is a shrewd little strategist," was his comment; "but all the same she is a mighty pretty girl, and as good and sensible as she is shrewd. I wonder why mother and Gertrude haven't called on her?"

Having thus mined the Raymer out-works, Miss Grierson next turned her batteries upon the Farnhams. They were Methodists, and having learned that the doctor's hobby was a struggling mission work in Pottery Flat, Margery called the paternal check-book again into service, and the cutter drew up before the doctor's office in Main street.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Chance for Greater Fame.

A New York physician claims to have discovered a harmless bicloride of mercury tablet. Now he may try his hand at inventing a harmless unloaded gun.—Detroit Free Press.

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In the meantime, here are a few of the many articles in the grocery line on which we pride ourselves, and which will afford unlimited satisfaction at every meal:

Red Star Flour; Pure Cane Sugar; a full line of Heinz Goods, White Swan Olives, Tea, Grape Juice, Oats and Cane Syrup; Wedge-wood Coffee and Canned Goods; Star Brand Coffee and Canned Goods; Del Monte Canned Goods; and lots else too numerous to mention.

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A better combination for the farmer or stockman could not be selected. Call or write to the

Portales Valley News

Portales, New Mexico

Hotel Arrivals

Following is a list of those registered at the Travelers Inn during the week, up to Thursday noon:

MONDAY
F L Stewart, Las Vegas.
V V Read, Minneapolis.
A M Clark, Amarillo.
P H Masoe, Clovis.
D F Tomlinson, Roswell.
C H Bass, Abilene.
C W Moore, Ft. Worth.
Tuesday
Mrs. H C Pain and son, Santa Fe
R C Ledford, San Angelo.
H R Fike, Corsicana Texas.
A W Joiner, Amarillo.
F Triplett, Amarillo.
N A Hatfield, Kansas City.
T J Miller, Fort Collins.
Wednesday
I Hetzel, Denver.
G W Campfield, Albuquerque.
W C Boyce, Amarillo.

THURSDAY
C H Ball, Amarillo.
W C Boyce, Amarillo.
A W Joiner, Amarillo.
Frank Triplett, Amarillo.
P E Wheeler, Amarillo.
L P Thomas, Cincinnati.
George Toledo, Duran, N. C.
Mrs. Maxner, Albuquerque.
G F Lining, Albuquerque.

Langton Notes

Peaches and grapes are so plentiful that many will go to waste, in our neighborhood, this year.

We now have a nice shower of rain, nearly every night, big crops are now assured.

Mr. George is now back on the job in his auto mail car.

Henry Jones and wife, have gone to the mountains for some horses belonging to the Eden Ranch.

The young people now have a singing school organized at the Baptist church.

W. F. Richardson, sold LLOYD Wharton, a fine team of mares this week.

Several, including, Sam Feland and Mr. Frances, have gone in search of a homestead location north of here.

Mr. Countryman, from Kansas was a Langston visitor lately.

Notice to Hunters

Hunters are notified that the season is still closed on quails and that in all cases where the evidence of violations of the game and fish laws can be secured, prosecutions will follow, and this without fear or favor. You are also notified that it is unlawful to hunt without first having a license therefor.

DEPUTY GAME WARDEN.

Notice

To the patrons of school district No. One: All persons that have not enrolled their children are requested to call at the Pearce drug store and do so at once.

J. S. PEARCE,

Member School Board.

In contrast to the comic songs, there will be beautiful ones in "The Captain of Plymouth" such as, "The Wail of the Prophet," "Pricilla's Spinning Song," "Sad and Wary," "Love is Life," "Indian Lullaby."

W. F. Liminger, of Conneautville, Pennsylvania, bought forty acres of alfalfa land just east of town and will take charge immediately. This is a good piece of land and we understand it brought a good price.

We are requested to announce that the Woman's club library will hereafter be open on each Saturday afternoon, from 3 to 5 o'clock.

Don't miss this. Something you need at special low prices. Boy's and girl's low cut shoes, for school wear. C. V. Harris.

Perry Valliant, J. T. and Rube Lee, of Rising Star, Texas were in Portales Wednesday looking at property.

Newest and latest thing out, "The Quaker crepes" for dress skirts, at C. V. Harris'.

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W. A. STEPHENSON, Proprietor

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WITH BARNS FULL OF STOCK

Didn't Look Much Like Hard Times in Western Canada.

A. Meyer, who left one of the best Counties in Minnesota, probably because he got a good price for his excellent farm, and left for the Canadian West, writes to his local paper, the Bagley Independent. His story is well worth repeating. He says:

"To say I was greatly surprised when I reached Saskatchewan and Alberta would be expressing it mildly. In a country where so much suffering was reported, I found everyone in good circumstances, and especially all our friends who have left Clearwater and Polk counties. They all have good homes and those who were reported to have sold their stock through lack of feed, I found with their barns full of stock, and it did not look very much like hard times. They have from 160 acres to two sections of the finest land that can be found.

Those that left here two or three years ago have from 100 to 400 acres in crops this year.

Prospects for a bumper crop are splendid. It is a little cold now, but nothing is frosted, either in gardens or fields. Land can be bought quite reasonably here from those who volunteered their services in the European war. Here are certainly the best opportunities for securing a good home with a farm and independence for life in a short time. Before I started I heard that prices were so high. Flour was reported at \$12 per hundred it is \$4.25 here. In the west all the groceries can be purchased for nearly the same as in Minn. The only article that I found higher was kerosene at 35 cts per gallon. When I saw the land I wondered why people do not live where they produce enough from the soil to make a comfortable living. We visited T. T. Sater, John Dahl, W. J. and R. D. Holt's, Martin Halmen, Ole Eilvorson, Wm. Walker and Geo. Colby, all from Bagley. We found well and prosperous farmers who wished to be remembered to all their Bagley friends."

(Sg4.) A. MEYER.—Advertisement.

Perfectly Natural. "So you were a witness in a lawsuit?"

"Yes."

"Did the opposing attorney bother you much?"

"Not at all. He kept interrupting me so much that it seemed I was at home telling my story and ma was correcting me as I went along."

Going to an Extreme. "Bliggins has an idea that he can run the universe."

"Yes. I understand he is training a pet groundhog so that he can be sure of having the kind of weather predictions he wants every year."

Why He Failed. "I understand his marriage was a failure."

"Yes; he tried to run it the way he ran his business."

"How do you mean?"

"He was never in the office."

Giving Him the Hee Haw! She—How do you happen to be called Jack?

He—Oh, it's just a nickname. Why?

She—I didn't know but it was an abbreviation.

Conversational Discretion. "People are not supposed to tell all they know," said the cautious person.

"No," replied Miss Cayenne, "especially in these days of popularized science."

In Self-Defense. Applicant—Be youse th' gint wot advertised for a porter, sor?

Hotel Proprietor—Yes, but I stated in the ad that all applications must be made by mail.

Applicant—Faith, an' do youse 'ink O'im' ather lookin' loik a female, sor?

Going the Limit. "What is your opinion of government ownership?"

"It's a great idea," replied Senator Borgum. "If the government owned everything and had to pay all its own taxes a lot of my constituents would be better satisfied."

Sympathy. Mrs. Gray—The window in my hall has stained glass in it.

Mrs. Green—Too bad! Can't you find anything that'll take the stains out?

The Newcomer. Nurse—It has its father's hair.

Father—I am glad it's being kept in the family.

Nurse—An' it has its mother's voice.

Father—Lord help it!—Life.

Proper Classification. Parson Snowball (a Methodist)—Is yoh all a sojahn in de army ob de Lord?

Stranger—Yassah. Ah's a membah ob de Baptist church.

Parson Snowball—Den yoh ain't in de army; yoh's in de navy.

Drawing the Line. "Imitation is the sincerest flattery."

"Maybe," replied Mr. Cumrox. "But I don't like to have a stenographer copy my mistakes in grammar."—De Soil Free Press.

SEEING LIFE with JOHN HENRY by George V. Hobart



John Henry on Dieting

I WAS complaining to some of my friends in the Club the other evening because a germ General Villa was storming the outposts of my digestive tract when a Nut in the party began to slip me a line of talk about a vegetable diet.

I didn't fall for it until he proved to me that Kid Methuselah had prolonged an otherwise uneventful life and was enabled to make funny faces at the undertakers until he reached the age of 969 simply because he ate nothing but dandelion salad, mashed potatoes and steamed prunes.

