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A STRONG STATE TICKET

After several days' session the Democratic state convention at Santa Fe last week completed its work and adjourned late Friday night. Some delay was occasioned at first by late arrival and investigation of credentials, and most of the nominations were made in a five hour session Friday night.

Congressman W. B. Walton, of Grant county, was nominated for U. S. Senator. Judge Granville A. Richardson, of Chaves county, who had aspired to the nomination for senator, was given the nomination for congress in the late hours of the convention after he had departed for home, and a late report states that he declines the nomination and that Antonio Lucero, the present secretary of state, may be drafted for the place.

This morning's dailies, however state that Judge Richardson will accept the nomination.

For governor, Felix Garcia of Rio Arriba county and Robert E. Putney of Bernalillo county were named and after a lot of preliminary a vote was taken and Garcia was given the nomination by a vote of 242½ to 91½. Roosevelt county cast eleven votes for Putney.

For lieutenant-governor Elmer E. Veeder of Las Vegas was nominated by acclamation.

For justice of the supreme court, R. H. Hanna of Santa Fe was again nominated, by acclamation.

For secretary of state, Juan J. Duran of Union county and Adolph P. Hill were named and the former received the nomination by a vote of 217 to 110. Roosevelt casting eleven votes for Duran.

For attorney general, T. J. Mabry of Bernalillo county was nominated by acclamation.

For school superintendent, J. S. Long of Roosevelt county and Filadelfo Baca of San Miguel county were named and Mr. Long won by a vote of 187 to 147. It is understood that Coe Howard will be the candidate for district representative to fill the vacancy made by Mr. Long's resignation as candidate for this position.

For commissioner of public lands, George A. Davisson of Roswell is the candidate.

For state auditor, Marcus C. de Baca of Sandoval county was nominated.

For corporation commissioner, R. H. Finnegan of Tucumcari is the candidate.

A nice tribute was paid Governor Lindsey by Neil B. Field, who made the opening speech, when he said he hoped the Republicans would nominate the present governor, so that whichever might win the state would be sure of a good chief executive; other complimentary remarks concerning the governor's administration were made, even though he is a Republican.

Private Jasper L. Thompson of Battery A, who just recently recovered from a wound, is again among the severely wounded, according to the casualty list in Tuesday's dailies, but how seriously or in what way is not stated. Private Thompson is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Thompson who live about twelve miles south of Portales—old timers here.

The Republican state convention is still in session at Santa Fe, with a strong probability that A. O. Larrazolo will be the nominee for governor. Senator Fall was re-nominated. There is a hard fight on for the nomination for state land commissioner. W. E. Lindsey has announced that he will accept no nomination except for governor.

Mrs. W. S. Merrill went this morning to attend the M. E. conference at Roswell and to visit her sister there, Mrs. R. L. Ballard.

GIVE THE BOYS RIFLES

The American soldier swears by his rifle. Machine guns are powerful weapons, hand grenades and trench bombs may be handy at times, but when it comes right down to real sure enough fighting in the open, where the enemy can be seen, give the dough boy a rifle every time. The ease with which he can pot a leaping Boche at a hundred yards has amazed the soldiers of the French and British armies.

Give the Yanks time and rifles enough and they will drive straight through to Berlin. The boys will do the shooting, but it is up to those who stay at home to provide the rifles. Roosevelt county must provide its share and it will do it by subscribing its quota and more of the Fourth Liberty Loan. Do you know what Roosevelt county will be doing if it subscribes only the minimum quota of \$60,000 that has been allotted to this county? It will be putting rifles in the hands of 2400 of the boys who are offering their lives in the cause of their country. Each rifle used by the American soldiers costs the government \$25. Every \$50 bond that you buy will put two rifles in the hands of the boys at the front—and maybe they will be Roosevelt county boys who are fighting your fight 3,000 miles from home.

Roosevelt county will buy 2400 rifles for the boys over there if it only subscribes its minimum quota of the Fourth Liberty Loan, but it will do more than that. Remember that every \$1,000 over the quota subscribed means 40 more rifles for the boys who know how to use them.

"We must make money by saving it," was the keynote at the city council meeting last Tuesday night. Several hundred dollars of accounts against the town were allowed and steps taken toward the securing of tanks by means of which oil fuel might be purchased and stored in carlots.

The new engine for the light and power plant came in yesterday morning and is being unloaded and will be installed as soon as the erector comes from the factory.

President Wilson on September 30th drew the first capsule of lottery which decides which of the September registrants are first in order of call. The capsule held the number 322 which, in Roosevelt county is John Franklin Cranford of Delphos.

Other numbers drawn that day which affect men of this county were 438, John Wesley Clem of Rogers; 20, Ysedoris Salaz, a Mexican track laborer; 739, Harvey Ralph Carter of Portales; 535, Donald Griffith of Floyd; 219, John Wesley Hawks of Inez; 832, Willie Bryan Earnest of Elida; 348, James William Cunningham of Portales; 4, Juan Badilla, a Mexican; 124, William Anderson Austin of Richland; 837, Melville Arlington Long of Kermit; 395, William Harvey Beeman of Elida; 657, William Lee Bates of Richland.

When the woman suffrage resolution passed by the house of representatives came before the senate for vote October 1, it lacked two votes of the two-thirds majority necessary for its passage, the vote standing 53 to 51. The appeal made by President Wilson for the passage of the bill apparently had no effect. Senator Jones, Democrat, of this state, voted against the bill; and Senator Fall, Republican, was paired against Borah of Idaho. President Wilson asked congress to pass this bill submitting to the states the Susan B. Anthony suffrage amendment to the constitution, as a war measure and as a recognition due to the women who are doing so much in aid of war work.

Mrs. F. R. Smith returned a few days ago from Hope where she was called by the illness of her mother. She and Mr. Smith will go to Albuquerque to attend the I. O. O. F. grand lodge early next week.

W. S. Merrill was in Elida and Kenna the first of the week. While in Elida he visited in the home of C. H. Letton.

Compensation



J. S. LONG FOR STATE OFFICE

We are pleased to announce that J. S. Long of Portales was last week at Santa Fe nominated by the state Democratic convention for the position of state superintendent of schools. Aside from Mr. Long's well-known qualifications for the position, this comes as a recognition of Roosevelt county's standing and importance in the state.

The boom for Mr. Long for this position was started among the Roosevelt county delegates on their way to the convention and the following were the points urged, as stated by the Santa Fe New Mexican:

"J. S. Long, who is the unanimous choice of the Roosevelt county delegation for state superintendent of public instruction, has lived in Portales for the past six years. He was superintendent of public schools there for four years, during which time he gave satisfaction to the patrons of the schools, and during his administration Portales, for the first time, got on the map in school work. During his administration there was graduated the largest number of eighth grade pupils found in any county in the state. He also organized athletics and educational contests in which the pupils acquitted themselves with honor and credit. For the first time in the history of the town of Portales, it is declared he demonstrated to the population of the state of New Mexico, that there was such a town in the state educationally. He brought contestants from the various grades, some of which took first prizes and all of whom acquitted themselves with credit. He is an A. B., and has put in twenty years of his life in educational work with experience as superintendent of schools and college president. He has had special training in supervision and school administration in Chicago University. He is a Democrat by breeding and faith. He has the confidence and respect of every citizen of Roosevelt county, and there is no question but that his vote in that county will be limited only by the number of votes."

JAMES RYTHER

James Ryther died in Portales Monday, September 30th, 1918, aged 80 years and 51 days. A stroke of paralysis preceded his death and at his age proved fatal. Mr. Ryther was born in Rochester county, Mo., and spent part of his life in Berien county, Mich. He was married October 9, 1862, to Frances A. Millard, who preceded him in death about fifteen years. Of the three children, Charles S., Herbert B., and Fred James, only Herbert B. survives and at his home the father has lived for the past nine years. Funeral services were held at the family residence here at 2:30 Wednesday afternoon, conducted by Rev. Leon M. Gambrell of the Baptist church, and burial made in the Portales cemetery, attended by many friends of the family.

Died

VanArthur, the little son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter T. Jackson, was born November 27, 1914, died Saturday, September 28, 1918. The little fellow had been ill for several weeks following an operation for appendicitis, at the farm home about five miles west of Portales. Funeral services were held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Reese, warm friends of the family, in Portales at three o'clock Sunday afternoon, conducted by Rev. Turner, pastor of the M. E. church, and burial made in the Portales cemetery.

The Kemp Lumber Co. is nailing together about 7,000 sweet potato crates—had the whole car load sold before unloading.

CAMPBELL-SAUNDERS

Frank S. Campbell and Miss Ruth Saunders were married in Clovis at 8:30 p. m. October 1, 1918. Both have many acquaintances here, both in business and socially, as Mr. Campbell has been for the past year in charge of the dry goods department of the Joyce-Pruit Co. and the bride has been telegraph operator at the station here for several months past. The good wishes of many friends attend them in their new relationship.

There were elephants in tow yesterday—Gentry Bros. show passed through on the way to Clovis.

Honor Roll—Portales Schools

1st Primary.—Charles Frances, Mary Beatty, Kathleen Littlejohn, Faith McConnell, Bernice Reynolds, Mildred Whiteman.
4th Grade.—Edwin Johnston, Tom Davis, Wanda Brown, Marie Wolford, Marion Jones, Howard McDonald.

5th Grade.—Dorwood Jones, Iva Taylor, Maud Bedinger, Josephine Knapp, Clovis Garrett, Kathleen McCall, Howard Fletcher, Loise Troutt, Dollie Hughes.

6th Grade.—Ida Lutz, Evelyn Turner, Nettie Allison, Iris Ribble, Ruth McConnell, Lois Oldham.

7th Grade.—Edith Turner, Fremont Harris, Mildred Merrill, Mary Pendleton.

8th Grade.—LaVon Brown, Dorothy Ham, Ruth Watson, Burton Denison.

High School.—Thelma Campbell, Zollie George, James Crabb, Mary Jones, Florence McAlister, Grace McConnell.

BOY SCOUTS ORGANIZING

Under the leadership of Rev. Leon M. Gambrell of the Baptist church, quite a company of teen age boys of the town and community are organizing a Boy Scout Troop. The troop will be under the auspices of the Portales public school and five citizens compose the troop committee which has general oversight of the work, appoints the scout master and his assistants, etc. This committee here consists of Dr. D. B. Williams, Probate Judge J. C. Compton, Prof. W. M. Wilson, J. W. Cunningham, station agent, and E. B. McConnell, publisher of the News.

At a meeting of the troop committee Tuesday night, Rev. Gambrell was appointed as scout master; and Coe Howard and C. F. Campbell as assistant scoutmasters. Already more than 30 boys have applied for admission and more than enough for a troop, so it may be that an additional patrol of eight boys will be formed.

The attention of parents and of merchants is called to the fact that boys must be past twelve years of age to become members and to wear the scout uniform. This is not a military organization in any sense, although it does seek to instill the military virtues such as honor, loyalty, obedience and patriotism; and Mr. Gambrell is giving them some of the drill movements which they are learning fast.

This organization is a fine thing for boys, as will be seen from reading the scout oath: "On my honor I will do my best: 1. To do my duty to my God and my country and to obey the Scout law. 2. To help other people at all times. 3. To keep myself physically strong, mentally awake, and morally straight."

Scoutcraft includes instruction in first aid, life saving, tracking, signalling, cycling, nature study, campcraft, woodcraft, chivalry and all the handier arts. More information will be found in the Boy Scout column of the Valley News each week.

Club Program

Remember the exhibit of the club members will be Saturday, October 5th, in the Sanders building. Other clubs in the county are closing and they are having similar closing exercises in their communities. The canning contest demonstration will be in the Sanders building at 1:30 o'clock. A canning team from three clubs will enter the contest. J. B. Sledge, the hardware man, is giving a dozen of his splendid quart jars to the team which wins in the contest.

