

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 III

PORTALES, ROOSEVELT COUNTY, NEW MEXICO, THURSDAY, MAY 18, 1916

Number 28

I Would Rather be Most Anything Than a Greaser When the Texas-New Mexico Boys Take to the War Path

FOURTEEN NEW RECRUITS FOR 'M' COMPANY GO TO THE BORDER

W. H. Ball Finds the Call Irresistible Sells His Newspaper, Enlists and Goes to the Front

Judge Compton, First Lieutenant, Leaves With New Recruits on Thursday Morning

The first detachment of recruits for company "M" left Thursday morning for the border under Lieutenant J. C. Compton. They were W. H. Ball, James H. Talley, Bob McCaleb, R. H. Wallis, George A. Wallis, Stanford Moore, Ira D. Doyal, O'Dwyer Dunaway, Leonard Thompson, John H. Isaacs, Luther Gee, John A. Howard and M. Smith Brown. Lieutenant J. B. Priddy says that he cannot help but feel that Roosevelt county should do its full duty in regard to making a hearty response to the request of the president of the United States and of Governor William C. McDonald. It has been freely boasted that Portales had a snare enough national guard organization and much was said of its willingness and eagerness to get into action yet, when the call is made, a very small company is the answer. The federal government has invested much money in equipment and otherwise preparatory to just such an emergency as the present one, and it should not be disappointed or left with the belief that its confidence was misplaced. Those who have gone to the front are to be commended and those who have not responded and who have not very powerful reasons for not doing so, should well consider the matter, before finally declining to get in the game. Think the matter over.

In Memoriam

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God to call our dearly beloved Brother Thomas D. Cain, who died May 7th, 1916, to that Heavenly lodge above, therefore,

Resolved; That in the death of Brother Cain, his family has lost a devoted father and husband, this lodge a faithful and useful member, and the community an upright and honored citizen.

Resolved; That we will ever bear in grateful remembrance the fidelity and zeal with which Brother Cain always discharged his duties as a knight of Pythias; and, particularly will we remember the many acts of kindness and charity he did for his fellow man, thereby putting into actual practice the ideals of the order.

Resolved; That we tender to the bereaved widow and her children our sincere and heartfelt sympathy in this hour of darkness, and recommend them to the care of that God whom Brother Cain served and in whom he trusted.

Resolved; That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the records of our order a copy sent to the family and a third copy be sent to the newspapers of Portales.

R. P. CONNALLY
C. V. HARRIS
J. S. LONG
Committee.

For Sale

Work mares, and mules, also some good milk cows and stock cattle—John Young, one mile east and four miles south of Portales.

To My Friends, the Readers

I have sold the Portales Valley News to Mr. W. H. Braley and have enlisted for service on the border. I wish to thank all my friends for their patronage and good will while in charge of the News and ask that you continue this good will and patronage to the new management. I liked the newspaper business but the call to the front presented an irresistible demand and I could not resist the temptation. To those who have not responded, I will say, come on, I will be more than glad to meet you at the front. Sincerely yours,

W. H. BALL.

Letter From Judge Compton

To the voters and my friends, of Roosevelt county. By telegram dated Columbus, New Mexico, May 16th 1916, I was ordered by General Herring to report to him at Columbus, New Mexico, with the first ten recruits or more to be delivered to company "M." At this writing I can hardly contemplate when I will return, yet as you know that I am in the race for the probate judgeship of Roosevelt county. I do not know whether or not I will be able to return to assist myself or not. My services at the border were deemed necessary or I would not have been called, and I trust you will appreciate my services in such a manner that you will shoulder my candidacy and place my interest before the public at the primary to be held June 17th next. At this time I hold the judgeship of this county but feel I will perform a greater service to the county by responding to the call of the flag, than to remain home and perform the duties of the judgeship of this county, and I return, if by your suffrage you have replaced me to fill this responsible position for two years more, I shall deem it a favor and an honor bestowed upon one of your sons which will require my sincere appreciation. The regulations of the department provide for my return at the regular session of court, and you can depend upon my being present each court term to attend to the duties of the office. With sincere appreciation of past favors and those of the future, I am,

CLEVE COMPTON

Ordered to Report for Duty

Dr. J. F. Garmany received a telegram from Adjutant-General Herring ordering him to report for duty with the first ten recruits sent from this place. It appears that many more troops are needed and the work of recruiting may continue indefinitely.

Sold Another Overland

E. L. Kohl this week sold an Overland touring car to G. W. Gardner, of Garrison, New Mexico. Mr. Gardner is a believer in the Overland and says that he has been shown. He thinks that he gets more car service for less money in this than any other car on the market.

Attention

Alex D. Goldenberg, junior grand warden, will visit Portales lodge May 24th, at 8 o'clock. Let all Masons attend. Also, being deputy high priest, he will officially visit Portales chapter on May 25th at 8 o'clock. Chapter Masons are earnestly requested to be present. By order of the high priest.

Ben Wood Secretary.

Mrs. J. R. Greathouse with her son Clarence and daughters, Miss Neppie and Mary spent last week in Roswell; where they attended the commencement exercises of the High school and visited friends and relatives.

ROOSEVELT COUNTY HOGS GRAB THE LONGEST PRICE OF ENTIRE YEAR AT FT. WORTH YARDS

Carl S. Turner and J. G. Cox Ship Eighty-Five Head and Get a Measley Dime Less Than Ten Dollars a Hundred, Bringing a Total of Fifteen Hundred and Fifty-Seven Dollars

This is the Remainder of a Car of Pigs That Were Bought at Roswell Last February, One Car Having Been Shipped About Four Weeks Ago and Bringing the Then Top Price of Nine Dollars and Forty-Five Cents in Good, Outside Money

Carl S. Turner and J. G. Cox, both of Redland and proud of it, this week set a pace for the Roosevelt county hog raisers that is more than apt to be a little fast. It is a cinch that they pulled down more good Texas money for a less number of pounds of New Mexico hog than any other shipper in the county of Roosevelt. They managed to get on the market at Fort Worth last Monday at a time when hogs were "doing about" some, and they, also, let loose of them before the drop hit. Carl said he would have had a fit if he had succeeded in getting that other dime, but nine dollars and ninety cents a hundred looked like peaches and cream to him, and he allowed them to skin him out of that dime. He had eighty-five head in the car and they averaged one hundred and eighty-five pounds, bringing fifteen hundred and fifty-seven dollars and twenty-seven cents, gross. This car represents the remainder of a car of red shoats bought at Roswell last February, one car having been shipped about one month ago. Carl told the News man, shortly after the first shipment, that he received enough money from that car to pay for all the pigs and their feed and had left four hundred and seventy-five dollars. Add this sum to the amount received from the present shipment, subtracting the amount of feed consumed, and the cost of bringing them to the loading point and you have the profit made from feeding this one car of shoats. If this is not some record for hog feeding then this paper is ready to "pass the buck" and check the bet up to the next player.

Will F. Faggard also had a couple of cars on the market the same day that were heavier but not uniform. He received within a few cents of the same price as Turner and Cox. These were hogs that he had picked up from farmers, one and two at a place, and brought very satisfactory prices, making him a nice profit on his investment. He didn't go to market expecting to create a sensation or break any records, his business is buying from the small raisers, who have less than car lots, and taking his chance on making a small profit.

We are keeping up our average of about ten cars of fat hogs per month which means a steady increase in the circulating medium of, at least twelve thousand dollars a month, from this source alone, and we might just as well be multiplying this amount by ten. While we continue to ship out our grain and alfalfa we are simply wage earners, working for the profit of the other fellow, and cannot hope to enjoy that full measure of prosperity our natural resources make possible.

BUCHANAN BROTHERS SELL FIFTY HEAD OF CALVES TO FAGGARD FOR FANCY PRICE

The Buchanan brothers this week sold fifty head of calves to W. F. Faggard for \$52.50 per head. It was, beyond doubt, the prettiest bunch of stuff ever seen in the Valley. They had been fed on ensilage and crushed grain and will ship out, right now, at six hundred pounds at the yards. They are all black with white faces, sleek, glossy and fat. The Buchanan brothers are among our most progressive and practical irrigation farmers. There is no waste on this farm, milk cows, fat calves, hogs and chickens eat every particle of grain. They have a splendid orchard that is just coming into bearing, in fact, they have one of the ideal irrigated farms of this county. Mr. Faggard will ship these calves within the next few days, and with a decent market, ought to get a fancy price.

Eugene L. Mayo for Senator

Prompted by a deep conviction to serve my people of Roosevelt county, in a capacity of Senator in the New Mexico state legislature, I present myself as a candidate and sincerely solicit your support and not only your support, but your votes on the day of the election to be held June 17th next.

I shall introduce myself by saying that I am a Texan by birth coming to New Mexico about eight years ago. It is true that I am unable to see how to fight my battles in life but notwithstanding the fact that an unfortunate condition, I fought my way through the school for the blind of Texas, which school correlates with any university of the south, graduating therefrom in 1905, carrying with me the banners of first honors and the Governor's twenty-five dollar gold medal for the highest general excellence.

I was orator of my graduating class and received great commendation upon my efforts put forth in this oration. After leaving school I was permeated with a longing for the west, to satisfy this longing I started a poor boy, landing in Portales, Roosevelt county, however, I found myself to be in one of the finest if not the finest of all portions of New Mexico. As I became more and more acquainted with the good people of Roosevelt county and their citizenship, there crept into my heart, a wish, a desire, yes even it grew into an ambition to be something and to accomplish something for this people of Roosevelt county. This will agitate the question, now can he do it? I can not do it, unless you with one accord on the 17th day of June next, go to the polls of this county and exercise your suffrage in my behalf. That will culminate the ambitious desire predominate in my heart to accomplish something in our state legislature for the good people of Roosevelt.

I do not wish to allure you to get into the confines of your confidence by saying that I can do this, that or the other, only by your support and your support alone. I am a democrat pure and simple, and am for all things which are for the betterment of Roosevelt county, state of New Mexico and the grand old United States of America. You, my good people are the door to my success, will you open it and bid me God's speed? Thanking you one and all for your support on June 17th next, I am yours in the great struggle for humanity and the state senate of New Mexico.

EUGENE L. MAYO.

Baptist Church

Last Sunday the pastor enjoyed a visit to the Roswell church. We will celebrate mother's day next Sunday. Subject for the morning hour "Woman" She shall be called woman Genesis 2:25. Every one will be furnished with a suitable badge. Come and out let us do honor to our good mothers. Subject for the evening hour, "The Joy of Salvation here and hereafter." Text "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things that God hath prepared for them that love Him." Come and worship with us.

W. E. DAWN, Pastor

Mrs. Sallie G. Bryant returned Friday from Albuquerque where she has been attending the New Mexico West Texas Missionary Convention. She was again elected to the office of corresponding secretary of the state Christian Woman's Board of Missions.

DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION GOES ON RECORD FOR TWO BIG MEN

Strongly Endorses Administrations of President Woodrow Wilson and Governor McDonald

Elects Delegates to State Convention and Instructs Them for Judge George L. Reese

The Democratic delegate convention held at portales last Saturday was well attended and much enthusiasm manifested. Much speech making and strong resolutions were adopted. The delegation selected to go to Albuquerque was instructed to work and vote for Judge G. L. Reese as one of the delegates to the national convention at St. Louis. It appeared to be the firm conviction of the delegates that this is another Democratic year; that with Wilson and McDonald for leaders, the Republicans will be hard put to make even a very creditable showing next November. The delegates selected were G. L. Reese, J. A. Fairly, W. R. McGill, W. H. Braley, A. D. Smith and R. G. Bryant; alternates, Joe Beasley, J. L. Anthony, N. A. Vaughter, Carl Turner, B. B. Greathouse and Sam J. Nixon. The following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

RESOLUTIONS

We, the Democrats of Roosevelt county, in convention assembled, do hereby reaffirm and reassert our faith and allegiance to the principles of the Democratic party, as asserted and promulgated by its great founder, Thomas Jefferson, and which has been the great bulwark and protection of the common people since its establishment to the present day.

We heartily endorse the policies of the national administration as championed by the president of the United States, Woodrow Wilson. His wise policies so far have guided us clear of the European war and prevented us from becoming entangled in the greatest war and carnage that the world has ever witnessed; and we farther endorse any effort put forth by our great president to protect the principles of international law and to preserve the lives of American citizens upon the sea and in the revolution torn republic of Mexico.

We further endorse the policies and administration of Governor McDonald, the best governor New Mexico has ever had, and we believe that the efforts of our governor have gone far to preserve the property and protect the rights of the taxpayers of the state, and that he has been a constant defender of the rights of the people; that he has many times, by his firmness and determination, thwarted the purposes of Republican ring rule and their methods of confiscation.

G. L. REESE
A. LITTLEJOHN
R. G. BRYANT
Committee

Among the Ford buyers recently Jim Hunter, Elida, and O. Farnham and GE. Edmondson of Portales.

Mrs. J. P. Stone bought a Buick Six touring car from Edward Patterson.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

Life's hard tasks are never sent for us to give up with, they are intended to awaken strength, skill and courage in learning how to master them.

Some of the greatest men in history never discovered themselves until they lost everything but their pluck and grit.

A FEW DESSERTS.

So many people these days find bran such an addition to the diet that the following recipe will be welcome:

Bran Pudding.—Add to one-half cupful of bran and the same of whole wheat flour, one-half cupful of chopped, seedless raisins, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one cupful of milk, one well beaten egg, one tablespoonful of butter, melted, one teaspoonful of lemon rind and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Steam two hours and serve hot with lemon sauce. This is a most healthful dessert.

Cocanut Cream Pudding.—Mix well one teaspoonful of flour with two tablespoonfuls of sugar, a fourth of a teaspoonful of salt and a fourth of a cupful of shredded cocanut. Cook five minutes after it begins to boil, then cool and add a beaten egg, and a few drops of vanilla. Pour into custard cups, surround with water and bake until firm. Serve with a fruit sauce.

Cottage Cheese Pie.—Mix together two cupfuls of cottage cheese, two tablespoonfuls of milk, two well beaten eggs, two tablespoonfuls of sour cream. Mix a half teaspoonful of flour, a third of a cupful of sugar, a fourth of a teaspoonful of lemon extract, a fourth of a teaspoonful of salt, and half a cupful of currants, add to the first mixture and pour into a pastry lined pie plate. Bake in a moderate oven until firm in the center.

Banana Pie.—Press peeled bananas through a ricer to fill a cup. To this add a half cupful of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of molasses, half a teaspoonful of salt, one beaten egg, one-half a teaspoonful of cinnamon, half a cupful of milk and a third of a cupful of cream. Mix thoroughly and bake until firm in a plate lined with pastry.

If you ever find happiness by hunting for it you will find it like the old lady did her lost glasses, safe on her own nose all the time.—Josh Billings.

Step out from the surging crowd and make yourself a master.

GOOD THINGS FOR THE TABLE.

This is an unusual recipe worth trying, especially by those who do not care for the rich ordinary mincemeat.

Lemon Mincemeat.—Squeeze the juice from four large lemons and place the peel in cold water, bring to a boil and change the water twice, cooking the peel until tender, then drain and pound to a paste, add four apples chopped, the juice of the lemons, one pound of currants, one and three-fourths cupfuls of sugar, one-half cupful of nutmeats, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, ginger, nutmeg, allspice, cloves, salt and a half cupful of raisins, mix all together with half a cupful of butter and put into a jar.

Cheese and Spinach Roll.—Take two quarts of cooked spinach, add one tablespoonful of butter and chop fine. Add a cupful of grated cheese, two eggs, beaten, and enough bread crumbs to form into a roll. Bake in a baking dish.

Sour Roast Beef.—Take a quart of water, two cupfuls of vinegar and salt and pepper to taste; slice into this a few onions and carrots, then add a roast of beef. Allow the meat to soak overnight, then roast as usual. When the meat is half cooked add the vegetables from the brine and a little of the brine to baste the meat. When the meat is tender, remove and add a half cupful of sour cream and flour to thicken. Serve hot. This is a delicious old German recipe.

Nut Strips.—Beat two eggs until light, add a half pound of brown sugar, one cupful of walnut meats. Sift twice five tablespoonfuls of flour and a quarter of a teaspoonful of baking powder and a dash of salt. Mix and spread thin on buttered pans. Cut in strips when cold. These are delicious served with afternoon tea or cocoa.

Raisin Bread.—Take a cupful of brown sugar, a cupful of sour milk, a teaspoonful of soda, a dash of salt, two cupfuls of graham flour, a cupful of raisins chopped. Put into a deep bread pan and bake fifty minutes in a slow oven.

Nellie Maxwell

Word From Headquarters.
"When, where and how will the war end?" "I don't know," replied the landlord of the Putnam tavern. "However, the young ladies and gents of the senior class of the village academy, several of whom are over sixteen years of age and have been outside of the county a time or two, are going to settle the entire question in a debate to-night. I understand, too, that while they are at it they will fix things so there will never be any more wars. So I shall be able to inform you in full tomorrow morning."

In Woman's Realm

Evening Dress in Black That Comes From a Famous Parisian Establishment—Some of the Important Accessories of Dress That Must on No Account Be Neglected.



EVENING DRESS IN BLACK.

Anything from the establishment of Jenny, in Paris, may be counted upon to interpret the mode with delightful refinement. In the productions for this season there is a leaning toward black, in this house, which is especially apparent in models for evening gowns. One of them, in which silk net and taffeta are combined in a way that will please the discriminating, is shown in the picture here. It has a full round skirt of the silk, shirred at the waist and finished with a ruche of the silk about the bottom and about the hips. There is a bodice of the taffeta, with midwintarian shoulders and puffed elbow sleeves, finished with a full ruche of the silk. It is draped in surplice fashion at the front.

If the designer had stopped here there would be nothing lacking to make this an acceptable afternoon frock of a simple and attractive sort, but with nothing about it to bespeak the genius that is expressed by modes from the house of Jenny. Therefore the designer did not stop, but proceeded to veil the whole frock in a mist of net, and did this most artfully.

A flounce of the net is set on under the ruche about the hips and allowed to fall until it reaches a length more than two inches greater than that of the silk skirt. It is finished at the bot-

tom with a narrow hem. A second flounce is set in in the same position and turned up over the ruche of silk. It is gathered in at the waist and forms a deep puff below the ruching.

The silk bodice is also covered with a drapery of net that is extended over the shoulders and veils the sleeves. A deep frill of doubled net is set in under the ruche of silk about the elbows, which is included in the net veiling the sleeves.

In selecting a finishing touch the designer chose, as exactly suited to the gown, a gardenia and loops and ends of narrow ribbon in Nattier blue.

Such pretty afterthoughts of the designer often seize the attention before it is attracted by the gown itself. They nearly always betray a sense of fitness and a painstaking attention to detail that command admiration. But they have been known to betray a lack of these things in gowns otherwise above criticism.

The gown pictured was designed for a taller figure than that of the model posing in it. A silk-clad ankle and an elegant low shoe are needed to be in keeping with it.

Capes and fichus and many dainty

collars find themselves important among the accessories to be worn with the spring suit or coat. They are also designed for indoor wear on practical one-piece suits. Now that open throat lines are established for the coming season much of the new neckwear conforms to this mode. But high collars have not abdicated and they are well represented with cape attachment, or the vestee, or without either.

Crepe, chiffon, voile, organdie and net are the fabrics that are used for all sorts of neckwear. Hemstitching, lace and embroidery, and very small tucks make up their decoration, with the tiniest of buttons serving often a double purpose. In high collars they provide the means of fastening, and an ornament, and they are often used merely for their decorative value.

A high and a low collar are portrayed in the picture above. At the right a small cape is finished at the edge with hemstitching and bordered with two narrow tucks. A wide standing turnover covers the neck and throat, finished with a small cravat bow at the front. This model is especially becoming to the thin woman.

A good pattern, shown at the left and center in two views, begins as a



IMPORTANT ACCESSORIES OF DRESS.

small cape at the back but narrows to two slender points at the front. It is set on to a band and finished at the edge with hemstitching. Fine narrow lace insertion is set in at the back and at the ends of the front pieces, as shown in the picture. Embroidered dots are added to the lace decoration.

Narrow cluny, hand crochet, and tatted insertions are recommended for these neckpieces. Val is always pretty, but has been in use so long that it has lost prestige. Nothing is prettier than tatted, either as a finishing for edges or in medallion or band inserts.

Julie Bottinelly

In Dainty Colors.

One of the attractive features of the newest washable blouses is that they are in dainty, almost pastel, colors. Of lawn, batiste or handkerchief linen, they have frills, "collets," sailor or high collars, outlined with narrow valenciennes or fillet lace. The sleeves are set in and a slight bishop puff at the lower part is gathered into a cuff.

USEFUL MILK COOLER

ICELESS REFRIGERATOR THAT HAS MUCH MERIT.

Perfectly Simple Device, but a Most Useful Convenience During the Hot Summer Months—Description Will Make it Easy to Copy.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)
The iceless refrigerator, or milk cooler, is one of several simple devices which farm women of the South are making and using in their home demonstration work. It has been found to be a useful convenience for the hot summer days of the South, and frequently more than 100 have been



made in a single county. The cooler, which was designed by Prof. M. T. Fullan of the Alabama Polytechnic Institute, consists of a wooden frame covered with cotton flannel or some similar material. It is desirable that the frame be screened, although this is not absolutely necessary. Wicks made of the same material as the covering rest in a pan of water on top of the refrigerator, allowing the water to seep down the sides. When evaporation takes place the heat is taken from the inside, with a consequent lowering of the temperature. On dry,

NOT HARD TO KEEP COLOR

Cottons That Are Soaked Before Washing Look Best and Last For Long Time.

The recent agitation about inferior dyes has made women hesitate when looking at the lovely summer fabrics. Here are a few hints about preserving the colors: For mauve or lavender put the articles in cold water with common baking powder, adding to one-half gallon of water one tablespoonful of soda. Soak one-half hour, wash carefully in lukewarm water, using a little pure soap. Rinse thoroughly and dry in the shade. For blues, one teaspoonful of muriatic acid to a gallon of water. For greens, alum water is good, using four ounces of alum to a tubful of water. Often common salt dissolved in water will set colors. A tablespoonful to a gallon of water. The dyeing of colored wash goods is most important. They should be dried quickly and in the shade. Never hang a print skirt or waist double over the line. Hang it from one of the wooden arms made purposely for hanging skirts.

The Traveler's Stole.

Here is a little novelty for a friend who travels. I call it a traveler's stole. It takes about fifty-four inches of ribbon four inches wide. At each end fold over and overhand enough ribbon to make a square pocket, after having made a little flap to give it a finish. At the middle of the ribbon plait it so that it will not be too wide around the neck. Featherstitching adds greatly to the daintiness of the stole, which is worn around the neck under the coat when traveling. One pocket is used for the handkerchief, ticket, glasses and so forth and the other for crocheting.—Good House-keeping.