Then I went home and told friend wife about it. She approved eagerly because she felt that it might solve the servant problem.

Since we started housekeeping about eight months ago we've averaged two cooks a week. Tuesdays and Fridays are our days for changing chefs. The old cook leaves Monday evening and the new cook arrives Tuesday morning. Then the new cook leaves on Thursday evening and the newest cook arrives on Friday, and so on, world without end.

Friend wife decided she could dip a few parsnips in boiling water without the aid of a European kitchen mechanical.

Vegetarians! What a great idea! Now she could get out into the sunlight once in a while instead of standing forever at the hall door as a perpetual reception committee to frowny-headed Slavonian exiles demanding \$35 per and nix on the washing.

But it was Friday and our latest cook was at that moment annoying the gas range in the kitchen, so why not experiment and find out what merit there is in a vegetarian menu?

The ayes have it—send for the Duchess of Dishwater.

Enter the Duchess, so proud and haughty, with a rolling pin in one hand and a guide to the City of New York in the other. During her idle moments she studied the Guide. Even now, and only three weeks from Ellis Island, she knew the city so well that she could go from one situation to another with her eyes closed.

"Ollie," said friend wife, "do you know how to cook vegetables in an appetizing manner?"

"Of course," answered Ollie, her lips curling disdainfully.

Then I chimed in with: "Very well, Ollie. The members of this household

When I got back, Ollie was standing near the table with a sweet smile on each side of her face waiting for the applause of those present.

"Have you anything else?" I inquired, hungrily.

"Oh, yes!" said Ollie. "I have some potato pudding for dessert."

When I got through swearing, Ollie was under the stove, my wife was under the table, the dog was under the bed and I was under the influence of liquor.

I'm cured. After this my digestive tract will have to fight a sirlion steak every time I get hungry.

Besides, I don't want to live as long as Methuselah. If I did I'd have to learn to Tango some time in the 900 years to come—then I'd be just the same as everybody else in the world.

Can you get a flash of Methuselah at the age of sixty-four taking Tango lessons from Baldy Sloane up at Welsenfeffer's pedal parlors? And then having to survive for 906 years with the dance bug in his dome!

Close the door, Della; there's a draft.

When Peaches recovered from the shock of my outburst over the potato pudding she said the only way I could square myself was to take her to the very latest-to-date hotel in New York for dinner.

That is some task if you live up town, believe me, because they open new hotels in New York now the same as they open oysters—by the dozen.

However, after stuffing my pockets with all my earthly possessions, we hiked forth and started for the Builtfast—the very latest thing in expensive beaneries.

Directly we entered its polished portals we could see from the faces of the clerks and the clocks that a lot of money changed hands before the Builtfast finally became an assessment center.

In the lobby the furniture was covered with men about town, who sat around with a checkbook in each hand and made faces at the cash register.

There are more bellboys than bedrooms in the hotel. They use them for change. Every time you give the cashier \$15 he hands you back \$1.50 and six bellboys.

We took a peep at the diamond-backed dining room, and when I saw

know, so; just suggest some little thing that looks better than it tastes, but is not too expensive to keep down."

"Que souhaitez-vous?" said he back at me. "Un diner confortable dot de composer de potage, de volaille bouillie ou rotie, chaude on froide, de gibier, de plats rares et distingues, de sucreries, de patisseries et de fruits!"

I looked at my wife, and she looked at me; then we both looked out the window and wished we had never been born.

"Say, Garson," I said, after we came to, "my wife is a daughter of the American Revolution and she's so patriotic she eats only in United States; so cut out the Moulin Rouge lyrics and let's get down to cases. How much will it set me back if I order a plain steak—just enough to flirt with two very polite appetites?"

"Nine dollars and seventy cents," said Joan of Arc's brother Bill. "The seventy cents is for the steak and the nine dollars will help to pay for the Looey the Fifteenth furniture in the bridal chamber."

"Save the money, John, whispered Peaches; "and we'll buy a pianola with it."

"How about a silver of roast beef with some simple vegetable," I said to



A Flash of Methuselah at the Age of Sixty-Four Taking Tango Lessons From Baldy Sloane.

the waiter. "Is it a bull market for an order like that?"

"Three dollars and forty-two cents," answered Henri of Navarra. "Forty-two cents for the order and three dollars to help pay for the French velvet curtains in the golden suite on the second floor."

"Keep on guessing, John; you'll wear him out," Peaches whispered. "Possibly a little cold lamb with a suggestion of potato salad on the side might satisfy us," I said. Make me an estimate."

"Four dollars and eighteen cents," replied Patsey Boulanger. "Eighteen cents for the lamb and salad and the four dollars for the Looey the Fifteenth draperies in the drawing-room."

"Ask him if there's a bargain counter anywhere in the dining room," whispered Peaches.

"My dear," I said to friend wife, "we have already displaced about sixty dollars worth of space in this dyspepsia emporium, and we must, therefore, behave like gentlemen and order something, no matter what the cost. What are the savings of a lifetime compared with our honor!"

The waiter bowed so low that his shoulder blades cracked like a whip. "Bring us," I said, "a plain omelet and one dish of prunes."

I waited till Peter Giroffa translated this into French and then I added: "And on the side, please, two glasses of water and three toothpicks. Have the prunes fricasseed, wash the water on both corners and bring the toothpicks rare."

The waiter rushed away and all around us we could hear money talking to itself.

Fair women sat at the tables picking dishes out of the bill of fare which brought the blush of sorrow to the faces of their escorts. It was a wonderful sight, especially for those who have a nervous chill every time the gas bill comes in.

"When we ate our modest little dinner the waiter presented a check which called for three dollars and thirty-three cents."

"The thirty-three cents is for what you ordered," Alexander J. Dumas explained, "and the three dollars is for the French hangings in the parlor."

"Holy Smoke!" I cried. "That fellow Looey the Fifteenth has been doing a lot of work around here, hasn't he?" But the waiter was so busy watching the finish of the change he handed me that he didn't crack a smile.

Then I got reckless and handed him a fifty-cent tip. The waiter looked at the fifty cents and turned pale. Then he looked at me and turned paler.

Then he tried to thank me, but he caught another flash of that pebeian fifty and it choked him. Then he took a long look at the half-dollar and with a low moan he passed away.

In the excitement I grabbed Peaches and we flew for home. The next time I go to one of those expensive shacks it will be just after I've had a hearty dinner.

Even at that I may change my mind and go to a moving picture show.

For Those Who Can See. See deep enough and you see musically; the heart of nature being everywhere music, if you can only reach it.—Carlyle.

Oklahoma Directory

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Tibetans Will Not Be Denied the Joy That Accrues From the Sense of Bargaining.

"Mornin' time, bargain time!" calls out one of the peddlers by the wayside in Tibet cheerfully as he sees you returning from a glimpse of the snows at sunrise. You bid him come to you, and from one of the innumerable pockets concealed in his voluminous robe he will produce a perfect little jade cup, or a Tibetan coffee pot or gold, copper and precious stones, or perhaps a huge lump of rough turquoise hewn to look like a couch with a tiny gold Buddha reclining on it.

Then comes the bargaining, in which he and all his friends take part against your single self.

It can all be done by signs and smiles and patience and in the long run you will get some things well worth having at a very reasonable price.

But you must have no false pride about bargaining. It is an elementary part of these people's nature, and the joy of selling will leave them forever when the day of haggling is done.

Beat Milton's Record. Student—I read that Milton spent fifteen days on one page when writing "Paradise Lost."

Convict—That's nothing. I have been on one sentence six years.—Brooklyn Star.

Renton, Scotland, has a woman letter carrier.

Slander. Slander, sir! You do not know what you are disdaining. I have seen the most respectable persons almost overwhelmed by it. At first a light sound, skimming the earth like a swallow before the storm, very softly (pianissimo) it murmurs and purrs and sows in its course poisoned arrows. It is on somebody's mouth, and softly, softly (piano, piano), it glides slyly into your ear. The evil is done. It is born, it creeps, it walks; and with growing power (rinforzando) it goes from mouth to mouth diabolically. Then, all of a sudden, I can't tell you how, you see slander straighten up, hiss, swell and grow tall before your very eyes. It springs, stretches its wings, whirls, envelops, seizes, carries off; it flashes lightning, it thunders and becomes a hue and cry, a public crescendo, a universal chorus of hatred and proscription. Who, indeed, could stop it!—Beaumarchais.