A program in the Cozy will follow this demonstration.

PROGRAM

Club Pledge—Members.
Song—Audience.
Story of Canning—Member making highest score.
Story of Gardening—Member making highest score.
Song—Garden members.
Value of Club Work to its Members and the Community.—Mr. Wilcox.
Awarding of Pins.—Rev. Gambrell.

The club work is a means of helping win the war and your presence at these demonstrations and exercises will encourage the members very much and assist in furthering the efforts of the government as well as helping train the children and develop the possibilities of our country.

Mrs. Long.

Mrs. G. W. Carr went first of the week to join her husband at Ft. Sumner where he and his brother are engaged in the lumber business. Mrs. Carr has been one of the most faithful workers in the Red Cross and the M. E. church work and she is entitled to a vote of thanks from several such organizations for the results she has accomplished.

1918 OCTOBER 1918

SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		

BRIDE OF BATTLE

A Romance of the
AMERICAN ARMY
Fighting on the Battlefields of
FRANCE



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CHAPTER I.

Lieutenant Mark Wallace of the Seventieth New York regiment came to an abrupt standstill. He was alone in the jungle, upon the blazing hillside before Santiago, in the month of June, 1898.

Through the branches of the trees the Muser bullets still whizzed and whistled, and the prolonged screech of shells and distant shouting indicated that the battle, which had raged all day, had not yet reached its end. But within the short radius of Wallace's vision nothing stirred, not even the palmetto boughs that rustled with the least breeze like the sound of the sea.

Wallace had only the most confused and incoherent knowledge of what was happening on that historic day. There had been an advance in the cool of the morning, if a brief respite from the oppressive heat could be called coolness in contrast. Then came the deployment along the base of the hills as the first shells began to fall, the advance in open order, in which the nicely inculcated teachings of the parade ground fell to pieces, the jumble of men, of companies, and, later, of regiments, pressing forward past the dead and stricken, the shouts, the rattle of machine guns and rifles. Batteries came galloping where they had no theoretical business to be, upsetting the junior officers' desperate attempts to preserve alignment; Red Cross men invaded the battle line to succor the wounded; commissariat mules, shaking off the lethargy which no amount of belaboring had ever overcome, ran away with supplies and strewn embalmed beef over the hillside. In the midst of it all Wallace had rallied some men of his own troop and led them forward; he plunged into the patch of scrub-covered jungle, and found that he was alone.

In front of him was a small clearing, made by some Cuban squatter in the preceding year and abandoned after the reaping. It contained the ruin of a palm shack, and the furrows scraped by a primitive plow were only just discernible amid the rank growth that had sprung up. The lieutenant stopped and shouted, expecting to see his men come running through the trees. But none appeared, and it was at this moment that the bullet that had been stamped with his name, according to the soldier's superstition, found him. He felt a smart blow on the shoulder, which knocked him backward. He stumbled, fell down, sat up again and discovered that his elbow was shattered. The arm hung helplessly at his side.

He managed to bind up the wound with his hand and teeth. There was not much pain, but a sort of physical languor, which made him reel giddily when he arose. There was burning thirst, too. It was extraordinary that a little thing like that should take the grit out of a man. A little blood was running down his sleeve, but the wound seemed trivial.

Wallace leaned against the wall of the shack and waited for his men. He shouted once or twice more, but nobody answered him, and the battle seemed to be drifting in another direction. Wallace imagined that his troop had advanced around the patch of scrub, in which case he was not likely to establish touch with them again till nightfall. He cursed his luck and started forward, but the trees began to reel around him; he clutched at the wall of the shack, missed it, and fell.

Then he realized that he was out of the fight. Yet, in spite of his intense disappointment, he knew that worse might have befallen him. He had fought through hours of the day—that was much; he was probably spared to lead his men again—and that was more. He had found and proved himself; and at twenty-one a young man, for all his self-confidence, is composed of fears and doubts as well. In spite of his soldier ancestors, Mark Wallace had not been sure that his capacity for leadership extended beyond the parade ground, and he had suffered from the young soldier's inevitable fear of fear.

So he resigned himself to his situation. He emptied his water bottle and, gripping the end of his gauze roll with his teeth, managed to bandage his wound sufficiently to stop the bleeding. The languor, however, was increasing. Sometimes he would doze for a few moments, awaking with a start, to wonder where he was, and what had happened. The air was very still. The shouts had long since died away, the rifle firing was a distant crackling; the tremulous staccato tapping of the machine guns was like the roll of drums far away.

Wallace must have slept for a prolonged period, for when next he became conscious he started up to see, to his intense astonishment, a pretty little girl of three or four years, stand-

ing in front of him and looking at him. He rubbed his eyes, expecting her to disappear. But she was still there, and just as he was beginning to piece together a Spanish phrase she spoke to him in English.

"I want my daddy," Wallace reached out and drew the child toward him. "Where is your daddy?" he asked. "And who are you?"

"I'm Eleanor," she answered, "and won't you please find my daddy for me?"

She pointed with a grimy little hand toward the interior of the shack, and



"I Want My Daddy."

Wallace, struggling to his feet with a great effort, made his way inside.

It was almost dark in the hut, and Wallace could only make out with difficulty the form of a man who lay, face downward, upon the ground near the wall. Presently, however, as his eyes became more accustomed to the obscurity, he saw the bullet wound in the back of the head.

He looked up at the child, who stood by, unconcerned. "Go away, Eleanor," he said gently.

The child, too young to know anything of death, went out of the hut and began to play in the shaft of sunlight that filtered through the branches of the palms. Wallace searched the dead man's pockets. He found nothing, however, except a military pass, signed by General Linares of the Spanish forces, authorizing the bearer to pass through the lines; and, after a moment's reflection, he decided to leave it on the body.

So this man had been the child's father, and, apart from her speech, his coloring showed that he had been an American. Wallace concluded that he had been a planter, trapped in Santiago. He raised the body in his arms and tried to turn it over, but let it fall when he saw the work that the bullet had made of the face. He must not let the little girl carry away anything of such memory as that!

He groped his way outside and beckoned to her. "What is your other name, Eleanor?" he asked.

The little girl only looked at him; it was evident that she did not understand the meaning of his question.

"Did your daddy live in Santiago?"

"My daddy has gone away. I want him," said the child, beginning to whimper.

Wallace tried her once more. "Where is your mamma?" he asked. "But she said nothing, and he sat down, propping himself against the shack. He drew the little girl down beside him.

"Now listen to me, Eleanor," he said. "Your daddy has gone away. He will be gone for a long time. You must be good and patient, and soon somebody will come to take care of you. Do you understand?"

The child's lip quivered, but she did not cry. She fixed her large gray eyes upon him.

"Who are you?" she asked, with the directness of childhood.

"My name is Mark."

"I like you, Mark. I will go with you till my daddy comes back."

"All right. Then sit down here beside me and play," muttered Wallace, wondering rather grimly what there was for her to play with.

But the grubby little fingers were soon busy in the sandy soil. Wallace watched the child, wondering who she was, and how it had happened that the father had been forced to take her

into the jungle, into the midst of the contending armies. Her clothing was almost in rags, and she must have been drenched by the rains of the preceding night. It had certainly been a desperate and a difficult adventure for the dead man.

The light began to fade. Wallace, half delirious now from pain and thirst, struggled to preserve his consciousness for the sake of the little girl. Sometimes he would emerge from a semi-stupor and look round for her anxiously; but he always found her, no great distance away, building sand castles out of the soft soil and chattering to herself as happily as if she had already forgotten her sorrow.

When he aroused himself finally, it was to see the flash of a torch in his eyes. Faces which he recognized were looking into his own. There was Crawford, the senior lieutenant, who had graduated from West Point the year before, and Captain Kellerman; there was his own negro servant, Johnson, with a look of alarm on his ebony face; and near by were two men from the ambulance, carrying an empty stretcher.

Wallace moaned for water and the sense of the liquid in his throat, warm though it was, brought back consciousness with a rush.

"Well, we've got you," said Crawford cheerfully. "How are you feeling, old man?"

"Fine. Have we got Santiago?"

"Well, not exactly, but nearly. We've carried all the trenches, and we're waiting to get our big guns up. Arm hurting you?"

"No," said Wallace, stifling a groan. "Say, Crawford, I suppose I was delirious, but I thought there was a kid here."

As he spoke he caught sight of Major Howard emerging from the shack, with the little girl in his arms, fast asleep. The major came up to him.

"How are you feeling, Wallace?" he asked. "Good! I didn't know you were a family man, though, till I saw this kid sleeping in your arms."

"You've been inside?" inquired the lieutenant, looking toward the shack.

The major's face grew very serious. He nodded.

"Her father," said Wallace.

"Come, get in with you!" answered Major Howard, curtly, indicating the ambulance. Mark, supported by the orderlies, who had placed the stretcher upon the ground, crawled in and lay down. He stretched out his arm toward the child. It was an unconscious action, but Major Howard noted it and, detaching the small arms from about his neck, he placed the little girl in the stretcher. The little head drooped upon the lieutenant's arm. As the ambulance men picked up their burden two soldiers came out of the hut, carrying something in a blanket. They carried it to the center of the clearing and set it down beside a hole which had already been dug.

"He carried a pass signed by Linares," said Wallace to the major.

Major Howard's eyes contracted into narrow slits. He nodded. "I have it," he answered.

"I wonder who he was?" said Wallace.

"We'll decide what to do with the kid after we get her back to camp," said the major curtly. It seemed to Wallace that he was unwilling to speculate upon the identity of the dead man.

"Lie still, and don't muddle your brains with thinking, my boy," he added. "We'll have you at the base hospital in next to no time."

"How many men have we lost?"

"Can't tell you. Quite a few, I'm afraid. Soames is gone. Crawford and Murray and I found ourselves bunched together at the top of the hill, leading a mixed company of Texas Rangers and Pennsylvania Dutch. We'll get them sorted out and sent home with labels as soon as we can. Move on, boys!"

The jolting stretcher proceeded out of the scrub and down the hill. Here, in the open, everything was almost as silent as in the bush, after the day's battle. Under the light of the rising moon could be seen parties of men moving over the hillside, stragglers seeking their regiments, or fatigue parties detailed upon the necessary night work that follows a day of death. The moon shone down on huddled forms scattered for the most part in little clusters, where shells or machine-gun fire had caught them.

It seemed an infinitely long journey, and every movement of the stretcher was almost unbearable. Wallace shut his lips tight. He looked at the child beside him. She moved in her sleep, feeling for his neck with the little grimy hands. Her cheek snuggled into the hollow of his arm. The lieutenant was curiously touched by this unconscious confidence.

He issued from his ordeal of pain at last, when the bearers halted in front of the line of tents that served for a field hospital. Stretchers by the dozen were piled about the ground, and more were arriving constantly. Wounded men, guided by the sound, came limping in on the last lap of their painful journeys. Others, who had arrived but had not yet been attended to, sat or lay in front of the tents. Orderlies were scurrying to and fro. Major Howard caught one of the regimental surgeons, who looked Mark over quickly and then picked the child out of the stretcher.

"Hello! Who's this?" he asked.

"Friend of his," said the major, indicating Mark.

"She doesn't look like a Cuban young lady," said the doctor, as he cut away the sleeve of the tunic.

"Her father's dead. Hit by a shell on his way from Santiago. I think he was an American," said Mark.

"Give her to me. I never had one,"

said the doctor, suddenly injecting a hypodermic into Mark's arm.

"Not after that," said Mark, wincing. "Besides, I'm thinking of adopting her myself."

And he wondered what had made him say that when the thought had hardly reached his own consciousness.

"See here, young man! Let me look at that arm of yours before you talk that way. Hum! You'll be running round in a couple of weeks, as well as ever."

"Thank heaven for that!" ejaculated Mark fervently. "Then I'll be in at the death."