FLUTING IRONS COME BACK

Vogue That Has Not Been General for Many Years Has Regained Its Popularity.

Among the other machines dug up with the farthingale and the sampler frame are the fluting irons. A perfect bevy of models in the spring calendar will require fluting. And what was it that the "befoh de war mummies" used to use instead of starch. A lady's book from an old Virginia family mansion gives a recipe which likely enough will find favor in many a select laundry this season.

First making sure of the use of "rain water," the direction goes on to describe how tuckers, organdie skirts and breakfast caps may be kept clean and yet given the necessary stiffness by making starch of gum arabic carefully melted and strained through a "bobinet" frame.

This starch is supposed to be put on in dabs under the very nose of the

hot days a temperature of 50 degrees can be obtained in this refrigerator. The following description will aid in the construction of this device:

Make a screened case three and one-half feet high with the other dimensions 12 by 15 inches. If a solid top is used, simply place the water pan on this. Otherwise fit the pan closely into the opening of the top frame and support it by one-inch cleats fastened to the inside of the frame. Place two movable shelves in the frame, 12 to 15 inches apart. Use a biscuit pan 12 inches square on the top to hold the water, and where the refrigerator is to be used indoors have the whole thing standing in a large pan to catch any drip. The pans and case may be painted white, allowed to dry, and then enameled. A covering of white cotton flannel should be made to fit the frame. Have the smooth side out and button the covering on the frame with buggy or automobile curtain hooks and eyes, arranged so that the door may be opened without unfastening these hooks. This can easily be done by putting one row of hooks on the edge of the door near the latch and the other just opposite the opening with the hem on each side extended far enough to cover the crack at the edge of the door, so as to keep out the warm, outside air and retain the cooled air. This dress or covering will have to be hooked around the top edge also. Two double strips one-half the width of each side should be sewed on the top of each side and allowed to extend over about two and one-half or three inches in the pan of water. The bottom of the covering should extend to the lower edge of the case.

Place the refrigerator in a shady place where air will circulate around it freely. If buttons and buttonholes are used on the cotton flannel instead of buggy hooks, the cost should not exceed 85 cents.

Another type of iceless refrigerator, similar in principle to the one described, is shown in the illustration. As will be seen, this consists of three shelves, attached to a substantial piece of lumber running through the center of each shelf. A heavy cross-piece at the bottom of the central support serves as a base. A bag of cotton flannel, and opening on the side, covers the refrigerator and may be drawn tight at the bottom by means of a string around the edge. Buggy or automobile curtain hooks and eyes may be used for the opening, although buttons and buttonholes will probably do as well.

LATEST SPORTS SKIRT



Sports Skirt of Green and White Block Gaberdine With Large White Pearl Buttons Adorning the Belt and Pockets. The Waist is of Georgette Crepe, and the Pretty Crepe Collar Gives Freedom to the Neck and Suggests a Negligee Effect.

Spring Colds Are the Worst

They lead to catarrh and pneumonia. They weaken the entire system and leave it unable to resist the sudden changes. They interfere with your digestion and lessen your activity. Neglected they soon become that dread disease known as sytemic catarrh. Don't neglect them. It's costly as well dangerous.

PERUNA Will Safeguard You

Have a box Peruna Tablets with you for the sudden cold or exposure. Tone your system up with a regular course of the liquid Peruna, fortify it against colds, get your digestion up to normal, take care of yourself, and avoid danger. If you are suffering now begin the treatment at once. Give Nature the help she needs to throw off the catarrhal inflammation, and again become well.

Peruna has been helping people for 44 years. Thousands of homes rely on it for coughs, cold and indigestion. It's a good tonic for the weak, as well.

The Peruna Company
Columbus Ohio



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
A toilet preparation of merit. Being so efficacious in restoring color and beauty to gray or faded hair, and \$1.00 at Druggists.

Sociability.
"I hope you are not one of those men who go home and find fault with the dinner."
"No," answered Mr. Growcher; "my wife and I eat at a restaurant where we can both find fault."

WHY HAVE CHILLS AND FEVER?

"Plantation" Chill Tonic is guaranteed and will do the work in a week. Your money cheerfully refunded by dealers if it fails after giving it a proper trial. Price 50c.—Adv.

A Son-of-a-Gun.

Omar—Marks fell asleep in a car and awoke to find his pockets rifled.
Heiny—He must have been loaded.

Meat Makes Bad Kidneys

Too much meat is just as bad as not enough. Such a diet is apt to load the blood with uric acid and to injure the kidneys. Bad backs, blue, nervous spells, dizziness, rheumatic pains, and bladder troubles indicate weak kidneys, foretell danger of gravel and Bright's disease. Don't neglect this condition. Use Doan's Kidney Pills.

An Oklahoma Case

"Story Picture" tells S. Chambers, carpenter, 44 W. Grand Ave., Oklahoma City, Okla., says: "Shortly after a fall, my back began to ache terribly and I couldn't stoop and small black specks floated in front of my eyes. Knowing that my kidneys were disordered, I used Doan's Kidney Pills. They helped me right away and gradually all the ailments left me."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
POSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

The Wretchedness of Constipation

Can quickly be overcome by CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
Purely vegetable—act surely and gently on the liver. Cure Biliousness, Headache, Dizziness, and Indigestion. They do their duty. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.
Genuine must bear Signature
Brentwood

ITCH

"Hunt's Cure" is absolutely guaranteed to cure Itch, Eczema, Ringworm, Tetter, or any Skin Disease, or purchase price cheerfully refunded. Sold everywhere for 50c. a box, or write, A. B. Richards Medicine Co., Sherman, Texas.

BLACK LEG

Losses Surely Prevented by Cutler's Bleeding Pills. Low priced, fresh, reliable, prepared by Western Apothecaries, because they protect where other venous pills are so slow. Bleeding Pills 50c. 15-day trial. Write for booklet. No return necessary. Cutler's best. The superiority of Cutler's products is due to over 15 years of specialization in medicine and surgery only. The Cutler Laboratory, Berkeley, Cal., or Chicago, Ill.

DAISY FLY KILLER

placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies. Rest, clean, economical, convenient, cheap. Lasts all season. Made of metal, can't rust or tip over; will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. All dealers receive copies paid for by U.S. BAROLD GARDNER, 100 So. Main Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

NIGHT OF HORROR IN THE TRENCHES

Vivid Description of His Experience Penned by a French Lieutenant.

MEN'S NERVES SHATTERED

Quiet of Day Is Broken by Terrific Bombardment That Makes the Earth Rock Like Ship in a Storm.

Paris.—The Paris Journal prints a most graphic account written by a French lieutenant, in simple but vivid language, of his experience during a heavy bombardment of the French lines recently by the Germans:

"The day was quiet," writes this officer.

"Towards evening we received a broadside of rifle fire, which dislodged a few sandbags. Then everything was quiet again.

"At nine o'clock I went below to my dugout for something to eat. Our little table was already set, and the steaming coffee was just placed before me when suddenly there was an explosion that shook the earth beneath our feet and scattered pieces of rock and clay in our midst.

"It's no use," said one of the men. "I see we are not going to be permitted to eat."

"I climbed back into the trench, and not a sound was heard.

"Where was the explosion?"

"To the right," answered a voice in the dark. "Be careful; they are sending us those 150-millimeter shells. There's one coming now."

"I crouched down against the wall and in a twinkling fifty meters of the trench were ground to dust. Sparks flew and dark, gaseous fumes eclipsed the blackness of the night. Then came another shell on its murderous mission, tearing up the earth and accompanied by deafening thunder.

"Things began to look serious. Some one shouted:

"Lieutenant, there is no sense in your standing there and risking your life!"

"The man was right. I returned to the dugout. The bombardment continued like one continuous roll of thunder. A heavy rock, loosened by the detonations, fell at my feet.

"And yet we hear," says one of my men, "that they are short of ammunition."

"I was getting tired of this. We had to answer those fellows. I asked the telephone operator to connect me with the commander.

"There is no answer," said the operator. "The wire has probably been shot away."

"I scribbled something on a piece of paper and handed it to one of my young men.

"The telephone is disconnected, my friend. See that you get this to the commander. Have a little brandy."

"If you please."

"He smiled, saluted and was off. Fifty meters off he fell with a shot in his neck.

"The bombardment grew more intense. Oh, a night! Our trenches seemed to sway to and fro, like the deck of a ship in a storm. The air was full of sulphur fumes and breathing became difficult. Death surrounded us. I wondered how many of my men were still alive! And would we be able to withstand the foe if he made a charge on our trenches? I nerved myself to remain calm. How I would have liked to lay down and sleep! Strange, that the roaring of shells through the air always produces drowsiness. I fought against this weakness. Courage returned when the bombardment seemed to slacken for a moment. However, we only deluded ourselves, for the shells were coming faster and faster and thicker and thicker. I tried to figure out the caliber of the shells, but was unable to think. Every man was hugging the wall of the trench. If we could only sleep and not wake up again, so as to be out of this hell!

"Be careful, my friends. Now that

the bombardment has ceased we can expect the enemy. A few of the men arose with an effort. They looked at me bewildered and did not seem to understand. Their faces were the color of the earth.

"Ah, what was that? A few meters off, at the entrance of the trench, I saw soldiers like so many ants digging in the earth. They had thrown their guns aside and their only aim now was to save their comrades, who were buried under the earth by the collapse of the walls of the trench. I saw Lieutenant Baulties there giving orders.

"Eight poor fellows are lying under there for almost two hours now," he shouts. "Only by a miracle was I saved from being there too. It seems impossible for us to reach the men. What a terrible night this has been!"

"And with a sort of tired laugh, he added:

"And to think that such an awful experience as this has been is never even mentioned in the reports!"

ROMANCE OF COAT BUTTON

Left With a Note Where It Was Found Button Brings a Wedding.

Gardner, Kan.—When James H. Newton, a banker of Williamstown, Utah, punctured a tire on his motor car he was forced to lay over two days in Edgerton, near here. While walking along the road Newton found a button of a woman's coat. He wrote this note and hung it and the button on the fence post:

The owner of this button has found a place in my heart.

Laura Ellsworth, a schoolteacher, the owner of the button, found it and the note. She took the button and left this message:

Tomorrow this button will be worn over my heart.

Newton found the second note. He was introduced to Miss Ellsworth. He proposed, was accepted and married. He is now on his way to San Francisco on his honeymoon, driving overland in his car.

PROPOSE A MARRIAGE TRUST

Justices of the Peace in Indiana Who May Get Together Upon Ceremonies.

Jeffersonville, Ind.—Some of the six justices of the peace of Jefferson, who fight among themselves for "marriage couples," are proposing a combination whereby all six would establish central marrying parlors and would pool and divide equally all their earnings. The chief benefit would be the elimination of the "runners," with whom the justices now split their fees, which only in exceptional cases amount to more than \$3. One result of the competition has been the cutting of fees. Many eloping couples now get married for \$1. Secret weddings generally cost the elopers a little more, and a \$25 fee shows up once in a while.

LIGHTED MATCHES ON FEET

Wild Man of Northwest Has Horny Calluses on His Pedal Extremities.

Hawatha, Kan.—Because he allowed young men to come to his dugout and gamble, Guy Williams, the wild man of northwest Kansas, has been placed in the Brown county almshouse. Williams is sixty-four years old and for the past six years has been living in a hole dug out of the side of a hill along Roys creek, about ten miles northeast of town. He went almost without clothes and seldom wore shoes, even in the coldest weather. His feet had become so calloused that it was a common sight to see him scratch matches on the soles of his bare feet. He had refused all offers of help and insisted on living a solitary life in the hole which he had dug for himself.

GIFT PACKAGES FOR GERMAN SOLDIERS



Thousands of gift packages lying in one of the distributing centers of the German Red Cross. These parcels are being sorted preparatory to being sent to the fighting men in the trenches.

ACTIVE IN CLUB WORK



Mrs. John Kerfoot Haywood, wife of a well-known Washington physician, is actively identified with the Congressional Union for Woman Suffrage and with various peace movement. She is prominent in club work and in resident Washington society.

TOSSES 29 HOURS ON ADRIATIC SEA

Young American Airman Adds to Long List of Perilous Adventures.

RESCUED BY TORPEDO BOAT

Searching for Submarines of Italy's Foe, Hydroplane Goes Wrong and Drops Doherty to Water—Seeks Further Adventure.

Milan, Italy.—William Ellwood Doherty, a young American whose career as an airman has abounded in perilous adventures, has just added to his list a flight for life lasting more than twenty-nine hours in the wintry waters of the Adriatic. Once before he had been stranded in the same sea in midsummer and collapsed from thirst and heat. This time he had the other extreme of weather, battling with a northern gale, and was rescued when on the verge of exhaustion.

Austrian submarines were infesting the Adriatic while the Italians were sending troop ships across to Albania. Doherty set out in a Curtiss hydroplane to patrol the passage and give warning of danger. He left Taranto at two o'clock in the afternoon with an Italian helper. As daylight was falling the motor broke down, and the hydroplane dropped to the water.

Italian vessels were in sight, but did not see Doherty's signals for help. With darkness the wind rose and waves broke over the tiny craft. Doherty tore away the drip pan of the machine. The two cold, hungry, water-soaked men used it to ball with. By working one at a time without stopping they were able to keep afloat, although every high wave gave them a fresh drenching.

They had lost their scant provisions in the descent to the water, and in the tossing of the hydroplane their cigarettes and matches went overboard.

The weather became intensely cold. In the respite from balling the airman who was free kept lookout for a ship. One came in sight several hours after dark, but passed on, not seeing the smoke bombs with which the aviators tried to hail it. Throughout the night and all the next morning the men relieved each other with the drip pan baller.

Finally, too tired to work longer and despairing of rescue, Doherty curled up in the end of the craft. Sleep overcame him, but he had nightmare and was roused when a lurch of the plane nearly spilled him into the sea. Again he took his turn at balling.

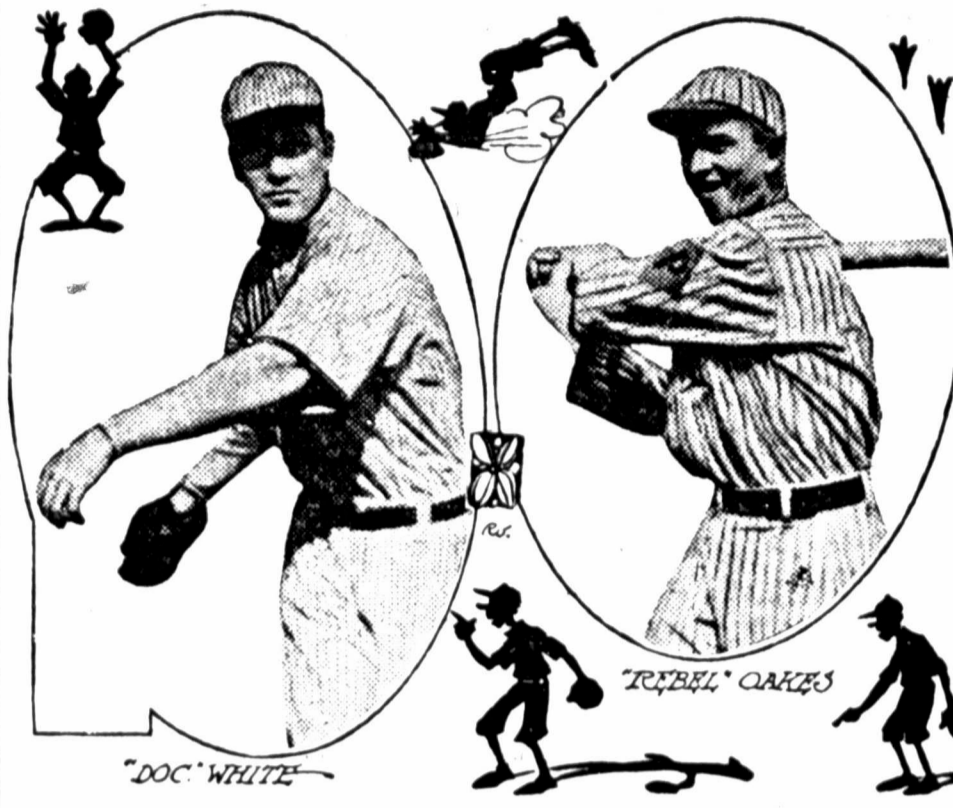
The specter of death was before the eyes of both men when night fell once more. Then a torpedo boat headed toward them, appeared on the horizon. They exploded more smoke bombs and wildly waved their signal flags. This time they were seen. The torpedo boat approached, lowered a small boat and rescued men and wreck twenty miles from shore.

Italian craft had been looking for Doherty and his companion ever since the machine failed them. Allowance had not been made for the wind, which blew the unfortunate seaward, and the search was confined to an area comparatively near shore until the torpedo boat struck out into the open.

Naval commanders who had engaged in the early search reported the first night that Doherty and his companion probably were lost. Their return to shore was hailed as little short of miraculous.

Doherty recovered within a day from the effects of his exposure. Substitutes had taken over his patrol duty in the Adriatic, however, and he decided to shift his field of activity. He has gone to Paris and London in search of further adventure.

REBEL OAKES IS MANAGER OF GRIZZLIES



Real Boss and Near-Leader of Denver Team.

Rebel Oakes of Federal league fame, will manage J. C. McGill's Denver team in the Western league this year. It is expected that Oakes will do much to bolster up the interest in the league. Oakes was manager of the Pittsburgh team of the Feds when the peace pact was made in baseball. He was under a contract at a high salary with owner Gwinner of the Smoky City club, and as the contract had one more year to run, Gwinner stood a chance of digging up a year's salary without having services rendered.

When Doc White, who had been signed to manage the Denver team, resigned he left McGill in the lurch, as the team was about ready to report for

spring training. White quit baseball because a good business opportunity was offered him. McGill began casting about for a manager, and he was almost swamped with inquiries from players and baseball men who are looking for jobs. He had Oakes in mind from the start, and immediately got into touch with Gwinner, with the result that McGill agreed to assume the Pittsburgh Feds' contract with Oakes.

Oakes jumped to the Feds from the St. Louis Cardinals. He lives in Homer, La. Last season with the Feds Oakes batted 281 in 153 games in the outfield. He had a fielding average of .973. His right name is Ennis T. Oakes.

OSCAR STANAGE IS VALUABLE

Billy Sullivan Ranks Tiger Catcher Next to Ray Schalk—is Patient With His Pitchers.

High-grade praise has come to Oscar Stanage. Billy Sullivan regards the Californian as ranking next to Ray Schalk as the best catcher in the American league.

"I do not know but that Stanage is a more valuable man to the Tigers than Schalk would be," says Sullivan. Schalk is a high-strung fellow and he shows to best advantage with a good pitching staff. Stanage, on the other hand, is patient and more likely to get good work from an uncertain staff than Schalk, next to Eddie Foster of the Nationals, is the hit and run batter in the American league. Foster stands at the top because of his uncanny ability to shove the ball through either side of the infield when the runner from first is going down.

"If the White Sox had Foster they would have the pennant won by the first of June," says Jennings. "Personally, I believe Foster is a much



Oscar Stanage.

better second baseman than third, and I wouldn't be surprised if Griffith thought the same way. Foster is not only a fine fielder, but a dangerous batter and a good man on the bases."

BASEBALL NOW TAME SPORT

Veteran Writer Tells of Assignment He Received in Olden Days—Editor Roasted Tebeau.

"Baseball," says a veteran writer, "isn't as strenuous, in many ways, as it was years ago. I'll never forget one assignment I drew in those lively days—that alone would suffice to show how times have changed.

"One afternoon Pat Tebeau was especially warlike attacked the umpire after about every second decision and spiced the argument with highly variegated phraseology. My managing editor was in the audience, and was much frustrated by Tebeau's style of talk. That night my chief sent for me.

"Young man," said he, "you heard the language that Tebeau person used this afternoon?"

"Yes sir," I responded.

"Well," thundered the managing editor, "that sort of thing must stop. Now, then, I want you to go up to Tebeau's hotel, and tell him, firmly, emphatically, that he can't use that sort of talk in this city, and that you have my orders, if he refuses to cut it, to roast him in the columns of this paper! I'll show this Tebeau that he can't bluff me!"

"Now, wasn't that a lovely little assignment to send a young reporter on?"

NOW TELLING THE NEIGHBORS

To Follow Her Example, When in Need of a Medicine, and They Have Profited by Her Advice.

Asheville, N. C.—Mrs. W. H. Rhoades, of R. F. D. No. 4, of this place, writes: "For five years after my marriage, I didn't have very good health. Every three months I suffered for several days. I had terrible pains in my abdomen and back. I tried various remedies and medicines, which gave me no relief.

"Seeing the testimonials in the almanac, I thought I would try Cardui. After taking the first one or two bottles, I began to feel better. I took it off and on for about four years. I improved all the time after I began to take Cardui."

"Cardui and Black-Draught both are fine medicines and I always advise my sick neighbors to take them and they have been improved or cured by following my advice. I would also advise all suffering women to take Cardui, for it brought about a permanent cure for me, and I always have it in the house. I am well and strong and have had good health in that respect since using that medicine."

Many ladies, who once suffered terrible pains, now do so no more, or at least are relieved of many of their troubles as a result of taking Cardui, the woman's tonic.

Try it. For sale by all druggists.

SO SMITH DIDN'T GET IT

Debtor Was Perfectly Willing to Pay Bill, and the Arrangement Satisfied All Parties.

A very angry client entered a New York lawyer's office. He had called upon a debtor and asked him politely to pay a bill of \$250, and had been abused for his pains. Now he wanted the lawyer to collect it.

The lawyer demurred. The bill was so small that it would cost the whole amount to collect it.

No matter, said the angry one. I don't care if I don't get a cent as long as that fellow has to pay it."

So the lawyer wrote the debtor a letter, and in a day or two the latter appeared in high dudgeon. He did not owe any \$250, and he would not pay.

"Very well," said the lawyer; "then my instructions are to sue. But I should hardly think it would pay you to stand suit for so small a sum."

"Who will get the money if I pay it?" asked the man.

The lawyer was obliged to confess that he should.

"Very well," said the debtor; "that's another matter. If Smith isn't going to get it, I am perfectly willing to pay it."—Youth's Companion.

Would Keep It Quiet.

Mrs. Brindle—Now, Mary, I want you to be careful. This is some very old table linen—been in the family for over two hundred years, and—

Mary—Aw, sure, ma'am, you needn't worry. I won't tell a soul, and it looks as good as new, anyway.—Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.

