

# THE PORTALES VALLEY NEWS

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PORTALES, NEW MEXICO, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1917

Volume XV, Number 14

## H. C. KACHEL, WELL KNOWN FARMER KILLS HIMSELF

While at Neighbor's House Sunday Uses Shot Gun, Shooting Self in the Left Breast

Was Prosperous Farmer of Rogers and Leaves a Wife and Four Small Children

Last Sunday afternoon Henry Kachel, of the Rogers community, committed suicide by shooting himself in the breast with a twelve-gauge shotgun. He lived only two hours and forty-five minutes. Dr. J. S. Pearce was immediately summoned but there was never, at any time, hope of saving his life.

Mr. Kachel came to the Rogers community with the early settlers of that locality, coming from Missouri. He was a thrifty and prosperous stock farmer and was fast getting in comfortable circumstances. It had been known for some two months that he was suffering from mental derangement, but his many friends believed that it would pass away and that he would soon be his own bright and energetic self again.

It appears that he was across the street at a neighbor's house, Mr. Gans, and that he was not feeling well. Mr. Gans endeavored to get him to go home and, upon his refusal, told him to go into the house and that he would get some kindling and build a fire. Mr. Kachel, thereupon, went into the house and Mr. Gans went after something to build a fire. He heard a noise in the house but it did not sound like the report of a gun. Upon going inside he found the deceased had taken the shotgun, placed the muzzle at his breast and leaned over and pulled the trigger with his right hand. In bending over to discharge the weapon the muzzle was deflected so that the charge entered below and a little to the left of the heart. After the wounded man was put to bed he appeared to be conscious and rational.

He leaves a wife and four children. Funeral services were held at the residence near Rogers Monday afternoon by Rev. G. Harmon, of Clovis.

### Federal Farm Loan Association

Wednesday of this week there was a federal farm loan committee, known as the Shallow Water National Farm Loan association, organized with the following directors: T. W. Austin, W. A. Turner, W. O. Davis, J. H. C. Pope, C. F. Moon and Joe Bradley. Following are the amounts of land offered, and amount of loan asked for:

Hamlin Hill, 640 acres	\$3000.00
J. F. Maxwell, 160 acres	400.00
W. O. Davis, 160 acres	1000.00
J. H. C. Pope, 160 acres	1000.00
Jas. R. Sadler, 160 acres	800.00
A. A. Boulter, 320 acres	1500.00
B. D. Hutchison, 160 acres	800.00
T. W. Austin, 160 acres	1500.00
W. H. Turner, 320 acres	1600.00
S. B. Haskew, 480 acres	2100.00
Mrs. C. E. Moore, 160 acres	600.00
S. D. Burke, 240 acres	1500.00
W. W. Ridgeway, 160 acres	500.00
Joe Bradley, 800 acres	4000.00
B. M. Trammell, 160 acres	1000.00
C. F. Moon, 440 acres	2200.00

The proposed loan association takes in approximately five townships and is located in some of the best farming districts in the county.

### Letter from State Senator Bryant

To the Portales Valley News, Portales, New Mexico.

Gentlemen:—It seems that my attitude has been misunderstood by certain parties in Portales and vicinity in regard to the taking from Roosevelt county of \$2,365,360.00 in valuations and placing it in the new county of de Baca, so I feel that it is necessary that I make a public statement to the people of Roosevelt county through the columns of your paper, stating just what action I have taken and what efforts I am using to either hold our county intact as it now stands, or to get sufficient additional territory to justify giving up the northern part, or the Panhandle of Roosevelt county.

To begin with, I will say that this is the first experience I have had in reducing or taking from a county, and naturally the most important feature to appeal to me is the amount of taxation it would place upon that part of the county remaining. Through conference and by letter with the county people and officials at Portales, I am convinced that in the event the Pan-handle part being taken over by the county of de Baca that the tax rate in that part of Roosevelt county remaining would have to carry an additional burden of twenty per cent increase in taxes over the present rate.

Another proposition that was put up to me by the people of the section desiring to leave us was that they did not desire to separate from us unless they had a good chance themselves to secure the county seat, so I was placed in a peculiar position of representing one element wanting no division and the other element wanting a division for selfish motives, and I feel that it is my duty to first stay with those remaining in the county and that I should use my greatest energy to protect their interests than to relieve those who are seeking to separate from us. Finding it rather difficult to reach any conclusion as to what attitude I should assume, I thought it best to allow the bill to be introduced in the house to get the matter before the people in a tangible way, so that we could work to some definite purpose, but before they introduced it, it seems that Mr. Pardue had taken the matter up with Portales through Judge G. L. Reese, which resulted in Judge Reese being sent here from Portales with a view that the county division was bound to come and in case it did it, then to make the best agreement possible for the interests of Roosevelt county. Judge Reese and Mr. Pardue reached an agreement, in which I was asked to acquiesce, but I reserved my opinion and my promise until I could hear from the sections of our county as to whether or not said agreement would be to their satisfaction and it seems that by my taking that precaution that a wrong construction has been placed upon my attitude here in Santa Fe and also in the city of Portales. Mr. Pardue was frequently present in discussions of the justice of this cut being made from Roosevelt county and every time that I would make an assertion that it was unjust and that my constituents were not agreeable to it, Mr. Pardue would at once remark that Judge Reese had been sent here by the people interested to effect a compromise to the best advantage and that he had done so and that my constituents were satisfied and that I did not represent the sentiment of that portion of Roosevelt

## IT'S NOT A LEAD PIPE CINCH THAT DE BACA COUNTY BILL WILL BECOME A LAW AT THIS SESSION

Committee Sent to the Capital to Place the Facts of This Bill Before the Senate Seems to Have Done Some Splendid Work in Getting Them to Investigate Matters

Members of Senate Committee and Members of Senate Have Not Understood Attitude of Roosevelt County Heretofore and Mr. Pardue Has Been Enabled to Make Statements Unchallenged. Better Understanding Prevails Now

Mr. P. E. Jordan, cashier of the First National bank of Portales, returned Friday morning from Santa Fe, where he had been as a member of the committee sent by the citizens of Roosevelt county for the purpose of getting the facts of the De Baca county bill before the senate.

In speaking of the probabilities of the passage of this act by the senate, Mr. Jordan said: "That Guadalupe county also had a committee on the ground for the same purpose as Roosevelt, and that the senate committee on boundaries and lines have been and are now holding daily hearings for the purpose of arriving at the true wishes of the people directly affected by the bill. Messrs. Jordan, Garrett, Ball and Bryant have appeared before this committee and are all doing everything in their power to furnish this committee with all the facts in the matter. The chairman, Mr. Gallegos, appears determined that every opportunity shall be given for all parties to be heard and has been uniformly fair and impartial."

While the advocates of the bill creating the new county have the best of the proposition at this time, in point of support promised, still there is hope that enough senators may see the true purpose of the bill to defeat it. One thing is sure, and that is that had not Messrs. Jordan, Garrett and Ball gone to the capital, the bill would have had clear sailing and but little opposition. The great trouble thus far has been that the attitude of Roosevelt county has not been rightly understood, and Mr. Pardue, the sponsor of the bill, has been enabled to make his claims without fear of contradiction. However, with this better understanding, the prospects of maintaining the integrity of Roosevelt county are much better. Messrs. Garrett and Ball are still at the capital working with the committee.

"Pardue is trying to prejudice some of our people against you, but think our people are united in this matter, especially those who are thinking of the future."

My whole attitude has been to preserve to the people interested as low a tax rate as is consistent with good business and that has been my entire idea after considering the convenience of those who live some distance from the county seat, as I feel that it is impossible for every section to have its own county seat and therefore some people are necessarily compelled to go some distance to attend to matters relating to county affairs, and I want to say that it is my absolute intention and desire to use every energy I possess to prevent the new county taking from us a section of territory such as the one that the bill introduced in the senate as a committee substitute to House Bill No. 37 carries, and owing to the rumors that have been wafted about in this city and that of Portales I feel that this explanation is due to the

people, as well as to myself, and if it meets with their disapproval I want them to thoroughly understand that I am here, subject to their orders and my personal attitude will be subservient to the wishes of the majority of my constituents.

I hope that you can feel yourselves at liberty to print this in your paper, as I believe it is necessary.

Yours respectfully,  
R. G. BRYANT,  
State Senator.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Wilcox, of Fairbury, Illinois, arrived Friday morning for a stay in Portales. Mr. Wilcox was the philanthropist who furnished so many perfectly good dollars toward the support and comfort of a few of the faithful Democrats after the official returns from California came in. Jack was a good loser and his liberality should commend him to the unwashed.

E. L. Kohl, father and brother returned from the foot hills Monday where they had been in search of enlarged homesteads. They report that they found something good.

Dr. D. D. Swearingin, the eye, ear, nose and throat specialist, is in Chicago taking a post graduate course and will not fill his date here this month.

Mrs. Jack Gaither, of Wichita Falls, Texas, is in the city, called here by the illness of her mother, Mrs. M. J. Faggard.

### Hagerman vs. Portales

In one of the cleanest, fastest and best basket ball games ever witnessed in Portales, the home team defeated the fast quintet of the Hagerman High School on last Friday at the armory.

The game started off like a walkover for Portales, but the Hagerman boys soon got busy and when the first half was ended the visitors had moved their score almost up with that of Portales; the score at this period being 17 to 13. The second half started off with a hard battle, each side taking its turn in making the baskets. The Portales boys, however, soon showed their superiority and got in a bigger lead which they maintained until the final whistle blew. Final score, 34 to 23 in favor of Portales.

People who saw the game declared it one of the best ever witnessed on the home floor. The very best of feeling existed between the contesting teams. Not an unpleasant thing happened or a particle of bad feeling existed throughout the entire game. Hagerman had shown our boys every courtesy possible while in their city, and while the visitors were in our midst, the Portales boys showed them that they were capable of reciprocating the splendid treatment in full measure. The Hagerman boys proved themselves perfect gentlemen while here.

Such fine spirit in athletics should be encouraged, and certainly merits more liberal patronage than was given this game. Our students are required to bring up their school work before they are permitted to participate in the games, and now let's stand by them and give them the proper support.

The Hagerman boys played at Clovis Saturday night. The score was 31 to 27 in favor of Clovis.

John G. Tyson has bought the ranch formerly owned by John McMahan, about forty miles west of Portales. John says that if the legislature cuts him out of Roosevelt county that he will buy again closer to the county seat.

Dr. Williams, assisted by Dr. Wollard, operated on the little boy of Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Clayton this week for adenoids, they also took out the little fellow's tonsils.

Mrs. Ella Burnett and L. L. Kachel, of Buffalo, Missouri, who have been visiting with Henry Kachel and family, returned home Thursday.

Deputy Sheriff Adams brought over from Taiban one, Anderson, charged with passing bad checks. He plead guilty.

A. A. Rogers, president of the Portales Utilities company, left Tuesday morning for Chicago.

### "Uneasy Lies the Head."

A German princeling is reported to have been "nominated" to the throne of Albania. "Uneasy lies the head," etc., and it is difficult to imagine a much more uneasy proposition than the leadership of a people whose chief occupation, at any rate whose chief interest, lies in murdering feuds. Imagine the Highlands of Scotland as they were in the middle ages, with the McIntoshes and Camerons ever at war, and other clans or party of clans following suit. Imagine the introduction into this hurly-burly of warring religions, not two but three, all bitterly opposed to each other. Imagine further, that two foreign nations are perpetually intriguing among these distraught Highlanders trying to win clans over to their respective sides. There you have the condition of Albania at the present moment, with this additional complication—that those who have been included in the territory of Montenegro, Serbia, and Greece will be perpetually kicking against the pricks.—London Evening Standard.

## A BAPTIST SANITARIUM FOR PORTALES SHORTLY

New Institution to Be Modern in Every Particular and a Credit to Any Community

With One Exception Will Be Only Protestant Hospital Within Several Hundred Miles

The Baptist people of Portales will put in a sanitarium that will be up-to-date in every particular. It will have six rooms for patients, one large ward, one operating room, one diet room and kitchen, one office and one room for the nurses. The equipment will all be of the latest and best. The operating room will be on the second story and will have a sky light. The promoters want it understood that it will be at the disposal of all, that is, that no patients will be refused admittance whether they have means to pay for their accommodations or not. It is expected that this institution will have assistance from all over the territory that is any where close to this. It is pointed out that it will be, with one exception, the only protestant denominational hospital within many hundreds of miles, and for this reason it should have the hearty support of all. Portales has, for some time, needed a sanitarium, a place to properly care for the sick and the afflicted. It is next to impossible to give the proper care and attention to patients outside of a hospital and we are sadly behind the times in this matter. Talk this matter up, encourage the promoters and may be we will soon have this much needed institution.

### White House Changes Hands

Wednesday of this week the White House grocery was bought by Henry Shapcott and sons and they entered into possession at once. The White House has always been one of the unusually clean and sanitary provision houses and has always enjoyed a good trade. Mr. Shapcott says that he is going to make an especial bid for the country as well as the city trade and that he wants all the farm produce that comes to town. He also informed the News man that he would have a satisfied trade, whether he made any profit or not; that only honorable and upright methods would be employed. With the declaration of principles as laid down by him, it goes without saying that the new firm will get its share of the patronage.

Mrs. A. B. Seay and daughter, Miss Maurine, left Sunday morning for Ardmore, Oklahoma, at which place they will, probably, make their home. This was one of the estimable families of Portales and their moving away will be a distinct loss to the community.

P. E. Jordan, W. H. Garrett and W. H. Ball left Sunday morning for Santa Fe to bring what influence they could to bear to prevent the cutting off of twenty-two townships of Roosevelt county.