"I doubt it. I won't pass you for duty for six months to come," said the doctor, grinning. Then, seeing Mark's dejected look, he added, more seriously:

"You may thank the modern high-power bullet that you are going to keep your arm, my boy. It's drilled a nice little pencil-hole clean through the joint, instead of shattering it, and that's got to be filled in with new growth. Even I can't grow bones in a week. I wish I could. Ten years ago your arm would have had to come off. There's nothing more I can do for you, my son," he added, as he smeared some sticky stuff over the wound and began adjusting a bandage, "except tie you up and put you in the hospital to-night, and send you down to the base in the morning."

"The devil you will! I guess I'm well enough to stay on the job as I am."

"Here, I haven't any more time to waste on you!" said the doctor. "Pounce will make you a sling and you'll go into that tent and stay there, or I'll cashier you. You won't be feeling so spiry tomorrow morning. Get out!"

He strode away, leaving Mark looking into the grinning black face of Johnson.

After the sling had been adjusted he discovered that the sense of well-being, due to the hypodermic, was already beginning to leave him. His servant helped him into the tent and Major Howard brought in the little girl, who at once curled herself up to sleep at Wallace's side.

"What are you going to do about her?" inquired the major, standing beside the camp bed and looking down at Wallace unsmilingly.

"Boll some cussed cow and see if it will dissolve the cellulose out of an army biscuit."

"It shall be done. I guess that'll stay her till morning. But seriously, Wallace?"

"I suppose I'll have to assume the responsibility for her. I'll take her down to the base with me tomorrow and ship her home to my people in charge of one of the stewardesses on some liner."

"I've got a better scheme," said the major. "Let me have her, Wallace. My wife will go crazy over her. You know she's always talking of adopting a little girl. She's got her ideal type in mind, and that's it. I was to look round for one like that if ever the chance came along."

"Well, you'd better go on looking round, Major," said Wallace, irritably.

"See here, my boy, you don't really want that kid, do you?"

"I do. I'll think over your proposition, Major, of course, but my sister would give her a home and—"

"Let me send her to my wife. You can claim her after the war, if you want to. Suppose you got killed; we'd neither of us have her. If you don't let me take her I'll make you pay for it."

"How?"

"I'll order her a bath, under the sanitary code. And you'll have to give it. And scraped beef—our beef!"

"Get out, Major, and give me a chance to yell when my wound hurts. Listen! I tell you what I'm ready to do. I'll let the regiment adopt her, with myself as godfather."

CHAPTER II.

He stopped, astonished at the way the Major took his suggestion. Howard began to stutter, paced the inside of the tent for some moments, muttering to himself, and then swung round upon his heel, facing the lieutenant.

"Good God, no, Wallace! Whatever put that infernal idea into your head?" he exploded. "See here, now! You're not well enough to talk this thing over tonight. Some day I'll tell you why your proposal is impossible."

"That's all very well, Major. I don't know what you mean, but if you don't like my proposition you know what you can do. I'm quite well enough to listen to what's worrying you. Dig it out!"

"I haven't time, Wallace. There's these stragglers to be sorted out. Not that much can be done tonight. Suppose. . . . Sometime I'll tell you—"

He swung round on his heel and made for the entrance, stopped and returned.

"I suppose I'd better tell you now," he exclaimed. "I had thought it might be as well not to tell you ever. You don't happen to know who this child's father was—that man in the tent?"

"What do you mean, Major? Some settler caught by a bullet, I suppose." "Hampton!" said Major Howard, grimly.

Lieutenant Wallace sat bolt upright on the bed and stared at the other in amazement.

"The man who sold our mobilization plans to Spain?" he whispered, conscious of a sudden terror for the child. The major nodded. "It's years since we worked together in the war office," he answered, "and, frankly, I didn't know the face. You wouldn't have, would you, after the work that the bullet had done? One of those

d—d dum-dums. But—you didn't see this, did you?"

He took a purse from his pocket, opened it and shook out three gold pieces into his hand. "That was on a bet about the body," he said. "And



Stared at the Other in Amazement.

there were some papers—not the ones we wanted, but enough to identify him. It was Hampton all right."

He went to the tent door and looked out. "Here, Johnson!" he called.

The negro servant appeared almost instantaneously within the opening and stood to attention.

"Could you use three gold pieces, Johnson?" inquired Major Howard.

"Well, suh, I don't know as I'd object," replied the negro, grinning.

"It's part of a sum that was paid to an American soldier for betraying his country."

"Oh, Lord, no, Major!" answered Johnson.

"Then do what you think best with these."

The negro looked at the gold coins in his hand, stepped outside the tent and swung his arm. The pieces fell in the jungle grass far beyond the encampment. Major Howard shied the purse after them and went back to where Wallace still sat upright on the bed. He noticed, with a certain grimness of spirit, that one of the lieutenant's hands rested on the child's fair hair.

"Well, Wallace?" he asked.

"It's damnable."

"We can't exactly make his child

the regimental pet, can we?"

Wallace was silent, and the Major sat down on the edge of the bed beside him.

"I had orders to watch for him," he said. "He was to have been hanged as soon as we captured Santiago. That's why he was making for the jungle. He was detected and allowed to escape with his life, but he had been working as a Spanish agent since he was drummed out of America. His career ended at the luckiest moment for him. He seems to have had the one redeeming quality of affection for the child, though if he had had a particle of unselfishness in him he would have left her behind him. I suppose she was the only thing he had in his wretched life."

"Of course there's no palliation," suggested Wallace. "But the man may have been born good and—gone downhill."

"He was born rotten," answered the Major. "He sold his country to pay his gambling debts. Cuba was about the only place that would hold him, I imagine. And to think that swine was once in our regiment! Sorry I had to tell you, Wallace!"

He hesitated a while; Wallace had not moved; but the child at his side stirred and breathed heavily. The major's fists clenched.

"I'm trying to be just to the dead," he said. "But I feel that a thousand years of hell wouldn't atone for that crime, Wallace."

Mark Wallace looked up. "I'm not sure that I know all the facts about the case, Major," he said.

"The facts are that it was no sudden act of fear or temptation, but calculated, cold-blooded deliberation. We knew at the war office that there was a leakage. It had been traced to the mobilization division, where Kellerman and I were working. Even we were under suspicion for a time. Then it narrowed down to Hampton and another."

"Wallace, those months were the worst time I've ever spent. Hampton was my best friend, and Kellerman's, too. We spied on him—had to."

"Well, you know what happened, more or less. There was a woman go-between, as there generally is—a fine-looking young woman, little more than a girl, named Hilda Morheim. One of those French-German Alsatians, Wallace. Kellerman got some hold on her, and she confessed. The case against Hampton was absolutely proven."

"There wasn't any trial. The fellow could have been sent up for a good many years; he had cost his country millions; he ought to have been hanged. But he was quietly cashiered and allowed to disappear. Maybe it was a foolish move, but we felt the shame pretty badly and wanted to forget it. Hampton was let go, on the understanding that he leave the coun-

(To be Continued.)

Kohl's Garage

Re-Opened for Business

Two blocks east of the square. For prompt and efficient work in any kind of auto repairing bring your cars to me.

Acetylene Welding

BEST GASOLINE AND LUBRICATING OILS

HAMP BYRD

PORTALES,

NEW MEXICO

If you want all the news read the

ALBUQUERQUE MORNING JOURNAL

Published every day in the year

Full Associated Press Report

One Month.....70c: One Year.....\$7.50.

..This is Windmill Weather..

We handle Leader, Star and Challenge Windmills and a general line of piping, casing and sucker rod. Also repairs for all kinds of mills. : : : :

..J. B. Sledge Hardware Co..

LIST
(Continued)
401. Jam
402. Joh
403. War
404. Cha
405. Fran
406. Wal
407. Ern
408. Rich
409. Kay
410. Jam
411. Geo
412. Cha
413. Cas
414. Joh
415. Rob
416. Will
417. Sa
418. Joh
419. Hon
420. Jam
421. Cha
422. Mer
423. Fran
424. Sila
425. Wil
426. Frie
427. Geo
428. Joh
429. Tho
430. Tho
431. Sam
432. Azle
433. Miel
434. Tho
435. Ben
436. Wil
437. Ben
438. Joh
439. Wal
440. Sam
441. Geo
442. Geo
443. Jam
444. Joh
445. Lee
446. Joh
447. Dav
448. Lee
449. Joh
450. Ber
451. Riel
452. Oliv
453. Jose
454. Alv
455. Sila
456. Gar
457. Zae
458. Edv
459. Rob
460. Dim
461. Jan
462. Edd
463. Or
464. Do
465. Rob
466. Wil
467. Joh
468. Che
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470. Wa
471. Edg
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473. Art
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497. Sita
498. Lou
499. Her
500. Seo
501. Joe
502. Lew
503. Har
504. Jose
505. Mat
506. Her
507. Jan
508. Sid
509. Aut
510. Alf
511. Geo
512. Geo
513. Wil
514. Aar
515. The
516. Nee
517. Fre
518. Wa
519. Dev
520. Pen
521. Jose
522. Mac
523. Joh

The Portales Valley News

E. S. McOWEN, PUBLISHER
 "Covers Roosevelt County Like
 The Sunshine."
 Portales Herald and Times Com-
 bined with The News Sept. 1916.
A DEMOCRATIC NEWSPAPER
 Published in the greatest shallow
 water district on earth.
SUBSCRIPTION \$1.50 PER YEAR



DEMOCRATIC NOMINEES

- FOR U. S. SENATOR
W. B. Walton, Grant County.
- FOR CONGRESSMAN
G. A. Richardson, Chaves.
- FOR GOVERNOR
Felix Garcia, Rio Arriba.
- FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR
Elmer D. Veeder, San Miguel.
- FOR JUDGE SUPREME COURT
Richard H. Hanna, Santa Fe.
- FOR SECRETARY OF STATE
Juan J. Duran, Union.
- FOR STATE TREASURER
T. W. Medley, Socorro.
- FOR ATTORNEY GENERAL
Thomas J. Mabry, Bernalillo.
- FOR SUPERINTENDENT OF
PUBLIC INSTRUCTION
J. S. Long, Roosevelt.
- FOR COMMISSIONER PUBLIC
LANDS
George Davidson, Chaves.
- FOR STATE AUDITOR
Marco C. de Baca, Sandoval.
- FOR STATE CORPORATION
COMMISSIONER
D. J. Finnigan, Quay.
- FOR JUDGE, 5th JUDICIAL
DISTRICT
Sam G. Bratton
Charles R. Brice
- FOR REPRESENTATIVE, 20th
DISTRICT
J. S. Long
- FOR PROBATE JUDGE
Cleve Compton (re-election)
- FOR SHERIFF
Areh Gregg (re-election)
- FOR COUNTY CLERK
Seth A. Morrison (re-election)
- FOR COUNTY TREASURER
John Ballow (re-election)
- FOR TAX ASSESSOR
Burl Johnson (re-election)
- COUNTY SUPERINTENDENT
Sam J. Stinnett (re-election)
- COMMISSIONER PRECINCT 1
Dr. J. S. Pearce (re-election)
- COMMISSIONER PRECINCT 2
Ed Wall (re-election)
- COMMISSIONER PRECINCT 3
Charles S. Toler

Col. J. B. Priddy brings word from the Democratic convention at Santa Fe that Felix Garcia candidate for governor, and Senator A. A. Jones will be next some time this month to meet the people and address speeches on the issues of the campaign.

At the Confederate reunion at Tulsa, Okla., last week, one of the big features was the presentation of a gigantic flag to the Veterans and sons of Veterans—one which contained 167,000 stars, each representing a direct descendant of a confederate veteran who is now in army or navy service. It was estimated that about 10,000 of the old veterans were in attendance.

They tell of a Greek merchant in Tulsa, Okla., that when he received his questionnaire last year he thought it was a catalog of goods and mailed it back with the statement that he didn't see anything in it he wanted.