Young people who marry for fun are in a different humor by the time the divorce court is sighted.

GOOD REPORT Doctor Proved Value of Postum.

Physicians know that good food and drink, properly selected, are of the utmost importance, not only for the relief of disease but to maintain health even when one is well.

A doctor writes, "I count it a pleasure to say a good word for Postum with which I have been enabled to relieve so many sufferers, and which I count, with its valued companion Grape-Nuts, one of the daily blessings."

"Coffee was banished from my own table some time ago and Postum used regularly in its place." (Coffee is injurious to many persons, because it contains the subtle, poisonous drug, caffeine.)

"I frequently find it necessary to instruct patients when they take Postum for the first time to be quite sure that it is properly made according to directions, then it has a clear, seal-brown color and a rich, snappy taste, as well as health giving qualities.

The above letter, received over ten years ago, is fully confirmed by a recent letter from the doctor, in which he says:

"It is a pleasure to render a good report covering a product of which I am so enthusiastic a friend.

"I am using in my home your Postum Cereal in both its forms. And, what is more, I am having it used in the families of several patients in which there are children, and all unite in endorsing the fine qualities of your admirable product."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Postum comes in two forms: Postum Cereal—the original form—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c pkgs.

Instant Postum—a soluble powder—dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water, and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins.

Both forms are equally delicious and cost about the same per cup.

"There's a Reason" for Postum. —sold by Grocers.

THE PORTALES VALLEY NEWS

W. H. BRALEY, Proprietor and Publisher

Entered as second-class mail matter November 14, 1918, at the post office at Portales, New Mexico, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

DEMOCRATIC IN ALL THINGS POLITICAL

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

ADVERTISING RATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, ONE DOLLAR FOR ONE YEAR

The Voters of Roosevelt County Will Come Out on Election and do Their Duty if the State Nominees are Men of Right Strength

Some complaint has been heard about the Democrats of the east side not doing their full duty on election day and, thereby, jeopardizing the state ticket. There is some truth in the complaint, in fact, just enough to warrant an investigation. In Roosevelt county we have, practically, no Republican party and what few Socialists were here have become too prosperous under the present Democratic administration to remember that Eugene V. Debs is the prophet of calamity, and have relegated his image to the scrap heap along side of Bryan's "Crown of Thorns" and "Cross of Gold." The great interest centers in the primaries because the home men are the chief participants. The issues are personal to the voters; where the candidates are all local people and neighbors. We know them personally and are fully informed as to their qualifications. The interest is more individual than political and, consequently, exercises a stronger demand on the duty of the voter. All this is a very natural condition and one that is difficult to overcome. It is true that every citizen of the county is, in duty bound, to exercise his right of franchise and, certain it is, that those who fail in this obligation to the state, should not be heard to complain of the officers elected. It is, also, true that the state Democratic convention owes no less a duty to the Democratic voters of Roosevelt county. It is under obligations to nominate men for the state offices that are men of force, of character; men of integrity and courage; men who realize and appreciate the full value of the gift they solicit. It should not be sufficient that a man might be able to carry a certain doubtful county, or a specified Republican stronghold. Many times such an one may prove absolutely lacking in all the essentials that make for a good officer. It is not disputed that it may be necessary to take such matters into consideration, but it must be remembered that the majorities to elect must come from the Democratic counties on the east side, and some attention should be given to the demands of those who are to make success possible. Roosevelt county has no favorite son to put forward, neither has it any ambition for any particular office seekers of the other counties on this side, but it has an interest in, and a very lively one, in the selection of the candidate for governor. The only man who can bring out the full Democratic strength in Roosevelt county is William C. McDonald. There is not another man in the state who has the complete confidence of our people as he has. His uncompromising stand for the right, for good government, for nothing less than the square deal, has made an irresistible appeal to the tax payers of the county of Roosevelt. They feel that it would bring disaster to the state and to the party were he permitted to retire from the governor's office at this time. Our people feel that the next legislature is by no means certain to be any better than the last one and without the strong will of Governor McDonald to exercise some control over it, it might be even worse. We know that while he is in the chair no piece of bad legislation will receive his approval. Governor McDonald believes that the affairs of the state should be conducted economically, that our resources be conserved and that the taxing power should not be abused. These views find a ready response in the breast of every tax payer of the state except, of course, the professional politician, and with this latter class the governor finds no favor. Roosevelt county Democrats stand for McDonald because of the record he has made. They will, on election day, turn out, to a man, to vote for him again, but they say to you Democrats of the state convention, if you fail to make a tender of a renomination to the best governor New Mexico ever had, then you need not accuse us of not doing our duty, because you first failed in yours. This is not intended as any disparagement of any gubernatorial candidate in the field, but it is intended to notify the professional politicians and the Democrats of the state who will have the naming of the candidates for the next state ticket that the voters of Roosevelt will not fail in their duty if you will do yours, they cannot be expected to do more. Nominate a strong ticket with William C. McDonald's name at the head of it and you will have no cause to complain of the majority that Roosevelt county will return on the fourth day of November next. Will you do this? Will you lay aside, temporarily, your personal ambitions and work diligently and solely in the interest of clean politics and good government? New Mexico must be wrested from the grasp of such unscrupulous ring politicians as controlled the last legislature.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The News is authorized to announce the following candidates for county and district offices, and this column contains the names of all those who are candidates before the Roosevelt county Democratic primaries.



STATE SENATOR
Eugene Mayo

REPRESENTATIVE
G. W. Stroud
Coe Howard

PROBATE JUDGE
Cleve Compton
W. A. Stansell

DISTRICT ATTORNEY
Robert C. Dow of Carlsbad

SHERIFF
Ed B. Hawkins
B. B. Clayton
C. W. Terry
A. L. (Arch) Gregg

COUNTY CLERK
S. A. Morrison
Guy P. Mitchell
S. B. Owen

COUNTY TREASURER
J. A. Tinsley
John W. Ballow
Frank Greathouse

COUNTY ASSESSOR
Burl Johnson

COUNTY SUPERINTENDENT
Robert A. Deen
Sam J. Stinnett
Miss Sallie G. Bryant

COMMISSIONER PRECINCT 1
J. H. Sandefer
Carl Turner
Monroe Honea
Dr. J. S. Pearce

COMMISSIONER PRECINCT 2
Ed Wall

COMMISSIONER PRECINCT 3
John Tyson
J. H. Cornett

To Encourage the Others

The swift and merciless killing, after a secret trial, of the madmen who led the Dublin revolution was strictly within military precedent; but so was the shooting of Miss Cavell. Disinterested observers in this country will not fail to compare the rigid severity of the treatment of the poor schoolmaster Pease and his following of dreamers and striplings with the amiable tolerance shown two years ago to the politicians and generals who were ready to offer armed resistance to the enforcement of an act of parliament which met with their disapproval. The rebel leader of that day, Sir Edward Carson, is one of the most influential men in English public life. He selects cabinet officers and threatens ministries while the rebel leader of today is shot within a few hours after his surrender and his body thrown in the quicklime. Of course it is no business of our people how Great Britain deals with her domestic problems. But there can be no doubt that the execution has created an impression amounting to disgust in this country. It has distinctly modified public sympathy with Great Britain. The world will listen inattentively from now on to English protests against the summary shooting of spies in Belgium and the massacre of students at Louvain, acts for which the Germans could plead a greater degree of military necessity than existed for the killing of these visionaries. We pity Mr. Redmond. His position as leader of the Nationalists was difficult before this occurrence. Now it must be almost impossible. — Collier's Weekly.

Miss Sallie Bryant left Monday for Albuquerque to attend the Christian church missionary conference of which she is general secretary.

Notice of Foreclosure Sale.

Whereas, on the 29th day of January, 1916, in cause numbered 1150, pending in the District Court of Roosevelt county, New Mexico, wherein R. C. Roosevelt is plaintiff and Gibbs W. Dyer, Della M. Dyer, Ely Walker Dry Goods Company, Harris Folk Hat Co., Herbert Meisel Trunk Co., Curtis Peabody & Co., Butler Bros., F. W. Walker, Gausa Langenberg Hat Co., Marx Hase Co., Simon Mayer, Hamilton Overall Co., A. E. Anderson & Co., J. Taylor & Co., E. Shuster, Henry A. Braug, and Seward Trunk Co., are defendants, the plaintiff recovered a judgment upon a promissory note and mortgage against the defendants in the sum of \$768.50, with all costs of suit, and the plaintiff therein obtained a decree of said court foreclosing plaintiff's said mortgage given for the security of said sums and amounts upon the following described real estate, to-wit: The southwest quarter of section twenty-five in township two, south of range thirty-six, east of New Mexico Meridian, New Mexico, it being decreed that the plaintiff's mortgage is a first and prior lien against said property and superior to any claim of the defendants, or either of them; that said judgment at the date of sale hereinafter mentioned will amount to the sum of \$762.77, together with costs of suit, and, Whereas, the undersigned, T. J. Molinari, was in said decree appointed special commissioner and directed to advertise and sell said property according to law, to satisfy said judgment and costs:

Therefore, by virtue of said judgment and decree, and the power vested in me as such special commissioner, I will, on the 4th day of May, 1916, at the hour of 2 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the court house, in the town of Portales, New Mexico, sell said described property, at public vendue, to the highest bidder for cash, for the purpose of satisfying said judgment, interest and costs of suit.

Witness my hand this 4th day of April, 1916.
T. J. MOLINARI, Special Commissioner.

Notice of Sheriff's Sale

Whereas, on the 16th day of March, 1916, in cause No. 1144, pending in the District Court of Roosevelt county, New Mexico, wherein Dallas M. D. Daniels is plaintiff and C. J. Jones is defendant, the plaintiff recovered a judgment against the defendant in the sum of \$148.00, together with all costs of suit, and the foreclosure of an attachment lien upon the following described property, to-wit: One horse power gasoline engine, model B, No. 562; that said judgment at the date of the sale hereinafter mentioned will amount to the sum of \$148.25, and, Whereas the court in said judgment and decree directed that said property be sold and the proceeds of such sale applied to the satisfaction of plaintiff's said judgment and costs:

Therefore, by virtue of said judgment and decree and the power vested in me as Sheriff of Roosevelt county, New Mexico, I will, on the 4th day of May, 1916, at the hour of two o'clock p. m., at the front door of the court house, in the town of Portales, New Mexico, sell said described property at public vendue to the highest bidder for cash, for the purpose of applying the proceeds of such sale to the satisfaction of said judgment and costs.

Witness my hand this 4th day of April, 1916.
GEO. C. DEEN, Sheriff,
Roosevelt County, New Mexico

Notice of Administrator's Sale

Whereas, on the 4th day of April, 1916 in cause No. 1120, pending in the district court of Roosevelt county, New Mexico, wherein W. C. Nadgie is plaintiff and Edward Adamson, Silas Adamson, Simon Adamson, Martin Adamson, Larkin Adamson, E. T. Roberts, Mrs. Mary Watson, E. E. Roberts, L. Naugle, J. J. Naugle, Mrs. Zera Robinson, B. J. Naugle, Marshall Mayhew and all unknown heirs at law of James M. Adamson, deceased, are defendants, the plaintiff obtained an order and decree of the court directing that the following described real estate, to-wit: Lots three and four and the half of the southwest quarter of section eighteen, in township four south of range thirty-one east of the New Mexico meridian, in Roosevelt county, New Mexico, be sold for the purpose of satisfying the debts against the estate of James M. Adamson, deceased, which said sale was directed to be made by the plaintiff as administrator of the estate of the said James M. Adamson, deceased; that the debts found to be due against said estate amount to the sum of \$10.50 with cost of suit, the court having found that there is no personal estate of the deceased to satisfy said debts. Therefore by virtue of said order and decree and the power vested in me by said order of the court, and as administrator of the said James M. Adamson, deceased, I will, on the 16th day of May, 1916, at the hour of two o'clock P. M., at the front door of the court house in the town of Portales, New Mexico, sell said described real estate, to-wit: Lots three and four and the half of section one and the southeast quarter of section two, all in township four south of range thirty-four east of New Mexico meridian, New Mexico, containing 480 acres, with all improvements thereon, it being declared in said decree that plaintiff's said mortgage is a first and prior right or claim of the defendant, the Arkansas Valley Bank; that said judgment at the date of sale hereinafter mentioned will amount to the sum of \$286.76; and, whereas, the undersigned, Lee Carter was, in said decree, appointed a special commissioner and directed to advertise and sell said property according to law, to satisfy said judgment and costs, therefore, by virtue of said judgment and decree, and the power vested in me as such special commissioner, I will, on the 16th day of June, 1916, at the hour of two o'clock p. m., at the east front door of the court house, in the town of Portales, New Mexico, sell said property at public vendue, to the highest bidder for cash, for the purpose of satisfying said judgment and costs of suit. Witness my hand this 2nd day of May, 1916.
L. E. CARTER, Special Commissioner.

Notice of Foreclosure Sale

Whereas, on the 14th day of March, 1916, in cause No. 1147, pending in the district court of Roosevelt county, New Mexico, wherein J. G. Howard is plaintiff and M. Guthrie and Kate F. Guthrie, and the Arkansas Valley Bank are defendants, the plaintiff recovered a judgment upon a promissory note and mortgage executed and delivered by the defendants, L. M. Guthrie and Kate F. Guthrie, to the plaintiff on the 23rd day of February, 1914, in the sum of \$288.90 with all costs of said suit, the plaintiff also at said time, obtained a decree in said cause, foreclosing plaintiff's said mortgage given for the security of said amount upon the following described real estate, to-wit: The west half of section one and the southeast quarter of section two, all in township four south of range thirty-four east of New Mexico meridian, New Mexico, containing 480 acres, with all improvements thereon, it being declared in said decree that plaintiff's said mortgage is a first and prior right or claim of the defendant, the Arkansas Valley Bank; that said judgment at the date of sale hereinafter mentioned will amount to the sum of \$286.76; and, whereas, the undersigned, Lee Carter was, in said decree, appointed a special commissioner and directed to advertise and sell said property according to law, to satisfy said judgment and costs, therefore, by virtue of said judgment and decree, and the power vested in me as such special commissioner, I will, on the 16th day of June, 1916, at the hour of two o'clock p. m., at the east front door of the court house, in the town of Portales, New Mexico, sell said property at public vendue, to the highest bidder for cash, for the purpose of satisfying said judgment and costs of suit. Witness my hand this 2nd day of May, 1916.
L. E. CARTER, Special Commissioner.

Notice of Pendency of Suit

No. 1192
In the District Court of Roosevelt County, State of New Mexico.
A. J. McNutt, Plaintiff,
vs.
John R. Jones and Annie Jones, Defendants
The State of New Mexico to John R. Jones and Annie Jones, Greeting:
You will take notice that suit has been filed against you in the district court of the Fifth judicial district of the state of New Mexico, in and for the county of Roosevelt, wherein A. J. McNutt is plaintiff and John R. Jones and Annie Jones are defendants, said cause being numbered 1192 upon the docket of said court. The general objects of said action are as follows: The plaintiff seeks to foreclose a mortgage executed and delivered by the defendants to John F. Chandler on the 10th day of December, 1912, and duly and legally assigned and transferred to plaintiff, for the sum of \$750.00, three hundred and no/100 dollars, with interest thereon at the rate of eight per cent per annum from date, and ten per cent additional on said amount for attorney's fees, together with the cost of this suit, said mortgage being upon and conveying to the said John F. Chandler, for the security of said sum, which has been sold, delivered and assigned to plaintiff, the following described lots, parcel of land and real estate, situated, lying and being in the county of Roosevelt and state of New Mexico, to-wit: Lots three and four and the south half of the northwest quarter of section two, township two south, range thirty-one east, N. P. meridian, New Mexico; to have said mortgage declared a valid, first and prior lien against said premises; to have said premises sold and the proceeds of such sale applied to the satisfaction of plaintiff's said judgment and demands; and if said proceeds arising from said sale are insufficient to satisfy all of plaintiff's said demands to have a deficiency judgment against said defendants, and for all cost of suit, and for general relief. You are further notified that unless you enter your appearance in said cause on or before the 24th day of June, 1916, judgment by default will be rendered against you in said cause and the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint. You are further notified that Compton and Compton are attorneys for the plaintiff and that their business address is Portales, New Mexico.
Witness my hand and the seal of said court this 28th day of April, 1916.
[SEAL] J. W. BALLOW, Clerk.

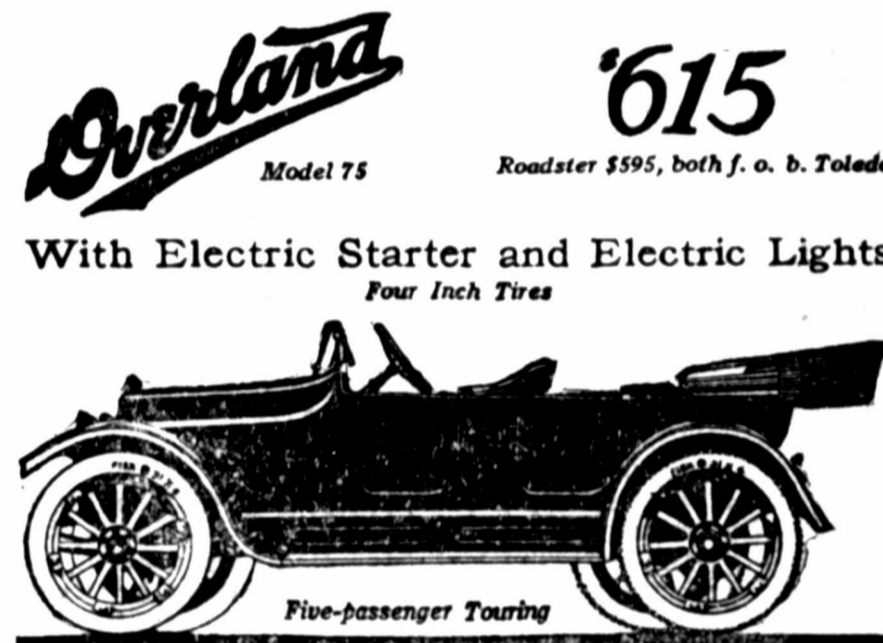
Recruits Wanted

Men are wanted to volunteer for service on the Mexican border. Apply to J. B. FRIDY, 1st Lieut. 1st Inf. N. M. N. G. Recruiting Officer

IF YOU WANT TO START SOMETHING

START
A
BANK
ACCOUNT

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



HERE is a low priced car that requires no "extras." Its equipment includes everything you want your car to have. You have nothing more to buy. And this equipment, in keeping with Overland standards, is high grade in every particular. The electric starting and lighting system is the well known Autolite, two-unit type. It has a magnetic speedometer and a full set of tools. The tires are four inches all around; non-skids on rear. Demountable rims are used and an extra rim is included. The body is the latest streamline design, finished in black, with nickel and aluminum trimmings. Here is a car to be proud of and in which you can take justifiable pride.

Call, telephone or write for demonstration

KOHL'S GARAGE
LOUIE KOHL, Proprietor

W. H. Braley & Son
EXPERT INSURANCE AGENTS

Avoid trouble by having your insurance written by men "WHO KNOW HOW."

The cost to you will be the same, but the protection given you will be of a superior quality, and the service rendered by this agency to its policy holders will be the unequalled kind. We write Fire, Windstorm and Hale, Plate Glass, Automobile and Burglary.

...Insurance and All Kinds of Bonds...
"WE KNOW HOW"

MRS. J. A. MAHAFFEY
...MILLINERY...
Next Door to News - PORTALES, N. M.

Auditor's Report

Portales, N. M., April 30, 1916.

Hon. Mayor and Town Council, Portales, N. M.:

Gentlemen:
I beg to submit herewith my report as Auditor for your Town covering the period of time from August 22, 1912 to April 30th, 1916, which report is true and correct to the best of my knowledge and belief.
Respectfully submitted,

BEN SMITH, Auditor.

GENERAL COMMENTS.

Clerk's Minutes.

During the latter part of 1912 and the early part of 1913, the records are very incomplete with reference to allowing of claims and authorizing the issuance of warrants. I find a great number of warrants issued not covered by the minutes. In fact there are so many the first half of 1913 that it would indicate that the minutes of some of the meetings were not recorded. However these warrants all appear to be regular and for the most part state for what purpose they were drawn. The minutes of later dates are in good shape and claims properly allowed. Especially since the introduction of the new Loose Leaf Minute Book can they be kept in good shape.

Treasurer's Accounts.
The Treasurer's Records are complete and in good shape. The different funds are accurately kept as shown by receipts issued by him and warrants paid by him. I would suggest that the accounts be transferred as of this date to a new book as the old one is pretty well used.

School Land Records.

The records of this entire transaction are in very bad condition and very incomplete. I have carefully checked all matters of record pertaining to this matter and even gone outside for additional data, and give you what I believe to be as complete a tabulation as can be had from the available data. This being a rather large proposition within itself should have been systematized at the very beginning and complete records kept of every sale and every payment on contracts. It is imperative that the Council get this transferred to permanent and substantial records. The Clerk get this matter as good and can be carried out to advantage, and I would suggest that these matters be transferred to a permanent record which when prepared should be submitted to the council, they to take such action as needed to make same authentic and thereafter changes be made in same only by proper action of the Council.

Water and Light Collections.

While very greatly improved over the methods employed earlier, I am convinced that the manner of handling these collections can yet be improved upon. For instance I would suggest that when the accounts for the current month are made out that they be totaled and that the total be made a matter of record when turned to the collector and then he could be asked to turn in that amount for that month either in cash or in unpaid accounts. I would further suggest that in handling these accounts and the stubs for same that a loose leaf system could be used as a matter of economy instead of the present practice of using one bound book for each month. A current binder with a transfer binder would be the extent of the expenditure other than the actual number of printed slips used.

I note all through these stubs that it has been the practice to give credit for various items, such as "labor" and for accounts against the town. This practice, in my opinion, is not the best one as it is the intention to have all accounts against the Town passed upon and allowed by the Council, and I think the much better practice would be to collect the water and light accounts and pay the obligations of the Town by warrant.

No. 1

FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

Town of Portales, N. M., April 30, 1916.