The Way Out. "Sometimes I think," remarked the timid young man in the parlor scene, "that if I—er—had money I would—er—get married."

"Well," suggested the dear girl who was occupying the other end of the sofa, "why don't you try and—er—borrow some?"

No Doubt. Teacher—Mary, can you tell me how Noah's ark was lighted?

Mary—Yessum, wjh ark lights.

Never do a thing gratis today that someone is likely to pay you to do tomorrow.



A Summer Vacation At Home

Avoid needless work, especially hot cooking, and plan to get all possible rest and leisure.

There are many ways. For instance, a hot breakfast is uncalled for in summer. There's no excuse for early morning cooking with Post Toasties in the house.

Nothing will please husband and children better than a bowl of crisp, delicious

Post Toasties

with cream or good milk.

There is pleasure in serving this dainty food and you start the day without work or worry.

With Toasties in the pantry it takes but a moment to prepare a breakfast or lunch that pleases all—you save time and temper.

Order a package of Post Toasties from your grocer and start on your home vacation.



DAISIES

In the m... some of u... bloom all... In Calif... very much... East, as d... but they s... to many p... tory.

Luther E... ta daisy to... flower and... place of th... which has... Californiar... In the co... impossible

Get O... LATE S... By t... For th... plants ad... that have... winter bl... Keep a... larger po... allow the... Old ge... summer... garden. them of... that take... Keep rich soil... shady pl... out all b... Cutting... should b... summer, to harde... plant ca... or cuttin...

The c... tches in... sand... ed and... fill the r... They wood pl... In pla... what yo... then wo... Many amateur... while o...

HOME BEAUTIFUL

Flowers and Shrubs
Their Care and Cultivation



Transvaal Daisy.

DAISIES EVERY MONTH IN YEAR

In the mild climate of California and some of the southern states, daisies bloom all the year around.

In California these flowers grow very much larger than those of the East, as do all Pacific coast flowers; but they seem to lack brilliancy, and to many persons are not as satisfactory.

Luther Burbank developed the Shasta daisy to a very large and beautiful flower and this is largely taking the place of the Marguerite or Paris daisy which has long been a favorite with Californians.

In the colder climates, of course, it is impossible to keep daisies bloom-

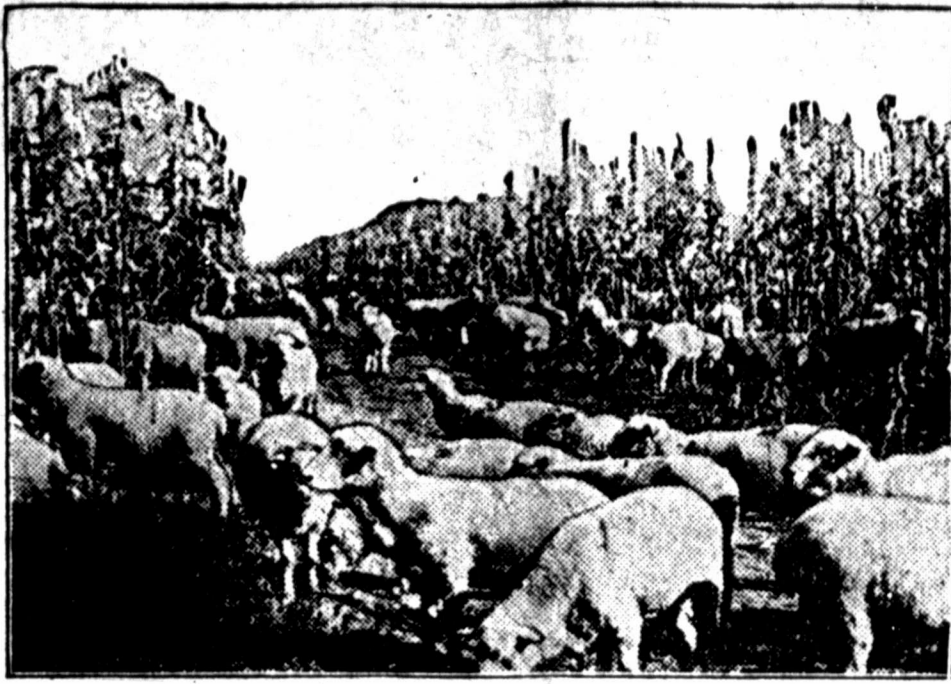
ing every month; but by planting different varieties some of them may be kept blooming nearly the entire summer. The daisy is really not a domesticated flower, as a great many low growing wild flowers are called daisies. Many varieties are classed as weeds.

In fact, the ox-eyed daisy, which is plentiful all through New England and some of the northern states, is called white-weed.

The chrysanthemums and wild asters are called daisies and really belong to the same family.

While it would not be possible perhaps to have a daisy hedge in bloom all the year, still by planting the various species of daisies, chrysanthemums and asters some bloom could be had from April to November.

PASTURE SHEEP IN CORN TO ADVANTAGE



Sheep Are of Much Advantage in Pasturing Off Weeds in Corn After Cultivation Has Ceased.

Those who have a flock of sheep, or who purchase lambs for fall fattening, can pasture them to advantage in late summer and all through the fall in cornfields. If the corn is not infested with summer grasses and weeds it will be necessary to plant cowpeas, rye or some other catch crop between the rows of corn. Where the cornfield is large and the flock of sheep or lambs small there will be no need of planting any special crop between rows, as there will be enough feed for the animals in chance weeds and herbage among the corn and along the fences.

Last summer we had a cornfield in which were a few weeds of several kinds and considerable crabgrass and foxtail, says a Missouri writer in Farm Progress. A small flock of sheep and lambs was turned into this field in August and we found that neither the lambs nor the sheep ate any of the corn blades worth considering, and they did not bother the ears of corn in the least. But they eagerly ate the weeds and summer grasses, cleaning

the soil of undesirable growth between the rows of corn and mowing the fence rows till they looked like a clean lawn.

Where corn is not to be cut for fodder or silage, but husked in the field, it can be pastured heavily with sheep and lambs in late summer and through the fall. Of course, where there are no weeds or grass for the animals to eat, they will eat the lower blades of corn, stripping the stalks up as far as they can reach. Old sheep will sometimes disturb and destroy the field of weeds and grass, but not till then. Lambs cannot reach the ears on corn of standard height.

Cowpeas planted in corn at the last cultivation make an excellent feed for fattening sheep and lambs, the peas being a legume and furnishing protein for flesh building. This method of pasturing sheep not only furnishes clean, healthful, shady pasture for the animals, but it cleans the field of many plant pests and fertilizes the soil evenly.

FURNISH HOGS SOME SHADE IN SUMMER

Farmer Who Is Not Supplied With Trees Has Quite Difficult Problem to Solve.

The hog needs a shade in the hot summertime. Without it he will be reduced in flesh very rapidly. Heat is a great flesh reducer, and the blistering rays of the sun will trim down the hogs very rapidly. The man who is fattening his hogs is very liable to lose some of them if they must be exposed to the burning rays of the midday sun during the hot season.

The farmer who lives in a timbered country will have no trouble in providing shade for his hogs. On one farm there was a 40-acre tract of wooded land. Here the hogs were kept in the summer. They had the shade to protect them from the sun, and a cooling spring came from under a ledge of rock and flowed down the branch, so they had sufficient pure water in which to wallow.

It is the man on the prairie who is troubled with the shade question. An ideal shade for hogs is provided by a man who had no tree on his place except a few in his yard. He had constructed a long shed out of cheap lumber, opening to the north. His fine Poland-China hogs were stretched out in a long line beneath the shelter of the shed, enjoying protection from the hot rays of the midday sun.

A man had better construct a shed and cover it with straw than to let his hogs suffer.

STUDY EACH COW IN EVERY DAIRY HERD

Greatest Good Not Always Derived in Eliminating the Unprofitable Animals.

It is a fact, and there is evidence of it, that it is a good plan to weigh and test the milk of each individual cow; but it is a far better plan to take each cow in the herd and make a careful study of her and investigate to see if she has reached the limit of her production. By weighing and testing the milk some rather surprising results have been found in many of our dairy cows.

The greatest good that has been derived is not alone in eliminating the unprofitable cow, but rather in awakening to the importance of studying the individuals in each herd.