W. F. Faggard is up from his Carlsbad ranch, called here by the illness of his mother, Mrs. M. J. Faggard.

**HOW TO MAKE BUTTER OF GOOD QUALITY**



**STIRRING AND TAKING TEMPERATURE OF CREAM.**

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

When the cream is about ready, scalding water should be added to the churn to cleanse it thoroughly and also to swell the pores of the wood and thus prevent the cream being absorbed. The lid should be placed on the churn and the churn given a few turns. The lid should then be removed and the water drawn out. Cold water is now added to cool the churn, to prevent raising the temperature of the cream when it is poured into the churn. The churn is given a few revolutions and the water is drawn off as before. At this time the printer and paddles or ladies should be scalded and placed in



**Beginning Operations With an Earth-sweeps Plunger-Type Churn.**

cold water to swell the pores of the wood and prevent the butter from sticking. The churn is now ready for the cream, which should be poured through a coarse strainer to remove any lumps of cream or any hard white specks which are formed by the drying of the cream to the sides of the can. The natural color of butter when

**PARROT IS VERSATILE BIRD**

Excels Other Representatives of Feathered Tribe in Many Ways Besides Imitating Human Voice.

It appears that it is not only imitating human speech that the parrot excels most of the birds. It is one among birds in taking food in its claws. With these two characteristics it makes more or less use of that which distinguishes humanity from the rest of the animal kingdom—the hand and the larynx.

The monkey uses its hands and the elephant its trunk in feeding. Various animals have a habit of pawing their food. Rodents have serviceable toes. Still, the parrot is pre-eminent among birds in this regard. The secretary bird is said to attack reptiles with its claws, and some observers have said that owls make partial use of their remarkably flexible perching-toes somewhat more than does a hen in scratching for food. However, there is no other bird which, when presented with a piece of food, will accept it in its claws.

Parrots do not, of course, talk, as the word is used, in their wild state, and are not known to be imitative of neighboring sounds, nor to possess the repertory of the mockingbird. It is, therefore, a question whether or not their use of the claws is largely imitative also. The shape of the parrot's beak would indicate that some assistance in eating has always been a part of the bird's characteristics. Like man, the parrot makes its appearance in the world naked and helpless.

**Aeroplane Shaped Like Bird.**  
An artificial bird built by a French inventor, which has recently been subjected to practical tests, apparently solves what has been one of the hardest problems in connection with heavy aircraft—spring mechanism, that of in-

**STAGE SALARIES NOT HIGH**

Annual Income of Good Japanese Actor Estimated at \$7,500, Out of Which He Pays for Costumes.

According to the author of an interesting work on the Japanese stage the profession of an actor in Japan is not considered a high one. "When a play is staged," he writes, "it runs at least 23 consecutive days. For such a term a first-class man would earn about \$1,250 and his annual income may be estimated at \$7,500. But it must not be forgotten that out of this sum he must provide his own costumes, which are very expensive.

"The curtain does not rise, as in Europe and America, but is pulled sideways and one can easily see the attendants who are entrusted with this work. The orchestra is hidden behind the scenery, while in a sort of proscenium box the reciter sits concealed behind a curtain of thin bamboo. There is no applause by clapping hands as in our theaters, but the public stimulates the actors by exclamation, in a way that may be compared to the encouraging and cheering of the dancers in Spain. From the greenroom a bridge leads to the platform. This bridge is called Flow-erpath. The greenroom is closed by a drapery, which the actors must lift for themselves. When the performers have some importance and reputation they have an attendant for the purpose of lifting this drapery. But the first actors have the title *taiya*, which confers the right to two assistants to hold up the curtain of the greenroom for their entries and exits."

**GOT MAIL THROUGH QUICKLY**

Efficient System That Was in Use by the Romans Some Hundreds of Years Ago.

While the Roman postal service of ancient days was, of course, a crude system, yet the mails were forwarded with considerable speed. The system of couriers on horseback was borrowed from the Persians, who, according to Xenophon, had established it under Cyrus. The Roman adaptation of this was the best system of transmitting letters among the ancients.

All along the great Roman roads stations were erected at distances of five or six miles from one another. At each of these stations 40 horses were constantly maintained, and by the help of relays it was easy to travel 100 miles in a day.

These services were intended for the state only, it being imperative to secure the rapid interchange of official communications. In the time of Julius Caesar the system was so well organized that of two letters the great soldier wrote from Britain to Cicero at Rome the one reached its destination in 26 and the other in 28 days.

Private citizens were obliged to resort to the services of slaves, and it was not until the end of the third century that there was an establishment of a postal system for private persons by the Emperor Diocletian; but how long this system endured history does not inform us.

The supply of horses and their maintenance was compulsory, and only the emperor could grant exemption from it.

**A Trail of Faith.**

A pastor in western Pennsylvania, who until recently was a believer in the literal answer to prayer, now is, with some trepidation, taking stock in his faith. Not long ago a visiting fellow clergyman prayed fervently in his pulpit to this effect:

"May the brother who ministers to this flock be filled full of fresh zeal and new vigor."

The startled pastor says that he doesn't object to fresh zeal in moderation, but does object to having one of these new breakfast foods forced upon him.

**British Humor and Ours.**

Some Americans think that they do not like British humor. That is because they expect it to be like American humor. They might as well dislike the charming Surrey hills because they are not like the Rocky mountains.

American humor is original, quick and striking. It insists on your attention like a lively terrier. British humor is quiet and confident. It sits and pats by the fire until you come and stroke it. It is an acquired taste, but it is worth acquiring.

**Window Box Potatoes.**

Among the suggestions that have been advanced for the increase of the food supply in Germany is one in which the beautiful will be made to give way to the practical. Berlin and other German cities are noted for the enthusiasm with which the women engage in the cultivation of flowers and in this cultivation the window boxes are made to play an important part in the beauty of bloom and the graceful trailing vines. It is now proposed that these window boxes shall be given over to the growing of potatoes.

**International Race.**

The splitting up of the Rothschild family of Frankfurt into British, French and other branches has been an interesting, though not remarkable phenomenon of the last 150 years of finance, and was recently instanced by the fact that a small French cruiser, that recently removed Germans from a Spanish liner, was formerly a Rothschild yacht.

**Money to Loan!**

Most liberal terms. No waiting; money ready any day. x x  
Have all grades of cattle for sale on liberal terms. Call and see me.

**COE HOWARD, PORTALES, NEW MEXICO**

**CLEAN DAIRY VESSELS**

Wash Separately and Keep Them Away From Dust.

Into Hot Water Put Some Good Alkaline Wash Powder—Avoid Use of Soap as It May Leave Disagreeable Taste.

(By J. M. BURGESS, Associate Professor of Dairying, Clemson Agricultural College.)

A pail, bowl, or other vessel that is used for milk should not be used for any other purpose. It should be washed separately from other vessels and kept away from dust.

Wash all dairy vessels in warm water first, then in water as hot as the hands will stand. Into this hot water put some good alkaline wash powder. Do not use soap, as it may leave a taste.

After washing thoroughly with the hot water and washing powder, wash well with clean hot water and put the vessel in the bright sunshine. If it is possible, it should be steamed, but sunshine will kill germs as well as steam will.

In washing dairy vessels, it is much better to use a brush than a cloth. A brush can itself be kept cleaner and can also clean the corners of vessels much better than a cloth.

It is poor business to buy low-priced tinware. Buy only the heavy-grade ware and see to it that vessels have seams covered with solder. A wooden handle on a milk pail only adds a place for germs to collect and is hard to wash.

There is no better strainer than white cheesecloth. Use of the small-top pull for milking and white cheesecloth as a strainer will go far toward insuring the production of clean milk.

**MANY ACRES ARE VALUELESS**

Profitless Patches Worth Nothing as Farming Proposition—Improvement Will Pay Big.

The acre that does not pay for its tending may have some value as a sale proposition, but as a farming proposition it is worth nothing at all. The average farm has some such acres, too. A gullied slope, a water-logged hollow, a bare spot in the pasture, a brush-covered corner—those pieces of the farm may be a dead expense to the farmer, may be costing him money every year instead of earning money for him. Usually some money is required to change such patches of land to real parts of the farm, but the sums needed are seldom great and no money the farmer spends will pay a bigger profit.

**DRY UP PERSISTENT MILKER**

Safe and Simple Process Is: Don't Milk Her—Vacation Is Good for Heavy Yielders.

Occasionally it is desirable to dry up a cow in order to fatten her for beef. The safe and simple process is—don't milk her.

More often the question is asked whether it is wise to dry up a persistent milker a few weeks before calving, and if so, what is the safe and simple process.

It is generally believed that a short vacation period is good for heavy yielders. There are cows that will give several quarts of milk a day up to the time of calving. In the long run these cows will prove to be the profitable members of the herd, even if they do not always start off with a big flow when fresh.

If for any reason it is desired to dry up a cow that is soon to calve, it is safe to milk her once a day, taking about half of her milk. When she drops to a quart a day she can be turned loose with safety and not milked at all, simply watching her to see that no inflammation sets in.

With this treatment should go limited feeding. With a maintenance ration of dry feed only, lactation will ordinarily cease altogether without any injurious results.

**Obliging.**

At a certain church in a Jersey town it is the invariable custom of the clergyman to kiss the bride after the ceremony. "A young woman, who was about to be married in the church, did not relish the prospect and instructed the clergyman that she did not wish him to kiss her. The bridegroom obeyed the instructions given.

"Well, Harry," said the young woman when he appeared, "did you tell the minister that I did not wish him to kiss me?"

"Yes."  
"And what did he say?"  
"He said that in that case he would charge only half the usual fee."

**"My Lady Fair"**

requires dainty appointments on her dressing table, and her desires in that direction are here in great variety; brushes puffs, powder, perfumes, fancy soaps, cold creams, and everything necessary for a refined lady's toilet. We carry also a full line of pure drugs and standard medicines, and our prescription department is famous for its exactness, promptness and courtesy.



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All Kinds of Hides and Furs

I will pay from \$1.50 to \$3.50 for horse hides, and from \$1.00 to \$2.50 for coyote and skunk furs. Small damaged or unprime at relative value. And will pay you the top market price for green or dry cow hides.

**J. A. Saylor**

**Lumber Is Cheap**

**CONSIDER THESE FACTS**

About one year ago a load of threshed maize of about 3000 pounds would have bought—

450 sq. feet of Flooring, best grade, or 4000 best Redwood Shingles, or 9 gallons of house paint.

Today the same load of grain will buy—

1500 sq. feet of best grade Flooring, or 12000 best Redwood Shingles, or 20 gallons of house paint.

Come on now, Mr. Farmer, and stop kicking about high prices. They are NOT high.

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M. H. CAMPBELL, Manager

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With us, cities are as certain to spring up with the increase of country population as the forests are to disappear. City and country are organically related. Crops cannot be grown with out fields, nor exchanged and manufactured under the modern system of division of labor without cities. Only in the rudest pioneer settlements do men dispense with this division of labor by doing everything painfully and badly on the farm. Such settlements are retarded and hampered until they have towns for the city part of the work. When we estimate that the average inhabitant of New York may have but a few score square feet for his own use, we are apt to forget that he can only exist on them because somewhere in the country there are acres of ground producing for him, as really and definitely for him as if he owned them and hired the labor on them. What Professor French has called his "subsistence space"—that settlement in the Atlantic.

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—At her home in the Street, Sidney Page agrees to marry Joe Drummond after years and years, and talks to K. Le Moine, the new roomer.

CHAPTER II—Sidney's aunt Harriet, who has been dreaming with Sidney's mother, launches an independent modiste's parlor. Sidney gets Dr. Ed Wilson's influence with his brother, Doctor Max, the successful young surgeon, to place her in the hospital as a probationer nurse.

CHAPTER III—K. becomes acquainted in the Street. Sidney asks him to stay on as a roomer and explains her plans for financing her home while she is in the school.

CHAPTER IV—Doctor Max gets Sidney into the hospital school.

CHAPTER V—Sidney and K. spend an afternoon in the country. Sidney falls into the river.

CHAPTER VI—Max asks Carlotta Harrison, a probationer, to take a motor ride with him. Joe finds Sidney and K. at the country hotel, where Sidney is drying her clothes, and is insanely jealous.

CHAPTER VII—While Sidney and K. are dining on the terrace, Max and Carlotta appear. K. does not see them, but for some reason seeing him disturbs Carlotta strangely.

CHAPTER VIII—Joe reproaches Sidney. She confesses to K. that Joe knows now she will not marry him.

CHAPTER IX—Sidney goes to training school and at home relies more and more on K. Max meets K. and recognizes him as Edwardes, a brilliant young surgeon who has been thought lost on the Titanic. K.'s losing cases lost his faith in himself and he quit and hid from the world.

CHAPTER X—Carlotta fears Sidney. Christine Lorenz and Palmer Howe are married. The hard facts of her new life puzzle Sidney.

CHAPTER XI—Max continued his flirtation with Carlotta, who becomes jealous of Sidney. K. coaches Max in his work, but remains a clerk in the gas office.

CHAPTER XII—Palmer and Christine move into rooms in Sidney's home. Sidney's mother dies. Palmer neglects Christine.

CHAPTER XIII—On a joy ride with Grace, a young girl, Palmer is hurt and Johnny, the chauffeur, seriously injured.

CHAPTER XIV—Sidney nurses Johnny. Carlotta changes the medicine that Sidney is to give him.

CHAPTER XV—Johnny nearly dies. K., who has brought Johnny's mother to him, saves the boy and comforts Sidney.

CHAPTER XVI—Sidney is suspended for 30 days. She confesses to K. that she worships Max. Joe warns her against Max.

CHAPTER XVII—Christine, neglected by Palmer, turns to K., who tells her it is only reaction.

CHAPTER XVIII—Sidney discovers that Max is flirting with Carlotta.

CHAPTER XIX—Max and Sidney become engaged. She tells K.

CHAPTER XX.

The announcement of Sidney's engagement was not to be made for a year. Wilson, chafing under the delay, was obliged to admit to himself that it was best. He was genuinely in love, even unselfishly—as far as he could be unselfish. The secret was to be carefully kept also for Sidney's sake. The hospital did not approve of engagements between nurses and the staff. It was disorganizing, bad for discipline.

Sidney was very happy all that summer. She glowed with pride when her lover put through a difficult piece of work; flushed and palpitated when she heard his praises sung; grew to know, by a sort of intuition, when he was in the house. She wore his ring on a fine chain around her neck, and grew prettier every day.

K. had postponed his leaving until fall. Sidney had been insistent, and Harriet had topped the argument in her businesslike way. "If you insist on being an idiot and adopting the Rosenfeld family," she said, "wait until September. The season for boarders doesn't begin until fall."