ASSETS:	
Water and Light Plant, (taken from old statement).....	\$47,300.33
Sewer System (taken from old statement).....	29,182.45
Fire Equipment (Statement No. 9).....	1,359.09
Furniture and Fixtures (Statement No. 9).....	215.75
Accounts Receivable (bal. due on sale contracts on School Section).....	13,390.24
Block Twelve, Bogard Addition.....	500.00
Cash:	
General Fund.....	267.45
Interest Fund.....	48.68
School Section Fund.....	3,161.85
Sewer Fund.....	397.84
Total Assets.....	\$95,823.59
LIABILITIES:	
Bond Debt, (Statement No. 6).....	\$75,000.00
Accounts Payable (See Statement No. 7).....	262.54
Bills Payable (See Statement No. 8).....	640.53
Surplus.....	2,978.43
SCHOOL SECTION ASSETS:	
Balance Due on Contracts.....	\$13,390.24
Block Twelve, Bogard Addition.....	500.00
Cash in this Fund.....	3,161.85
Total Liabilities.....	\$95,823.59

Taxes in hands of County Treasurer for collection are not shown in this statement for the reason that they are turned in as revenue each month as they are collected and should be considered income rather than assets.
The unsold real estate belonging to the School Section transaction is not shown here for the reason that it would necessarily be shown on both sides of the statement if shown at all and any valuation given it would be merely an estimate on my part.
The School Section Assets are also shown on the Liability side of the above statement for the reason that this takes more of the nature of a trust fund than of a real asset of the town proper.

No. 2

RECONCILIATION OF TREASURER'S ACCOUNTS.

Town of Portales, N. M.

GENERAL FUND:	
Balance this fund Aug. 22, 1912.....	\$ 312.04
Receipts from all sources credited this fund.....	28,669.90
Total.....	\$28,981.04
Total disbursements, this fund.....	28,713.59
Balance this fund.....	\$ 267.45
INTEREST FUND:	
Balance August 22, 1912 (account not opened).....	\$18,494.80
Received from County Treasurer, this fund.....	18,046.12
Eight semi-annual interest payments on bonds due May and November each year.....	400.00
Transferred to General Fund.....	18,446.12
Balance this fund.....	\$ 48.68
STREET FUND:	
Balance this fund Aug. 22, 1912.....	\$ 96.00
Receipts, Auto License, \$18; from Gen. Fund, \$28.00.....	46.00
Expended for labor, \$104; for material, \$38.....	142.00
Balance this fund.....	none
SCHOOL SECTION FUND:	
Balance this fund Aug. 22, 1912 (consisting of cash, \$1,451.21 and warrants on School District No. 1, \$4,094.65).....	\$ 5,545.86
Receipts.....	2,675.65
Disbursements.....	\$ 8,221.51
Balance this fund.....	\$ 1,161.85
SEWER FUND:	
Total Received from County Treasurer.....	\$ 397.84
This fund was started February, this year, and there have been no charges made against it.	
Balance in General Fund.....	\$ 267.45
Balance in Interest Fund.....	48.68
Bal. in School Section Fund.....	3,161.85
Balance in Sewer Fund.....	397.84
Total.....	\$3,875.82

No. 3

COUNTY TREASURER'S ACCOUNT.

Town of Portales, N. M., April 30, 1916.

Balance of Taxes in Hands of County Treasurer as shown by Statement of August 22, 1912.....	\$ 6,586.16
Taxes Certified to County Treasurer, 1912.....	6,654.70
Taxes Certified to County Treasurer, 1913.....	4,948.33
Taxes Certified to County Treasurer, 1914.....	5,382.53
Taxes Certified to County Treasurer, 1915.....	5,779.90
Total.....	\$29,351.62
Paid to City Treasurer.....	23,040.79
Taxes in hands of County Treasurer for collection.....	\$ 6,310.83

STATEMENT OF RECEIPTS AND DISBURSEMENTS.

Town of Portales, N. M.

August 22, 1912 to April 30th, 1916.

RECEIPTS.	
GENERAL FUND:	
Water and Light (shown by stubs of accounts).....	\$17,790.87
Special Tax, (from County Treasurer).....	4,545.99
Occupation Licenses (taken from stubs).....	4,841.79
Scavenger fees.....	69.75
Fines.....	145.00
Dog tax.....	3.00
Auto tax.....	28.00
Profit from sale of meters.....	5.95
Transfers from other funds.....	537.50
Credit this fund by error, instead of School Fund.....	6.35
From Dekreko Street Shows.....	50.50
Abstract donated by Mrs. Smith and Miss Carter.....	15.00
From State Treasurer for Fire Department.....	300.00
In this fund from sources of which there is no record.....	358.55
Total receipts this fund.....	\$28,669.25
In hands of City Treasurer (see Statement No. 2).....	28,669.00
In hands of Town Clerk.....	\$ 29.25
DISBURSEMENTS:	
Material, (including all purchases for poles, wire, fire hose and equipment).....	\$ 5,632.81
Freight and express.....	236.06
Labor, (including salaries at plant).....	9,195.31
Fuel and Oil.....	5,662.47
Eureka Fire Hose Company, old account.....	648.00
Paid Fairbanks Morse & Co. on notes.....	1,850.00
Interest.....	425.43
Insurance premiums.....	318.25
Stationery Printing and postage.....	386.95
Clerk Salary (\$10 per month).....	410.00
Rent (building for fire equipment).....	334.00
Legal services.....	375.00
Marshall (salary and fees).....	906.45
Medical services.....	145.20
Clean up work on street and allies.....	138.50
Treasurer Salary.....	325.00
Miscellaneous (election expenses, telegrams, telephone, etc.).....	310.49
Trout Judgment.....	112.85
J. F. Garmany account.....	93.00
Audit, 1912.....	180.00
Scavenger.....	80.00
Refund (on taxes and water charges).....	38.47
Transfer to Street Fund.....	28.00
Transfer to Interest Fund.....	1,000.00
Transfer to School Fund.....	6.35
Total expenditures (see Statement No. 2).....	\$28,713.59

STATEMENT OF RECEIPTS AND DISBURSEMENTS.

Town of Portales, N. M.

August 22, 1912 to April 30th, 1916.

SCHOOL SECTION FUND:	
Receipts as shown by notations on contracts and on the little record book purporting to show the status of the individual contracts.....	\$2,664.06
Interest on Contracts.....	457.16
Payments on principal.....	\$3,121.22
Turned over to Town Treasurer (see Statement No. 2).....	\$2,675.65
Cash in hands of Clerk.....	23.25
No record.....	422.32
Total.....	\$3,121.22
DISBURSEMENTS:	
Clerk Salary (\$15 per month).....	\$ 495.00
Commissions.....	58.22
Legal Services.....	135.00
Printing, Stationery, etc.....	28.84
Election expenses.....	42.25
Refund, payment on S. Howell contract.....	17.50
Warrants of School District No. 1 charged off.....	4,094.65
T. J. Molinari (expenses).....	53.50
Transferred to General Fund.....	137.50
Total.....	\$5,059.66

It will be noted that there is a shortage in this fund as shown by receipts given by the Treasurer, while in the General Fund there is a surplus as shown by the same receipts. This is doubtless due to the fact of the Clerk making deposits with the Treasurer in lump sums and doubtless monies belonging in this fund were included in the deposits to the General Fund and so receipted by the Treasurer.

LIST OF CONTRACTS COVERING PURCHASES IN SCHOOL SECTION.

Date	Purchaser	Int. Paid To when	Bal. due On Prin.
Aug. 15-11	A. C. Boucher, Its. 7 to 12, blk. 4	\$ 99.20 Aug. 15-15	\$413.33
Aug. 15-11	Leon Jones, tr. to Warren Pooshee, It. 10, blk. 3	22.80 Aug. 15-15	94.65
Aug. 15-11	G. V. Johnson, tr. to J. H. Stumpf, Its. 1, 2, 3, blk. 17	30.76 Apr. 15-13	307.65
Aug. 15-11	E. W. Reagan, blk. 82	63.72 Aug. 15-15	265.59
Aug. 15-11	Walter Brandon, tr. to Vma Shapcott, blk. 42		
Aug. 15-11	C. A. Reator, tr. to B. B. Nash, blk. 78	96.00 Aug. 15-15	400.00
Aug. 15-11	Sallie G. Bryant, blk. 75	86.40 Aug. 15-15	360.00
Aug. 15-11	Robert G. Bryant, blk. 76	64.80 Aug. 15-14	320.00
Aug. 15-11	Mrs. Annie Shaw, blk. 66	104.40 Aug. 15-15	360.00
Aug. 15-11	C. M. Carter, tr. to J. A. Johnson, blk. 74		
Aug. 15-11	G. V. Johnson, tr. to L. S. Kirby, Its. 8, 9, 10, blk. 13	80.00 Aug. 15-15	333.00
Aug. 15-11	A. T. Monroe, tr. to Chas. Goodloe, blk. 81	12.78 Aug. 15-14	320.00
Aug. 15-11	Edna Carter, tr. to Lizzie Burrows, blk. 84	84.00 Aug. 15-15	84.00
Aug. 15-11	Emma Reagan, blk. 83	70.32 Aug. 15-15	293.00
Aug. 15-11	N. F. Holland, blk. 64	68.04 Aug. 15-15	283.50
Aug. 15-11	C. Lee Carter, tr. to Watt Williams, blk. 67	90.06 Aug. 15-14	467.00
Aug. 15-11	G. L. Reese, tr. to Chas. Goodloe, blk. 70	100.32 Aug. 15-15	418.00
Aug. 15-11	C. M. Carter, blk. 69	86.40 Aug. 15-15	360.00
Aug. 15-11	D. W. Wiley, tr. to Inda Humphrey, blk. 85	76.80 Aug. 15-15	320.00
Aug. 15-11	Nelle Carter, tr. to Luther Tucker	49.50 Aug. 15-14	275.00
Aug. 15-11	Emma Reagan, tr. to Emma Hall, blk. 79	39.48 Aug. 15-13	329.00
Aug. 15-11	White & Cottrell, Its. 7, 8, blk. 34 and Its. 5, 6, blk. 26	56.70 Aug. 15-14	315.00
Aug. 15-11	J. F. Garmany, tr. to H. R. Horn, Its. 5, 6, blk. 16	40.40 Aug. 15-16	134.70
Aug. 15-11	H. R. Horn, Its. 1, 2, blk. 12	40.20 Aug. 15-15	1165.00
Aug. 15-11	Leon Jones, tr. to Ben Smith, blk. 87	18.20 Aug. 15-15	76.00
Aug. 15-11	Leon Jones, tr. to Ben Smith, tr. to Ben Smith, blk. 86	43.68 Aug. 15-14	235.00
Aug. 15-11	H. F. Jones, tr. to Ben Smith, tr. to Ben Smith, blk. 88	42.18 Aug. 15-14	225.00
Aug. 15-11	B. J. Reagan, tr. to Ben Smith, tr. to Ben Smith, blk. 77	43.68 Aug. 15-14	235.00
Aug. 15-11	C. M. Carter, blk. 81	60.30 Aug. 15-14	335.00
Aug. 15-11	C. M. Carter, blk. 82	133.40 Aug. 15-14	751.50
May 11-12	Geo. S. Murphy, It. 11, blk. 11	5.72 May 11-14	47.66
Apr. 11-12	J. W. Murphy, It. 1, blk. 26, It. 6, blk. 17	27.40 Apr. 11-16	114.15
Jan. 8-12	C. W. Ison, tr. to E. L. Kohl, Its. 4, 5, blk. 12	32.40 Jan. 8-16	135.00
Apr. 27-12	Eileen Tournia, tr. to C. W. Ison, It. 11, blk. 27	8.36 Apr. 27-15	46.45
June 1-12	Ora Kuykendall, It. 5, blk. 11 and It. 11, blk. 27	11.44 June 1-15	64.65
June 8-12	O. S. Strickland, Its. 2, 3, blk. 17	16.20 June 8-14	135.00
Mar. 25-12	Allice Bryan, tr. to J. R. & Pearl Bryan, It. 11, blk. 17	10.80 Mar. 25-14	90.00

TWENTY YEAR CONTRACTS—Continued.

Date	Purchaser	On. Cash	Bj. Due Int. Pd.	To when	
May 12-13	J. L. Fernandes, It. 7, 8, blk. 12	\$25.00	\$22.50	\$202.50	May 12-15
Aug. 27-12	Lillian Carr, It. 12, blk. 14	90.00	10.00	90.00	16.20 Aug. 27-15
Jul. 29-14	Vinson Carrol, It. 2, blk. 27	75.00	7.50	67.50	8.85 Jul. 29-16
Nov. 5-13	John L. Horn, tr. to C. W. Ison, It. 11, blk. 15	75.00	7.50	67.50	8.10 Nov. 5-15
Dec. 16-12	Albert N. Stratton, Its. 8, 9, blk. 33	50.00	15.00	135.00	24.30 Dec. 16-15
Oct. 1-14	W. H. Ball, blk. 73	49.46	62.46	347.00	20.82 Oct. 1-15
Sept. 26-12	Ellen Alberson, tr. to Mrs. C. W. Carroll, It. 1, blk. 27	00.00	20.00	80.00	16.20 Sep. 26-15
Nov. 15-12	J. B. Priddy, It. 12, blk. 3	47.50	47.50	11.55	7.30 Aug. 15-16

Nov. 15-12	W. J. Wisdom, It. 11, blk. 3	50.00	50.00	9.00	Nov. 15-18
Nov. 15-12	G. A. Dickbreder, Its. 7 to 10, blk. 28	325.00	35.00	290.00	34.80 Nov. 15-18
Mar. 19-14	J. R. & Pearl Bryan, It. 12, blk. 17	125.00	12.50	112.50	none
Aug. 29-13	Mrs. A. D. Thornton, It. 4, 5, blk. 27	150.00	15.00	135.00	16.20 Aug. 29-15
Aug. 22-13	E. T. Dunaway, Its. 4, 5, 6, blk. 15	250.00	25.00	225.00	13.50 Aug. 22-14

OLD CONTRACTS.					
Oct. 15-09	A. C. Boucher, Its. 1 to 6, blk. 4	\$24.70	\$65.00	\$26.18	Oct. 15-15
Oct. 30-09	G. L. Reese, blk. 60		100.00	15.90	Aug. 15-14
Aug. 15-11	J. P. Reese, blk. 59 (canceled)				25.65
Mar. 2-12	C. W. Ison, tr. to John Horn, It. 2, blk. 12			67.50	8.10 Mar. 2-14
Aug. 15-12	L. H. Squires, tr. to Chas. Goodloe, blk. 71			295.00	7.80 Aug. 15-15
Aug. 5-11	Maurine Seay, NE 1/4, SE 1/4			791.00	151.40 Dec. 17-15
Apr. 10-13	H. B. Ryther, tr. to W. E. Crow			1,095.00	201.07 Apr. 10-15
Oct. 25-09	Martina Brown.....	200.00	35.00	2.10	
	J. B. Priddy, (note)			66.40	Pd. 5-21-13

*These contracts all show when last interest payment was made that it was for the then current year, but on each of the others is one interest payment missing.
†This contract was never executed.
‡These two contracts are merely a division of one old contract and hence there is no cash payment shown.
§In this item is included \$65.00 which was credited on this contract as a consideration for forfeiture of contract on Lots 7, 8, 9, Block 27.
**Totals applied in Statement No. 5.
††Total applied in Statement No. 1.

No. 6.

BOND STATEMENT.

Town of Portales, N. M.

April 30, 1916.

No.	Denom.	Int.	Date	Maturity	Int. Due	Amount
50	\$1,000.00	6%	May 1-09	May 1-39	May 1 and Nov. 1	\$50,000.00
25	\$1,000.00	6%	May 1-09	May 1-39	May 1 and Nov. 1	\$25,000.00

Hotel Bond Indebtedness.....\$75,000.00
Sinking Fund to be started in 1919.
Coupons for Nov. 1912 and all coupons for 1913, 1914, and

Average Jones & Samuel Hopkins Adams

The ONE BEST BET

"Morrison has jammed the personal liberty bill through," said Waldemar, scribbling a head on his completed editorial, with one eye on the clock, which pointed to midnight.

"That was to be expected, wasn't it?" asked Average Jones.

"Oh, yes," replied the editor-owner of the Universal in his heavy bass. "And now the governor announces he will veto it."

"Thereby bringing the whole power of the gambling ring down on him like an avalanche."

"Naturally. Morrison has declared open war against Tharisee Phil, as he calls Governor Arthur. Says he'll pass the bill over his veto. In his heart he knows he can't do it. Still, he's a hard fighter."

Average Jones tipped his chair back against the wall of the editorial sanctum. "What do you suppose," he inquired with an air of philosophic speculation, "that the devil will do with Carroll Morrison's soul when he gets it? Exorcise it?"

"Harsh words, young sir! Harsh words and treasonable against one of our leading citizens, multimillionaire philanthropist, social leader, director of banks, insurance companies and railroads, an emperor of the race-track, the sport of kings."

"Man to see Mr. Waldemar," said an office boy appearing at the door.

"Too late," grunted the editor.

"He says it's very particular, sir, and to tell you it's something Mr. Morrison is interested in."

"Morrison, eh? All right. Just step into the inner office, will you, Jones? Leave the door open. There might be something interesting."

Hardly had Average Jones found a chair in the darkened office when the late caller appeared. He was middle-aged, pursy, and dressed with slip-dash ostentation. He slumped into the waiting chair and mumbled mutely at the editor.

"Well," the bulletlike snap of the interrogation stung the man into babbling speech.

"S' like this, Misser Wald'mar. S' like this. Y-yuh see, 's like this. For Gawskake, kill out an ad for me!"

"What? In tomorrow's paper? Nonsense! You're too late, even if I wished to do it."

The visitor stood up and dug both hands into his side pockets. He produced, first a binocular, which, with a snarl, he flung upon the floor. Before it had stopped bumping, there fluttered down upon the seat of his chair a handful of greenbacks. Another followed, and another, and another. The bills toppled and spread, and some of them slid to the floor. Still the man delved.

"There!" he panted at last. "Money talks. There's the stuff. Count it. Eighteen hundred if there's a dollar. More likely two thou. If that ain't enough, make your own price. I don't care what it is. Make it, Misser. Put a price on it."

There was something loathsome and obscene in the creature's gibbering flux of words. The editor leaned forward.

"Bribery, eh?" he inquired softly.

The man flinched from the tone. "It ain't bribery, is it, to ast you to rout out jus' one line from an ad an' pay you for the trouble. My own ad, too. If it runs, it's my finish. I was nutty when I wrote it. For Gawskake, Misser."

"Stop it! You say Morrison sent you here?"

"No, sir. Not exac'ly. 'S like this, Misser Wald'mar. I hadda get to you some way. It's important to Misser Morrison, too. But he don't know I come. He don't know nothing about it. Oh, Gaw! If he finds out—"

"Put that money back in your pockets!"

With an ashen face of despair, the man obeyed. As he finished, he began to sag at the joints. Slowly he slumped down until he was on his knees, an abject spectacle of disgust.

"Stand up," ordered Waldemar.

"Lies'n! Lies'n t' me," moaned the man. "I'll make it three thousand. F' thou—"

"Stand up!"

The editor's heavy grip on his coat collar beaved the creature to his feet. For a moment he struggled, panting, then spun, helpless and heading from the room, striking heavily against the passage wall outside. There was a half-dozen groan; then his footsteps clung away into silence.

"Right," grunted Waldemar. "Come back, Jones."

Average Jones re-entered. "Have you no curiosity in your composition?" he asked.

"The only thing I've been raised in is composition."

Stooping, Average Jones picked up the glasses which the man had thrown on the floor and examined them carefully. "Rather a fine instrument," he observed. "Marked N. K. I think I'll follow up the owner."

In 15 minutes Average Jones was back. There was a curious expression on his face as he nodded an assent to his friend's inquiring eyebrows.

"Where?" asked Waldemar.

"On the floor of a Park Row saloon."

"Dead drunk, eh?"

"No—er; not—er—drunk. Dead." Waldemar stiffened in his chair.

"Dead!" he repeated.

"Poison, probably. The ad was his finish, as he said. The next thing is to find it."

"You'll find it on the sporting page, I think," said Average Jones suavely. Swiftly the advisor's practiced eye ran over the column. It checked at the "offer" of a notorious firm of tipsters who advertised to sell "inside information" on the races to their patrons. As a special lure, they were on this day letting the public in on a few particularly "good things," free.

"There you are," said Average Jones, pointing out the advertisement.

To his astonishment, Waldemar noted that his friend's indicatory finger shook a little.

"Noble and Gale's form ad," he observed. "I see nothing unusual in that."

"Look at the last line."

Again Waldemar turned to the paper. "One Best Bet," he read. "That the Pharisee will never finish. Well!"

"That the Pharisee will never finish," repeated Average Jones. "If the Pharisee is a horse, the line becomes absurd at once. How could anyone know that a horse would fail to finish in a race? But if it—er—referred—to a man, an official known—as Pharisee Phil—"

"Wait!" Waldemar had jumped to his feet. A thrill, increasing and pulsating through the food beneath them, shook the building. The editor jumped for the telephone.

"Composing room; quick! Give me the foreman. Hello! That you, Corrigan? Stop the presses. . . . I don't care if we miss every train in the country. . . . Don't answer back. This is Mr. Waldemar. Stop the presses!"

The thrill waned and ceased. At the telephone, Waldemar continued: "Look up the Noble and Gale tip ad, page nine, column six. Kill the last line—the One Best Bet. . . . Don't ask me how. Chisel it out. Burn it out. Dynamite it out. But kill it. After that's done, print. . . . Hello, Dan? Send the sporting editor in here in a hurry."

"Good work," said Average Jones. "They'll never know how near their idea of removing Governor Arthur came to being boasted of in plain print."

"Here's Bendig," said Waldemar, as the sporting editor entered. "Any such horse as 'The Pharisee,' Bendig?"

"No, sir. I suppose you mean that Noble and Gale ad. I saw it in proof. Some of Nick Karboe's funny work, I expect."

"Nick Karboe, N. K.," murmured Average Jones, laying a hand on the abandoned field glass. "Who is this man Karboe, Mr. Bendig?"

"Junior partner of Noble and Gale. He puts out their advertising."

"Any connection whatever with Mr. Carroll Morrison?"

"Why, yes. Before he went to pieces he used to be Mr. Morrison's confidential man, and lately he's been doing some lobbying for the association. I understood he'd quit it again."

"Quit what?" asked Waldemar.

"Drink."

"Worse. The white snuff. Coke." Average Jones whistled softly.

"That explains it all," he said. "A cocaine fiend on a debauch becomes a mental and moral imbecile. It would be perfectly in character that he should boast of a projected crime."

"Very well," said Waldemar, after the sporting editor had left, "but you don't really connect Morrison with this?"

"Don't I! At least I propose to try. See how Waldemar: two months ago at a private dinner, Morrison made a speech in which he said that men who interfered with the rights of property, like Governor Arthur, were no better than anarchists and ought to be handled accordingly. Therefore, I don't think that a plan—a safe one, of course—to put 'Pharisee Phil' away would greatly disturb our friend's distorted conscience. You see, the governor has laid impious hands on Morrison's holy of holies, the dividend. By the way, where is Governor Arthur?"

