

# ARTESIA ADVOCATE

J. R. HOFFMAN, Editor and Manager

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## ARTESIANS AS KNOW THEM

(By W. M. Todd)

Dr. M. P. Skeen is a man who has risen high in the world, being six feet, four inches, in his silk hose. He was born and reared in North Carolina but the blood that courses through his arterial highways is pure Scotch. He is proud of this and loves the history and traditions of the Highlanders though he has not worn the kilts nor played the bagpipes for several years. The doctor is a well read man and one of the best off-hand talkers in Eddy county. He has served this district in the state senate and if his health were better he could be nominated for governor on the democratic ticket. Many of his friends insist upon his nomination whether or no. The doctor is entitled to no particular credit for being a gentleman for it is his nature and he couldn't be otherwise if he tried.

S. E. Ferre belongs to the "incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial" profession which is another way of saying he is a lawyer. His recreation is checkers and he is never engaged in anything that he would not quit for a game. When the little judge has his mind, heart and soul buried in a close game of checkers a man in need of legal counsel might knock at his door with a hundred dollar bill in his hand for a fee, and the judge would tell him to come in after the game was finished. A large part of his work, legal and otherwise, is for charitable organizations and it is generally understood that he charges nothing for services to widows or orphans. The judge is a shrewd politician, a natural musician and is topped out with the wisest head of masculine hair in Artesia.

G. U. McCrary has for some eight years cancelled the stamps on the letters and read the postal cards that have come and gone through the Artesia postoffice. He does not know just how long he will continue to perform that service. Judge Landis has accepted a position as arbiter for the big league ball clubs at a salary of \$90,000. Postmaster General Hays, also a lawyer, is to become king of the movies for \$150,000 per year. Judge McCrary, we know, is also a good lawyer because he says he is, and something might be offered that would tempt him to also quit the employ of Uncle Sam. In this line it is understood that he may be offered the position of organizer for all the different oil interests in this valley. The said interests would expect to pay and could afford to pay as much as \$100,000 per year to such a man as the judge. Yates, Crockett and other oil kings have been closeted with him and the deal may be closed at any time.

Thornton Ferson is not only a live wire but he embraces within himself a complete Marconi wireless system. If there is a man in town whose trading proclivities entitle him to be called a Connecticut Yankee it is Ferson. Where ever there is a prospect for business or an investment he may always be found in the bald headed row. He thinks nothing of trading a movie theatre for a second hand auto, or a two-story house for a safety razor, and that before breakfast. He is artful, engaging, plausible and diplomatic when in a state of mental calm. But under sufficient provocation his tongue is convertible into a dangerous weapon. But Thornton is seldom rampant. He's most always real nice.

E. B. Kemp is one of the earliest settlers of Artesia, and one of the best boosters of the town and community. During his residence here he has had charge of the Kemp Lumber Co. interests and he has administered their affairs with signal success. His methods of dealing, his lofty citizenship, his inflexible honesty and sterling manhood have won for him not only the confidence and respect but the genuine affection of all. In his being neither enemy nor malice nor deception has a place. Unostentatious charity and kindness are his conspicuous traits, and if every one for whom he has done a kindness would give him a flower, his office would be too small to hold the accumulation. Though the anger of affliction has long pointed toward him, his resignation and cheerfulness have been a wholesome inspiration to others. No one could furnish a better example of how a man should live.

Rev. R. T. Davis is the sheph rd of the Methodist flock in Artesia. He has the physical and other essentials of a giant. He is big, brainy and brave. With him in a football game the needed accompaniments for the other side would be surgeons and undertakers. He carries no jackscrew in his automobile. If he has tire troubles he holds up the wheel with one hand and mends the tire with the other. When he fishes in the river he uses a boat. Where the water is deep the boat carries him; where the water is

shallow he carries the boat. He would like no better fun than to have a personal combat with the devil, and if he could get his satanic majesty in a 24-foot ring he would knock him out the first round. In presiding over his big congregation he is usually serene, but militant if necessary. When the church is in debt he goes after his flock with hammer and tongs, and he has a way of making even a stranger ashamed not to shell out. Bro. Davis is feared physically, respected mentally and admired spiritually by all who know him.

## SMALL FIRE CHECKED AT BANK BUILDING.

The timely efforts of Messrs. Fred Rehberg and S. H. Walker on Saturday afternoon prevented what might have been the largest conflagration in Artesia for many months, when they discovered the balcony of the Welsh rooming house to be ablaze; and then quenched the flames before much damage was done. No alarm was given as the two men did all that was necessary.