When you find a cow that is not yielding a desired profit, see if she is not capable of better things before condemning her.

Watch the scales and reward her with each increase of milk, and you will oftentimes find that her limit will be far above what you had at first thought. Be fair to the cow and give her a chance.

Loss Among Turkeys.

The fatality among young turkeys in nine cases out of ten is caused by want of due care during the earliest stages of existence. Low or wet grounds, in fact any dampness, induces rheumatism of the joints, etc.

UNPROFITABLE LAND LIKE BOARDER COWS

Low Yielding Acres Are Often Fatal to Successful Farming—Drainage Favored.

The United States department of agriculture sends out a bulletin in which this article is taken:

We hear many uncomplimentary things about the unprofitable dairy cow—the boarder cow that is supported on the profits of the remainder of the herd. On many farms the unprofitable dairy cow is not by any means the only boarder. Low yielding acres, like boarder cows, are often fatal to successful farming.

Our farm survey records show that area of poorly drained, compact, sour soils, or soils low in humus greatly reduce net profits and are a frequent cause of minus labor income. Sometimes these records show that as much as 30 per cent of the entire farm acreage does not produce enough to pay its way.

One farm on which we recently took records has 40 acres of poorly drained land that in its present condition is practically worthless. Twenty-five dollars per acre spent in drainage will make this 40-acre tract the equal of any in that district, and good land is selling there at \$150 per acre.

The successful business man tries to weed out all unprofitable enterprises and to expand those that pay a profit. Unprofitable acres cannot always be disposed of as rapidly as boarder cows, but usually they can be improved until they become profit-bearing. If the income from such land cannot be increased, it is quite possible that the labor spent upon it can be reduced until the income at least pays the cost of labor.

MAKING PROFIT BY GIVING HOGS WHEAT

Interesting and Instructive Results in Swine Feeding Obtained in Kentucky.

The Kentucky experiment station obtained 98 cents to \$1.16 a bushel for wheat by feeding it to hogs last year when hogs were selling at \$7 a hundredweight. If hogs had sold for \$8 a hundredweight the return would have been \$1.25 to \$1.33 a bushel. Manifestly it will not be profitable to feed wheat to hogs as long as it is selling at present prices but when it drops to the figures paid last year at harvest it will be more profitable to feed it than to sell it provided the prices paid for hogs are satisfactory.

It ordinarily is estimated that ground wheat has about the same feeding value as ground corn. The price of corn, therefore, is a factor which should be considered when deciding whether to feed or sell the wheat. The Kentucky experiments show also that ground wheat returned 7 to 10 cents more a bushel than soaked wheat. The results of the experiment are described in detail in Bulletin No. 190 which can be obtained by writing to the Kentucky Agricultural Experiment station, Lexington, Ky.

Libby's Hot Weather Meats

Veal Loaf, to serve cold; Cooked Corned Beef, select and appetizing. Chicken Loaf, Ham Loaf and Veal Loaf, delicately seasoned. Vienna Sausage, Genuine Deviled Ham and Wafer Sliced Dried Beef for sandwiches and dainty luncheons.

Insist on Libby's at your grocer's

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago

Rocky Roads of China.

We all know the description of the snakes in Ireland: "There are none," and much the same might be said about the roads in China. There are so-called roads, certainly, upon which the people move about, but I have seldom met one that was any better than the surrounding country, and very, very often on this Journey I met roads where it was ease and luxury to move off them on to the neighboring plowed field. The recipe for a road there in the North seems to be: "Take a piece of the country that is really too bad to plow or to use for any agricultural purposes whatever, that a mountain torrent, in fact, has given up as too much for the water, upset a stone wall over it, a stone wall with good large stones in it, take care they never for a moment lie evenly, and you have your road.—Wide World Magazine.

A Modern Incubus.

"Poor Dobbie! He was the victim of an unfortunate automobile accident yesterday."

"Goodness! What happened?"

"He fell into casual conversation with a smooth-tongued person who turned out to be an automobile salesman and sold him one."

Repertee.

"Did I make myself plain, sir?"

"Oh, no, madam. Nature made a thorough job of that for you."

And some people make us tired—because we can't begin fast enough to get away from them.

REASON FOR THE MUSTACHE

In Evidence as Having Been Worn by British Soldiers as Measure of Military Necessity.

The correspondent who writes to a cotemporary suggesting that the British war office authorities should insist on soldiers being clean shaven instead of ordering them to wear mustaches, might have alleged Teutonic influence in the adoption of the mustache of the British army. The idea was first borrowed from a batch of Austrian officers quartered with some of our troops on the South coast during the Waterloo campaign. It was then taken up by the guards, who very much resented any attempt on the part of mere line regiments to follow the new fashion. The winter campaign in the Crimea led our men to grow full beards for warmth, and these, modified into flowing whiskers ("Piccadilly weepers," as they came to be called) on their return to London, were long regarded as the mark of the man of fashion.—London Chronicle.

Might Have Been Worse.

Flatbush—Wasn't that awful for Nero to be playing his fiddle while Rome burned?

Bensonhurst—It might have been a good deal worse.

"How so?"

"Why, the old man might have played the bagpipes."

Women are acting as street cleaners in Cardiff, Wales.



Get Only Plants Adapted to the Window Garden for Winter Blooming.

LATE SUMMER WORK AMONG THE FLOWERS

By HELEN WATTS M'VEY.

For the window garden get only plants adapted to such conditions, or that have been especially prepared for winter blooming.

Keep them growing, shifting into larger pots as they grow, and do not allow them to blossom during the fall.

Old geraniums that have bloomed all summer will not bloom in the window garden. Root young plants, or get them of the florist and get the sorts that take kindly to house conditions.

Keep them in pots with not too rich soil and plunge the pots in some shady place with a good light. Pinch out all buds.

Cutting of hard-wooded plants should be started to rooting in mid-summer, when the new growth begins to harden. Almost any hard-wooded plant can be propagated by slipplings or cuttings with proper treatment.

The cuttings should be four or five inches long and inserted three inches in sand and kept wet and partly shaded and out of the way of the wind until the roots are formed.

They are slower to start than soft-wood plants, but seldom fail if cuttings are given the proper treatment.

In planting a window garden, decide what you want—flowers or foliage; then work out your plans.

Many plants will not bloom for an amateur, no matter what care is given, while others will bloom in spite of

hardships. Some plants will not bloom for anyone, under the conditions offered indoors.

Begin with holding water from your Calia lilies now, and by the middle of August the plant should be dry. Put it away in the cellar until the beginning of September, when it may be given rich soil, watered, gradually increasing the amount, using water hand hot, and when well started in growth give it the lightest you can.

If mildew attacks your plants, dust with sulphur while the dew is on; do this at the first sign of it. Digging sulphur in about the roots is said to prevent the disease. It is an ugly thing to handle.

AMONG THE FLOWERS

If the seed is allowed to develop on the plant it generally has few flowers except every other year.

The best way to kill weeds now is to pull them up by hand.

An excellent spray for the rose bushes is made of one-half pound of laundry soap melted in hot water, to which is added one cupful of kerosene. When this comes to a boil, use about one part to fifteen parts of water.

Scrape up the road dust and apply about the roots of your plants during the hot, droughty weather, and keep the moisture in the soil.

Lawn clippings make an excellent mulch for the larger plants and shrubs.

The Meat For Summer

isn't beef, pork or mutton, but the true life-giving meat of wheat.

Warm weather calls for lighter diet, and a true grain food best answers every purpose of comfort and activity, not only for the business man but for everybody.

Try

Grape-Nuts

with cream or good milk for breakfast ten days, then take note. Such a breakfast puts one in fine fettle and

'There's a Reason'

Grape-Nuts is a wheat and barley pure food unlike other cereals in that it affords the valuable phosphates of the grains necessary for the daily rebuilding of brain, nerve and muscle tissue.

Economy, too, plays a part; and Grape-Nuts is convenient—ready to eat direct from the package.

Sold by Grocers Everywhere.

THE PORTALES VALLEY NEWS

J. E. HENDERSON, Editor and Proprietor

Second-class mail matter November 14, 1915, 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 country on earth, the Portales Valley and Roosevelt County.