"On the train for this city. He's to review the parade at the Harrisonia centennial, and unveil the statue to-morrow night; that is, tonight, to be accurate."

"A good opportunity," murmured Average Jones.

"What! In the sight of a hundred thousand people?"

"That might be the very core of the opportunity. And at night."

"Then why not warn the governor?"

"I don't know h'm."

"Suppose I make an appointment to take you to see him in the morning?"

This was agreed upon. At ten o'clock Governor Arthur received them at his hotel, greeting Average Jones with flattering warmth.

"You're the amateur detective who scared Hon. William Linder out of the mayoralty nomination," said he,

shaking hands. "What are you going to do to me?"

"Give you some racing news to read, governor."

The governor took the advertisement proof and read it carefully. Characteristically, he then reread it throughout.

"You think this is meant for me?" he asked, handing it back.

"I do. You're not exactly what one would call popular with the racing crowd, you know, governor."

"Mr. Morrison, in the polite manner in the world, has allowed me to smile as much," said the other, smiling broadly. "A very polished person, Mr. Morrison. He can make threats of extinction—political, of course—more delicately than any other subtle blackmailer I have ever met. And I have met several in my time."

"If this were merely political extinction, which I fancy you can take care of yourself, I shouldn't be taking up your time, sir."

"My dear Jones—a friendly hand fell on the visitor's shoulder—"I gravely fear that you lack the judicial mind. It's a great thing—to lack—at times." Governor Arthur's eyes twinkled again, and his visitor wondered whence had come his reputation as a dry, unhumorous man. "As to assassination," he pursued, "I'm a sort of Christian Scientist. The best protection is a profound conviction that you're safe. That reacts on the mind of any would-be assassin. To my mind, my best chance of safety lies in never thinking of danger."

"What is the program of the day, governor?" asked Average Jones.

"Rather a theatrical one. I'm to ride along Harrison avenue to the reviewing stand, in the old coach-of-state of the Harrison family, a lofty old ark, high as a circus wagon, which has been patched up for the occasion. Just before I reach the reviewing stand, a silk cord is to be handed to me and I am to pull the veil from the great civic statue with that, as I move on."

"Then I think that Mr. Waldemar and I will look the ground over. Could we get you by telephone, sir, if necessary?"

"Any time up to seven o'clock."

"What do you think of the chance of their passing the bill over your veto?" asked Waldemar.

"They are spending money as it has never been spent before," replied Governor Arthur. "I'll admit to you, Waldemar, that if I could find any legitimate method of calling Morrison

"Night before last, some time," repeated the man.

"Done by a deflected bullet, wasn't it?"

"Haven't any idea how it was done or why. I got here in the morning and there she was. What makes you think it was a deflected bullet?"

"Because it was whirling end-over. Normally, a bullet bores a pretty clean hole in plate glass."

"That's so, too," agreed the man with some interest.

Average Jones handed a cigar to Waldemar and lit one himself. Puffing at it as he walked to the door, he gazed casually around and finally centered his attention on a telegraph pole standing on the edge of the sidewalk. He even walked out and around the pole. Returning, he remarked to the tobaccoconist:

"Very good cigars, these. Ever advertise 'em?"

"Sure." The man displayed a tin square vaunting the virtues of his "Camarados."

"Outside the shop, I meant. Why wouldn't one of those signs look good on that telegraph pole?"

"It would look good to me," said the vendor, "but it wouldn't look good to the telegraph people. They'd have it down."

"Oh, I don't know. Give me one, lend me a ladder, and I'll make the experiment."

The tobaccoconist stared. "All right," he said. "Go as far as you like."

With silent curiosity Waldemar watched Average Jones place the ladder against the outside of the pole, mount, nail up the sign, drop a plumb line, improvised from a key and a length of string, to the ground, set a careful knot in the string and return to earth.

"What did you find?" asked the editor.

"Four holes that you could cover with a silver dollar. Some gunnery, that!"

"Then how did the other shot happen to go so far wrong?"

"Do you see that steel work over there?"

Average Jones pointed across to the north side of the street, just opposite, where a number of buildings had been torn down to permit of the erection of a new one. The frame had risen three stories, and through the open spaces in the gaunt skeleton of the rear of the houses facing on the street next northward could be seen.

"The bullet came from back of that—perhaps from the next street. They

of the species commonly conjectured as "maiden," opened the door.

"Madam," said Average Jones, "could we rent your third floor rear for this evening?"

"No, sir," said she. "It's rented."

"Perhaps I could buy the renters off," suggested Jones. "Could I see them?"

"Both out," she answered shortly.

"And I don't believe you could get the room from them, for they're all fixed up to take photographs of the parade."

"Indee—ee—ced," drawled Average Jones, in accents so prolonged, even for him, that Waldemar's interest flamed within him. "I—er—ra—s—a—ather hoped—or—when do you expect them back?"

"About four o'clock."

"Thank you. Please tell them that—er—Mr. Nick Karboe called."

"For heaven's sake, Average," rumbled Waldemar, as they regained the pavement, "why did you use the dead man's name? It gave me a shiver."

"I'll give them a worse one," replied the Ad-Visor firmly, as he jotted down words on a bit of paper, which, after some emendation, he put away.

"That'll do for a heading," he remarked. "Now, Waldemar, I want you to get the governor on the phone and tell him, if he'll follow directions, we'll put the personal liberty bill where the wicked cease from troubling. Morrison is to be in the reviewing stand, isn't he?"

"Yes; there's a special place reserved for him, next the press seats."

"Good! By the way, you'd better send for two press seats for you and myself. Now, what I want the governor to do is this: get a copy of the Harrisonia Evening Bell, fold it to an advertisement headed 'Offer to Photographers,' and as he passes Carroll Morrison on the stand, hold it up and say to him just this: 'Better luck next time.' For anything further, I'll see you in the reviewing stand. Do you think he'll do it?"

"It sounds as foolish as a college initiation stunt. Still, you heard what Governor Arthur said about his confidence in you. But what is this advertisement?"

"As yet, it isn't. But it will be, as soon as I can get to the office of the Bell. You'll meet me on this corner at seven o'clock, then?"

"Yes. Meantime, to be safe, I'll look after the reviewing stand tickets myself."

At the hour named, the editor arrived. Average Jones was already there, accompanied by a messenger boy. The boy wore the cheerful grin of one who has met with an unexpected favor of fortune.

"They've returned, both of 'em," said Average Jones as Waldemar approached. "What about the governor?"

"It took a mighty lot of persuasion, but he'll do it," replied the editor.

"Skip, son," said the Ad-Visor, handing the messenger boy a folded newspaper. "The two gentlemen on the third floor rear. And be sure you say that it's a personal, marked copy."

The boy crossed the street and entered the house. In two minutes he emerged, nodded to Average Jones and walked away. Five minutes passed. Then the front door opened cautiously and a tall, evil-looking man slunk into the vestibule. A second man followed him. They glanced eagerly from left to right. Average Jones stepped out to the curbstone.

"Here's the message from Karboe," he called.

"My God!" gasped the tall man.

For an instant he made as if to turn back. Then, clearing the steps at one jump, he stumbled, sprawled, was up again instantly and speeding up the street, away from Average Jones, turned the corner neck and neck with his companion who, running powerfully, had overtaken him.

The door of the house stood ajar. Before Waldemar had recovered from his surprise, Average Jones was inside the house. Hesitation beset the editor. Should he follow or wait? He paused, one foot on the step. A loud crash within resolved his doubts. Up he started, when the voice of Average Jones in colloquy with the woman who had received them before, checked him. The colloquy seemed excited but peaceful. Presently Average Jones came down the steps.

"They left the ad," said he. "Have you seen it?"

"No; I hadn't time to get a paper," replied Waldemar, taking the copy extended to him and reading, in large display:

OFFER TO PHOTOGRAPHERS—\$1,000 reward for special flashlight photo of Governor Arthur in tonight's pageant. Must be taken according to plans and specifications designated by the late Nick Karboe. Apply to A. Jones, Ad-Visor, Astor Court Temple, New York city.

"No wonder they ran," said Waldemar with a grin, as he digested this document.

"And so must we if we're to get through the crowd and reach the reviewing stand," warned Average Jones, glancing at his watch.

Their seats, which they attained with some difficulty, were within a few feet of the governor's box. Within reach of them sat Carroll Morrison.

The sound of music from down the street turned all faces in that direction.

Governor Arthur approached the civic statue. An official, running out to the coach, handed him a silken cord, which he secured with a turn around the wrist. The coach rolled on. The cord tightened; the swaths sundered and fell from the gleaming splendor of marble, and a blinding flash, followed by another, and a third, blotted out the scene in unbearable radiance.

Involuntarily Morrison, like thousands of others, had screened his sight with his hands after the second flash. Now, as the kindlier light returned, he half rose, rubbing his eyes furiously. A half groan escaped him. He sank back, staring in amazement. For Governor Arthur was riding on, calm and smiling amid the shouts.

Morrison shrank. Could it be that the governor's eyes were fixed on him? He strove to shake off the delusion. He felt, rather than saw, the guest of honor descend from the coach; felt rather than saw him making straight toward himself; and he winced and quivered at the sound of his own name.

"Mr. Morrison," the governor was saying, at his elbow, "Mr. Morrison, here is a paper that may interest you. Better luck next time."

Morrison strove to reply. His voice clucked in his throat, and the hand with which he took the folded newspaper was as the hand of a paralytic.

"He's broken," whispered Average Jones.

He went straight to Governor Arthur, speaking in his ear. The governor nodded. Average Jones returned to his seat to watch Carroll Morrison who sat, with hell fires of fear scorching him, until the last band had blurred its way into silence.

Again the governor was speaking to him.

"Mr. Morrison, I want you to visit a house near here. Mr. Jones and Mr. Waldemar will come along; you know them, perhaps. Please don't protest. I positively will not take a refusal. We have a motor car waiting."

Furious, but not daring to refuse, Morrison found himself whirled swiftly away, and after a few turns to shake off the crowd, into Spencer street. With his captors, he mounted to the third floor of an old frame house. The rear room door had been broken in. Inside stood a strange instrument, resembling a large camera, which had once stood upright on a steel tripod riveted to the floor. The legs of the tripod were twisted and bent. A half-demolished chair near by suggested the agency of destruction.

"Just to render it harmless," explained Average Jones. "It formerly pointed through that window, so that a bullet from the barrel would strike that pole 'way yonder in Harrison street, after first passing through any intervening body. Yours, for instance, governor. Here is an electric button which was connected with yonder battery before I operated on it with the chair, and distributed its spark, part to the gun, part to the flashlight powder on this little shelf. Do you see the plan now?"

"May I congratulate you, Mr. Morrison, on this interesting achievement in ballistics?" said the governor.

"As there is no way of properly resenting an insult from a man in your position," said Morrison venomously, "I will reserve my answer to that outrageous suggestion. Have you anything further to say to me?"

"Yes," put in Jones. "It would greatly please Mr. Waldemar to publish in tomorrow's paper an authorized statement from you to the effect that the personal liberty bill will be withdrawn permanently."

"Mr. Waldemar may go to the devil. I have endured all the hectoring I propose to. Men in my position are targets for muckrakers and black-mailers—"

"Wait a moment," Waldemar's heavy voice broke in. "You speak of men in your position. Do you understand just what position you are in at present?"

Morrison rose. "Governor Arthur," he said with stony dignity, "I bid you good evening."

Waldemar set his bulky back against the door. The lips drew back from Morrison's strong teeth with the snarl of an animal in the fury and terror of approaching peril.

"Do you know Nick Karboe?"

Morrison whirled about to face Average Jones. But he did not answer the question. He only stared.

"Carroll Morrison," continued Average Jones in his quiet drawl, "the half hour before he—er—committed suicide—er—Nick Karboe spent in the office of the—er—Universal with Mr. Waldemar and—er—myself. Catch him, Waldemar!"

For Morrison had wilted. They propped him against the wall and he, the man who had insolently defied the laws of a great commonwealth, who had bribed legislators and bossed judges and brow-beaten the public, sllobbered, denied and begged. For two disgustful minutes they extracted from him his solemn promise that henceforth he would keep his hands off the laws. Then they turned him out.

(Copyright, by the Bobbs-Merrill Company.)

Reckless Assertion.

"My daughter cannot exist without at least three servants," said the proud mother to her future son-in-law.

"Leave that to me," answered the young man.

"But will you be able to provide them for her?"

"No, but I will be able to prove conclusively that she can exist with only one."

Satisfied With Little Sleep.

The late Dr. David Allyn Gorton, who was for many years editor of the National Quarterly Review and the Medical Times, was, like Napoleon and Edison, capable of doing much work on little sleep. Four hours' sleep a day, between 2 and 4 a. m., it is stated, was his usual allowance even up to the advanced age—eighty-three—at which he died.



"Put That Money Back in Your Pockets."

PORTALES VALLEY NEWS

Volume III

PORTALES, NEW MEXICO, MAY 18, 1916

Number 28

The Roosevelt County Creamery Was Destroyed by Fire Saturday Morning About One O'Clock. Value \$15,000.00, Insurance \$9,000.00. Supposed to Have Been Incendiary

Creamery Has Been in Operation Since November First and was Making Good. Forty-Five Hundred Pounds of Butter Made This Week. Creamery Had Forced Price of Butter Fat Up Ten Cents a Pound. The Plant Will be Rebuilt at Once. A Public Meeting at the Court House is Called for Two O'Clock, This Saturday. Everybody Should be Present.

The town was suddenly awakened Saturday morning by the rapid discharge of fire arms. This was about one o'clock, a. m. Many immediately jumped to the conclusion that the town was being raided by Mexicans. This fear, however, was soon dispelled, as, upon looking out their doors, the Roosevelt County Creamery was discovered to be completely enveloped in flames. The volunteer fire department and the citizens responded promptly and valiantly, but the flames had gained such headway that their efforts were useless, except to confine the fire to the building of its origin. Within an hour from the time of the first alarm, the entire plant was burned to the ground. Mr. Blunt, the manager, says that there was no fire on the inside for it to have started from. The fires in the furnaces were put out at five o'clock and the furnaces and flues cleaned. Unquestionably the origin was from the outside and incendiary. When first discovered it was burning on the west side, the portion least exposed to view from the principal portion of the town.

The creamery was a co-operative institution and was owned by the farmers of Roosevelt county. It was erected and equipped at a cost of \$15,000.00 and was covered by insurance in the amount of \$9,000.00. The loss was total. Forty-five hundred pounds of butter had been made this week which, fortunately, had been shipped out. The creamery was making good and it had forced the price of butter up ten cents a pound. Mr. J. P. Deen, president of the creamery association, has called a mass meeting of the people to be held at the court house this Saturday afternoon at two o'clock, and all the business houses will close for this meeting, and every-one is urged to be present. The creamery will be rebuilt. One suspect is under arrest.

Let everyone attend the meeting at the court house this Saturday, May 20th. This Creamery must be rebuilt and your presence is necessary. Let nothing keep you away from this meeting



F

When buying usages pride men

Hi

W. O. OLD

First National Bank

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$75,000.00



RECEIVING TELLER

GET IN LINE

Don't you want to be one of the prosperous men in your town?

The man who has a bank account feels self respect and confidence. There is a mysterious thing called "credit," which is based on faith. You can establish this credit and this faith. You can establish this credit, that people have in you, by having money in the bank. The banker, who is the friend and adviser of every business man in his community, grows to believe in you when he sees you putting money away for your future. If you have not got a bank account, start one now. Do your banking with us.

PORTALES, NEW MEXICO

possibilities and duties of the highest type of American Citizen. Not in outward show and protestation but in the hearts of her people must lie the safety of the nation. I urge that every person in New Mexico bare the head from 12m. to 12:05 p. m. memorial day. Give these five minutes to memory and for impression.

Done at the Executive this the 12th day of May' A. D., 1916. Witness my hand and the great seal of the state of New Mexico.

WILLIAM C. McDONALD.
ANTONIO LUCERO, [SEAL]
Secretary of State.

Council Proceedings

Portales, New Mexics, May 9, 1916:— The town council met in an adjourned session and upon roll call the following trustees were present: J. P. Deen, mayor; Charles Goodloe and G. M. Williamson trustees present; Jordan and Morrison absent.

The claim of C. O. Leach Coal company for car of coal, \$155.81 was allowed and ordered paid. Ben Smith made his report of the audit of the town books from August, 1912 until April 30, 1916, the same was adopted and ordered published. The account of Ben Smith for auditing the town books amounting to \$150.00 was allowed and ordered paid.

Registered Jersey

Jack Wise, No. 118234

Jack's dam and grand dams were all heavy milkers and rich in butter fat. Jack will be kept at my lot on south Main street. Terms, \$2.50 at the gate. Also some registered and high grade bulls for sale.

Barred Plymouth Rocks and Rhode Island Red eggs, 5c each.

H. C. BEDINGER

South Main Street

Needles!

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

Dr. J. S. Pearce's
Pharmacy

IPANY

merican Block...

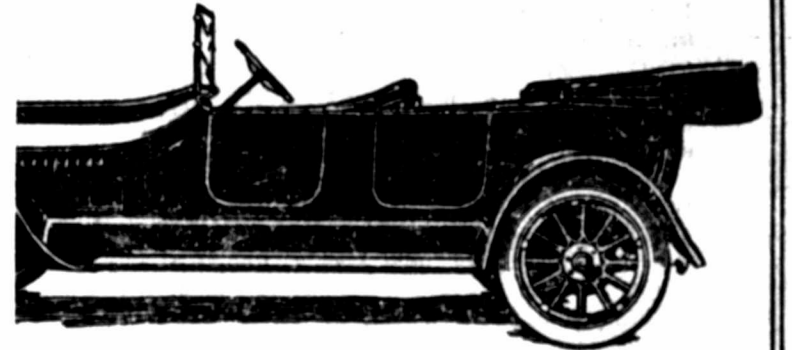
LEDGE, HARDARE AND IMPLEMENTS

I Want the Best and Light t Running Lister get the

RI BELLE

LEDGE, HARDARE AND IMPLEMEN TS

ade to Make Good"



row-Elkhart

FEATURES Full floating type rear axle; push button starting device; gasoline gauge on tank; streamline body; horn button on steering wheel post; double bulb headlights; multiple dry disc clutch; underslung three-quarter elliptic rear springs; 10 gallon gasoline tank in cowl; cowl lamps in series with tail lamp; concealed door hinges and latches; one man top; double action foot and emergency brakes; electric horn under hood; buffed long grain leatherette upholstery; 112 inch wheel base; engine develops 34.9 h. p. on brake test; three speed selective transmission; artillery type wheels fitted with 32x3 1-2 Firestone tires, electric lights and starter; Stewart speedometer; weight 2000 lbs.

PRICE \$775 DELIVERED PORTALES

J. V. BIELER, Agent

Farm Loans

I am now in position to negotiate long time loans on your improved farm or ranch.

Jas. A. Hall

...The News Will do Your Printing Right...

Drugs, Toilet Articles
Jewelry, Sundries
And Cold Drinks

We Specialize in Prescription Work

VALUE-QUALITY-VARIETY-SERVICE

..PORTALES DRUG STORE, TELEPHONE 1..

Average Jones

of Samuel Hopkins Adams

The ONE BEST BET

"Morrison has jammed the personal liberty bill through," said Waldemar, screwing a head on his completed editorial, with one eye on the clock, which pointed to midnight.

"That was to be expected, wasn't it?" asked Average Jones.

"Oh, yes," replied the editor-owner of the Universal in his heavy bass. "And now the governor announces he will veto it."

"Thereby bringing the whole power of the gambling ring down on him like an avalanche."

"Naturally, Morrison has declared open war against Pharisae Phil, as he calls Governor Arthur. Says he'll pass the bill over his veto. In his heart he knows he can't do it. Still, he's a hard fighter."

Average Jones tipped his chair back against the wall of the editorial sanctum. "What do you suppose," he inquired with an air of philosophic speculation, "that the devil will do with Carroll Morrison's soul when he gets it? Deodorize it?"

"Harsh words, young sir! Harsh words and treasonable against one of our leading citizens; multimillionaire philanthropist, social leader, director of banks, insurance companies and railroads, an emperor of the race-track, the sport of kings."

"Man to see Mr. Waldemar," said an office boy appearing at the door.

"Too late," grunted the editor.

"He says it's very particular, sir, and to tell you it's something Mr. Morrison is interested in."

"Morrison, eh? All right. Just step into the inner office, will you, Jones? Leave the door open. There might be something interesting."

Hardly had Average Jones found a chair in the darkened office when the late caller appeared. He was middle-aged, pursy, and dressed with slap-dash ostentation. He slumped into the waiting chair and mouthed mutely at the editor.

"Well?" the bulletlike snap of the interrogation stung the man into babbling speech.

"S like this, Misser Waldemar. S like this. Y-yuh see, s like this. For Gawskake, kill out an ad for me!"

"What? In tomorrow's paper? Nonsense! You're too late, even if I wished to do it."

The visitor stood up and dug both hands into his side pockets. He produced, first a binocular, which, with a snarl, he flung upon the floor. Before it had stopped bumping, there fluttered down upon the seat of his chair a handful of greenbacks. Another followed, and another, and another. The bills toppled and spread, and some of them slid to the floor. Still the man delved.

"There!" he panted at last. "Money talks. There's the stuff. Count it. Eighteen hundred if there's a dollar. More likely two thou. If that ain't enough, make your own price. I don't care what it is. Make it, Misser. Put a price on it."

There was something loathsome and obscene in the creature's gibbering flux of words. The editor leaned forward.

"Bribery, eh?" he inquired softly.

The man flinched from the tone. "It ain't bribery, is it, to ast you to rout out jus' one line from an ad an' pay you for the trouble. My own ad, too. If it runs, it's my finish. I was nutty when I wrote it. For Gawskake, Misser—"

"Stop it! You say Morrison sent you here?"

"No, sir. Not exactly. S like this, Misser Waldemar. I hadda get to you some way. It's important to Misser Morrison, too. But he don't know I come. He don't know nothing about it. Oh, Gaw! If he finds out—"

"Put that money back in your pockets!"

With an ashen face of despair, the man obeyed. As he finished, he began to sag at the joints. Slowly he slumped down until he was on his knees, an object spectacle of disgust.

"Stand up," ordered Waldemar.

"Liss'n; liss'n t' me," moaned the man. "I'll make it three thousand. F' ihon—"

"Stand up!"

The editor's hearty grip on his coat collar heaved the creature to his feet. For a moment he struggled, panting, then spun, helpless and headlong from the room, striking heavily against the passage wall outside. There was a half-choked groan; then his footsteps slumped away into silence.