News want ads for results.

SMOTHER THE HUN

The time is here for Roosevelt county to launch a gas attack against the Hun. The mere fact that Roosevelt county is 3,000 miles from the fighting line does not make a bit of difference. Roosevelt county is going to hurl tens of thousands of gas grenades at the heads of the barbarians who are fighting the forces of civilization in France. It is going to do it by subscribing its full quota and more of the Fourth Liberty Loan.

Maybe you will dig into your pocket with greater joy when you stop to think that every 45 cents that you lend to Uncle Sam will put a gas grenade into the hands of one of the boys over there. Roosevelt county's minimum quota for the Fourth Liberty loan has been placed at \$60,000 and if this amount only should be subscribed, Roosevelt county will buy 133,333 gas grenades for the boys who know what to do with them when they get them. Can't you hear the Huns cry "Kamerad" when those 133,333 gas grenades are turned loose?

Do You Want To Win This War?

Every American citizen has but one duty at this time and that is to probe his conscience in answer to the query as to what he can individually do most effectively to aid in winning the war and crushing German militarism.

It is not enough that he buy a Liberty Bond, or subscribe to the Red Cross, or to the Knights of Columbus or the Y. M. C. A. He must support his country with his energy, his enthusiasm, and his will to the fullest extent of his ability.

If he does that, his conduct will include loyal support of the President of the United States and his administration in its war policies. President Wilson is charged with the burden of leading and directing the Nation in its fight against the Hun. He is entitled to and receives the loyal and patriotic and whole souled support of every American who has any conception of his duty.

If YOU want to win this war let this thought be left with you. It is as important that you vote right as that you talk right; it is as important that you vote right as that you give your money right.

The honest conscientious American this year will vote as his son shoots.

Col. George Harvey, publisher of the North American Review, has made a full and complete apology to New Mexico through the daily papers of the state and in his magazine for the article which appeared in the Review some weeks ago in which a slanderous mess appeared over the signature of Henry Wray, since found to be H. R. Wahnsley of Kansas City. A part of this article was re-printed in the Valley News in August to show the extent to which the writer had gone in his criticism of the people of the state, and in other papers; protests and demands for apologies went in thick and fast for a time, and when Col. Harvey knew the circumstances he did the manly thing at once.

'Til the War Is Over

In a letter dated August 2, written to his sister here, Mrs. J. W. Bucklew, S. M. Patterson, on active service in the 12th Amb. Co., 1st Division, A. E. F., says: "I received your most welcome letter some few days ago. I am well and getting plenty to eat and wear; I guess that is all any one can expect in the army in time of war. We didn't exist for a good time, any way, and I hope it does not last long. I sure would like to go home but don't want to until the war is over. We are getting the best of them now and will continue to do so until it is over. I think the old kaiser has found out that the U. S. boys can do some fighting, too, and we will give him more than he is looking for before we are through with him."

The county commissioners will hold their regular quarterly session next Monday.



Does Your Life Work Mean Anything to You?

You farmers who have worked hard—and no one works harder—to get together your property, what does it mean to you?

Your property—your farm and buildings, your crops, your stock, your farm implements and, too, your home—all of these represent years and years of work that you have done.

Everything that you enjoy as the result of your work comes to you and stays with you because the heroic soldiers and sailors of Uncle Sam are standing between you and the bloodthirsty, murderous Hun.

To keep the Hun away from you, Uncle Sam does not ask you to GIVE even a single penny. He simply asks you to LEND him your money at good interest and he guarantees on his word of honor—a word that has never been broken—to pay back every penny you lend.

What is your answer?

Have you bought all the LIBERTY BONDS you possibly can?

**Buy Liberty Bonds Today;
Any Bank Will Help You**

This Space Contributed to Winning the War by

The Security State Bank

They Came From Taos
(Cincinnati Times-Star)

Six men are down from Taos. Six men who came from the little Indian pueblo have given all they had to right and honor. The casualty list tells many things but it tells few things more grandly glorious than the passing of the six Taos braves. Old Taos of New Mexico, walled city where the Spaniards held their sway before the Pilgrims sighted Plymouth Rock, and where the silent Indians, through all these four hundred years, still light their watchfires on the walls, come again!

Old Taos of New Mexico, where Domphan rode in these seventy years ago, and brought the Flag—the Flag that has fluttered over Taos ever since, and fluttered high above the six Taos braves who died! There are not 500 souls in Taos, and there can't be a hundred warriors of them all—and yet, out of Taos, into the smoke and flame, went six silent fighting redmen, six Indian soldiers who gave up their lives.

Six men are down from Taos, six Pueblo braves will see the brown hills and the Rio Grande no more. Six men are down from Taos, and does the glorious list of slain tell a nobler, finer story?

We can handle your sale bill in short order. With the New linotype, we can print them so you can put up bills going home.

Traitors

Get their just deserts in the great romance of the American army in France that will appear in serial form soon in this paper. Truth, justice and true love triumph in the end.

Don't miss the opening installment of this up-to-the-minute story.

Bride of Battle

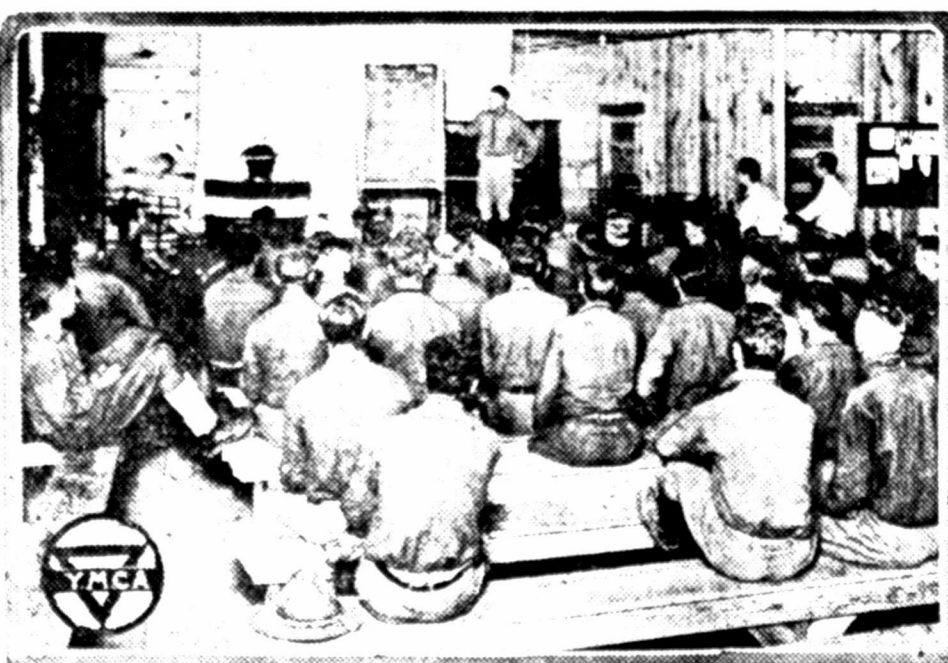
"WRITING HOME"



When the soldier is off duty he may employ and amuse himself in many ways, but one of the first things he is sure to do is to write to home folks. Writing paper, envelopes, ink and pens are furnished free to the men by the Army Y. M. C. A.

This is a picture of a "rush hour" of letter writing and magazine reading in a "Y" building in a large camp of the Southern Department.

A SOLDIER "TRIG" CLASS



Educational classes at the Army Y. M. C. A. huts are proving popular with the soldiers. Thousands of young men who left school to go into the service are continuing their studies and classes while in the army. Many educational institutions are arranging to give credit for the work done in this way, so that students may not lose anything while serving their country and can resume their studies on their return, with credit toward degree and graduation for the class-room work in the army. The picture shows a group of college men continuing their study of trigonometry at one of the Y. M. C. A. schools. It will make them better artillerymen.

In addition to advanced classes, the Y. M. C. A. conducts classes for illiterates and foreigners, teaching them to read, write and speak the English language. The War Department is giving the Army Y. M. C. A. hearty co-operation in this work.

The "Trig" class shown in the picture is one of the many educational classes conducted by the Y. M. C. A. at Camp McArthur, Texas.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY

- Roosevelt County**
 District Judges: John T. McClure and Granville A. Richardson.
 Sheriff: Arreh L. Gregg
 Clerk: Seth A. Morrison
 Treasurer: John W. Ballow
 Assessor: Burl Johnson
 Superintendent of Schools: Sam J. Stinnett
 Probate Judge: J. C. Compton
 Commissioners:
 District No. 1: J. S. Pearce
 District No. 2: Ed L. Wall
 District No. 3: Emmet Gore
 Justice of the Peace, Precinct One: J. P. Henderson
- City of Portales**
 Mayor: E. B. Hawkins
 Treasurer: Seth A. Morrison
 Clerk: W. H. Braley
 Trustees: Jack Wilcox, C. J. Whitcomb and G. M. Williamson
 Marshal: J. M. McCormack
- Board of Education**
 President: J. B. Sledge
 Vice-President: C. W. Terry
 Clerk: Mose B. Jones
 Treasurers: G. W. Carr
 Trustees: C. M. Compton Jr., R. K. Puckett

We can handle your sale bill in short order. With the New linotype, we can print them so you can put them up going home.

The Hungarian Hoss Humped Not

Poor old Austria Hungary is being used as a cat's paw to rake "peace feelers" out of the fire. It could be possible that Austria is getting a fill of the kaiser's business and is merely leaping up to do the "brone act" if the rider don't get still. With the kaiser's spurs over the Western front and his back cinch hanging between Berlin and the Japanese Ranch headquarters, old Austria could be a little hard to ride in case he had the nerve to "pull off a stunt." Von Hindenburg, the wild and woolly cow boy can be depended upon to hang his chaps in the saddle until he gets smared or Austria Hungary gets gentle. The kaiser just can't afford to let such a valuable mount go outlaw. Austria Hungary is the kaiser's favorite cow pony in a territorial "round up." No, that old hoss will never go outlaw on the bohemian. His seven weeks trot around Koniggratz in Bohemia broke him so thoroughly that he will always remain as docile as a hound pup.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