So K. waited for "the season," and ate his heart out for Sidney in the interval.

Johnny Rosenfeld still lay in his ward, inert from the waist down. K. was his most frequent visitor. A matter of fact, he was watching the boy closely, at Max Wilson's request. "Tell me when I'm to do it," said Wilson, "and when the time comes, for God's sake, stand by me. Come to the operation. He's got so much confidence that I'll help him that I don't dare to fail."

Luckily for Sidney, her three months' service in the operating room kept her and Carlotta apart. For Carlotta was now not merely jealous. She found herself neglected, ignored. It ate her like a fever.

But she did not yet suspect an engagement. It had been her theory that Wilson would not marry easily—that, in a sense, he would have to be coerced into marriage. She thought merely that Sidney was playing a game like her own, with different weapons. So she planned her battle, ignorant that she had lost already.

Her method was simple enough. A new intern came into the house, and was going through the process of learning that from a senior at the medical school to a half-baked junior intern is a long step back. He had to endure the good-humored contempt of the older men, the patronizing instructions of nurses as to rules.

Carlotta alone treated him with deference. His uneasy rounds in Carlotta's precinct took on the state and form of

staff visitations. She flattered, cajoled, looked up to him.

After a time it dawned on Wilson that this junior cub was getting more attention than himself; that, wherever he happened to be, somewhere in the offing would be Carlotta and the Lamb, the latter eyeing her with worship. Her indifference had only piqued him. The enthroning of a successor galled him. Between them, the Lamb suffered mightily—was subject to frequent "bawling out," as he termed it, in the operating room as he assisted the anesthetist. He took his troubles to Carlotta, who soothed him in the corridor—in plain sight of her quarry, of course—by putting a sympathetic hand on his sleeve.

Then, one day, Wilson was goaded to speech.

"For the love of heaven, Carlotta," he said impatiently, "stop making love to that wretched boy. He wriggles like a worm if you look at him."

"I like him. He is thoroughly genuine. I respect him, and he respects me."

"It's rather a silly game, you know. Do you think I don't understand?"

"Perhaps you do. I—I don't really care a lot about him, Max. But I've been downhearted. He cheers me up."

Her attraction for him was almost gone—not quite. He felt rather sorry for her.

"I'm sorry. Then you are not angry with me?"

"Angry? No." She lifted her eyes to his, and for once she was not acting. "I knew it would end, of course. I have lost a—lover. I expected that. But I wanted to keep a friend."

It was the right note. Why, after all, should he not be her friend? He had treated her cruelly, hideously. If she still desired his friendship, there was no disloyalty to Sidney in giving it. And Carlotta was very careful. Not once again did she allow him to see what lay in her eyes. She told him of her worries.

The Lamb was hovering near, hot eyes on them both. It was no place to talk.

Sidney would be at a lecture that night. The evening loomed temptingly free.

"Suppose you meet me at the old corner," he said carelessly, eyes on the Lamb, who was forgetting that he was only a junior intern and was glaring ferociously. "We'll run out into the country and talk things over."

She demurred, with her heart beating triumphantly.

"What's the use of going back to that? It's over, isn't it?"

Her objection made her determined. When at last she had yielded, and he made his way down to the smoking room, it was with the feeling that he had won a victory.

K. had been uneasy all that day; his ledgers irritated him. He had been sleeping badly since Sidney's announcement of her engagement. At five o'clock, when he left the office, he found Joe Drummond waiting outside on the pavement.

"Mother said you'd been up to see me a couple of times. I thought I'd come around."

K. looked at his watch. "What do you say to a walk?"

"Not out in the country. I'm not as muscular as you are. I'll go about town for a half-hour or so."

Thus forestalled, K. found his subject hard to lead up to. But here again Joe met him more than half-way.

"Well, go on," he said, when they found themselves in the park. "I guess I know what you are going to say."

"I'm not going to preach, if you're expecting that. Ordinarily, if a man insists on making a fool of himself, I let him alone."

"Why make an exception of me?"

"One reason is that I happen to like you. The other reason is that, whether you admit it or not, you are acting like a young idiot, and are putting the responsibility on the shoulders of someone else."

"She is responsible, isn't she?"

"Not in the least. How old are you, Joe?"

sullenly. "I don't know when I'll get back."

"That won't matter." K.'s tone was cheerful. "I'm not sleeping, anyhow."

That passed unnoticed until they were on the highroad, with the car running smoothly between yellowing fields of wheat. Then:

"So you've got it too!" he said. "We're a fine pair of fools. We'd both be better off if I sent the car over a bank."

He gave the wheel a reckless twist, and Le Moine called him to time sternly.

They had supper at the White Springs hotel—not on the terrace, but in the little room where Carlotta and Wilson had taken their first meal together. Joe submitted with bad grace, but the meal cheered and steadied him. K. found him more amenable to reason, and, gaining his confidence, learned of his desire to leave the city.

"I'm stuck here," he said. "I'm the only one, and mother yells blue murder when I talk about it. I want to go to Cuba. My uncle owns a farm down there."

"Perhaps I can talk your mother over. I've been there."

Joe was all interest. His dilated pupils became more normal, his restless hands grew quiet. K.'s even voice, the picture he drew of life on the island, the stillness of the little hotel in its midweek dullness, seemed to quiet the boy's tortured nerves. He was nearer to peace than he had been for many days. But he smoked incessantly, lighting one cigarette from another.

At ten o'clock he left K. and went for the car. He paused for a moment rather sheepishly, by K.'s chair.

"I'm feeling a lot better," he said. "I haven't got the band around my head. You talk to mother."

That was the last K. saw of Joe Drummond until the next day.

CHAPTER XXI.

Carlotta had set the hour for meeting Wilson at nine, when the late dusk of summer had fallen; and she met him then, smiling, a faintly perfumed white figure, slim and young, with a thrill in her voice that was only half assumed.

"It's very late," he complained. "Surely you are not going to be back at ten?"

"I have special permission to be out late."

"Good!" And then, recollecting their new situation: "We have a lot to talk over. It will take time."

At the White Springs hotel they stopped to fill the gasoline tank of the car. Joe Drummond saw Wilson there in the sheet-iron garage alongside of the road. The Wilson car was in the shadow. It did not occur to Joe that the white figure in the car was not Sidney. He went rather white, and stepped out of the zone of light. The influence of Le Moine was still on him, however, and he went on quietly with what he was doing. But his hands shook as he filled the radiator. He

had been an ass; Le Moine was right. He'd get away—to Cuba if he could—and start over again. He would forget the Street and let it forget him.

The men in the garage were talking. "To Schwitter's, of course," one of them grumbled.

"That was Wilson, the surgeon in town. He used to come here. Now he goes on to Schwitter's. Pretty girl he had with him."

So Max Wilson was taking Sidney to Schwitter's, making her the butt of garage talk! The smiles of the men were evil. Joe's hands grew cold, his head hot. A red mist spread between him and the line of electric lights. He knew Schwitter's, and he knew Wilson. When K., growing uneasy, came out into the yard, he was in time to see Joe run his car into the road and turn it viciously toward Schwitter's.

Carlotta's nearness was having its calculated effect on Max Wilson. His spirits rose as the engine, marking perfect time, carried them along the quiet roads.

Partly it was reaction—relief that she should be so reasonable, so complaisant—and a sort of holiday spirit after the day's hard work. Oddly enough, and not so irrational as may appear, Sidney formed a part of the evening's happiness—that she loved

him; that, back in the lecture room, eyes and even mind on the lecturer, her heart was with him.

So, with Sidney the basis of his happiness, he made the most of his evening's freedom. He sang a little in his clear tenor—even, once when they had slowed down at a crossing, bent over audaciously and kissed Carlotta's hand in the full glare of a passing train.

"How reckless of you!" "I like to be reckless," he replied. His boyishness annoyed Carlotta. She did not want the situation to get out of hand. Moreover, what was so real for her was only too plainly a lark for him. She began to doubt her power.

The hopelessness of her situation was dawning on her. Even when the touch of her beside him and the solitude of the country roads got in his blood, and he bent toward her, she found no encouragement in his words:

"I am mad about you tonight." She took her courage in her hands: "Then why give me up for someone else?"

"That's—different?" "Why is it different? I am a woman. I—I love you, Max. No one else will ever care as I do."

"You are in love with the Lamb?" "That was a trick. I am sorry, Max. I don't care for anyone else in the world. If you let me go I'll want to die."

Then, as he was silent: "If you'll marry me, I'll be true to you all my life. I swear it. There will be nobody else, ever."

The sense, if not the words, of what he had sworn to Sidney that Sunday afternoon under the trees, on this very road! Swift shame overtook him, that he should be here, that he had allowed Carlotta to remain in ignorance of how things really stood between them.

"I'm sorry, Carlotta. It's impossible. I'm engaged to marry someone else." "Sidney Page?"—almost a whisper. "Yes."

He was ashamed at the way she took the news. If she had stormed or wept, he would have known what to do. But she sat still, not speaking.

"You must have expected it, sooner or later."

Still she made no reply. He thought she might faint, and looked at her anxiously. Her profile, indistinct beside him, looked white and drawn. But Carlotta was not fainting. She was making a desperate plan. If their escapade became known, it would end things between Sidney and him. She was sure of that. She needed time to think it out. It must become known without any apparent move on her part. If, for instance, she became ill, and was away from the hospital all night, that might answer. The thing would be investigated, and who knew—

The car turned in at Schwitter's road and drew up before the house. The narrow porch was filled with small tables, above which hung rows of electric lights inclosed in Japanese paper lanterns. Midweek, which had found the White Springs hotel almost deserted, saw Schwitter's crowded tables set out under the trees. Seeing the crowd, Wilson drove directly to the yard and parked his machine.

"No need of running any risk," he explained to the still figure beside him. "We can walk back and take a table under the trees, away from those infernal lanterns."

She reeled a little as he helped her out.

"Not sick, are you?" "I'm dizzy. I'm all right."

She looked white. He felt a stab of pity for her. She leaned rather heavily on him as they walked toward the house. The faint perfume that had almost intoxicated him, earlier, vaguely irritated him now.

At the rear of the house she shook off his arm and preceded him around the building. She chose the end of the porch as the place in which to drop, and went down like a stone.

There was a moderate excitement. The visitors at Schwitter's were too much engrossed with themselves to be much interested. She opened her eyes almost as soon as she fell—to forestall any tests; she was shrewd enough to know that Wilson would detect her malingering very quickly—and begged to be taken into the house.

"I feel very ill," she said, and her white face bore her out.

Schwitter and Wilson carried her in and up the stairs to one of the rooms. The little man was twittering with anxiety. He had a horror of knockout drops and the police. They laid her on the bed, her hat beside her; and Wilson, stripping down the long sleeve of her glove, felt her pulse.

"There's a doctor in the next town," said Schwitter. "I sent for him a while ago—my wife's not very well."

"I'm a doctor." "Is it anything serious?" "Nothing serious."

He closed the door behind the relieved figure of the landlord, and, going back to Carlotta, stood looking down at her.

"What did you mean by doing that? You were no more faint than I am."

She closed her eyes. "I don't remember. Everything went black. The lanterns—"

He crossed the room deliberately and went out, closing the door behind him. He saw at once where he stood—in what danger. If she insisted that she was ill and unable to go back, there would be a fuss. The story would come out. Everything would be gone. Schwitter's, of all places!

At the foot of the stairs, Schwitter pulled himself together. After all, the girl was only ill. There was nothing for the police. He looked at his watch. The doctor ought to be there by this time.

Another car. Perhaps it was the

doctor. A young man edged his way into the hall and confronted him.

"Two people just arrived here. A man and a woman—in white. Where are they?"

"Upstairs—first bedroom to the right." Joe went up the staircase. At the top, on the landing, he confronted Wilson. He fired at him without a word—



He Fired at Him Without a Word.

saw him fling up his arms and fall back, striking first the wall, then the floor.

The buzz of conversation on the porch suddenly ceased. Joe put his revolver in his pocket and went quietly down the stairs. The crowd parted to let him through.

Carlotta, crouched in her room, listening, not daring to open the door heard the sound of a car as it swung out into the road.

CHAPTER XXII.

It was the Lamb who received the message about Wilson; and because he was not very keen at the best, and because the news was so startling, he refused to credit his ears.

"Who is this at the 'phone?" "Le Moine's my name. Get Dr. Ed Wilson at once. Doctor Wilson, the surgeon, has been shot!" came slowly and distinctly. "Get the staff here and have a room ready. Get the operating room ready, too."

The Lamb wakened then, and roused the house. He was incoherent, rather, so that Doctor Ed only learned the truth when he got to the hospital.

"Who has been shot? I thought you said—"

The Lamb turned pale at that, and braced himself.

"I'm sorry—I thought you understood. I believe it's not—not serious. It's Doctor Max, sir."

Doctor Ed, who was heavy and not very young, sat down on an office chair. Out of sheer habit he had brought the bag. He put it down on the floor beside him, and moistened his lips.

"Is he living?" "Oh, yes, sir. I gathered that Mr. Le Moine did not think it serious."

He lied, and Doctor Ed knew he lied. The Lamb stood by the door, and Doctor Ed sat and waited. The office clock said half after three. The bag with the dog collar in it was on the floor. He thought of many things, but mostly of the promise he had made his mother. Cold beads of sweat stood out on his forehead.

"I think I hear them now, sir," said the Lamb, and stood back respectfully to let him pass out of the door.

Carlotta stayed in the room during the consultation. No one seemed to wonder why she was there, or to pay any attention to her. The staff was stricken. They moved back to make room for Doctor Ed beside the bed, and then closed in again.

Carlotta waited, her hand over her mouth to keep herself from screaming. Surely they wouldn't let him die like that! When she saw the phalanx break up and realized they would not operate, she ran from the room.

The staff went hopelessly down the stairs to the smoking room, and smoked. It was all they could do. The night assistant sent coffee down to them, and they drank it. Doctor Ed stayed in his brother's room, and said to his mother, under his breath, that he'd tried to do his best by Max, and that from now on it would be up to her.