"Ugh!" grunted Waldemar. "Come back, Jones."

Average Jones re-entered. "Have you no curiosity in your composition?" he asked.

"This stuff—having been raised in the newspaper business,"

Stooping, Average Jones picked up the glasses which the man had thrown on the floor and examined them carefully. "Rather a fine instrument," he observed. "Marked N. K. I think I'll follow up the owner."

In 15 minutes Average Jones was back. There was a curious expression on his face as he nodded an assent to his friend's inquiring eyebrows.

"Where?" asked Waldemar.

"On the floor of a Park Row saloon."

"Dead drunk, eh?"

"No—er; not—er—drunk. Dead." Waldemar stiffened in his chair.

"Dead!" he repeated.

"Poison, probably. The ad was his finish, as he said. The next thing is to find it."

"You'll find it on the sporting page, I think," said Average Jones suavely. Swiftly the advisor's practiced eye ran over the column. It checked at the "offer" of a notorious firm of tipsters who advertised to sell "inside information" on the races to their patrons. As a special lure, they were on this day letting the public in on a few particularly "good things" free.

"There you are," said Average Jones, pointing out the advertisement.

To his astonishment, Waldemar noted that his friend's indicatory finger shook a little.

"Noble and Gale's form ad," he observed. "I see nothing unusual in that."

"Look at the last line."

Again Waldemar turned to the paper. "One Best Bet," he read. "That the Pharisae will never finish. Well?"

"That the Pharisae will never finish," repeated Average Jones. "If the Pharisae is a horse, the line becomes absurd at once. How could anyone know that a horse would fail to finish in a race? But if it—er—referred—er—to a man, an official known—er—as Pharisae Phil—"

"Wait!" Waldemar had jumped to his feet. A thrill, increasing and pulsating through the flood beneath them, shook the building. The editor jumped for the telephone.

"Composing room; quick! Give me the foreman. Hello! That you, Corrigan? Stop the presses. . . . I don't care if we miss every train in the country. . . . Don't answer back. This is Mr. Waldemar. Stop the presses!"

The thrill waned and ceased. At the telephone, Waldemar continued: "Look up the Noble and Gale tip ad, page nine, column six. Kill the last line—the One Best Bet. . . . Don't ask me how. Chisel it out. Burn it out. Dynamite it out. But kill it. After that's done, print. . . . Hello, Dan? Send the sporting editor in here in a hurry."

"Good work," said Average Jones. "They'll never know how near their idea of removing Governor Arthur came to being boasted of in plain print."

"Here's Bendig," said Waldemar, as the sporting editor entered. "Any such horse as 'The Pharisae,' Bendig?"

"No, sir. I suppose you mean that Noble and Gale ad. I saw it in proof. Some of Nick Karboe's funny work, I expect."

"Nick Karboe, N. K.," murmured Average Jones, laying a hand on the abandoned field glass. "Who is this man Karboe, Mr. Bendig?"

"Junior partner of Noble and Gale. He puts out their advertising."

"Any connection whatever with Mr. Carroll Morrison?"

"Why, yes. Before he went to pieces he used to be Mr. Morrison's confidential man, and lately he's been doing some lobbying for the association. I understood he'd quit it again."

"Quit what?" asked Waldemar.

"Drink."

"Worse. The white snuff. Coke." Average Jones whistled softly.

"That explains it all," he said. "A cocaine fiend on a debauch becomes a mental and moral imbecile. It would be perfectly in character that he should boast of a projected crime."

"Very well," said Waldemar, after the sporting editor had left, "but you don't really connect Morrison with this?"

"Don't I? At least I propose to try. See how, Waldemar: two months ago at a private dinner, Morrison made a speech in which he said that men who interfered with the rights of property, like Governor Arthur, were no better than anarchists and ought to be handled accordingly. Therefore, I don't think that a plan—a safe one, of course—to put 'Pharisae Phil' away would greatly disturb our friend's distorted conscience. You see, the governor has laid implausible hands on Morrison's holy of holies, the dividend. By the way, where is Governor Arthur?"

"On the train for this city. He's to review the parade at the Harrisonia centennial, and unveil the statue tomorrow night; that is, tonight, to be accurate."

"A good opportunity," murmured Average Jones.

"What! In the sight of a hundred thousand people?"

"That might be the very core of the opportunity. And at night."

"Then why not warn the governor?"

"I don't know him."

"Suppose I make an appointment to take you to see him in the morning?"

This was agreed upon. At ten o'clock Governor Arthur received them at his hotel, greeting Average Jones with flattering warmth.

"You're the amateur detective who scared Hon. William Linder out of the mayoralty nomination," said he,

shaking hands. "What are you going to do to me?"

"Give you some racing news to read, governor."

The governor took the advertisement proof and read it carefully. Characteristically, he then reread it throughout.

"You think this is meant for me?" he asked, handing it back.

"I do. You're not exactly what one would call popular with the racing crowd, you know, governor."

"Mr. Morrison, in the politest manner in the world, has allowed me to surmise as much," said the other, smiling broadly. "A very polished person, Mr. Morrison. He can make threats of extinction—political, of course—more delicately than any other subtle blackmailer I have ever met. And I have met several in my time."

"If this were merely political extinction, which I fancy you can take care of yourself, I shouldn't be taking up your time, sir."

"My dear Jones—a friendly hand fell on the visitor's shoulder—"I gravely fear that you lack the judicial mind. It's a great thing—to lack—at times." Governor Arthur's eyes twinkled again, and his visitor wondered whence had come his reputation as a dry, unhumorous man. "As to assassination," he pursued, "I'm a sort of Christian Scientist. The best protection is a profound conviction that you're safe. That reacts on the mind of any would-be assassin. To my mind, my best chance of safety lies in never thinking of danger."

"What is the program of the day, governor?" asked Average Jones.

"Rather a theatrical one. I'm to ride along Harrison avenue to the reviewing stand, in the old coach-of-state of the Harrison family, a lofty old ark, high as a circus wagon, which has been patched up for the occasion. Just before I reach the reviewing stand, a silk cord is to be handed to me and I am to pull the veil from the great civic statue with that, as I move on."

"Then I think that Mr. Waldemar and I will look the ground over. Could we get you by telephone, sir, if necessary?"

"Any time up to seven o'clock."

"What do you think of the chance of their passing the bill over your veto?" asked Waldemar.

"They are spending money as it has never been spent before," replied Governor Arthur. "I'll admit to you, Waldemar, that if I could find any legitimate method of calling Morrison

"Night before last, some time," replied the man.

"Done by a deflected bullet, wasn't it?"

"Haven't any idea how it was done or why. I got here in the morning and there she was. What makes you think it was a deflected bullet?"

"Because it was whirling end-over. Normally, a bullet bores a pretty clean hole in plate glass."

"That's so, too," agreed the man with some interest.

Average Jones handed a cigar to Waldemar and lit one himself. Puffing at it as he walked to the door, he gazed casually around and finally centered his attention on a telegraph pole standing on the edge of the sidewalk. He even walked out and around the pole. Returning, he remarked to the tobaccoist:

"Very good cigars, these. Ever advertise 'em?"

"Sure." The man displayed a tin square vaunting the virtues of his "Camarados."

"Outside the shop, I meant. Why wouldn't one of those signs look good on that telegraph pole?"

"It would look good to me," said the vendor, "but it wouldn't look good to the telegraph people. They'd have it down."

"Oh, I don't know. Give me one, lend me a ladder, and I'll make the experiment."

The tobaccoist stared. "All right," he said. "Go as far as you like."

With silent curiosity Waldemar watched Average Jones place the ladder against the outside of the pole, mount, nail up the sign, drop a plumb line, improvised from a key and a length of string, to the ground, set a careful knot in the string and return to earth.

"What did you find?" asked the editor.

"Four holes that you could cover with a silver dollar. Some gunnery, that!"

"Then how did the other shot happen to go so far wrong?"

"Do you see that steel work over there?"

Average Jones pointed across to the north side of the street, just opposite, where a number of buildings had been torn down to permit of the erection of a new one. The frame had risen three stories, and through the open spaces in the gaud skeleton the rear of the houses facing on the street next northward could be seen.

"The bullet came from back of that—perhaps from the next street. They

of the species commonly conjectured as "maiden," opened the door.

"Madam," said Average Jones, "could we rent your third floor—rear for this evening?"

"No, sir," said she. "It's rented."

"Perhaps I could buy the renters off," suggested Jones. "Could I see them?"

"Both out," she answered shortly.

"And I don't believe you could get the room from them, for they're all fixed up to take photographs of the parade."

"Indee—ee—ced," drawled Average Jones, in accents so prolonged, even for him, that Waldemar's interest flamed within him. "I—er—ra—a—rather hoped—or—when do you expect them back?"

"About four o'clock."

"Thank you. Please tell them that—or—Mr. Nick Karboe called."

"For heaven's sake, Average," rumbled Waldemar, as they regained the pavement, "why did you use the dead man's name? It gave me a shiver."

"It'll give them a worse one," replied the Ad-Visor firmly, as he jotted down words on a bit of paper, which, after some emendation, he put away.

"That'll do for a heading," he remarked. "Now, Waldemar, I want you to get the governor on the phone and tell him, if he'll follow directions, we'll put the personal liberty bill where the wicked cease from troubling. Morrison is to be in the reviewing stand, isn't he?"

"Yes; there's a special place reserved for him, next the press seats."

"Good! By the way, you'd better send for two press seats for you and myself. Now, what I want the governor to do is this: get a copy of the Harrisonia Evening Bell, fold it to an advertisement headed 'Offer to Photographers,' and as he passes Carroll Morrison on the stand, hold it up and say to him just this: 'Better luck next time.' For anything further, I'll see you in the reviewing stand. Do you think he'll do it?"

"It sounds as foolish as a college initiation stunt. Still, you heard what Governor Arthur said about his confidence in you. But what is this advertisement?"

"As yet, it isn't. But it will be, as soon as I can get to the office of the Bell. You'll meet me on this corner at seven o'clock, then?"

"Yes. Meantime, to be safe, I'll look after the reviewing stand tickets myself."

At the hour named, the editor arrived. Average Jones was already there, accompanied by a messenger boy. The boy wore the cheerful grin of one who has met with an unexpected favor of fortune.

"They've returned, both of 'em," said Average Jones as Waldemar approached. "What about the governor?"

"It took a mighty lot of persuasion, but he'll do it," replied the editor.

"Skip, son," said the Ad-Visor, handing the messenger boy a folded newspaper. "The two gentlemen on the third floor rear. And be sure you say that it's a personal, marked copy."

The boy crossed the street and entered the house. In two minutes he emerged, nodded to Average Jones and walked away. Five minutes passed. Then the front door opened cautiously and a tall, evil-looking man slunk into the vestibule. A second man followed him. They glanced eagerly from left to right. Average Jones stepped out to the curbstone.

"Here's the message from Karboe," he called.

"My God!" gasped the tall man.

For an instant he made as if to turn back. Then, clearing the steps at one jump, he stumbled, sprawled, was up again instantly and speeding up the street, away from Average Jones, turned the corner neck and neck with his companion who, running powerfully, had overtaken him.

The door of the house stood ajar. Before Waldemar had recovered from his surprise, Average Jones was inside the house. Hestiation beset the editor. Should he follow or wait? He paused, one foot on the step. A loud crash within resolved his doubts. Up he started, when the voice of Average Jones in colloquy with the woman who had received them before, checked him. The colloquy seemed excited but peaceful. Presently Average Jones came down the steps.

"They left the ad," said he. "Have you seen it?"

"No; I hadn't time to get a paper," replied Waldemar, taking the copy extended to him and reading, in large display:

OFFER TO PHOTOGRAPHERS—\$1000 reward for special flashlight photo of Governor Arthur in tonight's parade. Must be taken according to plans and specifications designated by the late Nick Karboe. Apply to A. Jones, Ad-Visor, Astor Court Temple, New York city.

"No wonder they ran," said Waldemar with a grin, as he digested this document.

"And so must we if we're to get through the crowd and reach the reviewing stand," warned Average Jones, glancing at his watch.

Their seats, which they attained with some difficulty, were within a few feet of the governor's box. Within reach of them sat Carroll Morrison.

The sound of music from down the street turned all faces in that direction.

Governor Arthur approached the civic statue. An official, running out to the coach, handed him a silken cord, which he secured with a turn around the wrist. The coach rolled on. The cord tautened; the swathings sundered and fell from the gleaming splendor of marble, and a blinding flash, followed by another, and a third, blotted out the scene in unbearable radiance.

Involuntarily Morrison, like thousands of others, had screened his sight with his hands after the second flash. Now, as the kindlier light returned, he half rose, rubbing his eyes furiously. A half groan escaped him. He sank back, staring in amaze. For Governor Arthur was riding on, calm and smiling amid the shouts.

Morrison shrank. Could it be that the governor's eyes were fixed on his? He strove to shake off the delusion. He felt, rather than saw, the guest of honor descend from the coach; felt rather than saw him making straight toward himself; and he winced and quivered at the sound of his own name.

"Mr. Morrison," the governor was saying, at his elbow, "Mr. Morrison, here is a paper that may interest you. Better luck next time."

Morrison strove to reply. His voice clucked in his throat, and the hand with which he took the folded newspaper was as the hand of a paralytic.

"He's broken," whispered Average Jones.

He went straight to Governor Arthur, speaking in his ear. The governor nodded. Average Jones returned to his seat to watch Carroll Morrison who sat, with hell fires of fear scorching him, until the last band had blared its way into silence.

Again the governor was speaking to him.

"Mr. Morrison, I want you to visit a house near here. Mr. Jones and Mr. Waldemar will come along; you know them, perhaps. Please don't protest. I positively will not take a refusal. We have a motor car waiting."

Furious, but not daring to refuse, Morrison found himself whirled swiftly away, and after a few turns to shake off the crowd, into Spencer street. With his captors, he mounted to the third floor of an old frame house. The rear room door had been broken in. Inside stood a strange instrument, resembling a large camera, which had once stood upright on a steel tripod riveted to the floor. The legs of the tripod were twisted and bent. A half-demolished chair near by suggested the agency of destruction.

"Just to render it harmless," explained Average Jones. "It formerly pointed through that window, so that a bullet from the barrel would strike that pole 'way yonder in Harrison street, after first passing through any intervening body. Yours, for instance, governor. Here is an electric button which was connected with yonder battery before I operated on it with the chair, and distributed its spark, part to the gun, part to the flashlight powder on this little shelf. Do you see the plan now?"

"May I congratulate you, Mr. Morrison, on this interesting achievement in ballistics?" said the governor.

"As there is no way of properly representing an insult from a man in your position," said Morrison venomously, "I will reserve my answer to that outrageous suggestion. Have you anything further to say to me?"

"Yes," put in Jones. "It would greatly please Mr. Waldemar to publish in tomorrow's paper an authorized statement from you to the effect that the personal liberty bill will be withdrawn permanently."

"Mr. Waldemar may go to the devil. I have endured all the hectoring I propose to. Men in my position are targets for muckrakers and black-mailers—"

"Wait a moment," Waldemar's heavy voice broke in. "You speak of men in your position. Do you understand just what position you are in at present?"

Morrison rose. "Governor Arthur," he said with stony dignity, "I bid you good evening."

Waldemar set his bulky back against the door. The lips drew back from Morrison's strong teeth with the snarl of an animal in the fury and terror of approaching peril.

"Do you know Nick Karboe?" Morrison whirled about to face Average Jones. But he did not answer the question. He only stared.

"Carroll Morrison," continued Average Jones in his quiet drawl, "the half hour before he—er—committed suicide—er—Nick Karboe spent in the office of the—er—Universal with Mr. Waldemar and—er—myself. Catch him, Waldemar!"

For Morrison had wilted. They propped him against the wall and he, the man who had insolently defied the laws of a great commonwealth, who had bribed legislatures and bossed judges and brow-beaten the public, slobbered, denied and begged. For two disgusting minutes they extracted from him his solemn promise that henceforth he would keep his hands off the law. Then they turned him out.

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Reckless Assertion.

"My daughter cannot exist without at least three servants," said the proud mother to her future son-in-law.

"Leave that to me," answered the young man.

"But will you be able to provide them for her?"

"No, but I will be able to prove conclusively that she can exist with only one."

Satisfied With Little Sleep.

The late Dr. David Allyn Gordon, who was for many years editor of the National Quarterly Review and the Medical Times, was, like Napoleon and Edison, capable of doing much work on little sleep. Four hours sleep a day, between 2 and 6 a. m., it is stated, was his usual allowance even up to the advanced age—eighty-three—at which he died.



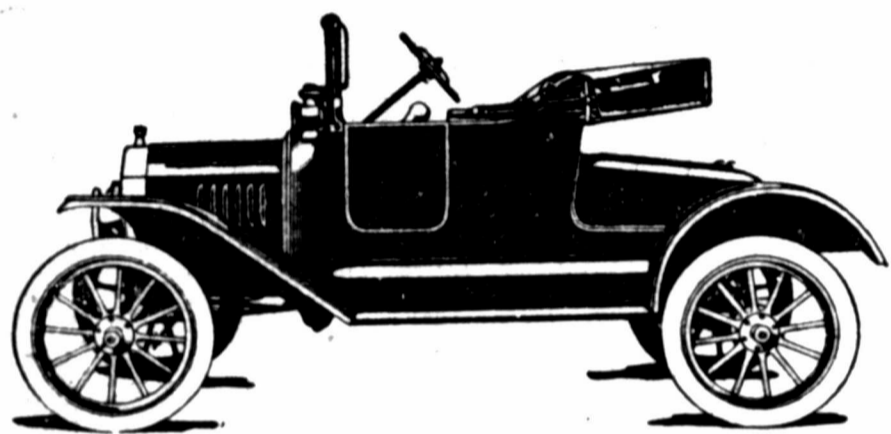
"Put That Money Back in Your Pockets."

THE LEACH COAL COMPANY

(Successor to Connally Coal Company)

...Dealers in High Class Fuel Coals. Sole Agents for American Block...

Sell Portales Made Ice, Manufactured from the Purest Water in the State
Agent for Continental Oil Company. Telephone Number 3



FALSE PRIDE

When you buy a close, compact Ford, you are buying a car that will stand the test of severe usage under all conditions. Don't let your false pride cause you to buy a car that is an experiment, and not of established value.

A Ford is an Automobile With the Fuss and Feathers Left Off

Highway Garage

R. L. BLANTON, Manager

Memorial Day Proclamation

In this year of so much strife and struggle and foreboding, the day that commemorates the honor and respect and love of a nation for those who risked all in defense of their country, ought to be of unusual significance. No one can see far into the future but all must see there signs that should stimulate the heroic determination of all who enjoy and appreciate the blessings of citizenship bestowed by those who made sacrifices not in vain. It is time for all, north and south, east and west, native and adopted sons, to bow the head and bend the knee in reverence to those who have gone; and to greet the stars and stripes with hearts, minds and lives dedicated to the honor and glory and integrity of the nation that stands for the sovereignty of individual manhood.

Now therefore, I, William C. McDonald, governor of the state of New Mexico, do hereby proclaim Tuesday, May 30th, 1916, as memorial day in the state of New Mexico. Let all observe this day in such a manner that it shall strengthen the loyalty of men and women and impress the rising generation with the responsibilities and duties of the highest type of American Citizen. Not in outward show and protestation but in the hearts of her people must lie the safety of the nation. I urge that every person in New Mexico bare the head from 12m. to 12:05 p. m. memorial day. Give these five minutes to memory and for impression.

Done at the Executive this the 12th day of May' A. D., 1916. Witness my hand and the great seal of the state of New Mexico.

WILLIAM C. McDONALD,
ANTONIO LUCERO, [SEAL]
Secretary of State.

Council Proceedings

Portales, New Mexico, May 9, 1916:— The town council met in an adjourned session and upon roll call the following trustees were present: J. P. Deen, mayor; Charles Goodloe and G. M. Williamson trustees present; Jordan and Morrison absent.

The claim of C. O. Leach Coal company for car of coal, \$155.81 was allowed and ordered paid. Ben Smith made his report of the audit of the town books from August, 1912 until April 30, 1916, the same was adopted and ordered published. The account of Ben Smith for auditing the town books amounting to \$150.00 was allowed and ordered paid.

There being no further business the council adjourned.

J. P. DEEN, mayor.
W. H. BRALEY, clerk.

Methodist Church

Last Sunday morning we held special services in honor of our noble mothers at which time every seat was occupied. It was a great inspiration to speak to such a fine audience and this you can understand if you were present to witness the great company of mothers present. God bless our noble mothers and may they live long to bless the world. There will be no preaching at the Methodist church Sunday as I will be away attending district convention at Roswell. There will be Sunday school at ten a. m. and Epworth league at 7:45 p. m.

A. C. BELL, Pastor.

Notice

The Woods boarding House is now prepared to serve the general public. Under the new management the house has been thoroughly renovated, papered, and painted. You are respectfully invited to give us a trial. Your trade will be highly appreciated. Meals 35 cents, rooms 50 cents. One block south of the square.

A. W. MCFADIH, Proprietor.

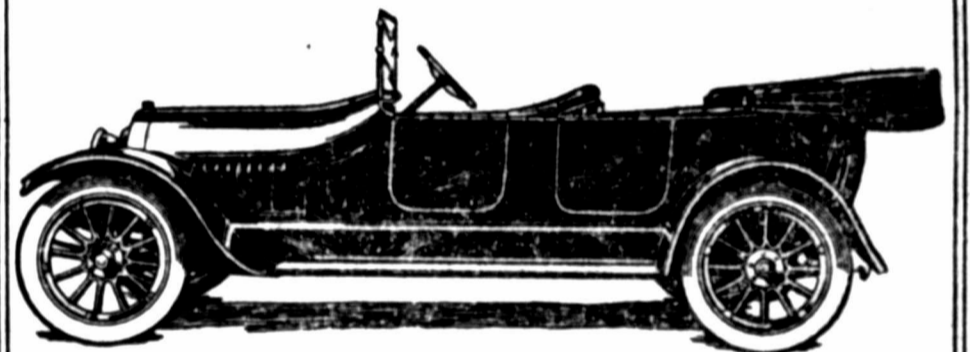
B. SLEDGE, HARDARE AND IMPLEMENTS

If You Want the Best and Light est Running Lister get the

TRI BELLE

J. B. SLEDGE, HARDARE AND IMPLEMENTS

"Made to Make Good"



Crow-Elkhart

FEATURES Full floating type rear axle; push button starting device; gasoline gauge on tank; streamline body; horn button on steering wheel post; double bulb headlights; multiple dry disc clutch; underslung three-quarter elliptic rear springs; 10 gallon gasoline tank in cowl; cowl lamps in series with tail lamp; concealed door hinges and latches; one man top; double action foot and emergency brakes; electric horn under hood; buffed long grain leatherette upholstery; 112 inch wheel base; engine develops 34.9 h. p. on brake test; three speed selective transmission; artillery type wheels fitted with 32x3 1-2 Firestone tires, electric lights and starter; Stewart speedometer; weight 2000 lbs.