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Community Co-Operation

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obscure village "way... th"—we'll call it Haw... ers for convenience sake... ves a little woman who... livelihood from the sales... ed chickens. Not com... inary, every-day, hap... arities, but standard... chickens of known qual... on why this progress... woman has been more... than the average pro... these commonplace com... is the fact that consum... e locality have become... that they can at all... solutely rely upon the... f every egg and every... sold by Mrs. Parmelia... n prospective purchasers... Mrs. Hawkins' products... ame on them, of course;... ou can identify certain... r brands, of automobiles... ts, collars, hosiery, talk... nes, food products—and... and-and-one other arti... buy and use. ... g that Mrs. Hawkins of... sale has plainly stamped... the date upon which it... and her name. To every... marketed, whether alive... ed, is attached a neat tag... hat it has been properly

Notice of Contest

F. S. 9950—Cont. 9335 Department of the Interior, United States Land office, Fort Sumner, New Mexico, August 16th, 1915. To Alice McDaniel, of record address, Lecy, New Mexico, contestant: You are hereby notified that Isabelle Patterson, who gives Portales, New Mexico, as her postoffice address, did on June 10th, 1915, file in this office his duly corroborated application to contest and secure the cancellation of your homestead entry serial No. 9950, made June 2nd, 1911, for northwest quarter of section 23, township 1 south, range 33 east, N. M. P. M., and as grounds for his contest he alleges that the said Alice McDaniel never has at any time, established her residence on the said land; that she has wholly abandoned the same. You are, therefore, further notified that the said allegations will be taken by this office as having been confessed by you, and your said entry will be canceled (thereunder without your further right to be heard thereon, either before this office or on appeal, if you fail to file in this office within twenty days after the fourth publication of this notice, as shown hereon, your answer, under oath, specifically meeting and responding to these allegations of contest, or if you fail within that time to file in this office due proof that you have served a copy of your answer on the said contestant either in person or by registered mail. If this service is made by the delivery of a copy of your answer to the contestant in person, proof of such service must be either the said contestant's written acknowledgment of his receipt of the copy, showing the date of its receipt, or the affidavit of the person by whom the delivery was made stating when and where the copy was delivered; if made by registered mail, proof of such service must consist of the affidavit of the person by whom the copy was mailed stating when and the post office to which it was mailed, and the receipt to be accompanied by the postmaster's receipt for the letter. You should state in your answer the name of the postoffice to which you desire future notices to be sent to you. A. J. EVANS, Register. Date of 1st publication, August 26, 1915. Date of 2nd publication, September 2, 1915. Date of 3rd publication, September 9, 1915. Date of 4th publication, September 16, 1915.

Summons by Publication

No. 1102 The state of New Mexico, to J. A. Shoemaker, defendant: 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, New Mexico, wherein B. P. Bonar is plaintiff and you, the said J. A. Shoemaker, are defendant; and W. E. Roberts is garnishee; said cause being numbered 1102 upon the civil docket of said court. The general objects and nature of said action are as follows: The plaintiff seeks to recover judgment against the defendant for the sum of \$137.50, alleged to be due the plaintiff from the defendant under a contract by which the plaintiff employed the defendant to procure a purchase for lots three and four of section two, the northwest quarter of section eleven, the north half of the southwest quarter of section eleven, the north half of the southeast quarter and the north half of the northeast quarter of section ten, all in township six south of range thirty-seven east of the New Mexico meridian in New Mexico, the defendant agreeing to pay the plaintiff five per cent upon the price for which said land was sold for procuring a purchaser for said premises; that the defendant procured one W. E. Roberts who purchased said premises for the sum of \$2750.00, upon the terms agreed upon by the defendant, the defendant thereby becoming indebted to the plaintiff in said sum of \$137.50. You are further notified that your money and effects, to-wit: A debt due and owing to you from the garnishee, W. E. Roberts, has been garnished in the hands of the said W. E. Roberts, and that unless you enter your appearance in said cause on or before the 24th day of September, 1915, judgment will be rendered against you and said garnishee, W. E. Roberts, by default, in the sum of \$137.50, and your money and effects will be disposed of as provided by law to pay said judgment. You are further notified that George L. Reese is attorney for the plaintiff and that his post office address is Portales, New Mexico. Witness my hand and seal of office this 4th day of August, 1915. (Seal) J. W. BALLOW, County Clerk. 41-48

WANTS

HAY—All hay prices greatly reduced to move out stock. See Portales Utilities Company. 27-1f

FOR TRADE—Good brood mare, 10 years old. Will trade for maize. Inquire of J. at News office.

LOST—Tan coat, on road to H—ranch. Finder, please leave at Neer's drug store and receive reward.

GIRL WANTED—To take care of two children and do light house work. See Mrs S. D. Beavers, or phone 143.

FOR SALE—Forty head of weaned pigs, will sell in a bunch, \$3.00 each. C. A. Johnson.

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

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

FOR SALE—One surry, brand new wheels and boxing. Price \$35.00. Can be seen at Boucher's wagon yard. C. A. Johnson.

BE A DETECTIVE. Earn big pay, easy work, travel over the world. Correspondence course in twelve lessons taught by the Fidelity Detective Training School. For full particulars write representative, Charles Vernon, Inez, New Mexico. 34-8tp

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The Sanitary Barber Shop

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Complete line of Boye machine needles, bands, shuttles, bobbins and hand needles. Machine threader given with bottle of machine oil sold.

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We Want Your CREAM

We receive and test cream any day, any quantity. Highest cash price paid over the counter. :::

Strickland & Bland

Mrs. F. J. Hardin (NEE KINMAN) NURSE and MIDWIFE

Box 344 Portales, New Mexico

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..Inda Humphrey..

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I now have a first-class shoe repairer and can do your work promptly. Work and material guaranteed.

S. B. OWENS, Proprietor

H. C. McCALLUM....

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Telephone 104

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DR. W. E. PATTERSON

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DR. N. F. WOLLARD

Physician and Surgeon Office in Sam J. Nixon building. Residence Phone 169. Portales, New Mexico

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DR. L. R. HOUGH

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LOUIE KOHL, Proprietor

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

Bring Us Your Prescription Work ..Same Store in the Same Location..

Listen

The "Rent Habit" is a bad habit to break, but don't let it break you. BUILD YOU A HOME

PORTALES LUMBER COMPANY

STRAWBERRY



After the strawberry fruiting, if the bed is another season, mow and rake off the mat of one-horse plow, with a throw a narrow furrow into the center the weeds and grass about two weeks' time rotted—harrow the one-horse harrow, each row. If grass and weeds in the strawberry row section smoothing harrow a good loosener across the rows. The out some plants, but enough left. Fork Go over the rows with hoe, and cut out the weeds and tunches of grass row did not root out method followed by sowing fruit growers. It seldom pays to take two years, but it pays years, if it is not too

RECIPE FOR M... A GOOD WH...

Various Tints or Sh... Obtained by the Suitable Dry

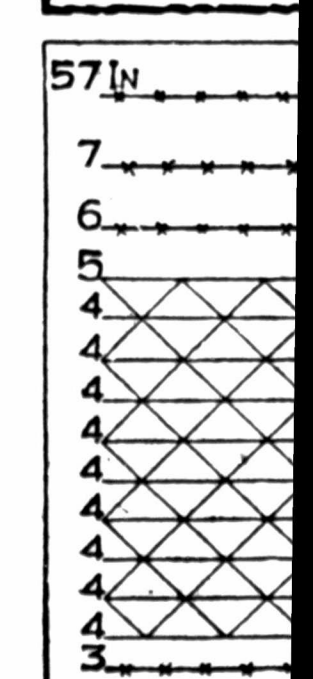
The liberal use of w... a farm is most desirable the poultry house, daller buildings of a simi highly recommended... An excellent...

Slake one-half bush with boiling water and seven pounds of warm water. Boil ground rice to a thin in while boiling hot, available, use ordinary one-half pound of B Dissolve one pound of in water, then heat cooker until dissolve the mixture. Thin to consistency and apply hot, will require about five ter for thinning. Oae cover about one squ very white color is ultramarine blue ma neutralize the yellow may be made by the able dry colors.

Hot Water E Hot water in the dital that cannot be e ing else will so effect kill the disease germer first always.