K. had brought the injured man in. The country doctor, on the way in, had taken it for granted that K. was a medical man like himself, and had placed his hypodermic case at his disposal.

When he missed him—in the smoking room, that was—he asked for him. "I don't see the chap who came in with us," he said. "Clever fellow. Like to know his name."

The staff did not know. K. sat alone on a bench in the hall. He wondered who would tell Sidney; he hoped they would be very gentle with her. He did not want to go home and leave her to what she might have to face. There was a chance she would ask for him. He wanted to be near. In that case, the night watchman went by twice and stared at him. At last he asked K. to mind the door until he got some coffee.

"One of the staff's been hurt," he explained. "If I don't get some coffee now, I won't get any."

K. promised to watch the door. A desperate thing had occurred to Carlotta. Somehow, she had not thought of it before. Now she wondered how she could have failed to think of it. She went to the staff and confronted them. They were men of courage, only declining to undertake what they considered hopeless work. The one man among them who might have done the thing with any chance of success lay stricken. Not one among them but would have given of his best—only his best was not good enough.

"It would be the Edwardes operation, wouldn't it?" demanded Carlotta. The staff was bewildered. There were no rules to cover such conduct on the part of a nurse. One of them replied rather heavily: "If any, it would be the Edwardes operation."

"Would Doctor Edwardes himself be able to do anything?" "This was going a little far."

"Possibly. One chance in a thousand, perhaps. But Edwardes is dead. How did this thing happen, Miss Harrison?"

She ignored his question. Her face was ghastly, save for the trace of rouge; her eyes were red-rimmed.

"Doctor Edwardes is sitting on a bench in the hall outside!" she announced.

Her voice rang out. K. heard her and raised his head. His attitude was weary, resigned. The thing had come, then! He was to take up the old burden. The girl had told.

Doctor Ed had sent for Sidney. She thought it was another operation, and her spirit was just a little weary. But her courage was indomitable. She forced her shoes on her tired feet, and bathed her face in cold water to rouse herself.

The night watchman was in the hall. He was fond of Sidney; she always smiled at him; and, on his morning rounds at six o'clock to waken the nurses, her voice was always amiable. So she found him in the hall, holding a cup of tepid coffee. He was old and bony, unmistakably thirty, too—but he had divined Sidney's romance.

"Coffee! For me?" She was astonished. "Get it down."

So she finished it, not without anxiety that she might be needed. But daddy's attentions were for few, and not to be lightly received.

"Can you stand a piece of bad news?" "Strangely, her first thought was of K."

"There has been an accident. Doctor Wilson—"

"Which one?" "Doctor Max—has been hurt. It ain't much, but I guess you'd like to know it."

"Where is he?" "Downstairs, in seventeen."

So she went down alone to the room where Doctor Ed sat in a chair, with his untidy bag beside him on the floor, and his eyes fixed on a straight figure on the bed. When he saw Sidney, he got up and put his arms around her. His eyes told her the truth before he told her anything. She hardly listened to what he said. The fact

(Continued on page 6)



"The Kind Mother Uses" "Every time mother gets out Calumet I know there's going to be good things to eat at our house. Delicious, tender, tempting doughnuts, biscuits, cakes and pies! I've never seen a bake-day failure with Calumet. Mother says it's the only Baking Powder that insures uniform results."

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# THE PORTALES VALLEY NEWS

Portales Herald consolidated with Portales Times March 27, 1913.  
Portales Valley News purchased Portales Herald-Times Sept. 12, 1916.

W. H. BRALEY, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR

Entered as second-class mail matter November 14, 1912, at the post office at Portales, New Mexico, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

DEMOCRATIC IN THINGS POLITICAL

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## Will They Put It Over?

There appears to be a well defined intention on the part of the Republican majority in the legislature to depose Governor De Baca and put in his stead the lieutenant-governor. Indications are that for some time this Republican majority has been casting about for some pretext or other upon which to base this proceeding, and it is believed that it has finally decided to make the ill health of the governor the published excuse for this piece of political chicanery and political larceny. There is nothing in the statutes of the state of New Mexico that prohibits the governor of the aforesaid state from getting sick or that works a forfeiture of office should he become afflicted with any of the many physical ills to which the human body is heir to. There is not a citizen within the confines of the state who would be deceived by a subterfuge so shallow. Why not come out in the open and say that you want the office for your own henchmen and that you are going to take it for the reason that you believe that you have sufficient votes in the legislature to make it possible? That you are happily situated in other quarters in the event that opposition to the peaceful perpetration of this outrage should be encountered? That you are unalterably opposed to any proposition that will permit a Democratic governor, elected by the intelligent voters of the state, to have anything to say in matters of state? It is known that the governor has not made his appointments for the reason that he has been given to understand that they will be turned down, en masse, without regard to fitness. It is also believed that they are in hopes that the governor will not live long and that by holding up and disapproving his appointments they will keep all these appointments open until after his death and thus secure all the state jobs for trusty Republican henchmen. All these reports are anything but complimentary to the Republican majority, and do not comport well with the rather complimentary forecast that was published of the legislative personnel of our law making body. The people of the state were given to understand that the present legislature was composed of men of much higher integrity and vastly more intelligence than the preceding aggregation, yet developments have not tended to prove the accuracy of the forecast. The legislature has now been in session for thirty days, half its allotted life, and the sum total of its activities is the passage of a per diem expense account for its members. It is barely possible that the perversity of the governor in refusing to shuffle off this mortal coil and thus make the road easy for the Republican faithful to the pie counter, has been so disquieting, and has so affected the nerves of the legislators that simple matters that have no importance for any except the public, have been cast into the discard until such time as the more important work of caring for political friends has been properly cared for. It is of no consequence that the people of New Mexico, by their ballots, evidenced their choice for governor, the whole matter involved is the taking care of those who remained true to the old gang, and their reward is of more importance than matters concerning the public weal. The Republican majority is resorting to desperate measures that are more than apt to recoil upon their own shoulders. The public will stand for about so much political crookedness and when the limit has been reached drastic measures of reprisal usually follow. Just how much the people of New Mexico will stand before resorting heroic treatment, is largely a matter of conjecture, but certainly the end cannot be far. Are they game to play this thing through according to present schedule? The News does not believe they are.

What does the matter of the wishes of those directly affected by the proposed cutting of Roosevelt county and the creation of De Baca county count for as against the political aspirations of a few politicians and the greed of a townsite corporation? What are legislatures for if not for the personal aggrandisement of those who thrive best on political intrigue and public graft? New Mexico would be better off in many ways if her legislature could be abolished, even though we were denied the biennial flow of oratory incident upon each recurring election time. Worse calamities might easily befall than the uncertainties and dread of what the legislature will or will not do.

## Notice of Pendency of Suit

The State of New Mexico, to A. W. McFadin and Dora M. McFadin, defendants, greeting: You will take notice that a suit has been filed against you in the district court of the Fifth judicial district of the state of New Mexico, in and for Roosevelt county, to wit: The First National Bank of Marshallfield, Missouri, is plaintiff and you, the said A. W. McFadin and Dora M. McFadin, are defendants in the above entitled cause, numbered 1234 upon the civil docket of said court.

The general objects of said action are as follows: The plaintiff seeks to recover judgment upon a promissory note and mortgage against defendants in the sum of One Hundred Seventy-One and Seventy-one hundredths Dollars, with interest thereon at the rate of eight per cent per annum from March 10th, 1916, together with fifty dollars for attorney's fees and costs of suit, according to the effect and tenor of said note and mortgage executed and delivered by said defendants to the plaintiff; to foreclose the mortgage executed by said defendants upon the following described real estate, to-wit: An undivided one-half interest in and to block Number Ten in the Bogard Addition to the town of Portales, New Mexico, to have said interest in said property sold in accordance with the provisions of the said mortgage; and the plaintiff seeks to have applied to the satisfaction of plaintiff's said demands and for general relief.

## Notice of Suit

In the district court of Roosevelt County, State of New Mexico. O. C. Lawson, trustee, and the Avery State Bank, plaintiffs. Amos H. Whiteman and Pearl Whiteman, defendants. The State of New Mexico to Amos H. Whiteman and Pearl Whiteman, defendants, greeting: You and each of you will take notice that there has been filed in the district court of Roosevelt County, New Mexico, a suit, entitled and numbered as above, wherein O. C. Lawson, trustee, and the Avery State Bank are plaintiffs, and you, the said Amos H. Whiteman and Pearl Whiteman, are defendants.

## Notice of Foreclosure Sale

Whereas, on the 10th day of October, 1916, in case No. 1238, pending in the district court of the Fifth judicial district of the state of New Mexico in and for Roosevelt County, T. J. Fenton is plaintiff and G. E. Muninger and Belle Muninger are defendants, the plaintiff recovered a judgment against the defendants in the sum of one hundred and ten dollars and ten cents, together with all costs of said action, and the plaintiff therein obtained a decree of said court foreclosing plaintiff's said mortgage given by said defendants to the security of said sums upon the following described real estate, to-wit: The northeast quarter of the southeast quarter of township one south of range thirty-five east of the New Mexico meridian, New Mexico, and declaring plaintiff's said mortgage a first and prior lien upon said described property; that said judgment and decree of said court herein mentioned will amount to the sum of \$1767.20 and the costs of said suit; and, whereas, the undersigned, the said T. J. Fenton, as plaintiff, appointed special commissioner and directed to advertise and sell said property according to law to satisfy said judgment and costs.

## Matter of Sentiment.

"What makes you go in through the kitchen?" "I don't know our servants very well," replied Mr. Cumro, "Some way, the front hall seems kind of formal and distant. Around at the kitchen steps they've got an old door mat with 'Welcome' on it."

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By J. P. DEEN, Proprietor

## Notice of Publication

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Fort Sumner, New Mexico, Dec. 20, 1916. Notice is hereby given that Laura M. Nunn, formerly Laura M. Smith, of Clarendon, New Mexico, who, on March 15, 1915, made homestead entry No. 012990, for northwest quarter section 11, Township 3 south, range 30 east, N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final commutation proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before C. A. Coffey, U. S. Commissioner, in his office at Elida, N. M., on the 10th day of February, 1917.

## Notice of Publication

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Fort Sumner, N. M., December 28, 1916. Notice is hereby given that Ben Armstrong, of Elida, N. M., who, on April 4th, 1912, made homestead entry No. 010466, for east half northeast quarter section 24, township 4 south, range 31 east and north half northeast quarter section 19, Township 4S, Range 32E, N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before C. A. Coffey, U. S. Commissioner, in his office at Elida, N. M., on the 24th day of February, 1917.

## Notice of Publication

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Fort Sumner, N. M., Dec. 22, 1916. Notice is hereby given that Phillip W. Hendrickson, of Elida, N. M., who, on March 21, 1912, made homestead entry No. 010008, for southeast quarter section 17, township 5 south, range 33 east, N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before C. A. Coffey, U. S. Commissioner, at Elida, N. M., on the 18th day of February, 1917.

## Notice of Publication

Department of the Interior, United States Land Office at Ft. Sumner, New Mexico, Jan. 20, 1917. Notice is hereby given that Samuel S. Raab, of Portales, N. M., who, on January 10, 1914, made homestead entry No. 011147, for lots 10, 11 and 12, Section 11, Township 1S, Range 33E, N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before J. C. Compton, Probate Judge of Roosevelt County, N. M., at Portales, N. M., on the 7th day of April, 1917.

## Notice of Publication

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Ft. Sumner, N. M., January 18, 1917. Notice is hereby given that Roy L. Austin, of Portales, N. M., who on January 31, 1914, made homestead entry No. 011171, for southeast quarter section 27, township 1 north, range 34 east, N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Seth A. Morrison, District Clerk, at Portales, New Mexico, on the 31st day of March, 1917.

## Notice of Pendency of Suit

THE STATE OF NEW MEXICO, TO GEORGE BYARS, GREETING: You will take notice that a suit has been filed against you in the district court of the Fifth judicial district of the state of New Mexico, in and for Roosevelt County, wherein Mattie L. Byars is plaintiff and you, said George Byars, are defendant, said cause being numbered 1236 upon the civil docket of said court.

## Notice of Pendency of Suit

The State of New Mexico, to Stella J. Rittenhouse and J. R. Detweiler, defendants, greeting: You will take notice that a suit has been filed against you in the district court of the Fifth judicial district of the state of New Mexico, in and for Roosevelt county, wherein The Oklahoma Guaranty Bank of Blackwell, Oklahoma, is plaintiff and you, the said Stella J. Rittenhouse, C. H. Rittenhouse, Jennie R. Detweiler, J. R. Detweiler and the Portales Bank & Trust Company, of Portales, New Mexico, are defendants, said cause being numbered 1231 upon the civil docket of said court.

## Notice of Publication

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Ft. Sumner, N. M., January 15, 1917. Notice is hereby given that Fred D. Baker, of Elida, New Mexico, who, on December 20, 1913, made homestead entry No. 011109, for northwest quarter section 9, township 5 south, range 32 east, N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three year proof to establish claim to the land above described, before C. A. Coffey, U. S. Commissioner, at Elida, N. M., on the 10th day of March, 1917.

**DR. JAMES F. GARMANY**  
Physician and Surgeon  
Residence Phone 193; Office Phone 188  
PORTALES, NEW MEXICO

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TELEPHONE NO. 27

## DON'T EXPERIMENT

**You Will Make no Mistake if You Follow This Advice**

Never neglect your kidneys. If you have pain in the back, urinary disorders, dizziness and nervousness, it's time to act and no time to experiment. These are frequently symptoms of kidney trouble, and a remedy which is recommended for the kidneys should be taken in time. Doan's Kidney Pills are a good remedy to use. It has acted effectively in many cases in this vicinity. Can Portales residents demand further proof than the following testimonial?

Manuel G. Trujillo, Depot St., Las Cruces, N. Mex., says: "I had sharp twinges across the small of my back. My head ached badly and I felt miserable in every way. I suffered from these ailments for years. Doctors tried to cure me, but they didn't help me at all. I tried different kinds of medicine, but nothing did me any good. I was so bad I couldn't work. I finally used a box of Doan's Kidney Pills and they cured me."