PRICE \$775 DELIVERED PORTALES

J. V. BIELER, Agent

W. O. OLDHAM, PRESIDENT P. E. JORDAN, CASHIER
H. C. WAGGONER, ASSISTANT CASHIER

First National Bank

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$75,000.00

GET IN LINE



Don't you want to be one of the prosperous men in your town?
The man who has a bank account feels self respect and confidence. There is a mysterious thing called "credit," which is based on faith. You can establish this credit and this faith. You can establish this credit, that people have in you, by having money in the bank. The banker, who is the friend and adviser of every business man in his community, grows to believe in you when he sees you putting money away for your future. If you have not got a bank account, start one now. Do your banking with us.

PORTALES, NEW MEXICO

Registered Jersey

Jack Wise, No. 118234

Jack's dam and grand dams were all heavy milkers and rich in butter fat. Jack will be kept at my lot on south Main street. Terms, \$2.50 at the gate. Also some registered and high grade bulls for sale.

Barred Plymouth Rocks and Rhode Island Red eggs, 5c each.

H. C. BEDINGER

South Main Street

Needles!

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

Dr. J. S. Pearce's
Pharmacy

Farm Loans

I am now in position to negotiate long time loans on your improved farm or ranch.

Jas. A. Hall

...The News Will do Your Printing Right...

Drugs, Toilet Articles
Jewelry, Sundries
And Cold Drinks

We Specialize in Prescription Work

VALUE-QUALITY-VARIETY-SERVICE
..PORTALES DRUG STORE, TELEPHONE 1..



A FOUL VILLA'S MEN

by Capt. George B. Rodney

SYNOPSIS.

Automobile of Miss Dorothy Upton and friend, Mrs. Fane, breaks down at New Mexico border patrol camp commanded by Lieutenant Kynaston. The two women are on way to mine of Miss Upton's father, located a few miles across the Mexican border. Kynaston leaves women at his camp while he goes with a detail to investigate report of Villa gun runners.

CHAPTER I—Continued.

Day after day he had sat by his tent watching the little parties of rebel horse riding the line on the lookout for the Americans who should succeed in evading the law that prohibited gun running; for in those days almost any one would take a chance with a rifle worth its weight in coined silver and cartridges selling openly for fifteen cents apiece. And gun running was made easier by the reason of the fact that the smuggler must be caught red-handed in the act of carrying the arms across the very line itself; for any American citizen could legally own a thousand rifles within ten feet of the boundary.

"It's the same old tale, of course," reflected Kynaston as he trotted leisurely down the gentle slope that led to the Santa Mesa flats, from which the land sloped south to the Great Ranges, where the miners were praying for peace that should allow them to work undisturbed the great ore beds that held the wealth of the ages.

"Twenty miles, I suppose, and then a ride back—What is it, corporal?" Corporal Welsh had come back from the "point" of three men that was riding in advance of the party to give timely warning of any rebels who might be on the road.

"It's firing, sir, I think, off to the southeast. Listen, sir."

It was firing beyond a doubt. The men sat with intent faces, listening to the sporadic sputter of the shots. The scratch of a match as a man lit a cigarette broke the silence.

Kynaston raised his right hand over his head, the fist clenched, and raised and lowered it quickly thrice. The little squad automatically formed in column of twos and broke into a steady trot, following closely on the heels of their officer as he pushed on up the valley which, they well knew, opened out beyond the trees.

Up, up, up they pushed till the live oaks gave place to piñon pines, and the pines to bowlders. There, where the rocks ran out into scrub and the red earth showed like a blood-stain against the setting sun, they saw and heard again the cause of the firing.

Far away against the southern sky they saw the tall hats of the Villa revolutionists outlined among the grass stems and the dark shadows of the mesquit. Occasional flashes of red fire from the summit of the hill showed where their line was formed.

Instinctively, Kynaston looked for the men at whom they were firing. To his left he saw a stirring among the bowlders; even as he watched he saw the defenders move out in an attempt to gain the American side of the line.

There were about twenty of them; they came down the hillside as a tree falls, intent only on gaining the sure refuge of the line of pollard willows that marked the limit of Mexican territory. That the Villistas were after them could not be doubted, for the rush of maddened horsemen swirled down the hill as chips sunk into a whirlpool.

The fleeing Carranzistas, seeing the intent in their enemies' gait, and knowing right well what would happen should they come to hand grips with their pursuers, poured across the international line almost in front of Kynaston. The leader, a very much bedraggled captain of infantry, came forward somewhat breathlessly.

"Senior captain, I kiss your hands and feet!" Kynaston had the grace to look at those selfsame hands and feet, and, seeing that they were in condition to be embraced as was suggested, grinned behind his hand as he made answer:

"I am very glad to meet you. You are familiar, I presume, with the requirements of international law when an armed party crosses the line of a neutral state? Surrender must be made at once, and your party will be interned at some point to be designated later by the proper authorities."

"Of a certainty!" He reached back and, exhibiting his silver-mounted spurs, swung it forward gracefully. "Senior," he said, "behold my little sword!"

"Confound your little sword, sir. I don't see why the deuce you people can't have your fights so far within your own borders that we will not have to mount guard over you. Every blessed one of you, when he starts a fight, gets one foot on the American line and then thumps his nose at the other party. If you did it twenty miles south of the line you'd be caught. Gather up those pack mules, corporal."

The three loose pack mules, which had been flogged down the hill by their owners lest they, too, should fall into the hands of the pursuing party, were grazing peacefully at the line, eagerly snatching such mesquit beans as they could reach.

Corporal Welsh rounded them up and was driving them well into American territory when a shout from the pursuing party made him turn. An officer clad in a French military cap, a Mexican blouse, very dirty white trousers, and straw slippers, rode forward, saluting Kynaston punctiliously.

"I have the honor to request, sir," he said courteously, "that in accordance with the terms of the treaty that has existed between our two countries the raiders who have just crossed into American territory be turned back to answer to Mexican law."

"They've got a job, sir," commented Corporal Welsh. "They ain't got no law except what they make whiles you wait."

"I am sorry, sir, but it is impossible—that is, unless they desire to be returned to Mexican control."

Kynaston's eyes twinkled as he soberly asked the refugee officer if he desired to be so returned. In answer, that gentleman, standing not upon ceremony, openly bolted fifty yards farther into American territory. The American cavalrymen grinned appreciatively.

"If you cannot deliver the prisoners I make formal requisition on you, senior, for the loads of those pack mules. Those men have come from General Zapata in the south and have looted as they came. Houses, men, women, and children; aye, senior, and

even the convents have not been sacred from them.

"Money, jewels, and treasures have they taken, and they have left the land bare behind them as the rice fields of the South when the flight of the langostas has passed.

"I ask that this loot be returned to me to be returned to the men who owned it. That mule yonder is loaded with the treasure that they have stolen for the purpose of using it to buy arms and ammunition to help their tottering cause."

He pointed to the pack mule as he spoke, and Kynaston saw that the aparejo fairly bulged with ill-concealed packages that showed plainly as the animal swayed to and fro, rubbing its sides against a tree.

"Sorry, old fellow, but I can't help you there, either," he said pleasantly. "I can't rob Peter to pay Paul—more especially," he added sotto voce, "as I am morally sure that Paul is about ten degrees worse than Peter."

"Gather up the outfit, corporal, and take their arms and ammunition. Take the bolts out of their rifles and stow all the ammunition near my sleeping place. We'll make camp here tonight and get back to our camp after moonrise."

So they got their supper cooked by greasewood fires, and, after letting their horses rest a couple of hours, set out on the back trail. The little party of escaped federals was under careful guard, for Kynaston well knew that, given the chance, they would give him the slip and scatter on American soil.

They would not dare to escape direct to Mexico again, for there they would be shot on sight; but in the

United States almost any Mexican inhabitant whose sympathies lay with Carranza would give them shelter and food till the chance should come to smuggle them back to the federal forces.

Kynaston was very glad at heart when, topping the long ridge, his prisoners sauntering behind him, he sighted the camp fires of his permanent camp.

CHAPTER II.

The Emerald Bell.

The desert dawn was breaking when the little squad of cavalrymen rode up to their old camp. As he came down the hill Kynaston could see the gray blur down in the valley that told him that the man had not yet returned with the new gear that should repair the motor and allow his visitors to leave.

Not wishing to wake his guests, Kynaston stood by the fire, where breakfast was cooking, rolling a cigarette, waiting till the stirring notes of the mess call should tell the camp that their meal was ready.

The first note brought Dorothy from the tent. Smiling her welcome, she came forward with outstretched hand.

For answer Kynaston motioned to the little group of prisoners, who were intently watching the cooks, eager for the first real square meal in days.

"Oh!" Dorothy walked daintily forward, drawing her skirts more closely about her as she edged into the little group and addressed one of the men in the vernacular.

"¿Cual distancia de su casa?" ("How far are you from home?") she asked. Instantly the man sprang to his feet and swept off his sombrero in an exaggerated bow.

"Muchas gracias, senora! It is not often that it is given to prisoners to have a beautiful woman express sympathy for them. We are five hundred miles from home indeed, we loyal Mexicans have no homes. When we cross the border, driven across the line after fighting valiantly, our property is confiscated."

A rumble of mutterings from the others attested the truth of this.

"Good morning, everybody!" cried Mrs. Fane, joining the party. "What's up, Mr. Kynaston?"

"Good morning, Mrs. Fane!" said the lieutenant. "Nothing in particular; just showing off my prisoners, that's all."

He told how the little group of federals had surrendered to him, and acquainted her with their complaint of persecution.

"It's a shame!" cried Mrs. Fane. "It's a wicked shame that when these people wage a legitimate war to suppress rebellion the revolutionist party should confiscate their little property while they escape across the line to save their lives. What is it, Mr. Kynaston?"

For Kynaston was openly grinning. "I'll tell you. I used to sympathize with them myself before I got to know them. You see, what they tell you is only half the truth, Mrs. Fane. Ask him"—Kynaston pointed to the officer—"if his property is not going to be confiscated by the rebels after due process of law because the law provides that the property of any person in the state who shall seek refuge in another country is confiscated."

The officer nodded and spat vigorously.

"Por vida! These rebels are dogs who live on the offal that their chiefs throw them. Loot, pillage, and plunder! They know no laws, senora."

"Poco a poco," said Kynaston, still grinning. "The truth of the matter is that when Huerta was in power and the revolution was young, the federals passed a law which they called 'the law of the absent ones'—to translate freely—which was aimed especially against the rebels. By the terms of that law if any person should take refuge on the American side of the line, refusing to submit to Mexican law, his property should be confiscated."

"Exactly what he says," began Mrs. Fane scornfully.

"Precisely. But when Carranza and Villa broke and Carranza took over the government, the federals began to come across the line, and the revolutionists began to put in force the law that Huerta had passed."

"Ah, I see!" Dorothy joined Kynaston in a smile at the good lady's look of enlightenment.

"I suppose we may as well have breakfast, sergeant, if it is ready. Keep the prisoners away from those pack mules. I'll examine the packs after we have eaten. Who is that coming down the slope?"

Dorothy and Mrs. Fane both eagerly looked out across the desert in the direction of Kynaston's pointed finger. Far away against the dead brown of the mesa slope, where the bowlders gave way to red earth and piñon pine, they saw the figure of a man toiling his way painfully down the hillside, seeking by the aid of a long stick to learn the devious turns of the tortuous trail.

"Why, he's blind!" Kynaston started forward.

"Look! See how he pokes forward for each step before he moves his feet; may be sand blindness."

"Send a man over there, sergeant, to help him down into the camp. Upon my word, Miss Upton, I am seeing more excitement in the past twenty-four hours than I have ever seen before along this part of the line. Let's go to breakfast."

What part in this affair of love and intrigue do you think the aged blind man will play?

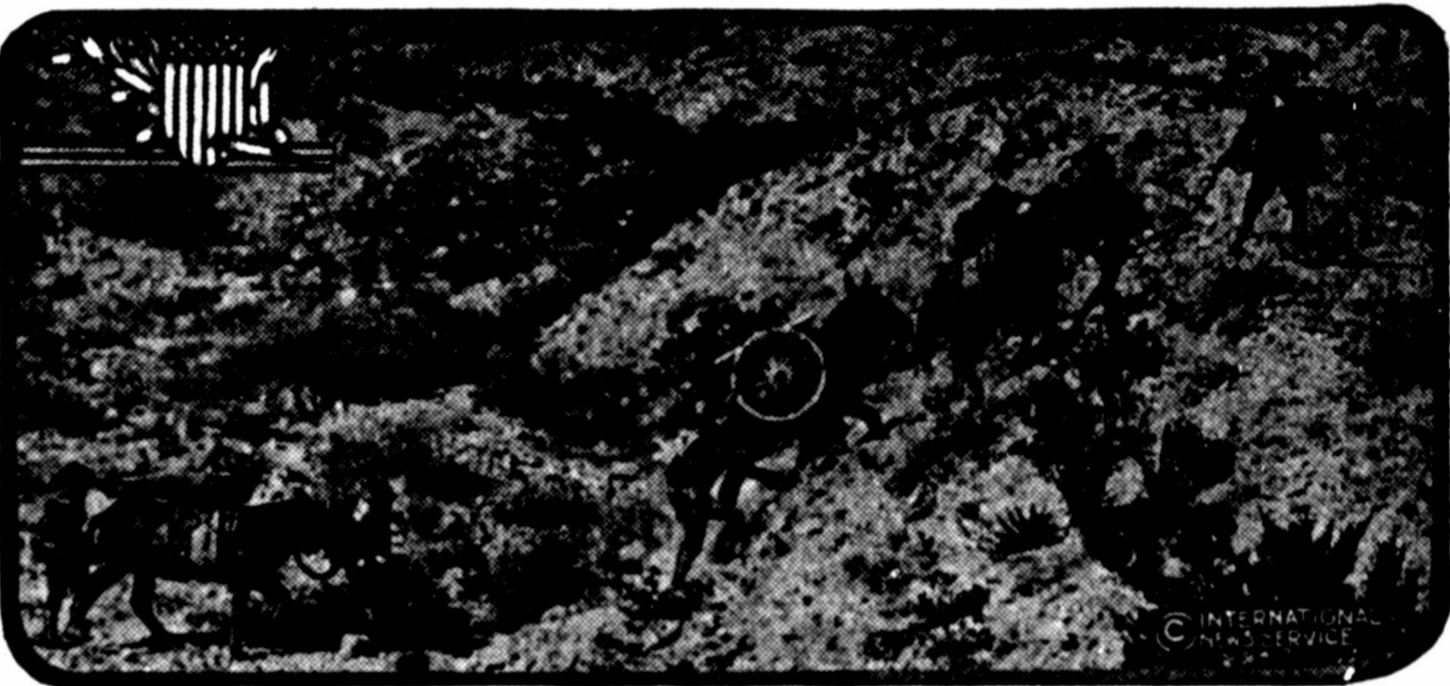
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PROTECTING THE LINE OF COMMUNICATION



Photograph of the Sixth United States Infantry in camp on the line of communication between General Pershing's advanced forces and the border.

BAD COUNTRY FOR ARTILLERY TRANSPORTATION



The difficulties of transporting the artillery across the mountains and deserts of Mexico are indicated by this photograph.

BACK FROM HIS VACATION



Colonel Roosevelt photographed on his arrival in New York after a six weeks' vacation in the West Indies. His first public pronouncement was an attack on the Mexican policy of the administration.

LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF VILLA



This latest portrait of Villa was made only a few days ago by Fred Leroy Guanville, a personal friend of the bandit. It was smuggled through by some of Carranza's secret service men who are with Villa.

WAS PRISONER OF VILLA



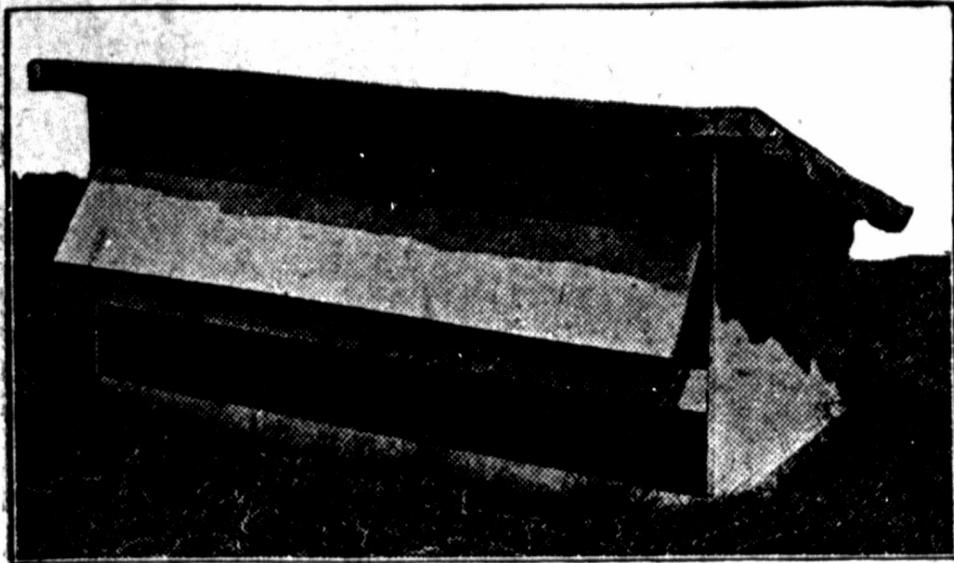
Mrs. Maude Hawke Wright was taken prisoner by Villa's bandits and carried part of the way into Mexico where she was turned loose. The picture was taken just after the child had been restored to her.

COMMANDER AT BOCA GRANDE



Capt. Richmond Smith of the Sixth Infantry, Company E, in command at Boca Grande, giving orders to the sergeant of the guard.

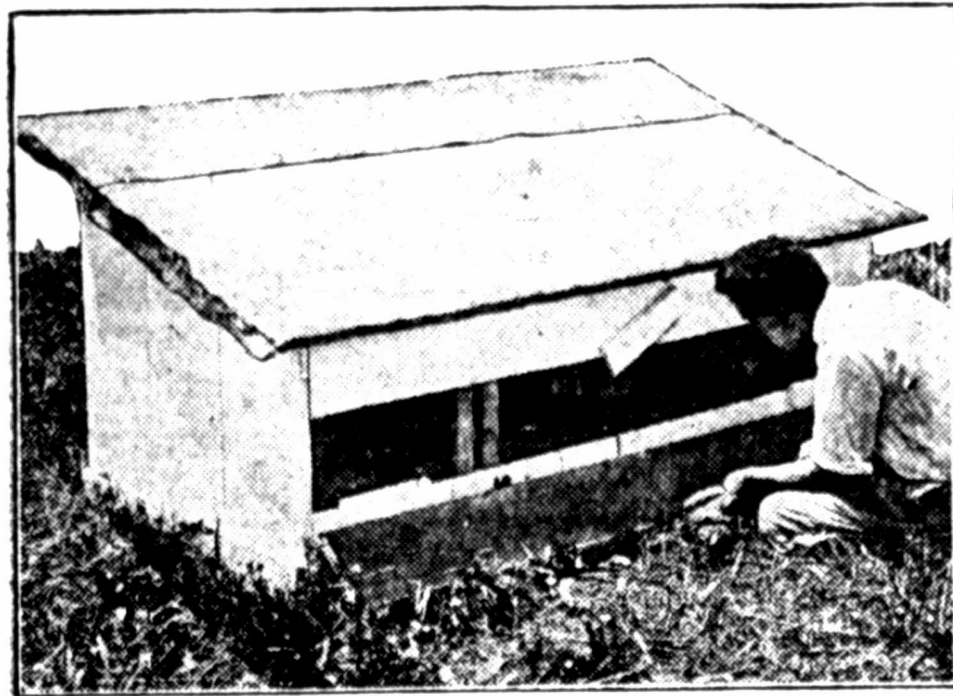
COMBINED HATCHING AND BROODING HOUSE



Front View of Combination Hatching and Brooding House.

(By PROF. H. L. KEMPSTER, University of Missouri, College of Agriculture.)
 In selecting a location for a poultry house the farmer usually chooses the one which is nearest to his home in order that the housewife may conveniently care for the poultry flock. This accounts for the usual location of the poultry house half way between the house and the barn where it is convenient for the hens to overrun not only the farm buildings, but also the kitchen porch. This habit is also encouraged by the indiscriminate scattering of feed, often closer to the farm buildings than to the poultry house. If the farm poultry house is located so as to make it natural for the hens not to run in the yards, there will be very little trouble with them overrunning the farm buildings.
 In the care of poultry one should aim as far as possible to feed all the feed in and around the poultry house. Frequently poultry can be encouraged to run into the orchard by a simple arrangement of the fences. Grain crops can often be grown upon the same ground upon which the poultry flock is running with very little injury to the crop. Corn is especially adapted to such a practice. This practice furnishes an abundance of shade during the summer when it is most needed. The yards are plowed occasionally, exposing the soil to the sun, destroying many disease germs and intestinal parasites, and the droppings which are generally wasted are utilized. In addition to making conditions more healthful, this growing of crops on the poultry runs also reduces the feed cost. Under Missouri conditions it is more desirable for chickens to be kept upon cultivated soil than it is to attempt to have a permanent sod run. Often the garden can be alternated with the poultry pasture. Under farm conditions this kind of yarding can be easily arranged with practically no fencing. While the location of the farm poultry house is generally determined by the convenience with which it can be reached from the house, a little forethought will enable the poultry keeper to make the above arrangements without sacrificing convenience.
Hatching and Brooding House.
 The combined hatching, brooding and housing coop shown below is large enough to accommodate four hens and is as good as a 60-egg incubator. Farmers who have used this coop have pronounced it a success. This coop does away with the little "A" shaped coops which are common ly given to hens after they have hatched their broods and which are soon outgrown by what chicks remain

after the spring rains and rats have taken their toll.
 This coop is three feet wide, six feet long, two feet high in the rear and three feet high in front. A door eight inches wide runs the entire length of the back so as to permit easy access to the hen. In the front are four openings which are covered with slats. It is possible to close the openings by placing an eight-inch door along the entire front. This makes the coop rat-proof at night and by hinging it at the bottom the door provides a runway for the chicks to enter. Just beneath the eaves along the front is a door a foot wide. The opening made by this door is covered with wire screen. When open this door lights the coop and protects it from rats.
 The coop can be used for hatching and brooding. It is divided by burlap frames into four compartments. The aim is to set four hens in the back part of the coop and keep food and water in the runways in front. After hatching, the chicks from two hens are given to one for brooding. Later when the hen weans her chicks the remaining partition can be removed and the coop can be used to house the young stock for the remainder of the season. It makes hen hatching easier, and more efficient brooding possible. It can be made rat-proof very easily and can be moved from place to place with little trouble.
Hints on House Construction.
 Four square feet of floor space should be allowed for each hen.
 Have from eight to fifteen inches of roosting space for each hen.
 Allow one nest to every four or five hens.
 When muslin is used for ventilation purposes, one square foot of muslin should be placed on the south side for every 15 square feet of floor space, if the house is 15 feet wide. If the house is ten feet wide, on the south side use one square foot of muslin to every 20 square feet of floor space, and if the house is 20 feet wide, on the south side use one square foot of muslin to every ten square feet of floor space.
 The foregoing rules will also apply in the use of the shutter-front method of ventilation.
 The height of the tops of the windows if placed on the south side, should be a little less than one-half as high as the house is wide.
 Glass should be placed in the house at the rate of one square foot to every 15 square feet of floor space.
 If the chickens are yarded, 150 square feet of yard space should be allowed for each bird.