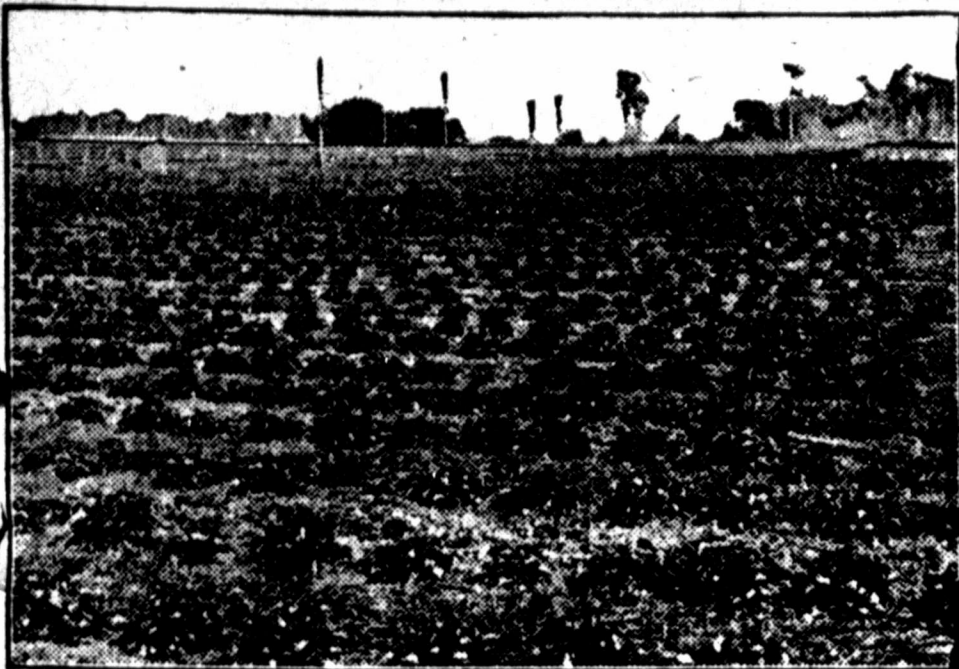
Avoid Contagion Cattle breeders sh that manure may with the virus of in and that the disease this way.

EXPERIMENT



The United St on the western ran the attacks of coyot if care is taken to points. Where grow ing up the fence, a half feet in the too great to incoe sheep placed in the

STRAWBERRY CULTURE AFTER FRUITING



Hill System is Conducive to Rapid Maturity.

After the strawberries have finished fruiting, if the bed is to be kept for another season, mow off the weeds and rake off the material. Then with one-horse plow, with sharp steel share, throw a narrow furrow from each side into the center between rows—the weeds and grass plowed under, in about two weeks' time will be well rotted—harrow the ridges down with the one-horse harrow, going twice in each row.

If grass and weeds are growing in the strawberry rows, take the two-section smoothing harrow and give the ground a good loosening up. Harrow across the rows. The harrow will tear out some plants, but there will be enough left. Fork off the rubbish. Go over the rows with a sharp steel hoe, and cut out the deep-rooted weeds and bunches of grass which the harrow did not root out. This is the method followed by some of our leading fruit growers.

It seldom pays to fruit a bed over two years, but it pays to fruit it two years, if it is not too much grass and

weed grown. After harrowing, sow 600 pounds of strawberry mixture of animal-bone meal and muriate of potash to the acre. The dressing will produce a vigorous growth of the vines. Cultivate and harrow the ground between the rows. Loosen up the ground with the narrow-bladed steel hoe between the plants in the rows.

Strawberry plants set this spring will now be forming runners; the first runner plants should be trained to grow in the rows. This may be done with the cultivator. The late runners should be cut off. The object should be to have narrow rows of large, deep-rooted, thrifty plants. These are the plants which will give the largest yield and the choicest fruit. Too many small plants act as weeds and absorb the moisture and plantfood needed by the fruiting plants. With good management the yield of fruit the second year will be equal to the first year's yield, and often surpass it in quality of fruit. Any reasonably good soil will produce strawberries.

RECIPE FOR MAKING A GOOD WHITEWASH

Various Tints or Shades May Be Obtained by the Addition of Suitable Dry Colors.

The liberal use of whitewash around a farm is most desirable. Its use in the poultry house, dairy barn and other buildings of a similar character is highly recommended by many authorities. An excellent recipe is as follows:

Slake one-half bushel of good lime with boiling water and strain. Add seven pounds of salt dissolved in warm water. Boil three pounds of ground rice to a thin paste and stir in while boiling hot. If rice is not available, use ordinary starch. Add one-half pound of Spanish whiting. Dissolve one pound of glue by soaking in water, then heating in a double boiler until dissolved. Add this to the mixture. Thin to proper consistency and apply hot, if possible. It will require about five gallons of water for thinning. One pint of this will cover about one square yard. If a very white color is desired, a little ultramarine blue may be added to neutralize the yellow. Various tints may be made by the addition of suitable dry colors.

Hot Water Essential.
Hot water in the dairy is an essential that cannot be eliminated. Nothing else will so effectually cleanse and kill the disease germs. Use cold water first always.

Avoid Contagious Abortion.
Cattle breeders should not forget that manure may be contaminated with the virus of infectious abortion and that the disease may be spread in this way.

NICOTINE SPRAY TO ERADICATE BEETLES

Several Solutions on Market Which Are Fatal to Insects When Properly Applied.

(By WILLIAM MOORE, Minnesota Experiment Station.)
A concentrated nicotine solution of which there are several brands on the market, properly applied, is fatal to the larvae of the cucumber beetle which sometimes does a large amount of damage to cucumbers whether in the cold frame or in the field. One teaspoonful of a 40 per cent solution of nicotine to a gallon of water is enough.

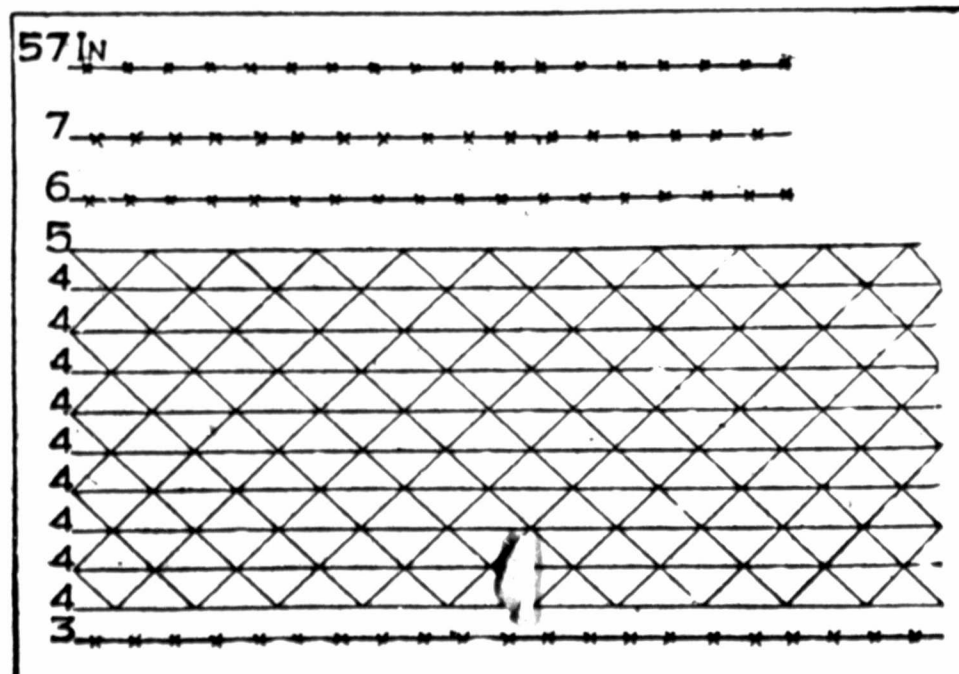
The gardener should look for the larvae of the beetle just at the surface of the soil. When he discovers them he should pour his nicotine solution on carefully with a narrow half pint cup, being sure to let it run down all sides of the stalk.

Fighting the larvae of the cucumber beetle is better than fighting the adult beetle itself, as the adults work chiefly on the leaves and do not get at the vital parts of the plant.

Bordeaux for Celery.
It is essential to spray celery with bordeaux mixture in order to check celery disease, but this should be done only with a high pressure sprayer, so that the celery is not drenched with the liquid. Stop spraying before the drops begin to run down the stalks, otherwise the poisonous copper gets between the stalks and unless consumers wash it carefully, harm may result.