Price 50c at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that cured Mr. Trujillo. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Priddy went to Roswell last Friday where Mr. Priddy was operated upon for hernia. Drs. Bradley, Joyner and Kinsinger were the operators. Reports from that place were to the effect that he was doing nicely.

**Remember February 28th is the last day you have to render your property for taxes without the 25 per cent penalty being added thereto according to law. Burl Johnson.**

## Portales School Notes

The fifth school month ended January 26th. The total enrollment to that time was 563. There were 452 on the roll at the end of the month and the average daily attendance for the month was 407. The big snow which lasted about a week interfered considerably with the attendance in the lower grades for the entire time it was on. This cut our attendance down considerably for the month. There were 26 visitors at school during the month. We still have on our rolls 117 who have not been absent during the year and 259 who have not been tardy. It is usually about the same pupils who are tardy day after day.

We keep hearing encouraging news concerning the sale of our bonds. Within the next few days we hope to see the deal closed.

The Hagerman boys, eleven in number, visited chapel Friday morning of last week. They were accompanied by Mr. Youngs, one of the Hagerman teachers.

The object of the school is to give the students an education. They can not get this without study. If the teachers are trying to get them to study give them your cooperation. Something can be done for the children, if you do this.

Following is the honor roll—pupils who have at least 90 per cent in all subjects, including deportment, and who have not been tardy more than three times during the month:

High school—Marion Stinnett, Howard Hext, Sanford Fairly, Esther Marrs, Hallie Mitchell, Hazel Mahan.

Eighth grade—Mary Jones, Mae Ferguson, Geo. Ellis

Sixth grade—La Von Brown, Burton Denison, Ruth Watson, Arthur Del Curto.

Fifth grade—Maxine Dameron, Jack Hopper, Glenn Setser.

Fourth grade—Robert Puckett, Mildred Merrill.

Third grade—Stella Duncan.

Second grade—Dorothy Blanton.

First grade—John Milton Rice, Helen Blanton, Juanita Knapp, Maxine Thomas, Ida Mae Douglas, Juanita Hancock, Bonnie Bell Taylor.



## Two Carloads

We have just unloaded TWO carloads and are selling from two to four cars every day. Better get yours now while we have a supply. Spring will find us unable to make deliveries.

**The Highway Garage Co.**

R. L. BLANTON, Manager

## OPERATING OUTLAY ON AVERAGE FARMS

**Overhead Expenses Placed at \$7 by Farm Management Department of Nebraska College.**

Operating expenses for the average eastern Nebraska farm, according to surveys made by the farm management department of the Nebraska agricultural college, total very close to \$1,500 or from \$7 to \$7.50 per acre.

This figure includes depreciation charges on buildings and machinery and the value of all labor including that of the farmer himself at the rate of wages for hired men. It does not include the interest on the value of the land. On \$100 land, this would be at least \$5 per acre; on \$150 land, \$7.50, or as much as all other expenses combined.

Operating expenses are about the same on all farms with the exception of the extremely large or extremely small farms, regardless of whether or not they are showing a loss or returning a profit. This is evidence that it is impossible to reduce expense of operating a farm below a certain point, and that profits are not made by reducing expenses but by increasing farm receipts.

## SCIENCE OF PLANT BREEDING

**Development and Improvement Has Been Great in Last One or Two Hundred Years.**

During the last one or two hundred years the science of plant breeding has received much attention and the discoveries have been so applied that the development and improvement has been greater than that of as many thousands years before. Practically recent history of the agricultural world does not bear in any way upon the marvels that confront us today.

## Darwin on Marriage.

A newspaper correspondent recalls the following early advocacy of eugenic marriages from Darwin's "Descent of Man":

"Man scans with scrupulous care the character and pedigree of his horses, cattle and dogs before he matches them; but when it comes to his own marriage he rarely or never takes any such care. He is impelled by nearly the same motives as the lower animals when they are left to their own free choice, though he is in so far superior to them that he highly values mental charms and virtues. On the other hand, he is strongly attracted by mere wealth or rank. Yet he might by selection do something not only for the bodily constitution and frame of his offspring, but for their intellectual and moral qualities. Both sexes ought to refrain from marriage if they are in any marked degree inferior in body or mind; but such hopes are Utopian and will never be even partially realized until the laws of inheritance are thoroughly known. Everyone does good service who aids toward this end."—New York Evening Post.

## HONORED HIS CANARY BIRD

**Resident of Atlantic City Buried Dead Pet in Style Accorded Human Beings.**

An Atlantic City resident recently buried a pet canary in a style seldom accorded either bird or beast. The little body was placed in a silk lined metallic coffin. Then a burial service was read over the bird, setting forth how the songster had brought happiness and good cheer into the home of the owner through the influence of his silvery notes. There were tears shed at the funeral and at the little grave. A complacent sort of an attendant at the obsequies was the family cat, who listened to the solemn words and watched the little bundle of feathers as he ruminatively stroked his whiskers. He had been the death of the canary and would have had it eaten after his first spring brought it down to the floor had not the owner intervened.

A Cincinnati woman not long ago buried her pet parrot with unique honors. She had had the bird, who was a great talker, speak into a graphophone, and although to visitors the result was nothing but a lot of squawking the owner insisted that it was a faithful reproduction of the affectionate words uttered now and then by the parrot. At the funeral of the bird the woman had this record put in the graphophone and turned out to several listeners called in to take part in the obsequies. Then the record was placed alongside the bird's body and buried with it, for the owner declared she could never bear to hear her pet's voice again if she could not see the bird in the flesh.

In Philadelphia some time ago a boy who had a pet squirrel prevailed upon his father to bury the entire cage of the squirrel, running wheel and all, when the little animal was put in the ground.

## Base Ball Story.

Here is a little story told recently by Christy Mathewson and it may cast a side light on some inside baseball that will be interesting to the fans: "One of the most serious things that can happen in a game of ball," said the mighty twirler, "is for the pitcher to double cross his catcher. It was not so very long ago that I did this to Chief Meyers. In fact, I have been guilty of that breach of baseball etiquette on several occasions, but always unwittingly. Now here's the reason for my lapses: Meyers is naturally dark and when he becomes tanned his skin is unusually so. When he puts his hand against his glove to give the signal for the kind of a pitch he wants, it is hard to tell whether he has one or two fingers extended. One finger might be the signal for a curve and two for a fast one. After giving a signal the catcher, naturally, is looking for what he called, and if the twirler throws something else, the backstop might easily be injured. This is the first time in my long career that the color of a catcher's hand played such an important part in baseball games. Every fan knows that the face of a backstop's glove becomes a dark brown, and when, in addition, the catcher's hand is tanned to an unusual degree, it is some job for the pitcher to tell the difference between one and two fingers."—Leslie's.

## Who Wants a Racing Hog?

(J. H. Toulouse)

The razorback is fast becoming extinct in New Mexico, and if there are still people in the state who want hogs for speed rather than pork, they had better get on the job and get possession of these speed animals before the club boy drives them all out of the state. Believe me, they are going out fast: faster than they did in Iowa and Illinois and some of the other real hog states of the Union, and all because the club boy is on the job, and the club boy knows what pays and is going to have it, no matter what dad says, or what the custom of the community has been heretofore.

Do you know that two hundred boys went in for better hogs last year, and had them, too, and that this year four hundred boys are going that one better, and are going to have four hundred of the best hogs to be obtained anywhere? So you fellows with the razorback had better hide him away, for just as sure as you are born, the pig club boys are going to shoo that razorback out of the way of a good pork producer.

Don't you stand in the way of this movement, for if you do, you will get left just as far behind in the financial race as the razorback will be in the race for better pork, because cooperating with the boys are the state college and the United States government, and that is a combination that won't be easy to buck.

Conrad H. Roden, of Cullman, Alabama, is visiting his aunt, Mrs. J. K. Bland.

W. O. Biggerstaff returned this week from Corning, Arkansas, where he had been to take Bud Mansker, wanted there on a charge of white slavery. He was apprehended at Elida.

Porter Deen and Walter Crow returned Sunday from Dallas and other Texas points. While away they visited with George C. Deen and Dr. L. R. Hough, at Mineral Wells, both of whom were there taking baths.

## Some Good Jerseys

Carl Turner returned last week from Texas with a splendid bunch of registered and high grade Jersey cows and heifers. They represent the flower of the best herds in Erath and Hamilton counties. Part of them are cows that for the past twenty-five years have been bred up by the father of John W. Ballow, our county treasurer. Carl has already sold six to C. S. Leatherman, of Redland, four to Will Griffin, of the same place, and three in Texico. All this stuff is from sires and dams that have milk and butter records. There are thirty-six in the bunch and all are fresh or will be soon.

Sheriff Gregg and Deputy Biggerstaff Wednesday night arrested James Jones, a cow man living about forty miles west of Portales. Mr. Jones is charged with shooting at William Elliott, his half-brother, with a gun with intent to kill. His bond was placed at one thousand dollars, which he gave. The causes leading up to the shooting are not known.

J. E. Wallis, proprietor of one of Elida's popular hotels, was a Portales visitor Thursday, and called at the News office. Mr. Wallis is one of the Democratic wheel horses of Elida.

Mr and Mrs. Arthur Bowers arrived this week from Trinidad, Colorado, and will be here for the next thirty days.

**See V. J. Campbell, auctioneer, for best results in farm sales.**

## ED. J. NEER

Funeral Director and Embalmer.

Complete line of Robes and Suits.

PHONES:

Parlors and Salesrooms 67-2  
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## NEW SPRING GOODS

are beginning to arrive. For six weeks our buyers have been active in the style centers of New York, selecting Ladies' Ready-to-Wear. Buy early and get a full season's wear out of your Spring apparel.

**JOYCE-PRUIT COMPANY.**

## If you want the BEST GOODS AND THE BEST SERVICE in New Mexico

Buy your Stove, Range, Washing Machine, Sure Hatch Incubator, Well Piping, Wind Mills, and Implements from

**..J. B. Sledge Hardware Co..**

## Carpenter Repair Work

OUR SPECIALTY

**Goodloe Paint Company**

PHONE - NO. 27

## DR. L. R. HOUGH

Dentist

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

**WE** give every customer, old or young, the best value possible for the money. Do not you enjoy dealing with a store you can depend on in every way? Surely you do.

We carry a full line of groceries—the best of everything.

PHONE NO. 11

**J. K. BLAND**

# "K"

By  
Mary Roberts Rinehart

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(Continued from page 3)

was all that concerned her—for suddenly Sidney's small world, which had always sedately revolved in one direction, began to move the other way.

The door opened, and the staff came in. But where before they had moved heavily, with dropped heads, now they came quickly, as men with a purpose. There was a tall man in a white coat with them. He ordered them about like children, and they hastened to do his will. The heaviness of inactivity lifted. The room buzzed. The nurses stood by, while the staff did Sidney's work.

It was the Lamb, after all, who brought the news to Sidney. The new activity had caught Doctor Ed, and she was alone now, her face buried against the back of a chair.

"There'll be something doing now, Miss Page," he offered.

"What are they going to do?"

"Going after the bullet. Do you know who's going to do it?"

His voice echoed the subdued excitement of the room—excitement and new hope.

"Did you ever hear of Edwardes, the surgeon—the Edwardes operation you know. Well, he's here. It sounds like a miracle. They found him sitting on a bench in the hall downstairs."

Sidney raised her head, but she could not see the miraculously found Edwardes. She could see the familiar faces of the staff, and that other face on the pillow, and—she gave a little cry. There was K! How like him to be there, to be wherever anyone was in trouble! Tears came to her eyes—the first tears she had shed.

As if her eyes had called him, he looked up and saw her. He came toward her at once. The staff stood back to let him pass, and gazed after him. The wonder of what had happened was growing on them.

K. stood beside Sidney, and looked down at her. Just at first it seemed as if he found nothing to say. Then: "There's just a chance, Sidney, dear. Don't count too much on it. If you will wait somewhere near, I'll see that you have immediate word."

"I am going to the operating room. Some-thing near."

His steady voice controlled her hysteria. But she resented it. She was not herself, of course, what with strain and weariness.

"I shall ask Doctor Edwardes."

He was puzzled for a moment. Then he understood. After all, it was as well. The thing that really mattered was that he must try to save Wilson for her. If he failed, she might hate him the rest of her life—not for himself but for his failure. Whichever way things went, he must lose.

"Doctor Edwardes says you are to stay away from the operation, but to remain near. He—he promises to call you if—things go wrong."

She had to be content with that. Nothing about that night was real to Sidney. She sat in the anesthetizing room, and after a time she knew that she was not alone. There was somebody else. She realized that Carliotta was there, too, pacing up and down the little room. She was never sure, for instance, whether she imagined it, or whether Carliotta really stopped before her and surveyed her with burning eyes.

"So you thought he was going to marry you?" said Carliotta—or the dream. "Well, you see he isn't."

Sidney tried to answer, and failed—or that was the way the dream went.

"If you had enough character, I'd think you did it. How do I know you didn't follow us, and shoot him as he left the room?"

It must have been really after all; for Sidney's numbed mind grasped the essential fact here, and held on to it. He had been out with Carliotta. He had promised—sworn that this should not happen. It had happened. It surprised her. It seemed as if nothing more could hurt her.

In the movement to and from the operating room, the door stood open for a moment. A tall figure—how much it looked like K.—straightened and held out something in its hand.

"The bullet!" said Carliotta in a whisper.

Then more waiting, a stir of movement in the room beyond the closed door. Carliotta was standing, her face buried in her hands, against the door. Sidney suddenly felt sorry for her. She cared a great deal. It must be tragic to care like that! She herself was not caring much; she was too numb.

The city still slept, but the torturing night was over. And in the gray dawn the old, looking gray, too, and elderly and weary, came out through the closed door and took their hushed way toward the elevator. They were talking among themselves. Sidney, straining her ears, gathered that they had seen a miracle, and that the wonder was still on them.

Carliotta followed them out. Almost on their heels came K. He was in the white coat, and more and

more he looked like the man who had raised up from his work and held out something in his hand. Sidney's head was aching and confused. The tall man—or was it K?—looked at her, and then reached up and turned off the electric light. When the light was out everything was gray. She could not see. She slid very quietly out of her chair, and lay at his feet in a dead faint.