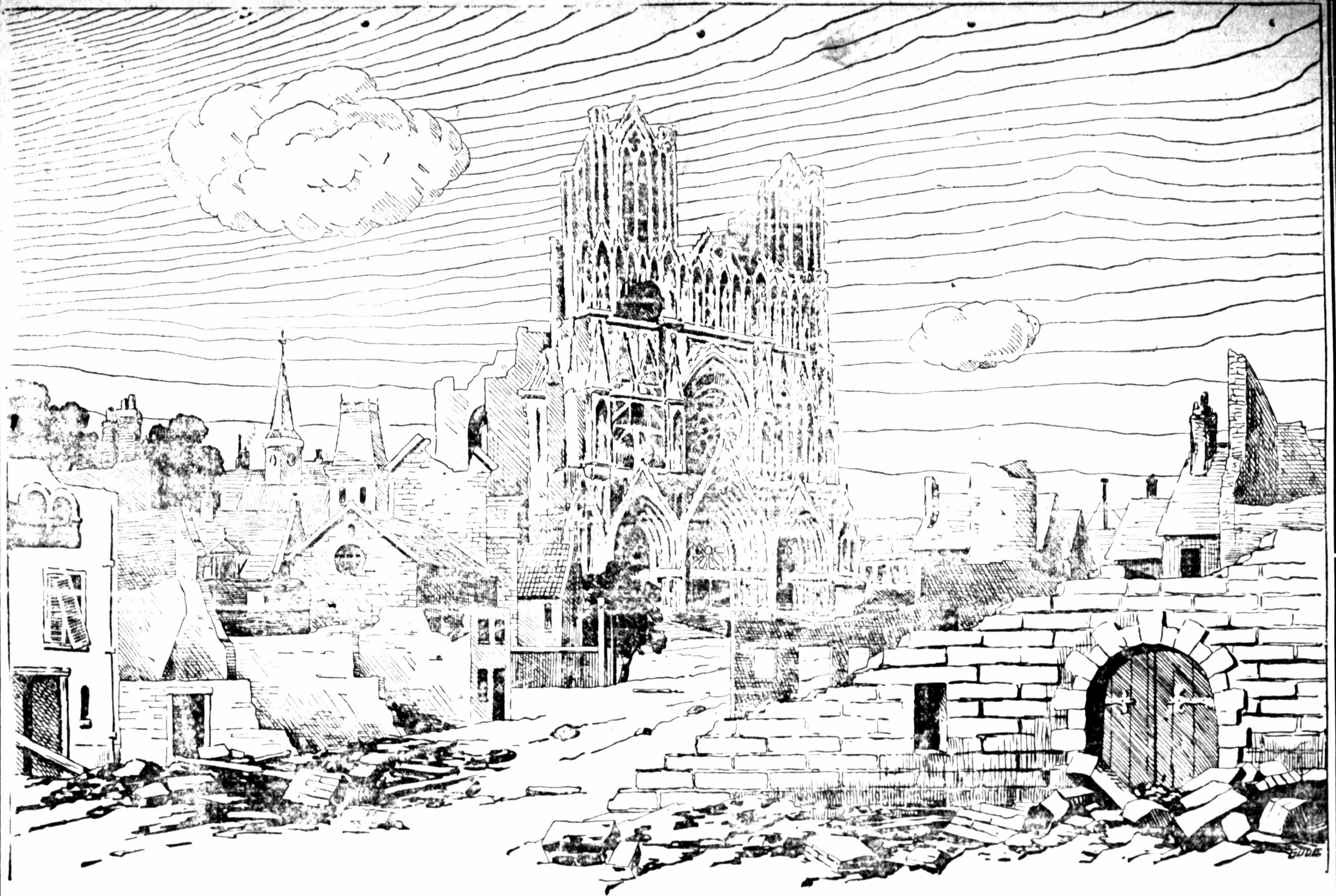
Department of the Interior
 U. S. Land Office at Fort Sumner, N. M.
 Sept. 21st, 1918.
 NOTICE is hereby given that John F. Oliver of Portales, N. M., who, on July 24, 1915, made Homestead Entry No. 012779, for 8 1/2 NW 1/4, N 1/2 SW 1/4, and NW 1/4, SE 1/4, Section 8, Township 2 S., Range 34 E., N. 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, in his office at Portales, N. M., on the 29th day of October, 1918.
 Claimant names as witnesses: Archie D. Wallis, Bule Freeman, Charles C. Jones, and James A. Dwyer, all of Portales, N. M.
 W. R. McGILL, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior
 U. S. Land Office at Roswell, N. M.
 September 16, 1918.
 NOTICE is hereby given that Mamie D. McCullough, of Allie, N. M., who, on July 24, 1918, made H. E. No. 043, 6-1, for W 1/2, Section 2, Township 7 S., Range 37 E., N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Three Year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Will A. Palmer, U. S. Commissioner, in his office, at Emzy, N. M., on Oct. 22, 1918.
 Claimant names as witnesses: Ely A. McCullough, of Linga, N. M., and Joseph M. McGaha, William E. Elder, Henry C. Boteler, each of Allie, N. M.
 Emmett, Patton, Register.

Notice for Publication

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Fort Sumner, N. M., August 15th, 1918.
 Notice is hereby given that Martha E. Bradford, of Rogers, N. M., who, on July 16, 1918, made homestead entry No. 010849 for SE 1/4, section 35, township 5 south, range 35 E., N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three year proof to establish claim to the land above described before Will A. Palmer, U. S. Commissioner, in his office at Emzy, N. M., on the 26th day of September, 1918.
 Claimant names as witnesses: Dink Broyles, of Rogers, N. M., Zema Broyles, of Rogers, N. M., James E. Bradford, of Rogers, N. M., Elgin D. Brown, of Garrison, N. M.
 W. R. Mc Gill, Register.
 42-5t



IN RHEIMS

You may walk down the street in which there is hardly a single house that has not been shelled by the Germans, and yet you will see pasted on the walls of the ruined houses posters advertising the French War Loan.

An American visitor exclaimed to a French officer recently, "Do you expect to get money out of Rheims?"

The officer raised his eyebrows. "Why not," he said, "There are some four thousand people here."

Four thousand people out of a pre-war population of, say, 120,000, still live in that tragic and crucified town. Four thousand civilians---old men, women, and children---still cling to the broken stones that once housed their peaceful lives; still go clacking in their wooden shoes through those ruined streets; still maintain the shreds of business with the soldiers, who are practically their only customers. Not even the thunders of continuous bombardment, not even the crumbling of the roofs over their heads, can shake them out of that habit of thrift which is the saving grace of France. War has only intensified that virtue, as the destruction of their beloved cathedral has intensified their spiritual faith.

The people of Rheims live, save, and subscribe to their War Loan.

Shall We Not Buy Liberty Bonds?

As part of their efforts to fight this war to a prompt and victorious conclusion
this advertisement is endorsed and paid for

in the name of George Orville Reniker (army) and Jesse Howard McConnell (navy)

DELPHOS ITEMS

The bunch that went to Roswell last week by automobile returned to Delphos Friday.

We have it straight that Boob Poindexter is not dead. He was wounded in the hand and is getting along fine.

Bear grass has been "legal tender" at Delphos for quite a spell but has suspended its power as a "medium of exchange" until the supply on hand is baled up.

Another one of Howell's cows crossed over the bridge of eternity via the locomotive route last Thursday.

G. A. Chumbley went to Kansas City Saturday with his two loads of cattle.

Joe Rushing, who registered in Dallas in August, received notice to appear for examination Friday. He was one of the bunch who went to Roswell and failed to get the notice until Friday at noon. He sent a wire and got a transfer. He was examined before the local board Saturday at Portales.

J. H. Bollinger, an employe of the water service business of the Santa Fe, came home on a 24 hour visit last Sunday.

Most all of the questionnaire class of Delphos have recited their lesson.

J. R. Eckles and wife have been at Roswell picking apples for the past three weeks but are scheduled to come home in a few days. They had the misfortune to lose a horse on this trip.

Since cream went to 65c per pound quite a few guys around here are actually making some money in the dairy business. It almost persuaded the scribe to throw away his bunch of "reds" and start up a fawn ranch.

Broom-corn jerking is in full swing just outside the city limits.

Otis Cranford attended an automobile school last winter. He secured employment immediately after graduating and has worked in several states. He came home Saturday from Montana.

Delphos is certainly putting up the fruit this year. If canned stuff will whip the kaiser he is a gone gosling.

The "caravan route" across the great Sahara desert of militarism is marked with bones.

Buy that Liberty Bond Now!

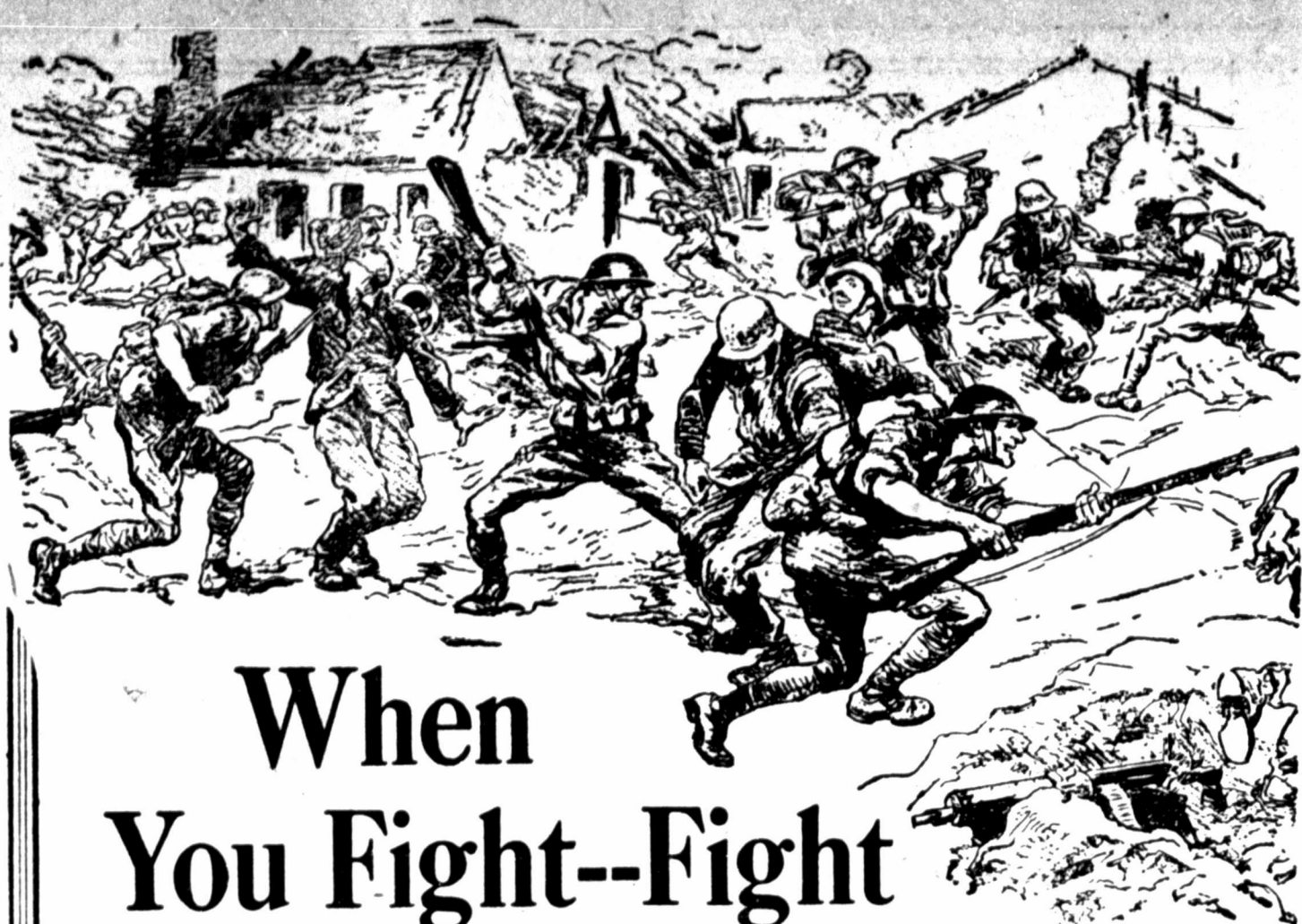
Baptist Church Announcements

Leon M. Gambrell, Pastor.
Sunday services: Bible school 10 a. m.; preaching 11 a. m.; B. Y. P. U. 7 p. m.; preaching 8 p. m.

Wednesday: Prayermeeting at 8 p. m.
Friday: Choir practice at 8 p. m.

The missionary society meets the 2nd and 4th Thursdays at 3 p. m.

County Chairman S. N. Hancock received instructions to postpone sending the eight selectives who were to go between the eighth and eleventh of October because of the prevalence of Spanish influenza at some of the training camps.



When You Fight--Fight

FIGHT as these American soldiers fought in the streets of Fismes. "They covered themselves with glory," the papers say. Of course they did—they are Americans.

They met the finest of the enemy's troops in a terrific hand-to-hand struggle. They used their guns—their bayonets—their bare fists. Every American soldier went after his man desperately, fearlessly, persistently, with one great driving purpose—to whip that Prussian Guard, to silence its machine guns—to win!

It's a pretty good way to fight—this American way. It wins battles over there, it will win a splendid victory over here—if we *fight* when we fight—if we buy Liberty Bonds to our utmost.

When you fight—fight! When you buy—buy!