Pick Ripe Cucumbers.
Pick cucumbers when ripe whether you can use them or not, as they weaken the vines if left on.

EXPERIMENTS WITH DOGPROOF FENCING



Dog-Proof Fence.

The United States government in conducting experiments with sheep on the western ranges has devised a fence which will protect flocks from the attacks of coyotes. A fence such as illustrated above will also turn dogs if care is taken to stretch the line of barbed wire along the ground at all points. Where ground is uneven it will be necessary to grade before putting up the fence. Posts are seven and a half feet in length, set two and a half feet in the ground and sixteen feet apart. If expense is considered too great to inclose the whole pasture small lots may be fenced and the sheep placed in them at night.

CALOMEL SICKENS! IT SALIVATES! DON'T STAY BILIOUS, CONSTIPATED

I Guarantee "Dodson's Liver Tone" Will Give You the Best Liver and Bowel Cleansing You Ever Had—Don't Lose a Day's Work!

Calomel makes you sick; you lose a day's work. Calomel is quicksilver and it salivates; calomel injures your liver.

If you are bilious, feel lazy, sluggish and all knocked out, if your bowels are constipated and your head aches or stomach is sour, just take a spoonful of harmless Dodson's Liver Tone instead of using sickening, salivating calomel. Dodson's Liver Tone is real liver medicine. You'll know it next morning because you will wake up feeling fine, your liver will be working, your headache and dizziness gone, your stomach will be sweet and your bowels regular. You will feel like working. You'll be cheerful; full of vigor and ambition.

Your druggist or dealer sells you a 50-cent bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone

under my personal guarantee that it will clean your sluggish liver better than nasty calomel; it won't make you sick and you can eat anything you want without being salivated. Your druggist guarantees that each spoonful will start your liver, clean your bowels and straighten you up by morning or you can have your money back. Children gladly take Dodson's Liver Tone because it is pleasant tasting and doesn't gripe or cramp or make them sick.

I am selling millions of bottles of Dodson's Liver Tone to people who have found that this pleasant, vegetable, liver medicine takes the place of dangerous calomel. Buy one bottle on my sound, reliable guarantee. Ask your druggist or storekeeper about me.

NOT A MATTER OF FIGURES

Number of Churches or Synagogues Seem to Be of Relatively Little Moment.

"Is it progress to go to church or not to go to church?" asks Dr. Ernest C. Richardson of Princeton university. Thereupon he answers the question in this wise: "What is almost the last word that can be spoken on universal progress at the present stage of affairs was once spoken by that most gracious and polished author of the most scholarly 'Life of Our Lord,' Dr. Samuel J. Andrews, apropos of this very matter.

"An enthusiastic apostle of Christian endeavor in a quiet library reading room was holding forth in noisy conversation on the wonderful progress of the church in these later times.

"Why, just think of it," he cried, "there are twelve hundred churches (if it was twelve hundred) in the city of Philadelphia alone today; twelve hundred churches, just think of it!"

"Doctor Andrews looked up from his book at the strenuous declaimer and remarked quietly, 'And there were eight hundred synagogues (if it was eight hundred) in Jerusalem at the time when Jesus Christ was crucified.'"

HAIR OR NO HAIR?

It is Certainly Up to You and Cuticura. Trial Free.

Hot shampoos with Cuticura Soap, followed by light dressings of Cuticura Ointment rubbed into the scalp skin tend to clear the scalp of dandruff, soothe itching and irritation and promote healthy hair-growing conditions. Nothing better, cleaner, purer.

Sample each free by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. XY, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Perverse Human Nature.
"Is it true that poverty improves a man's perspective?"
"I doubt it."
"Then, how about riches?"
"The result is the same. When a man's poor he can't appreciate the simple life because he has to live it, and when he's rich he can't appreciate the simple life because his doctor recommends it."

Too True.
Bill—It has been estimated that the heat received in a year by the earth from the sun is sufficient to melt a layer of ice 100 feet in thickness covering the globe.

Jill—And yet we have to go hacking at it on the sidewalk with an old hatchet, just the same."

To Drive Out Malaria And Build Up The System
Take the Old Standard GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. You know what you are taking, as the formula is printed on every label, showing it is Quinine and Iron in a tasteless form. The Quinine drives out malaria, the Iron builds up the system. 50 cents. Adv.

Gave Him Pause.
Wife—Henry, you really must have the landlord come and see for himself the damage the rain did to our ceiling.

Hub—I can't without letting him see the damage the children have done to the rest of the house.

In Far-off India.
In some unknown manner a little sample of Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh found its way into an interior village of India. It was its own agent, and from that small beginning a steady trade has developed and each succeeding shipment has been larger. Adv.

Possibly the hardest way to achieve publicity is to walk from coast to coast to secure it.

Every woman's pride, beautiful, clear white clothes. Use Red Cross Ball Blue. All grocers. Adv.

When a man is down and out he is about all in.

Children Cry For

Fletcher's

CASTORIA

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhoea. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over 30 Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

No Speed Marvel.
"Is your hired man about the place, Eazy?"
"No. I sent him to the cross roads to fetch the mail."
"I see a cloud o' dust down the road. Mebby that's him comin' now."
"Tain't likely. I don't s'pose he ever moved fast enough in his hull life to raise a cloud o' dust."

For the big and little burns in cooking and baking, keep Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh near for quick relief. Adv.

Walt Mills says that you can tell whether a man is married by the way he shuts a door.

Let Them Go Cheap.
Lady (in furniture store to new clerk)—Where are those handsome sideboards that you had last week?
(Clerk (embarrassed)—Oh, I—er—I shamed them off day afore yesterday, ma'am.—Life.

Her Identity.
"Yonder girl's a daisy."
"She isn't, for I know her, and she's a black-eyed Susan."

For wire cuts use Hanford's Balsam. Adv.

It is the opinion of those who have had experience along that line that gratitude is the rarest thing.

Women are now eligible to become notaries in North Carolina.

WE STAND FOR SHORTER HOURS FOR WOMEN

COTTON BOLL—White KING NAPHTHA—Yellow

Laundry soaps. Made especially for hard waters. Pure and economical. Save your clothes—not the dirt.

WATER LILY—It Floats

A white, sweet, refreshing soap for toilet and bath is made for particular people. Splendid for washing laces, flannels and woollens. Will not shrink clothes.

FREE valuable, handsome, useful premiums.

Send for premium list now. We share our profits with you.

PRODUCTS MANUFACTURING CO.
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

Paxtine

A Soluble Antiseptic Powder to be dissolved in water as needed For Douches

In the local treatment of woman's ills, such as leucorrhoea and inflammation, hot douches of Paxtine are very efficacious. No woman who has ever used medicated douches will fail to appreciate the clean and healthy condition Paxtine produces and the prompt relief from soreness and discomfort which follows its use. This is because Paxtine possesses superior cleansing, disinfecting and healing properties.

For ten years the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. has recommended Paxtine in their private correspondence with women, which proves its superiority. Women who have been relieved say it is "worth its weight in gold." At druggists. 50c. large box or by mail. Sample free. The Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass.

W. N. U. Oklahoma City, No 32-1915.

Canada is Calling You to her Rich Wheat Lands

She extends to Americans a hearty invitation to settle on her FREE Homestead lands of 160 acres each or secure some of the low priced lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

This year wheat is higher but Canadian land just as cheap, so the opportunity is more attractive than ever. Canada wants you to help to feed the world by tilling some of her soil—land similar to that which during many years has averaged 20 to 45 bushels of wheat to the acre. Think what you can make with wheat around \$1 a bushel and land so easy to get. Wonderful yields also of Oats, Barley and Flax. Mixed farming is fully as profitable an industry as grain growing.

The Government this year is asking farmers to put increased acreage into grain. Military service is not compulsory in Canada. There is no conscription and no war tax on lands. The climate is healthful and agreeable, railway facilities excellent, good schools and churches convenient. Write for literature and particulars as to reduced railway rates to Superintendent Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to

G. A. COOK
125 W. 9th St., Kansas City, Mo.
Canadian Government Agent.

Tutt's Pills

enable the dyspeptic to eat whatever he wishes. They cause the food to assimilate and nourish the body, give appetite, and DEVELOP FLESH.

Dr. Tutt Manufacturing Co. New York.