K. carried her to the elevator. He held her as he had held her that day at the park when she fell in the river, very carefully, tenderly, as one holds something infinitely precious. Not until he had placed her on her bed did she open her eyes. But she was conscious before that. She was so tired, and to be carried like that, in strong arms, not knowing where one was going, or caring—

The nurse he had summoned hustled out for aromatic ammonia. Sidney, lying among her pillows, looked up at K.

"How is he?"

"A little better. There's a chance, dear."

"I have been so mixed up. All the time I was sitting waiting, I kept thinking it was you who were operating! Will he really get well?"

"It looks promising."

"I should like to thank Doctor Edwardes."

The nurse was a long time getting the ammonia. But something had happened to K. that savored of the marvelous. His faith in himself was coming back—not strongly, with a rush, but with all humility. He had been loath to take up the burden, but now that he had it, he breathed a sort of inarticulate prayer to be able to carry it.

Sidney held out her hand to him.

"What should I do without you, K.?" she asked wistfully.

"All you have to do is to want me."

His voice was not too steady, and he took her pulse in a most business-like way to distract her attention from it. But, as he rose from the chair beside her low bed, she put out her hand to him.

"Yes, dear."

"He was out with Carliotta. He promised, and he broke his promise."

"There may have been reasons. Suppose we wait until he can explain."

"How can he explain?" And, when he hesitated: "I bring all my troubles to you, as if you had none. Somehow, I can't go to Aunt Harriet, and of course mother—Carliotta cares a great deal for him. She said that I shot him. Does anyone really think that?"

"Of course not. Please stop thinking."

She stirred restlessly.

"What time is it?"

"Half-past six."

"I must get up and go on duty."

He was glad to be stern with her. He forbade her rising. When the nurse came in with the belated ammonia, she found K. making an arbitrary ruling, and Sidney looking up at him mutinously.

"Miss Page is not to go on duty today. She is to stay in bed until further orders."

"Very well, Doctor Edwardes."

The confusion in Sidney's mind cleared away suddenly. K. was Doctor Edwardes! It was K. who had performed the miracle operation—K. who had dared and perhaps won! Dear K., with his steady eyes and his long surgeon's fingers! Then, because she seemed to see ahead as well as back into the past in that flash that comes to the drowning and to those recovering from shock, and because she knew that now the little house would no longer be home to K., she turned her

face into her pillow and cried. Her world had fallen indeed. Her lover was not true, and might be dying; her friend would go away to his own world, which was not the Street.

K. left her at last and went back to seventeen, where Doctor Ed still sat by the bed. Inaction was telling on him. If Max would only open his eyes, so he could tell him what had been in his mind all these years—his pride in him, and all that.

With a sort of belated desire to make up for where he had failed, he put the bag that had been Max's bete noire on the bedside table, and began to clear it of rubbish—odd bits of

dirty cotton, the tubing from a long-defunct stethoscope, glass from a broken bottle, a scrap of paper on which was a memorandum, in his illegible writing, to send Max a check for his graduating suit. When K. came in, he had the old dog collar at his hand.

"Belonged to an old collie of ours," he said heavily. "Milkman ran over him and killed him. Max chased the wagon and kicked the driver with his own whip."

His face worked.

"Poor old Bobby Burns!" he said. "We'd raised him from a pup. Got him in a grape basket."

The sick man opened his eyes.

(Continued next week)

## THE REAL FRA DIAVOLO

DESERTED BY MEN, BETRAYED BY HIS PHYSICIAN.

Memoirs of Gen. Hugo Tell Story of Campaign Against the Brigand Who Fought for Bourbons Against Napoleon.

General Hugo's memoirs tell the story of his campaign against Fra Diavolo, alias Michael Pezza, the Italian brigand who fought for the Bourbons against Napoleon. The general transforms his adversary into a kind of hero and puts his personal prowess in such a dramatic light that his son, the poet Victor Hugo, found it necessary to add little or nothing to the account to raise it to the level of an epic.

However, M. Jacques Rambaud publishes in the Revue de Paris some new documents which reduce this campaign to more prosaic proportions. These documents are the very letters written by Commandant Hugo, the future general, to Caesar Berthier, his command-in-chief, as well as the formal report of his operations drawn up at Naples on November 4, 1808.

In his memoirs Hugo from the outset affects a wonderful confidence; his letters prove that he was mightily perplexed how to deal with an enemy with whom the whole population was in sympathy, and he frankly confesses that in the work of conquest he looks rather to bribery and treachery than to force of arms.

His memoirs describe a real battle the night at Bojano, in which his soldiers are represented as making 30 prisoners after killing or drowning hundreds of brigands. His letters are more modest and speak only of a skirmish in which "several" brigands were killed and only six were taken prisoners. There is, too, in these letters nothing about the shot in his right leg which he afterward mentions in his memoirs; on the contrary, he seems to have moved about with remarkable agility.

This does not mean that the campaign against the famous brigand was not decidedly strenuous, but the military operations would have been singularly fruitless and Fra Diavolo would have continued to range the country for many years had he not been deserted by his men and in his solitary condition recognized by a village doctor, who won his confidence and betrayed him.

Hugo assures us in his memoirs that he interceded with King Joseph to grant Fra Diavolo a pardon. There is no evidence of this and it is not very likely. How could he have had the face to claim that this captured brigand should be treated as a prisoner of war when from his own showing he was a man more celebrated for crimes than for deeds of military daring, more accustomed to take a flight than to stand his ground and fight? He compared him, indeed, with Mandrin and Cartouche. That means that the hangman's rope was too good for him.

The Ready Cody.

The late Col. Samuel F. Cody, England's once successful aviator, was an American; and Cody in his youth led an eventful life as showman, sharpshooter, circus tumbler and what-not.

Cody once exhibited, as a side-show feature of a circus, a Tartary wild horse. "Here you are, gents," he shouted from his side-show platform. "Here you are—the only genuine wild horse of Tartary. A purse of \$10 is offered to anybody who can stick on his back."

There were no aspirants for the purse, and Cody continued:

"If any gentleman here can stick on his back thirty seconds I'll give him the ten-dollar purse and the wild horse besides, by jingo. The animal's unridable. I've had years of equestrian practice, and he shakes me off in ten seconds."

"Ever try gittin' inside 'im?" shouted a yokel.

"Yes, I've tried that, friend," Cody replied, "but his mouth ain't quite as big as yours."

"The Cut-Flower Express."

American railway trains often bear amusing or picturesque names, but no American "special" or "limited" bears such a poetic name as that of a train that runs every day in the year between Toulon and Paris. This train is called the "rapide des fleurs"—which we may translate "the cut-flower express."

The train carries nothing but cut flowers, which are shipped in baskets and pasteboard boxes for the Paris market. You can buy the violets of Hyeres, the roses and carnations of Antibes and the Roman hyacinths of Olhoules and Carqueirannes at the flower stalls of Paris eighteen hours after they were gathered on the shores of the Mediterranean.

A considerable quantity of these

flowers go also to Germany and Belgium, and some are sent as far as Vienna and St. Petersburg. A special train crew handles the packages and sorts them as mail clerks sort the mails. The "cut-flower express" runs at high speed and is nearly always on time.—Youth's Companion.

Awful Shock.

Harper's wife was out of town on a visit. When Harper opened his mail the other morning he found a neat little check and the following note:

"Dear Fred—Inclosed you will find \$2.99. Please credit same to my 'conscience fund.' After long hours of deliberation I have reached the conclusion that I paid too much for soy hat lovingly, Mae."

Then Harper fainted.

TIPPING IS ANCIENT HABIT

Custom Dates Back to 1785 and Was Subject of Much Criticism Even at That Early Time.

If the efforts that are now being made by the London Hairdressers' association for the abolition of tipping meet with success, there will be much jubilation among the many long-suffering victims of the system, and no doubt an equal amount of regret among those who have profited by its continuance, says the Dundee Advertiser.

The habit of giving gratuities would appear to be a very old one, for as far back as 1785 it prevailed. At that date we find a worthy man bitterly complaining of the tips expected by all and sundry when putting up a horse at an inn. Over and above the ordinary bill he must give a shilling to the waiter, to the chambermaid sixpence, to the hostler sixpence, and sixpence to the bootjack, making two shillings and sixpence in all. The next morning at breakfast it was necessary to give sixpence between the waiter and the hostler. That was for one night's stay only. But if the traveler merely put up for refreshment, besides paying a boy to mind the horses, the hostler expected threepence, at dinner the waiter looked for sixpence and the hostler again made threepence; at tea, waiter and hostler shared sixpence. Thus the old-time traveler gave away two shillings and sixpence a day in tips, which, added to the two shillings and sixpence overnight, made a total of five shillings a day.

Molasses in War.

There seems no connection between a piece of gingerbread and a 13-inch shell, and yet there is. The name of this affinity is "molasses." Just old-time "blackstrap," which is sometimes seen in the lumber camps. The demand for alcohol for use in making explosives is so heavy that manufacturers have looked around for something cheaper than corn. They found it in Louisiana blackstrap, and that sticky, slow-flowing commodity now goes into the make-up of one of the most tremendous energies in the world. It has proved such a success that its price is now about four times what it was two years ago.

Sprinkler Has Wheels.

An ingenious professor in a western university has combined a lawn sprinkler with a dismantled lawn mower in such a way that one can move the sprinkler about the lawn while it is running, without getting wet, says Popular Mechanics. The long crossbar of the sprinkler was clamped to the bottom of the mower after the blades had been removed. In place of the ordinary handle a long pole was attached to the transformed mower, which reached well outside the range of the running water. This permits one to move the device about the lawn without the inconvenience of turning off the water.

Correct Heat Records.

Why does a weather bureau thermometer show lower temperatures in hot weather than the thermometer at the corner drug store? asks the Popular Science Monthly. When discrepancies exist, they are due chiefly to the fact that the official thermometer is installed in a wooden cage, where it is open to the air, but screened from both direct sunshine and the heat reflected from surrounding buildings.

Only under such conditions does a thermometer measure accurately the temperature of the air.

A thermometer in the sunshine becomes much hotter than the air around it, and its reading simply tells us how hot the instrument is, not how hot the air is. In large cities the weather bureau thermometer is often installed on the roof of a high building, where the temperatures differ somewhat from those prevailing at the street level. The object sought in this arrangement is to obtain a record of the natural temperature of the locality in general rather than the artificial temperature of the city.

Aluminum on Skis Lengthens Jump.

An increase of several yards in the jump of skiers is a rather surprising result of the process of metalizing objects by means of a spray. In Switzerland a coating of aluminum of the thickness of thin cardboard is being applied to the ski blades by this method, and this not only adds greatly to the durability of the bearing surface but it also very materially lessens friction, and tends further to prevent caking of snow on the blades. It is the diminished friction that lengthens the jump.

How Like a Woman!

She—Do you love me as much when you are absent from me?

He (fervently)—I love you more, darling.

She—Oh, why can't I be with you then!

## You Need a Tonic

There are times in every woman's life when she needs a tonic to help her over the hard places. When that time comes to you, you know what tonic to take—Cardui, the woman's tonic. Cardui is composed of purely vegetable ingredients, which act gently, yet surely, on the weakened womanly organs, and helps build them back to strength and health. It has benefited thousands and thousands of weak, ailing women in its past half century of wonderful success, and it will do the same for you. You can't make a mistake in taking

# GARDUI

## The Woman's Tonic

Miss Amelia Wilson, R. F. D. No. 4, Alma, Ark., says: "I think Cardui is the greatest medicine on earth, for women. Before I began to take Cardui, I was so weak and nervous, and had such awful dizzy spells and a poor appetite. Now I feel as well and as strong as I ever did, and can eat most anything." Begin taking Cardui today. Sold by all dealers.

Has Helped Thousands.

# DENTIST

Modern Methods and Reliable Work

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Office  
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Established in Clovis 9 Years.  
Crown and Bridge Work a Specialty.

## DR. E. M. CHAPMAN

Clovis, New Mexico

### Dr. Swearingin's Dates

Dr. Swearingin, the specialist from Roswell, New Mexico, will be in Portales, at Neer's drug store, on the 20th day of each month, to treat diseases of the eye, ear, nose and throat, and to fit glasses.

### HOGS INFESTED WITH WORMS

Many Owners Never Suspect Anything Wrong Until His Animals Show Visible Signs of Sickness.

Some hog growers positively know their hogs are not infested with worms, although they have never given them anything to prevent them. Some think their hogs are all right in this respect.

The downright truth is that 90 per cent of the hogs are infested with worms and the owner never suspects until his hogs show signs of sickness. It pays to be on the safe side all the time in this regard.

### Correct Heat Records.

Why does a weather bureau thermometer show lower temperatures in hot weather than the thermometer at the corner drug store? asks the Popular Science Monthly. When discrepancies exist, they are due chiefly to the fact that the official thermometer is installed in a wooden cage, where it is open to the air, but screened from both direct sunshine and the heat reflected from surrounding buildings.

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## Monuments...

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

## Inda Humphrey...

For month of January, I will offer good sewing machines at from \$4.50 \$10.00.

## J. P. PYEATT

New and Second Hand Dealer

For month of January, I will offer good sewing machines at from \$4.50 \$10.00.

## J. P. PYEATT

New and Second Hand Furniture

## V. J. Campbell

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Will appreciate your business. Farm sales a specialty. Will make your stuff bring all it is worth.

Longs, New Mexico

## Carter-Robinson Abstract Company

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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.

## Do You Suffer From HEADACHE? NEURALGIA?

"I have been subject to severe headaches for about seven years. My head would ache so badly at times that I could scarcely stand it. Doctors and headache medicines did no good. Hunt's Lightning Oil gave me almost instant relief. Have not suffered from those dreadful headaches since I found out about your wonderful liniment," writes Mrs. W. T. Dickson, Sherman, Texas.

MAKES PAIN VANISH

The affected part instantly warms and glows under its powerful penetrating effect. You can fairly see and feel it do the work. Simply rub it on and the pain seems to fade away. Inexpensive—25c and 50c a bottle.