Lend the way they fight—Buy Bonds to your utmost

This Space Contributed to Winning the War by

The First National Bank

CALIFORNIA MAN GAINS 18 POUNDS

Smith Feels Like New Man Since Taking Tanlac—Suffered Thirty Years.

One of the strongest and most convincing evidences of the popularity of Tanlac throughout America is the large number of letters that are being received daily from well known men and women telling of the remarkable results they have derived from its use.

Among the many received in the past few days is one from John Smith, 314 Eighth Street, Richmond, California, which is especially interesting. Mr. Smith states that he had suffered for twenty years, with his stomach, liver and kidneys, and had reached the point where he wished each breath would be the last. He also says that when he began taking Tanlac he weighed only one hundred and forty-eight pounds, but that he now weighs one hundred and sixty-six—making a gain of eighteen pounds—and that he feels like a new man. Following is his letter in full:

To Whom It May Concern:—I, the undersigned, can truthfully say that the wonderful medicine known as Tanlac has done more for me in thirty days time than any other medicine I have ever taken before in my life. I have been a sufferer from stomach liver and kidney trouble for twenty years. I have taken six bottles of Tanlac and today I feel like a new man.

Before I started using Tanlac it didn't make any difference what I would eat or drink, it distressed me so much that I wished the next breath would be the last. Also when I started taking this wonderful medicine I only weighed one hundred and forty-eight pounds. Today I weigh one hundred and sixty-six pounds—have gained eighteen pounds already—and am still gaining. Also before taking Tanlac I couldn't sleep either night or day, but now I average about nine hours steady sleep and

I have an appetite like a horse. I am now fifty years of age and I can't praise Tanlac too much for what it has done for me. Tanlac is sold in Portales by Ed J. Neer.

RICHLAND NEWS

We have had several cool spells in the past few weeks which brought a hint of what we may get later.

Mr. and Mrs. Jeff Stratton left Wednesday for Aurora, Mo., where they expect to make their home.

John Exer happened to a very painful accident Tuesday. He was leading a horse with a rope which caught on his right thumb when the horse pulled back, pulling Mr. Exer's thumb off at the first joint. He was hurried to Portales for medical aid.

Miss Beryl Watson and Mrs. E. J. Stratton were in Portales Wednesday.

J. N. Nunn came home from Sudan, Tex., Tuesday with three broken ribs caused by a load of feed falling on him.

Ogden Cares was in Portales during the week.

Mr. Vezy, of Texas, was here prospecting the first of the week.

A short program was given at the Richland school Friday, September 20th. The program consisted of a song by Dovie and Icie Stigall; recitation "Good News From Home," by Fern Stratton; two excellent recitations by Alice Straton. The rest of the time was spent listening to selections on the Victrola.

The Doyle school began Monday in their new school house with Miss Little as teacher.

Why Solitude Is Desirable.
Solitude is the chief support of the affections; it would be impossible to love your fellow men if you knew you could never get away from him.—From the Atlantic.

Not So Bad.
Of course there are exceptions, but as a general thing girls are not as red as they are painted.—Galveston News

To Our Retail Trade
The federal food administration has asked that all wholesale and retail merchants reduce their terms to thirty days or strictly cash. The intention is to prevent waste and extravagance, to encourage economy and thrift during the war. You as individuals are asked every time you read a newspaper to practice thrift.

In keeping with above request and in view of prevailing local conditions, we have decided, beginning October 1st, 1918, to require payments of all accounts on first day of each month following purchase. If your account is not paid by the 10th of each month no further charges will be made.

All owing us to October 1st, will please call and make settlement as we want to separate the old accounts from the new ones on above terms. In making these new terms we are going to offer merchandise at less margin of profit than heretofore. Some goods of course no change can be made as they cannot be replaced at all or only at advanced prices.

Believing you fully realize the situation and hoping for your continued cooperation, holding ourselves ever ready to extend you our best services, and thanking you for many past favors we remain, Sincerely yours,
C. V. HARRIS

Note of Appreciation
We want to thank the kind people of Portales and Clovis who have given us their sympathy and help in our recent bereavement.

Walter T. Jackson,
Myrtle M. Jackson,
J. Ralph Jackson.

First Christmas Presents.
The custom of Christmas presents originated from the gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh brought by the Wise Men to Christ.

Uncle Eben.
"When you see a man with a puffed-up disposition jes now," said Uncle Eben, "it's a sure sign dat he's got 'most as much as a ton of coal in his belly."

ROGERS ITEMS

Miss Gladys Maxwell entertained the young people of Rogers Saturday evening.

Mrs. Autrey who has been very sick is reported better.

The first of this week looked like summer was still with us.

The members of this Red Cross chapter are working on refugee garments now.

Mr. and Mrs. Mayes and Mr. and Mrs. Gardner came home from Roswell last week where they had been to get a supply of apples for the cold winter days.

Willie Watts has a slight attack of typhoid fever.

The Rogers school is progressing nicely.

Charles Brashears and family expect to leave for Kansas in the near future.

B. B. Nash and family of Portales visited at the Charley Maxwell home Sunday.

We can handle your sale bill in short order. With the new linotype, we can print them so you can put up bills going home.

COMPTON & COMPTON
Attorneys at Law
Practice in all courts. Office over The News. Portales, N. M.

TATE & RAMEY
AUCTIONEERS
Reference:—Any bank, business man or county officer in Clovis. Satisfaction guaranteed. ——— N. M.

DR. J. S. PEARCE
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON
Office at Pearce's Pharmacy
Office phone 34. Residence 23
PORTALES, NEW MEX.

DR. D. B. WILLIAMS
Office Phone 60.
Residence Phone 90.
Office in rear of old First National Bank Building.
PORTALES, NEW MEX.

DR. N. F. WOLLARD
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON
Office at Neer's drug store, phone 67 2R. Residence phone 169.
PORTALES, NEW MEX.

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All the official news of the State Capital appears first in the Santa Fe New Mexican.

All the fresh political gossip of the State Capital appears first in the Santa Fe New Mexican.

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BRALEY'S SERVICE STATION

GAS AND OILS

Full line of Accessories, Tires and Tubes.

*** FREE AIR ***

Southeast side of Square
Portales, N. M.



The Owners of "Swift & Company" (Now Over 22,000)

Perhaps it has not occurred to you that *you* can participate in Swift & Company's profits,—and also share its risks,—by becoming a co-partner in the business? It is not a close corporation.

You can do this by buying Swift & Company shares, which are bought and sold on the Chicago and Boston stock exchanges.

There are now over 22,000 shareholders of Swift & Company, 3,500 of whom are employes of the Company. These 22,000 shareholders include 7,800 women.

Cash dividends have been paid regularly for thirty years. The rate at present is 8 per cent.

The capital stock is all of one kind, namely, common stock—there is no preferred stock, and this common stock represents actual values. There is no "water," nor have good will, trade marks, or patents been capitalized.

This statement is made solely for your information and not for the purpose of booming Swift & Company stock.

We welcome, however, live stock producers, retailers, and consumers as co-partners.

We particularly like to have for shareholders the people with whom we do business.

This leads to a better mutual understanding.

Year Book of interesting and instructive facts sent on request. Address Swift & Company, Union Stock Yards, Chicago, Illinois

Swift & Company
L. J. Swift, President

FIFTEEN

From the October 3, 1918
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FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

From the Portales Times of October 3, 1903:
Walter Petty sold 125 head of stock to Dick Barnett at \$20 per head.
Eiland Brothers batted their 4,800 head of sheep to J. B. Miller of Ft. Worth.
The Bar V outfit had 25,000 head of cattle at Riverside stock yards, shipping to Kansas City.
A watermelon party was held at the home of Iuda Humphrey by young folks and others.
Melons were down to 2 1/2c each; eggs 15c a dozen; potatoes 2 1/2c a pound; beef from 5 to 12 1/2c per pound.
Sealed bids were called for in the matter of building a court house and jail.
The DZ outfit was cutting hay and had 4,000 bales stacked.

TEN YEARS AGO

From the Portales Times of October 1, 1908:
Dr. J. S. Pearce and family were visiting in Ft. Worth.
Seth Morrison, cashier of the Citizens National, was visiting in Kansas City and Blue Rapids, Kansas.
Judge W. E. Lindsey and family attended the opening of the irrigation congress and fair at Albuquerque.
A severe hail storm ruined some crops a few miles west of town. Rev. O. W. Carter was caught out in the storm and protected his head with the half of a water melon but the hand he held it on with was beaten black and blue.
The Roosevelt County Medical Association completed its organization with Dr. J. F. Garmany president; Dr. W. E. Patterson, vice-president; and Dr. H. F. Vandever, secretary.
At the Methodist conference Rev. L. W. Carleton was appointed for Portales and J. E. Wagner, for Portales circuit, supply.
The First National bank statement showed \$223,020.63 deposits.
A number of former Texans and Oklahomans were going back to pick cotton.

USE THE APPLE CROP

Apples are among the most nutritious fruits and their value is higher than that of many everyday foods regarded as indispensable on the tables. Apples have about three-fourths the nutritive value of potatoes, generally regarded as a solid and dependable food.
America is now the leading apple growing nation of the world and this year with food so scarce all over the world it becomes an urgent duty not to let any of our apple crop go to waste. In every home with storage facilities, as many apples as possible should be stored as soon as the winter varieties are in the market. The windfall apples may be saved by drying. Cut, peel, core and slice, drop into cold water containing eight teaspoonsful of salt to the gallon, if a light colored product is desired, leaving them a minute or two in the water. Dry in the sun or over the stove. There are numerous ways in which apples may be added to the daily menu with advantage.
A. M. Hove.

OVER THE STATE

Sept. 23.—Bereno—New gasoline engines installed in dredging machine in the valley.
Deming cannery to turn out 300,000 cans of tomatoes.
Mora county stockman brings in fifteen carloads of cattle for ranch.
Magdalena Red River Cattle Co. ships out 500 cattle and receive good stiff price.
Springer—Farmers in this section report bumper crop of pinto beans.
Tuenmeari—Contract given for 21 miles of federal road here, cost \$102,143.
Rightofway settled for Mesilla drainage project, work to begin at once.
Work on new barracks at state college is proceeding rapidly.
Fifty convicts to be placed at work on Mogollon-Magdalena road.

BOY SCOUTS



(Conducted by National Council of the Boy Scouts of America)

SCOUTS PILING UP W. S. S.

The third Liberty loan is a thing of the past with a credit to the Boy Scouts of America, according to incomplete returns now on file at national headquarters, of 416,129 subscriptions amounting to \$2,222,150.
As gleaners after the reapers this is a record every member of the organization should be proud of, and the government is proud of the achievement, for while the amount of money will not be so large as in the second campaign, the number of individual subscriptions, compared with the money value is very much greater, and that is exactly the result the government desired.

Gardening activities are again in full swing, and members of the Boy Scouts of America are lending substantial aid under the slogan "Every Scout to Feed a Soldier." Their untiring energy and patriotic service in this regard are a big factor in helping Uncle Sam and his allies to win the war. What the results will be from this season's activities are of course yet to be determined, but the indications are that the contributions from scouts to food production and conservation will be enormous.

The secretary of the treasury, because of the efficiency of the scouts in the Liberty loan campaign, authorized the issuance of 15,000,000 special Boy Scouts of America red post cards, so that the scouts could make an effective all-year canvass through the co-operation of postmasters and mail carriers all over the country without the risk and responsibility of handling money. The results already produced are marvelous, and are growing in volume every day.

INJURED SOLDIER A SCOUT.