You Look Prematurely Old

Because of those ugly, grizzly, gray hairs. Use "LA OREOLE" HAIR DRESSING. PRICE, \$1.00, retail.



AN absorbing story of a social rebel, who steals from the rich to aid the poor. His adventures in evading the police after a daring bank theft, how he eventually saves himself morally, gives up and "pays the price" for his crime, are told with a crispness and originality seldom equaled. Just a little different from most stories you have read. That is why you will like

THE PRICE

..A Few Specials..

At the Cosy Next Week

TUESDAY:

"A Daughter of the Nile."

Featuring Mary Fuller and Matt Moore, in a thrilling Victor 3-reel society drama. Beautiful Mary Fuller in a strong play with an Oriental setting. Love and the lure of mystery, superb realism, magnificent scenes, continuous action and a big climax that will thrill and enchant you. Also, "THE BLACK BOX."

THURSDAY:

"Bill's Blighted Career"

Root for your old favorite, Billie Ritchie, in the big LKO 2-reel comedy. Laugh yourself sick with the world's funniest screen comedian. The man who gets whole-hearted, whole-souled laughter with clean wholesome fun.

FRIDAY:

"Under the Crescent."

Princess Hassan of Egypt in the second gorgeous episode—Gold Seal 2-reel. An American Princess—the wife of the son of the present Khedive of Egypt—in the wonderful "Under the Crescent" series.

SATURDAY:

"A Strange Disappearance"

Adapted from the famous novel by Anna Katherine Green. KING BAGGOTT and JANE GAIL in a great 3 reel Imp drama. Two of America's greatest and most popular film stars in a powerful three-reel drama.

.. You Can't Afford to Miss These ..

ED J. NEER UNDERTAKER AND EMBALMER
LICENSED BY STATE OF NEW MEXICO

Coffins, Caskets and Undertakers' Supplies. Calls answered day and night. Our motto, "Courtesy and Efficiency." Office phone 87 2-rings, residence 67 3-rings.

W. W. Ridgeway of Arch, attending to business.

Ford touring car, delivered to you at \$484.00, Blanton & Jordan.

Oscar Moore, the Coca Cola man, was in the city Tuesday.

Go to Harris' for your children's school outfits.

T. M. Littlejohn of Tulia, Texas, is visiting in the city, this week.

Our devil says, his Pa thinks sand burs are mighty good hog feed.

This valley is still blessed with good rains. Plenty of rain every week. Just Right.

A. W. Hookhull of Clovis was transacting business in Portales Wednesday.

Mrs. Jim Brown of Ft. Sumner is visiting with her sister Mrs. J. P. Stone this week.

Judge C. L. Carter, left Wednesday, to attend the Confederate reunion, at Amarillo, Texas.

Sheriff Deen, returned home this week from a visit to Dallas, Ft. Worth, and Mineral Wells.

Mrs. Tom Amos returned home this week, from Colorado where she has been visiting relatives.

M. S. Gresham, of Redlake, purchased a Ford, Tuesday from Blanton and Jordan, agents.

We have just received a full line of new gingham and percales. Come and look them over. C. V. Harris.

Mrs. Nolan McCall returned this week from Coleman, Texas, where she has been visiting her relatives.

Miss Verda Beasley resumed duty at the telephone office this week after a two weeks' vacation in Portales, New Mexico.

Charley Evans and W. K. Hollifield, of Dereno, New Mexico, were transacting business in Portales today.

The ball game at Roswell Thursday between Portales and Roswell resulted in a score of four and six, Roswell's favor.

Remember the home merchant in prosperity, and if adversity comes he will feel more inclined to remember you.

Don't fail to read the advertisements in this paper, each one has an opportunity, you may miss the opportunity of your life.

If you want new and up to date dress goods, come to C. V. Harris' store. We have just received the latest patterns.

The Portales - Clovis state road force was taken off temporarily this week by order of the Governor, awaiting the sale of the road bonds.

C. Day and Luther Peacock, of Estacado, Crosby county, Texas, were prospecting here this week they were favorably impressed with the Portales Valley.

Our motto is, Peace, our password is, Good Roads, our sign is, Welcome, and our aim is big business and a more beautiful Portales and Valley.

The Portales base ball team left Thursday for Roswell where they will play a series of games with the Roswell team Thursday, Friday and Sunday.

If you fail to see the names of your friends and visitors in the paper, don't blame us. We want you to tell us about them as we may not see them.

J. B. Priddy returned Wednesday from the eastern markets. He informs us that he bought more goods than usual for the fall and winter season. This shows Mr Priddy's faith in the increasing development of the country.

I am now with the J. B. Sledge Hardware company and am prepared to do all kinds of windmill well and plumbing work. Would be pleased if you would call and get my prices before letting contract. Geo. E. Johnston, 34-4f

Mrs. J. O. Tamsitt, of Big Springs, Texas, arrived this week for a few days visit with her sister, Mrs. R. L. Wood.

The Portales and Clovis ball teams crossed bats on the Clovis diamond Sunday, resulting in a score of nineteen to five in favor of Portales. The boys say this was a very fast game for the runners.

Roscoe Creek, and Miss Tippe Pepper, were united in marriage Monday, at the home of Dr. Wollard, Rev W. E. Dawn, officiating. The young couple live at Red Lake, where they will make their future home.

Miss Lucy Jones, of Roswell, stopped over one day this week to visit her brother, Deacon Jones, manager of the Telephone company here. Miss Jones is on her way to Nashville, Tennessee, where she will enter school.

Song hits to be heard at "The Captain of Plymouth"—"Love Thy Neighbor as Thyself" I'm sorry that I said it but I did—"Flirtation" "Just what a little maiden should do," "There's nothing to do but chat," "When the Bloom is on the Moon."

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.

Will, also, be in Elida the 25th of each month. 1-tf

Notice to Hunters
Hunters are notified that the season is still closed on quails and that in all cases where the evidence of violations of the game and fish laws can be secured, prosecutions will follow, and this without fear or favor. You are also notified that it is unlawful to hunt without first having a license therefor.

DEPUTY GAME WARDEN.

Notice
To the patrons of school district No. One: All persons that have not enrolled their children are requested to call at the Pearce drug store and do so at once.

J. S. PEARCE,
Member School Board.

In contrast to the comic songs, there will be beautiful ones in "The Captain of Plymouth" such as,—"The Wail of the Prophet" "Pricilla's Spinning Song," "Sad and Weary," "Love is Life," "Indian Lullaby."

We are requested to announce that the Woman's club library will hereafter be open on each Saturday afternoon, from 3 to 5 o'clock.

WANTS

HAY—All hay prices greatly reduced to move out stock. See Portales Utilities Company. 27-tf

FOR TRADE—Good brood mare, 10 years old. Will trade for maize. Inquire of J, at News office.

FOR TRADE—Will trade a good piano for maize or kafir in the head or threshed. Taylor & Cochran. 33-tf

LOST—Tan coat, on road to H-ranch. Finder, please leave at Neer's drug store and receive reward.

GIRL WANTED—To take care of two children and do light house work. See Mrs S. D. Beavers, or phone 143.

FOR SALE—Forty head of weaned pigs, will sell in a bunch. \$3.00 each. C. A. Johnson.

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

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

FOR SALE—One surry, brand new wheels and boxing. Price \$35.00. Can be seen at Boucher's wagon yard. C. A. Johnson.

BE A DETECTIVE. Earn big pay, easy work, travel over the world. Correspondence course in twelve lessons taught by the Fidelity Detective Training School. For full particulars write representative, Charles Vernon, Inez, New Mexico. 34-5tp

An Advance Corn Binder

\$150.00

....J. B. Sledge Hardware Company....

Store Phone 12. Home Phone 159

FOR GROCERIES

..COME TO THE WHITE HOUSE GROCERY..

"WICHITA'S BEST" FLOUR

We offer you groceries and other eatables that will stand the test—that will register 100 per cent pure. It is economy to buy such goods.

...The White House Grocery Co...

Telephone Number 21

What Do You Want

IN JEWELRY

We are here to supply your wants, regardless of what they may be, and we will do so as acceptably as any house in the country.

We probably have it in stock—just the thing you have been wanting—and if we sell it to you, you can RELY UPON ITS QUALITY.

C. J. WHITECOMB



Overland Model 81

Watch This Space
Next Week for the

OVERLAND

...Announcement...

W. F. KNAPP