HUNT'S LIGHTNING OIL

FOR SALE BY J. S. Pearce



Very Well, Doctor Edwardes.

face into her pillow and cried. Her world had fallen indeed. Her lover was not true, and might be dying; her friend would go away to his own world, which was not the Street.

K. left her at last and went back to seventeen, where Doctor Ed still sat by the bed. Inaction was telling on him. If Max would only open his eyes, so he could tell him what had been in his mind all these years—his pride in him, and all that.

With a sort of belated desire to make up for where he had failed, he put the bag that had been Max's bete noire on the bedside table, and began to clear it of rubbish—odd bits of

dirty cotton, the tubing from a long-defunct stethoscope, glass from a broken bottle, a scrap of paper on which was a memorandum, in his illegible writing, to send Max a check for his graduating suit. When K. came in, he had the old dog collar at his hand.

WAN  
Automobile  
For Sale or Tr  
ages 4 and 10.  
FOR SALE  
China pigs, also  
—J. F. Cranford  
For Sale—Goo  
also kafr hay.  
Rogers, New M  
FOR SALE—  
cow, seven year  
one fresh in  
summer; two  
calves; also  
hogs, both sex  
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section 22, low  
east; price \$25  
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range 85 east;  
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McRae, Portale  
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EDGERS

## WANT ADS

Automobile—second hand, for sale or trade; terms to suit. Cos Howard.

For Sale or Trade—Two good mares, ages 4 and 10. See Finis Henderson.

FOR SALE—Registered Poland China pigs, also some mares and mules.—J. F. Cranford, Delphos, N. M. 9-4tp

For Sale—Good dwarf kafir corn seed, also kafir hay. See A. W. Stokes, Rogers, New Mexico. 4tp

FOR SALE—One fresh Jersey milk cow, seven years old; two Jersey heifers, one fresh in March, other fresh in summer; two registered Jersey bull calves; also registered Poland China hogs, both sexes. Will take part pay in feed. Sunrise Stock Farm, Carl Mueller, proprietor.

WANTED—A good milk cow for her feed. Have plenty of feed and wheat pasture. Apply at this office.

FOR SALE—The northeast quarter section 22, township 1 south, range 34 east; price \$2600; and the northwest quarter section 33, township 1 south, range 35 east; price \$1500. Address Rufus W. Smith, 2949 5th Street, San Diego, California. 11-15p

FOR LEASE—1760 acre ranch for one or more years. Positively no tearing down or riding over fences. S. R. McRae, Portales, N. M. 10-3tp

WANTED—To swap good 6-months old mule for young, gentle saddle mare, and pay difference.—T. A. Bell. 12tf

FOR RENT—80-acre Improved Irrigated Farm situated one and one-fourth mile west of Portales, known as the Red Feather Farm. Terms, all cash in advance. Parties desiring to rent will make a bid for same, for one year lease. If the rental is worth a given sum to you, write and let me know what that sum is. The place will be rented to highest cash bidder. Address Harry T. Ney, Modesto, Calif. 12-13

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Portales, New Mexico

### SAM J. NIXON

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Tank building, house moving and freighting. Prompt service. Phone 152 or 29, or write or leave word at the News office.

All Kinds Road and Street Work

## Bethlehem's Bid on Shells for the United States Navy

To the American People:

The Secretary of the Navy has awarded contracts amounting to over \$3,000,000 to a British bidder for 14 and 16-inch projectiles for the Navy because of very much lower prices offered by the English bidders.

We know nothing of the basis upon which the British bids were made, but the public is entitled to know the facts upon which we ourselves bid for this work.

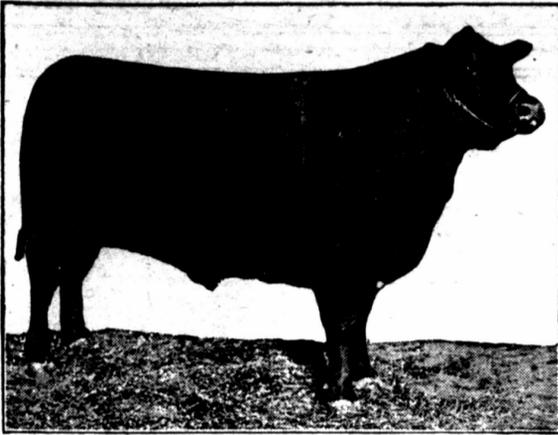
Two years ago we took contracts to make 4,200 14-inch shells at a price of \$1,515,000. Up to now not a single shell has been accepted by the Government, although we have expended, in wages, materials, etc., on these orders \$522,881, and we have not received a SINGLE DOLLAR on these contracts.

In addition, a literal interpretation of the contract might make us liable for penalties amounting to \$978,616.

In the light of our experience, and having no other basis, we bid for 16-inch shells approximately the same rate per pound as that which the Navy Department actually awarded a 14-inch shell contract one year ago.

Bethlehem Steel Company  
CHAS. M. SCHWAB, Chairman  
EUGENE G. GRACE, President

## CARE PREVENTS DANGER TO COW OR CALF



SUPERIOR TYPE OF BEEF STEER.

A few simple rules observed before and after birth will eliminate danger either to the cow or her offspring, according to Dr. F. S. Schoenleber, professor of veterinary medicine in the Kansas State Agricultural college.

"The feeding of some concentrates—cottonseed meal, linseed meal, or bran—a few weeks before the cow is due to freshen is helpful both to the mother and her offspring. Dry feeding probably has clogged the eliminative organs—the bowels, the skin, and the kidneys. To a great extent these concentrated feeds will correct this condition. Cottonseed meal should not be given to those cows that are exceptionally heavy milkers because it increases the flow of milk and might cause milk fever. It is a good plan to give to heavy milkers a medium to

winds have the effect of driving the blood of the animal from the surface to the internal organs, which frequently results in diseases of various kinds.

The cow should be isolated a few days before the calf is expected. This will prevent any possible injury or worry either to her or to her offspring. She should also be kept out of reach of hogs. At this period cows become cross and they should be handled carefully in order to prevent danger to strangers or owners.

If a cow does not clean properly within 10 to 12 hours, artificial means should be taken immediately because the prolongation of this condition is likely to injure the delicate organs and impair her as a breeding animal. If the membrane does not come with the calf or soon afterwards, the cow should be given at least one pound of epsom salts dissolved in lukewarm water. This is for a cow weighing 900 pounds. The dose must be increased according to the weight of the cow above 900 pounds.

Immediately after parturition a cow does not need heavy feeding. At this period she is feverish and her appetite is poor. She will, however, eat food when put before her despite the fact that her digestive system has no use for it. This feeding will help to create more fever. Plenty of cool water should be given her, and after 10 to 15 hours feeding is in order. Feed should be gradually increased as the cow gains in strength.

Calves should be protected from the weather and insanitary surroundings. The cow should be milked four to ten hours after calving. This will allow the calf plenty of the first milk. Subsequently the cow should be milked regularly. When her feverish condition has left her after the third day, the milk is fit for human consumption.

Grass is the natural food for the cow. She does better on it than on any other feed. Whenever grass is not available ensilage should supplement it. A cow will respond readily, both in milk and in health, when she is fed on a variety of feeds.

## SORE SHOULDER IS EASILY PREVENTED

Collar Fitting Horse's Neck Snugly and With Hames Properly Adjusted Are Urged.

A good collar, fitting the horse's neck, and hames adjusted to fit the collar without too great down and side draft will do much to prevent sore shoulders, says Dr. M. H. Reynolds, veterinarian at the Minnesota College of Agriculture. Sore shoulders can be prevented easily by a little care at the right time.

"Collars must be kept clean to avoid sores. Many cases of sore neck are caused also by loose hames sawing back and forth until the top of the shoulder is raw.

"Some horses have abnormally shaped shoulders. In this case, the agricultural college veterinarian suggests Dr. J. C. Curryer's plan of soaking the collar a day or two in water just before it is used on the horse. While soft from soaking, the collar will adjust itself to the horse's shoulders.

"Prevention," he says, "is easier than cure," but there are several simple remedies recommended. "White lead ground in oil is good. Stone blacking is a useful remedy. It forms a smooth surface over the sore, thus preventing chafing, and has mildly astringent properties."

## PEPSIN BEING USED IN PLACE OF RENNET

Found to Be Substitute by Dairy Department of Oregon Agricultural College.

Rennet is scarce. The usual importations are below normal, and rennet manufacturers in this country have been unable to secure enough properly prepared calves' stomachs. Suggestions that cheesemakers make a campaign among their patrons to encourage the home rennet supply have not greatly helped the situation. But the dairy department of the

Oregon Agricultural college has found pepsin to be a substitute for rennet. Cheese made last May with pepsin has thus far been so successful that judges have not been able to distinguish it from the rennet curd.

Pepsin is a ferment made from the lining of the fresh stomach of a pig, sheep, or calf. It is dried, and put up for use either as a white powder or in the form of yellowish scales. The scale pepsin is the kind used in cheesemaking. Four ounces of a five per cent solution of pepsin in water are used for each 1,000 pounds of milk. The water must not be over 105 degrees Fahrenheit, and the solution must be made up a few hours before it is used.

While pepsin is not represented as a serious rival to rennet for cheesemaking, it may take the place of it should necessity demand a substitute.

## INSECT PESTS PASS WINTER IN RUBBISH

Certain Methods of Control Can Be Practiced Which Will Greatly Lessen Trouble.

During the winter very few persons give a thought to the various insect pests which threaten their crops in the summer, and yet at this time certain methods of control can be practiced which will greatly lessen the trouble the following year.

The strawberry-leaf roller curls up the edges of a leaf and its winter home is complete. If numerous, it will pay to mow the beds after the crop is off and rake and burn.

The red-necked cane borer of raspberries and blackberries, whose work results in a gall or swelling, passes the winter as a larva. Infested canes should be cut off below the swellings and burned.

In grass lands below the frost line are the larvae of rose chafers or rose bugs. These come up near the surface in the spring and transform to pupae.

Plum curculios, which, by the way, are hard to find during cold weather, select grass, leaves and trash in or near the orchard. Pear psylla select crevices in the bark, and the pear leaf blister mite goes under the bud scales.

## "MINUTE MEN" ARE SCARCE

Wireless Telegraphy is Practiced Very Extensively by British Flag Waggons.

How many readers of Answers knows what a "minute man" is?

He is an army signaler who is so skilled at his work that, with the ordinary signaling flag, he can "send" the seventy-two letters, signs and figures which the Morse code contains in sixty seconds. As some of the letters have to be expressed by four movements of the flag, you can guess that he has to be pretty smart. As a matter of fact, he has to jerk his flag to and fro at an average rate of five times a second.

"There is a tremendous amount of competition for the distinction," said a minute man to a London Answers representative the other day, "but it is a distinction so hard to obtain that minute men are very scarce.

"The regiment which has more than one or two of them in its body of signallers is lucky indeed.

"As a matter of fact," he went on, "though people know so little about them, signallers are of the greatest importance to an army in times of war.

"Telegraph wires are rarely available and field telegraphs are much too clumsy for use when a large stretch of country has to be covered by mobile forces.

"In war the signaller has a hot time. He has to choose rising ground for his work. He cannot take advantage of cover as other troops can. The flash of his helio or the waving of his flag makes a fine target and the enemy know that it is good policy to shoot signallers.

"One signaller I know who was attached to a mounted infantry corps had three helio glasses broken by bullets while he was sending messages in South Africa.

"Another man had his flag shot from his hand on two different occasions.

"But in times of peace the signaller is rather to be envied. It is true he gets no extra pay. The war office does not think much of him, and his only cash reward is a bonus for passing his annual examination.

"But as a rule, unless a regiment is very much reduced, he is not called upon to perform any fatigue duty. Until a few years ago, at any rate, he only carried a cape on route marches, instead of the heavy kit of the ordinary private. Then, too in many regiments, the signallers have a room to themselves, and only those who have lived in big barracks know what a comfort that is.

"When a regiment is on the march the colonel goes first. Then comes the pioneers, then the signallers, then the band, followed by the rest, and soldiers think a lot of little points of precedence like that."

## When Leaves Fall.

The call to the country is never so strong as in autumn. Custom and commerce and society have conspired to call men back to the city just when the heat has passed, and the mellowing air and the coloring world is most alluring in the country. When the haze hangs over the hills, and leaves are green and gold and scarlet, and soft sunlight of Indian summer fills the world, then the west wind stirs in man the half extinct memory of his hunting ancestors and he longs to strike the trail for the unknown woods. Then it is his primal instincts prompt him to build wood fires and sleep under the starlit skies. But, alas! stern necessity or feverish night of winter gales call most men back to the nervous grind of the world as it is. But only if we could strike the long trail and answer the call of Indian summer, what wonderful high adventure, what keen delight, and restful health we might find over the rim yonder—from whence the west wind comes.—Harper's Weekly.

## Uses for Gold-Filled Wire.

Since the advent of gold-filled wire in the commercial jeweler's trade it has been put to an almost countless number of uses. Its durability and the pliancy with which it may be handled has made it an especial favorite in many classes of work which heretofore were considered arduous and necessarily were expensive.

Gold-filled wire is equal to gold in durability. In fact it has many qualities not possessed by the "solid" alloy products. Especially has gold wire been found of unusual value in the manufacture of spectacle rims. It is easily worked.

As evidence of the great amount employed it is well to recall that one factory alone uses \$1,000,000 worth of gold a year and about half of it finds its way into gold-wire spectacle rims. "Gold-filled" is in reality filled gold for it is a gold shell filled with an alloy. Filled gold generally is made by pressing gold sheets upon either side of a sheet of baser metal.

## Sentenced for His Poesy.

Much as the labors of poets are decried in the United States, poem writing has not yet come to be regarded as a crime punishable by the courts, and the sentence "Found guilty of a poem" is yet to be pronounced in the halls of justice of our country. Not all lands, however, are blessed with this beneficent tolerance toward the poet, as a recent trial in Cairo made evident. A young native of the country, Abdul Halim El Maari, was sentenced to serve three months in prison for having written a poem. The court decreed that some of the remarks in the poem in reference to the Khedive were of a subversive character, and that the offending lyricist should be punished and at the same time be given an opportunity to repent of his crime.