Rear View of Combination House.

LAYING HENS RELISH SILAGE COOLING EGGS IN INCUBATOR

Found to Be One of the Most Satisfactory Sources of Green Feed—Keep Up Egg Yield.
 Laying hens must have green feed and plenty of it. When growing green feed is not available, vegetables of some kind must be supplied, or there will be a shortage in the egg basket. When it has been tried, good silage has proved one of the best sources of green-feed supply, and especially where legumes form part of the silage.
Cheapest Green Food.
 The cheapest form of green food is sprouted oats. To provide these, have a number of shallow boxes. Soak the oats 24 hours and spread them in the boxes, which have been provided with drainage holes. Sprinkle night and morning and feed when the sprouts are two or three inches long. A block six inches square is enough for ten fowls.

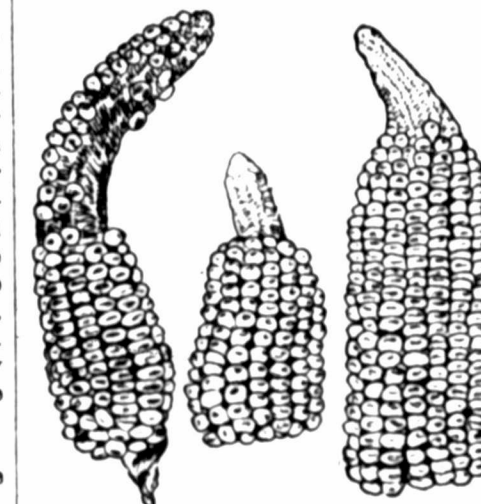
Best Result Secured in Test by Turning Five, Ten, Fifteen and Twenty Minute Periods.
 In an experiment to determine the best method of cooling eggs in an incubator, the eggs in an incubator containing eight trays were cooled for a mere turning, five, ten, fifteen and twenty-minute periods.
 The trays that gave the best results were cooled as follows: First week, five minutes in the afternoon; second week, ten minutes in the afternoon; third week, fifteen minutes in the afternoon.
 Cooling one tray for several hours proved detrimental.
Easiest Roof to Build.
 The single-pitch roof is the easiest to build and the best for poultry-houses. The single-pitch roof gives the highest front for the entrance of the sun's rays and throws all the rain-water one way.

TESTING IS ESSENTIAL

Trial to Determine Vitality of Seed Corn Is Necessary.

Where Farmers Have Reason to Doubt Viability of Seed, Germinating Test is Recommended by Government Expert.

Testing seed corn for germination—always a profitable farm practice—is an absolute necessity this year in many sections. In a number of districts the last corn crop from which seed for planting will be taken was late in maturing or so moist when harvested as to call for special precautions. A high moisture content makes seed corn particularly susceptible to damage from freezing or heating.
 While complete testing for germination should take place shortly before the seed is planted, the specialists of the United States department of agriculture believe that it will be simple forehandness for farmers who have any reason to be doubtful about the viability of their seed to make a preliminary germinating test with a few typical ears taken at random from the rack. If these preliminary tests show that the seed is good, the owner then can continue his precautions to guard it from weather damage. If, however, this test with a few ears indicates that the seed is of low vitality, the farmer should at once make further tests to satisfy himself as to whether his seed corn generally is good or bad.
 If a farmer finds his seed is bad, he should take steps at once to meet the difficulty. The farmer should secure his seed from well known sources, buy it upon a germinating guaranty basis



Do Not Plant Corn From Ears Like These.

and get his seed or typical samples early enough to make his own germinating tests.
 If the farmer happens to have a stock of seed left over from year before last and doubts the seed from last year's crop, he would do well to test the older seed also and then use whichever shows the greater vitality. Seed corn if properly cared for will retain its vitality for several years. Many farmers knowing this always select an extra amount of seed from an unusually good harvest.
 The following method of testing seed corn is taken from Farmers' Bulletin 704. The corn is placed on drying racks made by driving wire finishing nails about four inches apart on four sides of a stick. A number is placed over the nail and the butts of the ears are put on the nails. If wire fencing or other seed racks are used, the ears can be numbered in other ways.
 In single ear testing, two kernels from opposite sides of the ear on the top, two from the middle and two from the butt are put in numbered squares or portions of germinating boxes or other testers. The kernels are kept moist at a room temperature not below 90 degrees Fahrenheit, nor below 50 degrees Fahrenheit. After six or seven days the seed should begin to sprout. Only those ears from which all the kernels give strong sprouts should be reserved for planting.

SPROUTED BARLEY FOR HENS

Good Substitute for Oats and Easily Handled—Green Food is Desirable for Young Chicks.

If one is having trouble getting satisfactory growth in oat sprouts or getting the oats to sprout at all, perhaps the seed has been treated with too much sulphur for the smut. A man in New Hampshire reports that his treated oats molded and would not sprout.
 Barley makes a good substitute for oats to produce green poultry food in the winter and early spring before nature furnishes green vegetation outdoors.
 The barley may be sprouted about the same as oats, the seed being soaked in warm water 24 hours and then spread out the thin layers in sprouting tins or on shelves, where moisture and heat may be provided.
 Green food is especially desirable for part of the ration of young chicks, as it helps to keep their digestive organs healthy and aids their appetites.
Need of Green Food.
 There is all the more need of green food toward the end of winter to get the fowls in condition to lay fertile eggs for hatching. Second quality cabbage, mangels, specked apples, or anything of that kind, will do.
Burn the Dead Chicks.
 The best thing to do with dead chicks is to burn them up as soon as found.

WARMTH FOR LITTLE CHICKS

Temperature in Brooder Kept Close to 100 Degrees During First Week, Then It is Reduced.

The advent of several hundred brooder chicks means that all other plans are subservient to them for the first two weeks of their life. We plan ahead so that the household work need not interfere in any way with giving them full care, especially for the first four or five days, says a writer in an exchange. We have found that when we can keep our chicks growing steadily until six weeks of age there is little trouble afterward.
 Warmth is of first importance for these downy babies. With a valuable hatch we examine the temperature several times each night until five days of age. We keep the temperature in the brooder close to 100 degrees during the first week, and reduce this about ten degrees during the second week.
 After the third week, if the chicks are well grown and the weather is moderate, we place them in a fireless brooder heated only with jugs and cans of hot water. These brooders consist of a stout framework six inches high, which is placed over plenty of chaff on the floor of the brooder house. Over this is placed loosely an ample cover of burlap so that it touches the floor about the sides and sinks down in the center so as to rest on the floor. Under this burlap the chickens love to crawl.
 During the day one jug or can of hot water is kept under each brooder to encourage the chicks to enter when tired. At night enough are used if the weather is cool so that they can all get near the heat. If there is a tendency toward piling up it indicates that there is not sufficient heat. When sufficiently warm the chicks spread out evenly about the brooder. The burlap while retaining the heat yet admits fresh air. The chicks use these brooders until old enough to roost on low perches.

INSECTS HELP RAISE CROPS?

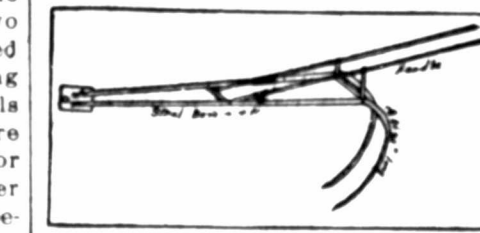
Many Plants Are Pollinated Chiefly by Bugs—Wind Also Plays an Important Part.

(By W. W. ROBBINS, Colorado Agricultural College, Fort Collins, Colo.)
 It is well known that most of our crop plants will not form fruit and seed unless the flowers are properly pollinated. The principal carriers of pollen are wind and insects. In some plants, such as the beet, both wind and insects play an important part in the spread of pollen. In all cereals and grasses, and in the potato, the pollen is carried mainly by wind. In most of our common plants of garden, field and orchard, insects are the chief and most effective carriers of pollen. The following is a list of insect-pollinated plants: Onions, asparagus, buckwheat, gooseberry, currant, cabbage, radish, turnip, raspberry, blackberry, strawberry, apple, pear, plum, cherry, peach, alfalfa, clover, melon, cucumbers and squashes. We are very dependent upon the bees and other insects for a good crop yield.

MANURE LOOSENER IS HANDY

Tool Contrived by Progressive Young Farmer for Using Horse Power to Tear Up Manure.

Here is a sketch of a tool contrived by one of our progressive young farmers for using horse power to tear up stable manure that has become



Manure Loosener, to Be Pulled by One Horse.

packed under the cattle and sheep that are fed loose in the barn, writes J. M. Hare of Illinois in Farmers' Review. It is hard work to tear this up by hand and get it into shape for even spreading by the manure spreader.
 This man tried one hook at first, and it helped him so much, he made the same tool with two hooks, and it saves him 50 per cent time and labor in separating and loading his manure spreader.
 The hooks are made of 2 1/4 x 3/4 inch steel bars, 18 to 20 inches in the bend bolted to 3x3-inch or 3x4-inch oak bars four feet long, and it has been found none too strong for one horse.

START FOR ASPARAGUS BEDS

One-Year-Old Crowns Found Superior by Experiments at Pennsylvania College.

Experiments at the Pennsylvania state college have proved that one-year-old asparagus crowns are superior to two-year ones. Growers can easily produce crowns from seed cheaper than they can buy as good ones. Moreover, they can select the large ones, which the college has proved will yield far better than second and third sizes. In a six-year's test on this point, the large-sized crowns have produced \$100 an acre more a year than the small-sized crown, so it will pay growers to throw away the small ones when planting. The slight difference in cost of large above small crown is returned many times over each year as long as the bed lasts, which it should, for fifteen to thirty years.

WORKING A DRY FARM

Certain Fundamental Considerations to Bear in Mind.

Domestic Water Supply is Absolutely Essential—Make Provision for Garden to Insure Family Living—Silo Saves Feed.

(By ALVIN KEZLER, Colorado Agricultural College, Fort Collins, Colo.)
 Dry farming at its best is serious business. As a consequence, there are certain fundamental considerations which the settler should bear in mind. A well for domestic water supply is absolutely essential. If such domestic water supply cannot be obtained upon the land or immediately adjacent to it, other features would have to be extremely desirable to make it advisable to locate a home. The production of crops is more or less uncertain and the prospective settler should by all means bring sufficient capital in money, or in money and materials, to carry him through at least one year until production can be started.
 For the most part the plains are treeless. In the building of a home, one of the first things, after the house and sheds for live stock are provided, should be the making of some provisions for trees. Where land is properly prepared and properly cultivated, trees can be grown almost anywhere on the plains, provided they are given sufficient space.
 The dry farmer should make provision for a garden somewhere near his well. If a good well is present for domestic water supply it can be used, especially if a little storage is possible, to insure a good small garden, if the water is properly applied at the right time.
 The dry farmer should by all means plan his cropping system so as to grow feed for at least a few chickens and pigs, so that the family living will be insured. The type of other live stock which he chooses to grow will depend a great deal upon his location, as either dairy or meat animals can be made profitable. There will be seasons when an abundance of feed will be produced. There will be other seasons when the amount of feed produced must be very carefully husbanded in order to permit existence; consequently, sooner or later the dry farmer should come to the proposition of saving all of his feed, and in extra good crop years to store up excess feed to tide him over the lean years which are bound to follow one season or another.
 The wide use of the silo is bound to come as a part of this development, because it permits all, or practically all, the feed grown to be stored in available succulent condition for future feeding.
 No method of dry curing of the crop is so efficient that it does not waste at least as much as 30 per cent. In the dry windy conditions which prevail as much as 80 per cent of the feed value may be lost. If put in the silo at least 90 per cent should be saved under normal conditions. In other words, the loss need not be over ten per cent and often will be less than five per cent. The silo making possible this great saving in feed is bound to have a much greater use upon the dry farms.
 In many places dry farmers are making use of open range available to carry their stock in the summer. During some seasons this open range will be cut short by extreme drought so that the animals lose flesh or fall off in milk production according to the kind of animals kept. If the dry farmer had a silo at this time he could open the silo and feed some silage during the period of short pasture and keep up his gains on beef animals and his milk production on dairy animals.
 The entire system can be summarized then, briefly as follows: Forage crops are best adapted to the soil and climatic conditions. In the best management they should be grown and placed in the silo to be fed later to live stock. Grain farming should be entirely supplementary to the general system. Of the grain cash crops which may be grown, we have winter wheat, flax and Mexican beans. With winter wheat and flax especially, the farmer should look upon the proposition as a chance for getting something extra, his living and his main returns to be obtained from live stock which are fed upon forage crops.

SUDAN GRASS ON DRY FARMS

Primarily Suited to Arid or Semiarid Regions—Crop is Considered Superior to Millet.

Sudan grass which was only recently introduced into the United States has been grown with success in practically every agricultural state in the Union. While primarily suited to the arid regions, it still does exceptionally well under humid conditions, where its best use is as a catch crop in much the same way that millet is often used. It is much superior to millet.
 Sudan grass is an annual and can never become a weed pest as has Johnson grass in certain localities.
Distance for Perches.
 In placing perches have them at least fifteen inches apart and allow at least ten inches of perch room for each hen.
Offspring of Mature Parents.
 In nearly all cases, the best animals are the offspring of mature parents on both sides.

STOP ITCHING INSTANTLY

With Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Nothing Better. Trial Free.

Bathe the affected part with Cuticura Soap and apply the Ointment. For eczema, rashes, irritations, pimples, dandruff and sore hands Cuticura Soap and Ointment are supreme. Nothing better, cleaner or purer than these super-creamy emollients at any price. Free sample each by mail with Book. Address Postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

The Lord loveth a cheerful giver—and so does every man, woman and child on earth.

Dr. Pierce's Peppermint Cure for liver, bowels and stomach. One little Peppermint Cure for a laxative—three for a cathartic.—Adv.

A woman's idea of a good husband is one who does things for her folks.

Get the Habit of Drinking Hot Water Before Breakfast

Says we can't look or feel right with the system full of poisons.

Millions of folks bathe internally now instead of loading their system with drugs. "What's an inside bath?" you say. Well, it is guaranteed to perform miracles if you could believe these hot water enthusiasts.

There are vast numbers of men and women who, immediately upon arising in the morning, drink a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it. This is a very excellent health measure. It is intended to flush the stomach, liver, kidneys and the thirty feet of intestines of the previous day's waste, sour bile and indigestible material left over in the body which, if not eliminated every day, become food for the millions of bacteria which infest the bowels, the quick result is poisons and toxins which are then absorbed into the blood causing headache, bilious attacks, foul breath, bad taste, colds, stomach trouble, kidney misery, sleeplessness, impure blood and all sorts of ailments.

People who feel good one day and badly the next, but who simply can not get feeling right are urged to obtain a quarter pound of limestone phosphate from any druggist or storekeeper. This will cost very little but is sufficient to make anyone a real crank on the subject of internal sanitation.

Just as soap and hot water act on the skin, cleansing, sweetening and freshening, so limestone phosphate and hot water act on the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels. It is vastly more important to bathe on the inside than on the outside, because the skin pores do not absorb impurities into the blood, while the bowel pores do.—Adv.

All Hard. "I can sell you this house on very easy payments."

"That's interesting. I didn't know there was any such thing as easy payments."

Whenever You Need a General Tonic Take Grove's

The Old Standard Grove's Tasteless Child Tonic is equally valuable as a General Tonic because it contains the well known tonic properties of QUININE and IRON. It acts on the Liver, Drives out Malaria, Enriches the Blood and Builds up the Whole System. 50 cents.

A Secret. "Does anybody know how Van Geld made his money?"

"Evidently not. Otherwise Van would probably be in jail."

Druggist Knows the Best Kidney Remedy

For more than twenty years I have been successfully selling Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root to my customers who were in need of such a medicine and they all speak in the highest terms of the good results obtained from its use. I know it is a good medicine for kidney, liver and bladder troubles and I never hesitate in recommending it to anyone who is in need of it.

Very truly yours, W. H. MASON, Druggist, Jan. 5th, 1916. Humboldt, Tenn.

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

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You

Send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample size bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention this paper. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.—Adv.

Of Course. "Hopkins says he owes everything he has to his wife."

"I suppose that is why he put his property in his wife's name before he failed."

IT IS IMPERATIVE

that you keep a bottle of Mississippi Diarrhoea Cordial in your medicine chest. In constant use for fifty years. Price 25c and 50c.—Adv.

Reading maketh a full man—but they have another name for it in a dry town.

STOP ITCHING INSTANTLY

With Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Nothing Better. Trial Free.

Bathe the affected part with Cuticura Soap and apply the Ointment. For eczema, rashes, irritations, pimples, dandruff and sore hands Cuticura Soap and Ointment are supreme. Nothing better, cleaner or purer than these super-creamy emollients at any price. Free sample each by mail with Book. Address Postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

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A woman's idea of a good husband is one who does things for her folks.

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DR. W. E. PATTERSON
Physician and Surgeon
Office at Neer's Drug Store. Office phone 67 two rings, Residence 65

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

SAM J. NIXON
Attorney-at-Law
Portales, - - New Mexico

DR. W. L. JOHNSON
Chiropractor
Office at the Nash boarding house Portales, - - New Mexico

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

COMPTON & COMPTON
Attorney at Law
Practice in all courts. Office over Humphrey & Sledge Hardware. Portales, New Mexico.

Recruits Wanted
Men are wanted to volunteer for service on the Mexican border. Apply to
J. B. PRIDDY, 1st Lieut.
1st Inf. N. M. N. G.
Recruiting Officer

PATENTS
Obtain through the old established D. SWIFT & CO., are being quickly secured by manufacturers.
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Hens
Broilers
Turkeys
Ducks
Cow Hides
Country Butter

Will Pay the Highest Cash Price

Get My Prices Before You Sell

J.A. Saylor

A Good Record
The Roosevelt county creamery this week made forty-five hundred pounds of butter. This is one thousand pounds raise from the last report about two weeks ago. At this rate it will not be long until the creamery will be running at full capacity. It is the quality that sells it and it is the square deal that gets it in the cream. Everybody yatronizes the home creamery.

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. 1-1f

For Sale
Work mares, and mules, also some good milk cows and stock cattle-John Young, one mile east and four miles south of Portales.

Bryan Greathouse Wins
Bryan Greathouse has returned home from Roswell for a weeks visit with his parents. He has been going to school in Roswell for the last three years, graduating this year with the largest class that has ever completed the high school course in New Mexico.

Mr. D. J. Greiner offered a prize of a twelve hundred and fifty dollar life insurance policy for one year, with the Columbian National life insurance company, to the senior boy who would make the highest grade. Bryan was the one who had the honor of having this prize presented to him.

He deserves great credit, because he has worked his way through the Roswell High school. He is intending to enter Washington and Lee university, Virginia, this fall, one of the best universities in the United States.

Kodak supplies, Portales Drug Store.

Chautauqua?
Clean Up

In order to avoid and danger of epidemic diseases in Portales the board of trustees have appointed me health officer with instructions to have the town cleaned up. Therefore I earnestly request all citizens living within the corporate limits to clean their premises. All manure, tin cans, rubbish and all other waste matter must be hauled to the city dumping ground. Cleaning your premises will destroy the breeding places of flies, the flies carry the disease germs, rubbish heaps no flies, no flies, no disease. The health of yourself and family depends upon the fulfillment of this request. Cleanliness is cheaper than drugs and funeral bills. Will you help me in this work for humanity,
Dr. J. F. Garmany,
Health Officer

What is a Chautauqua?
Dr. N. F. Wollard reports the birth of a fine baby girl to Mr. and Mrs. Joe Moody, Thursday of this week.

Shall we have a Chautauqua?
Mrs. W. E. Lindsey



Democratic Convention, Albuquerque, May 24, dates of sale, May 22-24, one and one-third fare round trip.

Sunday School Convention, Las Vegas, June 6-10. Certificate plan.

Panhandle Hardware and Implement dealers association, Amarillo, Texas, May 22-24. Round trip \$6.35.

Summer Tourists rates to all points in the United States.

Further Information from
W. S. WINTER, Agent

...MONUMENTS...

Agent for Sweetwater Marble works, Bills Brothers and Jones-Rapp Monument companies. Glad to show samples.

..Inda Humphrey..

Sunnyside Dairy Farm
Frank M. Beard, Prop.

JERSEY MILK and CREAM

We Try to Please
Phone 129. Portales, N. M.

You Are Next

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



White Plymouth Rocks
Fifteen Eggs..... 50 cents
Month old chicks, each, 25 cents
Day old chicks, each... 15 cents

Beautiful to look at, delicious to eat and wonderful to lay.
Mrs. W. E. Lindsey

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We handle all kinds of BUILDING MATERIAL

Portales Lumber Company

..Be on Time..

...SWAT THE FLY...

Fly Swatters, Screen Wire, Hoes, Rakes, Sprinklers, Listers, Godevils, Wagons, Eclipse Windmills and Repairs. Oil Stoves, three sorts to choose from. A full line of Graniteware and Queensware. Pyrex Baking Dishes. We want your trade. Will deliver goods inside city limits. Call and see us.

...INDA HUMPHREY...
PHONE NUMBER 104

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We have complete indexes to all real estate in Roosevelt and Curry counties. Abstracts made promptly. Office, upstairs in Reese building, telephone 63.

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