This letter has come to St. Louis boy scout headquarters from a former scoutmaster, George Farrand Taylor, now an American chaplain in the General Hospital, France:
"There is in the hospital here an English soldier of the name of Tom Bradshaw, a remarkably handsome boy who has just celebrated his twenty-first birthday here in the hospital. If you could see him as he lies under the sheets, you would think he was having the time of his life.
"He has the most radiant smile I think I have ever seen, but if you pull back the clothes, your first discovery would be that he had lost a thumb and the fourth finger. If you were to pull them back further yet you would discover that his right leg was gone, and if you went still further you would find his left foot shot through the hip to the other side and swollen abnormally. To wear a smile under these circumstances is something heroic, is it not?
"At the entrance to the operating room his girl was waiting to see what was going to happen to him. I said to him: 'Tom, keep up that spirit and it is going to win out for you.' He replied: 'Chaplain, do you know where I got this disposition? It was when I was a boy scout. Our rule was always to keep smiling and to whistle. I had that training, sir, when I was a boy, and it stuck by me, and I know it always will.'
"If that scout rule can make a character which caused the admiration of our doctors here, and the nurses, why I am sure that it is perhaps one of the most important, when interpreted by Tom Bradshaw, that there can be."

SCOUTS TAB CANNON BALLS.

Fifteen thousand dollars' worth of old cannon balls, which have been used for decorative purposes at the Presidio in San Francisco for many years, are to be utilized by the government in the manufacture of new ordnance.
Seventy boy scouts made an inventory of the cannon balls, which adorn the edges of the lawns and roadway in the military reservation.
After two hours' work, under the supervision of regular army officers, the boy scouts counted 5,800 of the old cannon balls.
The cannon balls will bring \$50 a ton as scrap iron. It is believed the government can find use for the old ammunition which will make its value still higher.
San Francisco boy scouts are now being utilized for many different war activities by the government. The boys have cheerfully responded to every demand made on their time and labor, and are clamoring for more work to "down the Big Pirate."

GOOD TURNS BY SCOUTS.

Freshmen were met at all incoming trains by scouts in Ann Arbor and given proper direction.
The odd jobs and the difficult tasks in a town naturally fall to the scouts. In Grand Rapids, Mich., the scouts carried sewing machines to the different homes where Red Cross meetings were being held.
Scouts in Johnstown, Pa., built a mailbox wheel for the convenience of the local mailman. It had about ten boxes on it.

Want Ads

RATES:—One cent per word for each insertion. Payable when ordered. Try these want ads, as people read them every week.

Buy that Liberty Bond Now!

Lee Carter writes Fire Insurance in Best Companies. 41tf

WANTED—Cows from 3 to 8 years old.—G. W. Robertson, Portales. 30tf

Half-gallon glass top fruit jars, \$1.25 per dozen at Portales Drug Store. 42tf

We will purchase no more second-hand school books at present.—Dobbs. 46tf

WANTED—125 head of stock to pasture, 75c per head. W. J. Pool, Lingo, N. M. 47-6t

FOR SALE—Champion mowing machine, rake and Planet Jr. cultivator, all new.—Ask at News office. 42tf

FOR RENT—5 acre block, well improved, good house, barn and windmill.—C. W. Carroll, phone 175. 44tf

FOR SALE—The Bob Darnell house in East Portales, \$650.00 cash. See Mrs. M. L. Rogers-Lee, East Portales. 48-3t

Ruth Haning, teacher of Piano, Violin, Harmony. Real economy in Modern Musical Education. Phones: Studio 72, Residence, 96-3 rings. 43tf

Wanted

Second hand sacks of all kinds. Will pay you cash. J. A. Saylor

FOR SALE—White Leghorn Cockerels from M. Johnson's A grade, best breeder in the south-west. Price \$1.25 each, will be \$2.00 at breeding time. Address Mrs. J. W. Taylor, Route 1, Portales, N. M. 46-4tp

The National Surety Company of New York announces the appointment of Mr. William H. Bradley as a local agent. The appointee is authorized to arrange the execution of fidelity, court, contract, public official and other surety bonds, and burglary insurance policies, protected by the Company's \$8,000,000 capital and surplus.

NOT THE ONLY ONE

There are Other Portales People Similarly Situated.

Can there be any stronger proof offered that the evidence of Portales people? After you have read the following answer the question:
Mrs. C. M. Dobbs, Box 8, of Portales says: "It was troubled a great deal with my kidneys about four years ago. I had headaches and dizzy nervous spells botherd me frequently. Every time I tried to bend over, sharp pains caught me in my back and I could hardly straighten up. I felt miserable when I bought Doan's Kidney Pills at the Portales drug store. This medicine removed the complaint quickly and I soon felt like a different person. I have used Doan's Kidney Pills since as a kidney regulator and they have kept my kidneys in good condition."
60 cents at all dealers. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfgs., Buffalo, N. Y.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION
Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Ft. Sumner, N. M., July 31st, 1918.

NOTICE is hereby given that Emily L. Greenhaw, of Dora, N. M., who, on July 29th 1914, made Homestead entry, No. 011481, for NE 1-4, S 1-2 NW 1-4 NW 1-4 NW 1-4 Sec. 5 and NE 1-4 NE 1-4, Sec. 6, Township 58, Range 34 E., N. M. P. Meriden, 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, in his office at Portales, N. M., on the 17th day of Sept. 1918.
Claimant names as witnesses: Zenes Wilmoth, Thomas L. Parker, James Dutton, George Bryant, all of Redlake, N. M.
A. J. Evans, Register

Notice for Publication
Department of the Interior, United States Land Office at Fort Sumner, New Mexico, August 30th, 1918.

Notice is hereby given that William J. Ward, of Farmington, New Mexico, who, on June 1, 1915, made Additional Homestead entry, Act 21909 and 3-3-15, No. 012590, for lot 1, and E 1/2 SW 1/4, section 27, township 2 south, range 37 east, N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make three year proof to establish claim to the land above described before John C. Hubbard, United States Commissioner, Farmington, New Mexico, witnesses before James A. Hall, United States Commissioner, Portales, New Mexico, on the 10th day of October, 1918.
Claimant names as witnesses: Joe Bradley, of Arch, New Mexico; Edgar S. Allis, of Arch, New Mexico; William Hessel, of Arch, New Mexico; Henry T. Ward, of Arch, New Mexico.
W. R. McGILL, Register

Notice for Publication
Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Roswell, New Mexico, August 29, 1918.

Notice is hereby given that William J. McCollough, of Allie, N. M., who, on July 24, 1918, made HD. E. No. 043522, for N 1/2, Section 3, township 7-8, range 37 E., N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Three Year Proof to establish claim to the land above described, before William A. Palmer, U. S. Commissioner, in his office at Emery, N. M., on Oct. 8, 1918.
Claimant names as witnesses: Thomas J. Keller, William E. Elder, Joseph M. McGaha, Walter Ashbrook, all of Allie, N. M.
EMMETT PATTON, Register

FOR GOOD
PRINTING
CALL ON US

V. J. CAMPBELL
AUCTIONEER

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

LONGS, NEW MEXICO

THE DANFORTH
WAGON YARD

formerly the Boucher yard. Will appreciate all business. We handle feed of all kinds.

DRIVE IN

M. O. Danforth, Mgr.

24x36 carbon paper for fancy work 15c at News

Auto tops renewed, repaired, or new ones made.—Portales Garage.

WHO WAS

the first groceryman to pay the people cash for eggs?

We have a full line of Groceries and will sell cheap for cash.

McDONALD & ISON

DON'T NEGLECT YOUR EYES; PROTECT THEM
Get Guaranteed

And Perfect Glasses that will fit you—and relieve the strain. I guarantee to furnish you good glasses—and fit them by perfect test. Don't delay its dangerous.

DR. W. J. SMITH
Elida, — New Mexico

Health About Gone

Many thousands of women suffering from womanly trouble, have been benefited by the use of Cardui, the woman's tonic, according to letters we receive, similar to this one from Mrs. Z. V. Spell, of Hayne, N. C. "I could not stand on my feet, and just suffered terribly," she says. "As my suffering was so great, and he had tried other remedies, Dr. — had us get Cardui. . . I began improving, and it cured me. I know, and my doctor knows, what Cardui did for me, for my nerves and health were about gone."

TAKE CARDUI

The Woman's Tonic

She writes further: "I am in splendid health . . . can do my work. I feel I owe it to Cardui, for I was in dreadful condition." If you are nervous, run-down and weak, or suffer from headache, backache, etc., every month, try Cardui. "Thousands of women praise this medicine for the good it has done them, and many physicians who have used Cardui successfully with their women patients, for years, endorse this medicine. Think what it means to be in splendid health, like Mrs. Spell. Give Cardui a trial."
All Druggists
J 72

News want ads for results.

ED J. NEER
Funeral Director and Embalmer

PHONES
Undertaking Parlors 67-2
Ed J. Neer, residence 67-3

WESTERN TREES FOR WESTERN PEOPLE

Plainview Nursery has a Good Supply of Home Grown Trees of varieties that have been tested and best adapted to the west. Stand late frost and dry weather the best. If you want an orchard that will give you satisfaction, write to

PLAINVIEW NURSERY
Plainview Texas
—11-10-18

CARTER-ROBINSON
ABSTRACT COMPANY
Incorporated

Abstracts and Fire Insurance

Call on us for prompt service.

Lee Carter, Manager

J. L. GILLIAM

ALL KINDS of DRAY WORK

Phone 140 or 13

COL. BILL GORE
AUCTIONEER

Being a ranchman I naturally cater to the stock business. When contemplating a sale see me.

Elida or Upton

MY NEW TRUCK

has arrived and I am again in position to do hauling on short notice and at a reasonable price. Your patronage will be appreciated.

W. T. ELROD

Germ-Free Blackleg Vaccine

GERM FREE BLACKLEG VACCINE—Aggressin

Immunes 100 per cent Permanently.

JOE BEASLEY
PORTALES, N. MEX.

..The Leach Coal Company..

FOR HIGH GRADE FUEL COAL

Chandler Lump
We are agents for Chandler Lump, one of the very cleanest and best coals that can be bought from Colorado. Give it a trial. : : : : :

American Block

Telephone Number 3 --: --: --: --: Portales, New Mexico

IMPORTANT PRESS NOTICE

The Honor Flag System instituted during the last Liberty Loan campaign is still in force, and the Honor Flag with four bars will be awarded to every county or community oversubscribing its quota.

Another matter to which we draw attention is the fact that ten ships built by the United States Shipping Board will be named after the incorporated towns or cities raising the largest over-subscriptions to the Loan. In this connection, the percentage of population purchasing bonds will also count and it is the two factors taken together which will determine which towns or cities are to receive the honor.

Ten military tanks will be named after the counties producing the greatest over-subscription, together with the greatest percentage of subscriptions by population.

The last scholastic census will be used as the basis upon which to figure.

The honor of sending tanks into battle with the name of their county on the side should appeal to every citizen.

J. M. Littlejohn and family expect to leave in a day or so for southern Oklahoma; he was for a time employed by the Joyce-Pruit Co., but has been incapacitated for a few weeks by an attack of appendicitis.

Rev. H. W. Carter, pastor of the M. E. Church at Elida, with his family visited last Sunday afternoon at the home of Rev. W. W. Turner, here.

Keep Hammering the Hun

An article advising the voters of his political faith to do thus and so, incited a reader of the Portales Valley News to level his forty-five calibre pop-gun and pull the trigger.

The hour has struck when every American citizen should pull off his politics as well as his coat in this battle against Democracy. When we know the thief is at the smoke house door it is no time to quarrel over who shall eat at the next table. Let the whole American continent get into the war as one man. An alloy of different metals is frequently stronger than either one. Let us drive the thief from the door before we think of eating at any table. There will be plenty of time to don the political badge and fuss and chew the rag after this war is over. Come, let us reason together. If a wagon gets in a bog-hole, is it prudent for one horse to play politics and pull in jerks? If I look in one direction, can I successfully shoot in the other? Nay! Let every "hoss" lay aside every other aspiration and heave and pull. Solidarity is power.