## 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

## FOR SALE!

Ripe Broom Corn Seed. Hand Threshed. . . . .  
..ARTHUR LITTLEJOHN..  
MANN, NEW MEXICO

# LISTEN!

Choose for your friends those who stimulate you, who arouse your ambition, who stir you up, with a desire to do something and be somebody in the world. . . . .

## BUILD YOU A HOME

# The Portales Lumber Co.

# Notice to Taxpayers

Notice is hereby given to the tax payers of Roosevelt county, New Mexico, that the tax assessor or a deputy will visit the precincts of the county at the time and place designated below, for the purpose of making the assessments of all taxable property for the year 1917. The law requires that all property not rendered for purposes of taxation on or before the last business day of February in each year shall be assessed with a penalty of twenty-five per cent, and that such assessment shall be made from the best information the tax assessor may have or can obtain.

- Prec. 1 Portales, assessor's office Jan. 1st to Feb. 28th
- Prec. 13 Midway, Union school house Jan. 8th
- Prec. 7 Arch, post office Jan. 9th
- Prec. 16 Inez, post office Jan. 10-11
- Prec. 11 Rogers, post office Jan. 12th
- Prec. 6 Longs, post office Jan. 15th
- Prec. 15 Garrison, post office Jan. 16th
- Prec. 15 Redland, post office Jan. 17th
- Prec. 8 Cromer, post office Jan. 18th
- Prec. 14 Newcomb residence Jan. 19th
- Prec. 12 Yoachum store Jan. 22d
- Prec. 17 Redlake, post office Jan. 23d
- Prec. 4 Floyd, postoffice Jan. 24th
- Prec. 23 Painter, school house Jan. 25th
- Prec. 21 Benson, post office Jan. 26th
- Prec. 3 Dereno, post office Jan. 29th
- Prec. 28 Canton, post office Jan. 30th
- Prec. 20 Claudell, post office Jan. 31st
- Prec. 20 M. W. Rutherford residence Feb. 1st
- Prec. 18 Upton, post office Feb. 2d
- Prec. 27 Kermit, post office Feb. 5th
- Prec. 25 Delphos, post office Feb. 6th
- Prec. 9 La Lande, post office Feb. 7th-8th
- Prec. 10 Taiban, Speight's store Feb. 9th-10th-12th
- Prec. 5 Tolar, post office Feb. 13th-14th
- Prec. 22 Perry school house Feb. 16th
- Prec. 2 Elida, mayor office, first door south of post office, Feb. 19th to 24th.

If not convenient to meet the assessor on the above dates, call at assessor's office, or blanks will be mailed to anyone upon request.

Respectfully yours,

BURL JOHNSON, Assessor,  
Roosevelt County, New Mexico.

## ..Full Weight and Brimming Over..

are our Loads of Coal, and the quantity is not only there, but the quality also. It is all well screened, clean and free from all added dirt, dust or rubbish. You will find this Coal has excellent burning properties, and that it gives out great heat, whether used in stove, range or furnace. There is plenty of winter yet to come. Better let us have your orders now.



..THE LEACH COAL COMPANY..  
Telephone No. 3

**FRANCES X. BUSHMAN and BEVERLY BAYNE, the crowned King and Queen of the screen, in "A MAN AND HIS SOUL," at Cosy, Monday, Feb. 12th.**  
 It requires skill to preach goodness and show moral uplift. It's as plain as A. B. C. in "A Man and His Soul." It's a Metro.  
**ADMISSION 10c and 20c** x x x x x x x x x x **FIRST SHOW AT 7:30 PROMPT**



**Special Excursions**

Scottish Rite Reunion, Santa Fe, N. M., February 19th to 21st, 1917. Tickets on sale daily Feb. 15th to 20th; final return limit Feb. 24th. Fare for round trip, \$20.00. Through Pullman, Portales to Santa Fe. Call at ticket office for reservation.

National Educational Association, Kansas City, February 26th to March 3. Tickets on sale February 23, 24, 25. Limit March 7th. Fare \$27.50.

**T. C. JOHNSON, Agent**

**H. C. Kachel**

H. C. Kachel was born in Rooks county, Kansas, December 7, 1891, where he lived till he was about 9 years old and then went with his parents to Polk county, Missouri, where he met his companion, Effie Fortner; and was married April 30, 1905. To this union were born four children, three girls and one boy. He accepted the Lord as his Savior in January, 1916, in Elk county, Kansas. He located at his present home near Carter, New Mexico, in February, 1916, where he lived devoted Christian life until his death. He departed this life February 4, 1917, leaving a wife and four children, two brothers and three sisters, and a host of friends and relatives.

"Ever Ready" Flash Lights and Batteries at C. M. Dobbs'.

**Card of Thanks**

The undersigned wishes to thank the many friends who so kindly assisted during the illness and death of our little daughter. We are deeply grateful for these services and hope that you will receive your final reward in that land where sorrow and trials come not and where all is sunshine and gladness.

Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Morrison.

**Resolutions**

To the Roosevelt County Teachers' Association, in session assembled at Taiban, New Mexico, January 26th and 27th, 1917.

We, your committee on resolutions, beg to submit the following resolutions:

1st. That we heartily endorse and pledge our active support in successfully carrying out the proposed educational rally to be held in Portales, on April 7, 1917.

2nd. That we endeavor to influence, by petition or otherwise, legislative enactment of a measure which will provide available funds to pay all school warrants when presented for payment.

3rd. That we, the teachers of Roosevelt county, extend our thanks to Mrs. S. F. Culberson, who has recently completed a long and successful administration as superintendent of schools, for her untiring efforts and words of encouragement to us during her entire term of office, and wish for her success and happiness in all her future undertakings.

4th. That we heartily thank Mr. Lugibihl, Dr. Boyd and Mrs. Miller for their time and instructive discussions and extend to them an invitation to meet with us again.

5th. That we heartily thank

the people of Taiban for their unlimited hospitality in caring for the visiting members of this association, thereby increasing the success and pleasure of this meeting. Especially do we appreciate the program of Friday evening rendered by Mr. Edd Frost, Mrs. Brown, Misses Cornett, Burns, Davies, Tanner, Espey and little Regene Brown. 6th. That copies of these resolutions be furnished the Taiban Valley News, Taiban, New Mexico; the official county paper, Portales, New Mexico, and the New Mexico Journal of Education, Santa Fe.

J. R. Shock.  
 J. E. Owens.  
 R. A. Deen.  
 Committee.

**Longs Items**

Henry and Paul Walker are back in school after a long absence on account of illness. We are glad to welcome them back. They both do excellent school work.

Tom Haislip is putting a windmill over his new well.

Mr. Kendall has been having a well drilled. He has already found water and thinks he will have a good well.

U. S. Frazee and daughter went to Rogers last Saturday night to attend church.

Mrs. M. T. Fullerton returned last Sunday from Portales, where she has been taking chiropractic treatment. She is very much improved.

Mr. and Mrs. Austin Fullerton were visitors at Mr. Frazee's place last Sunday.

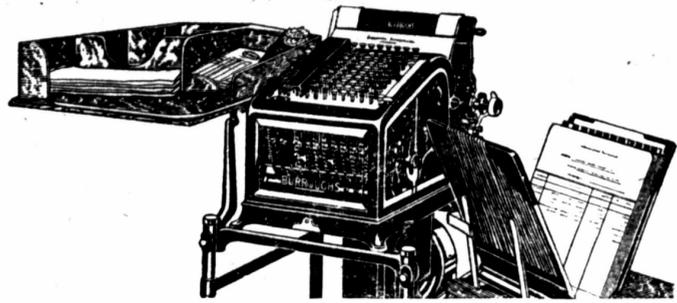
Miss Sarah Walker, who is at town taking treatments, is expected home soon.

Spectacles, all kinds and prices at Dobbs' confectionery.

W. O. OLDHAM, President

P. E. JORDAN, Cashier

H. C. WAGGONER, Asst. Cashier



**How a Machine Does Our Bookkeeping**

A short time ago we installed a remarkable machine in our Accounting Department—a machine which adds and subtracts, tells the date, keeps our books and gets out monthly statements. It does all this work much faster than any bookkeeper could, and has never been known to make a mistake.

The installation of this Burroughs Bookkeeping machine means that our accounts will be handled just as rapidly and accurately as those of the largest and most up-to-date banks in the country.

**Insures Accuracy**

The fact that our figure work is done on a Burroughs is a guarantee to our customers of absolute accuracy in the handling of their accounts. The machine method of ledger posting makes it impossible for a mistake to get past unnoticed. This accuracy insurance alone is important enough to you and to us to

justify the use of the machine method, but there are many other advantages.

**Better Service to You**

The Burroughs will handle our figure work in about half the time formerly needed. This gives us more time for other things—time to improve the service in every department of the bank.

Come in and see our machine bookkeeping system in operation. We will be glad to show you how the machine makes entries in our books, how it automatically adds in one column, subtracts in another and so on and how it makes mistakes impossible. You will be welcome any time.

We don't want you to think of this bank just as a place to deposit your money, although of course we are glad to have you keep as large a balance with us as possible. It is our desire to render our patrons every service and accommodation that can be reasonably expected from us.

Talk over your business problems with us. It is part of our work to study business and financial conditions, and it may be that we can suggest some ideas that you will find worth while. Please feel free to consult us at any time.

**The First National Bank**

CAPITAL and SURPLUS, \$95,000.00

The Oldest, Largest and Strongest Bank in Roosevelt County

**Portales Bank and Trust Company**

PORTALES, :: NEW MEXICO

This Bank is not a Charitable Institution. We do business conservatively and safely, but there does exist a sympathy and confidence between men that have blazed the way and men that are blazing the way to higher civilization that can never exist between the horny handed sons of toil and the cushioned gentleman who has never known a want.

The management of this bank has experienced all your trials, your needs and desires, as well as your freedom and prosperity.

If you are not doing business with us, come in, get acquainted and let's grow together. We have ample facilities for handling your loans as well as your deposits.

We Are Carrying More Paper Than Any Other Bank in Roosevelt County. :: :: ::

**Portales Bank and Trust Company**

"THE BANK WHERE YOU FEEL AT HOME"

**Council Proceedings**

Portales, New Mexico, February 6, 1917. — The town council met in regular session, and upon roll call the following trustees were present: J. P. Deen, mayor; Charles Goodloe and G. M. Williamson, trustees

Minutes of previous meeting read and approved. The following claims were presented and after having been examined were ordered paid as follows:

C. O. Leach Coal Co., car coal	\$ 92.40
C. O. Leach Coal Co., car coal	168.93
W. E. Keeter, salary	100.00
M. E. Duncan, salary	60.00
H. L. Atkinson, salary	50.00
S. A. Morrison, salary	25.00
W. H. Braley, salary	25.00
C. J. Whitcomb, rent for fire department	10.00
Nunn Electric Co., sup.	.65
Mountain States Telephone Co.	.75
Joyce-Fruit Co.	1.75
G. L. Reese, legal services as city attorney	60.00
Deen-Neer Co., supplies	13.55
J. L. Fernandes, supplies	4.35
J. P. Henderson, J. P. court cost	3.00
Continental Oil Co., sup.	16.00
Highway Garage, supplies	2.10
G. L. Reese filed his resignation as town attorney, which was accepted.	

S. A. Morrison presented his resignation as a member of the board of town trustees, which was accepted.

The town trustees appointed Inda Humphrey as a member of the town board to fill vacancy caused by resignation of S. A. Morrison, and also appointed James A. Hall to act as town attorney. The town council then took a recess until Tuesday

evening, February 13th, at 7:30 o'clock to consider such business as may properly come before the council at that time.

J. P. Deen, Mayor.  
 Attest: W. H. Braley, Clerk.

**Announcement**

The second quarterly conference for the Rogers circuit will convene on Saturday before the third Sunday of this month. Services to be at 11 a. m. Saturday, dinner on the ground and quarterly conference immediately after refreshments. Preaching service Saturday night also 11 a. m. Sunday and Sunday school at the usual hour. Everybody come and be with us at Inez on this occasion.

W. L. Jenkins, P. C.

W. L. Jenkins, pastor of the Methodist Church, Rogers circuit, will be at the following places once each month:

Rogers first Sunday in each month, 11:00 o'clock; Carter at 3:00; back to Rogers that night; at Plainview Saturday night before; at Redland 2nd Sunday at 11:00 a. m. and 3:00 p. m.; Causey that night; Roebuck on Tuesday night after second Sunday; Longs Wednesday night; Dora Thursday night; Inez third Sunday, 11:00 a. m.; Rolles at 3:00 p. m.; back to Inez that night; Arch 11:00 a. m. and 3:00 p. m. on fourth Sunday; Portales Springs school house that night; Eiland Saturday night before. Will add others later. Help me to make these services worth while with your presence. Everybody come.

Spectacles, all kinds and prices at Dobbs' confectionery.

"Ever Ready" Flash Lights and Batteries at C. M. Dobbs'.

For best results in farm sales, get V. J. Campbell, auctioneer, Longs, N. M.

J. A. Saylor will pay the cash for your chickens, eggs, cream, hides and furs.

FOR SALE or RENT—the northeast quarter, section 10, township 4 south, range 34, near Portales, formerly known as the Clarence Bray property. Will sell or rent for best offer.—Chas. D. Savage Lumber Yard, owner, Streator, Illinois. 14-2t

Dr. L. R. Hough returned home from Mineral Wells, Texas, Tuesday, where he been taking treatment for rheumatism. He says that he will be in his office for work the latter part of the week.

**The Dixie Lyceum Bureau**

Presents at the **COSY THEATRE** Tuesday February 13

7:45 P. M.

**The Brewer Musical Entertainers**

— PERSONNEL —  
 GRACE M. BREWER, Violin Soloist, Trombone Soloist, Piano Soloist, Vocal Soloist.  
 RUTH M. BREWER, Reader, Clarinet Soloist.  
 ELEANOR E. BREWER, Accompanist, Manager.

**SEASON'S BEST ENTERTAINMENT**

— ADMISSION —

Children ..... 25c  
 Adults ..... 50c

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