J. L. May returned Sunday from attending a state meeting of Ford dealers at Albuquerque; he says one of the high officials of the Ford business was there and told them "no more new cars a tall."

Strayed to my place a mile north and five miles west of Portales, one black mule with trace chain around neck. Owner call and pay charges. C. F. Stephenson. Hp.

THE MAN AT THE COUNTER



He is one of the busiest men in the world—the "Y" man at the counter. He is as much a part of the military scheme of things as "chow" and taps. At least the soldier thinks so. The counter is crowded all the time, and the man at the counter proves his versatility by answering a thousand varieties of questions, selling stamps, giving advice, distributing stationery, helping the boys send money home, passing out good cheer, handing out literature, and doing all the other things that a "Y" man is expected to do. This is a typical counter scene in a Y. M. C. A. hut. The picture was taken at Camp Pike, near Little Rock, Ark., one of the large cantonments of the country.

PETIT JURORS

Judge John T. McClure was here a few days ago and drew the jury list for the term of court which convenes Monday, October 14. The list follows:

Name	Precinct
G. S. Hatch	1
A. A. Cribbs	21
A. G. Howey	12
W. J. Stobbs	10
L. L. Smith	1
Lester Prater	12
Homer King	13
Henry Beebe	10
J. F. Striman	29
R. F. Hendrix	11
Lee Percival	2
V. J. Campbell	16
J. B. Crawford	7
O. R. Anderson	6
T. C. Jewell	30
H. Y. Freeman	1
W. E. Crow	1
J. H. Hathecock	10
E. E. Massey	11
Jim Bradford	6
Joe Beasley	1
Perry Adams	2
J. T. Butler	2
S. F. Beeman	24
J. R. Hatfield	1
Bennie Good	29
M. J. Butts	2
Ed Hudson	23
G. H. Clary	6
G. W. Carr	1
Roy Baugh	15
W. O. Davis	7
J. E. Henderson	1
J. C. Moore	2
J. E. Johnson	1
Frank Dunn	10

Grand Jurors

W. D. Lewis	1
J. M. Grisso	11
J. V. Miller	16
C. C. Davis	24
Frank Jernigan	1
J. M. Bradley	1
J. W. Jones	30
W. E. Elder	28
George Chavers	29
O. Q. Hawk	27
I. L. Bow	9
M. H. Chancellor	24
T. J. Corder	28
E. E. Lee	29
R. M. Grissom	2
Hugh Lee	2
H. D. Cheek	4
Ham Hill	7
Clyde Knapp	1
A. P. Hodges	15
L. D. Ails	13
J. C. Loughridge	8
Hance Arnold	6
Jim Doyal	1
C. H. Wear	29
A. R. Self	14
M. S. Gresham	8

Dr. A. M. Lumpkin departed the first of the week for Fort Worth, Texas, after spending several months here looking after land interests and enjoying the climate. As a lecturer Mr. Lumpkin has traveled over a large part of the United States and he states that nowhere can there be found soil, climate and water to equal this in the Portales Valley. He owns a few quarters round about Portales and confidently looks forward to this becoming one of the garden spots of the world when irrigation becomes more common in the valley.

Howard Leach, who has been at Roswell for the past two or three months, came in Monday and is assisting his father in the coal business.

News want ads bring results.

DOSS-SHELBY

Our new neighbor did not tarry long in our neighborhood but moved into the Macy community.

Charles R. Salter Jr. went to Portales Thursday to have dental work done; he also joined the Boy Scouts that evening.

Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Grove and twins visited Portales Friday.

Charles R. Salter Sr. surprised his family last Friday by walking in on them unexpectedly.

We noticed Joe Stevens in town Saturday from the Roswell country.

Samuel Grove is still visiting relatives and sight seeing.

H. Y. Freeman has been laying in a supply for his stock during the winter. A very good idea before prices advance.

Mr. Kidd, H. Y. Freeman and daughters, also others, are holding a protracted meeting in the skating rink at Portales.

Red Cross meeting will be held at Shelby Sunday, October 6. Electing new officers for the new year will be in progress.

At last Mrs. Eliza Thomas has received a letter from her son, Charley, saying he was in France and doing fine but very busy.

The Cash Bargain Store, Elida, N. M., has just received quite a shipment of Winter Underwear for men, women and children. Dry Goods, Work Pants, Unionalls, School Stationery, Notions and Candies.

ZOAR

The school is progressing nicely under the able supervision of Mrs. E. T. Murrel. There were several visitors this week.

Mrs. Brummel of Clovis is visiting her sister, Mrs. E. V. Dennington.

Messrs Jim and Charles Nash and family were callers in this community last Sunday.

Frank Galloway is away shipping cows from Oklahoma to Kansas City.

F. R. Shock is an incentive to "get up and get there" as he breezes by so early to his school from his home at Floyd.

Miss Bess Dehoney came to see her sister, Mrs. Murrel, one afternoon.

Ross Dennington is at home helping to save his father's crop.

W. H. Anderson has a good corn crop and his son, Charles, a fine lot of broom corn—rather unusual this year.

Prof. W. M. Wilson moved last week out to their home and garden west of town; cheaper than paying rent but a little longer walk to school work.

Dr. and Mrs. Bailey, former residents here, were over from Roswell first of the week, looking after property interests and visiting friends.

Don't fail to see the line of clothing, suits and pants at the Cash Bargain Store, Elida. Prices and quality please others, they will please you.

Rev. W. W. Turner is in Roswell in attendance at the district conference of the M. E. church.

BULGARIA QUIT THE WAR

Bulgaria, one of the most important of the Balkan countries, has asked the Allies for an armistice and is willing to accept Allied terms. The failure of Germany and Austria to give her the aid she asked for, is the reason for withdrawing. This cuts off Turkey from Germany and Austria and opens the way for an allied offensive at the Balkan door.

The British have taken Damascus and thus captured another of the most important cities held by the Turks. It is hoped that Turkey will soon see the wisdom of leaving the Central Powers to fight their own battles.

On the western front, in Belgium and northern France, every thing is going fine for the Allies; they are taking prisoners and cannon faster than they can be counted. The Germans are withdrawing as rapidly as they can without losing any more supplies than they can avoid but the Allied forces are pushing them so closely that they are losing many of their big guns and have scant time to prepare defensive positions.

Warning will be sent to the German government that if the wanton destruction of French and Belgian cities in their retreat is not stopped, German cities of like importance will suffer at Allied hands in reprisal.

Save Their Dessert for Wounded

An American Base Hospital in France, Americans who wonder why sugar regulations should be so strict should have a glimpse of the American girls, women, nurses here, who carry their desserts from the table at the Blue Triangle Huts to wounded men who have recovered sufficiently to crave sweets. Not only that, but from their none too plentiful funds they spend, no one knows how much, for fruits for convalescents.

After a hard day's work among the wounded many of the nurses have frequently tramped down a dusty road to town to get something for their wards. Then gathering the saved sweets, in the Young Women's Christian Association hut, they make fudge. "You should hear the shout of joy and see the gleeful faces of the men when they get a glimpse of the nurse coming in with a batch of fudge," says the secretary. "Then you would be glad to know your economy at home makes it possible so much joy over here."

Lee Carter writes Fire Insurance in Best Companies. 41ft

See S. F. Myles, Elida, for Cake, Hay and Coal. It

Bride of Battle

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU
Author of "The Messiah of the Cylinder,"
"His Second Sell," Etc.

This is a gripping romance of the American army fighting in France, picturing scenes that are being enacted now by the boys in khaki on the battlefields across the sea.

It is the story of the hour and it will be our next serial.

Watch for the First Chapter

BOY SCOUTS

(Conducted by National Council of the Boy Scouts of America.)

BOY SCOUTS AND RELIGION

Scouting presents greater opportunities for the development of the boy religiously than does any other movement instituted solely for the boys. Its aim to develop the boy physically, mentally and morally is being realized very widely.

The movement has been developed on such broad lines as to embrace all classes, all creeds, and at the same time to allow the greatest possible independence to individual organizations, officers and boys.

The Boy Scouts of America maintain that no boy can grow into the best kind of citizenship without recognizing his obligation to God. As an organized body, therefore, it recognizes the religious element in the training of a boy, but it is absolutely nonsectarian in its attitude toward that religious training. If he be a Roman Catholic boy scout, the church of which he is a member is the best channel for his training. If he be a Hebrew boy, then the synagogue will train him in the faith of his fathers. If he be a Protestant, no matter to what denomination of Protestantism he may belong, the church of which he is an adherent or a member should be the proper organization to give him an education in the things that pertain to his allegiance to God.

And again, the observance of the scout law, the tremendous collective volume of "daily good turns," and the creation of better feeling among millions of scouts of our own and other lands constitute a latent but powerful and rapidly growing factor for universal good will and peace.

PERSHING'S COUSIN A SCOUT.

Dr. James E. Pershing, a scoutmaster of Troop No. 1 of Oklahoma City, has been chosen to act as scout executive there. Dr. Pershing is a cousin of General Pershing of the United States army.

Dr. Pershing has gone to National headquarters in New York with this letter from his local scout council:

"Make possible to him every avenue of education that will be of help to him in better preparing him for the office, the duties of which he is to take up. He has had many years of practical education, gained from actual experience in the work with boys, and what he will probably need from your office most is that help that will more particularly apply to the duties of a scout executive."

"He is coming to your city for this direct training at the instance of some of our most prominent business men and they will appreciate your efforts in his behalf. They have every confidence in him and feel that he has the making in him of the best scout executive in our country."

SCOUT LEADERS NOT EXEMPT.

This question has come up several times. Recently the chief scout executive received a telegram from the president of a local council, as follows:

"Scout executive called to the colors. In your opinion would he not be able to serve his country better as scout executive than as a private soldier? If so, please use your influence to have him transferred to class B or C. There is no other man available that can carry on the work at this time."

Mr. James E. West replied as follows:

"Sincerely regret inability to do as you request. We have followed policy of not asking special consideration of any scout official, regardless of local conditions. Paramount need at this moment is men who can serve, and the danger of establishing precedents is so great that it would prove embarrassing to government for us to make a request for any special consideration."

THE BOY SCOUT.

O, little boy scout! so slim and trim,
In khaki suit and campaign hat,
You're helping to win the great world war
And doing better than most at that.
You've a packet of war stamps put away
In a handkerchief box for a rainy day.
And a garden spaded to plant with green,
Corn, potatoes and lima beans.

But, little boy scout, there's more to do:
Open your ears and peel your eyes.
For the sake of the flag you love and serve
Follow the trail of the Teuton spies.
Over the country and through the town
Watch and listen and track them down,
And for every one you land in the pen
You'll save the lives of a thousand men.
—MINNA IRVING, in New York Sun.

GOOD TURNS BY SCOUTS.

The boys in Troop No. 2 of Glens Falls, N. Y., got busy with their scout axes on old packing boxes and supplied fuel for many homes in the city.

It took the assistance of all the boy scouts of Netcong, N. J., to help the firemen subdue a stubborn forest fire that threatened a group of houses. "Christian Getzler saved the life of a baby who had fallen into a sewer. Was lowered into it on a rope by fireman." This is the modest report of a Cincinnati scoutmaster.

Bride of Battle
A Romance of the AMERICAN ARMY FIGHTING on the BATTLEFIELDS of FRANCE
By VICTOR ROUSSEAU

This is a story of two American wars. It begins with the assault of the American forces upon the Spanish defenders of Santiago in the days of '98 and the scenes of the closing chapters are laid upon the steel-swept fields of France where the soldiers of the great republic of the western world are battling the foes of humanity and civilization.

Intrigue, mystery, chivalry, love, feats of bravery on the field of honor—all these elements are interwoven in a story that mystifies and grips and thrills.

This first up-to-the-minute novel of the new America—the America upon whose arms rests the fate of the world—will appear as a serial in this paper, beginning in an early issue.

Watch for the Opening Installment