The Citizens State Bank, C. E. Mann Drug Company, the City Hall, and Western Union office occupy the first floor of the building. The second floor is devoted to a rooming house. The balcony, on the east side of the building, was the only portion of the structure which was damaged. A hole was burned in the floor of the upstairs balcony and a portion of the railing burned.

The entire block would have been in danger if the flames had been allowed to get a good head-way.

The cause of the trouble was a bucket of ashes which had been placed on the balcony during the morning. A strong breeze fanned the coals into a flame, after blowing them from the container.

## MRS. L. R. CROCKETT ENTERTAINED W. M. U.

On last Thursday, January 19th, the Baptist W. M. U. was royally entertained at the home of Mrs. L. R. Crockett.

There were about twelve members present without regard to the severity of the weather. We had with us as honor guests Mrs. Ferris of Ladonia, Mo., who is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Jesse and Mrs. Alexander, Mrs. Dayton Reeder, Mrs. Bush of California, sister of Miss Lucy Thomas and Miss Lillian May of Albuquerque, who is secretary of the W. M. U. of this state.

There was a very interesting program rendered on "Expanding the Foreign Mission Horizon" which was very interesting. Miss May delivered a very helpful message in regard to the work in a general way. At the close of the program Mrs. J. R. G. White rendered a vocal duet: "The Master's Plan" which was a treat to all present.

Delicious refreshments consisting of cake and cocoa were served by the hostess.

One of the little ironies of life from the Anthony Republican: A well to do man spending \$218 to fight a public improvement which would probably raise his taxes \$6.02.—Wichita Eagle.

## FIFTH SUNDAY MEETING PROGRAM OF THE PECOS VALLEY BAPTIST ASSOCIATION HELD AT THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, ARTESIA.

The public is extended a cordial invitation to attend the regular fifth Sunday meeting of the Pecos Valley Baptists to be given at the First Baptist church of Artesia on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, January 27, 28, and 29. Following is the program:

Friday, January 27th.  
7:15. Devotional, B. A. Bishop, Artesia.  
7:30. Sermon, Rev. W. R. Hill, Roswell.

Saturday, January 28th.  
9:45. Devotional, M. L. Murdock Roswell.  
10:00. "Stewardship", J. L. Mable, of Roswell.

10:45. "Teaching of the New Testament Concerning Tithing", by Rev. L. K. Robinson of Lake Arthur.  
11:00. "How to Solve the Teaching Problem in Our Sunday Schools" by F. W. Ross, of Loving.

Noon.  
2:00. Devotional, by W. T. Newsum, of Hagerman.  
2:30. W. M. U. program, Mrs. O. R. Rutledge, Roswell, association president.  
3:30. "The Importance of Meeting Campaign Pledges," E. C. Jackson, of Lake Arthur.

Recess.  
7:30. Devotional, J. B. Leck, of Carlsbad.  
7:45. Sermon by Rev. W. C. Taggart, of Hope.

Sunday, January 29th.  
9:45. Sunday school, B. A. Bishop, superintendent.

11:00. Sermon by Rev. T. C. Mahan, of Carlsbad.  
Noon.  
2:30. "An Ideal Sunday School", Rev. S. S. Russell, state Sunday school secretary.

3:30. Sunbeam Program, Mrs. J. R. G. White, Artesia.  
Recess.

7:00. Associational B. Y. P. U. Program. Speakers from all Unions and special music, W. N. Casey, Roswell, Association president.  
A discussion of all subjects by everyone present.

## COUNCIL PASSES PROVISIONAL ORDER FOR PAVEMENT

At the regular meeting of the City Council last evening the provisional order to pave Main Street was passed. The council voted unanimously for its passage.

The order calls for pavement from the main line track of the Santa Fe railroad to the east line of fifth street.

The petition that caused the council to act calls for concrete pavement by a majority of property owners totaling 63 per cent.

There has been a great deal of work and expense connected with the getting up of this petition and the parties concerned are very grateful to our town council for their recognition of the petition and order given for pavement.

The Robertson-Smith-Ferriman Brown-Stone front certainly have the thanks of the progressive town builders of our city.

## MARY ERMA GLEASON

Rev. Thomas Cox, pastor of the Nazarine church, conducted the funeral services of Miss Mary Erma Gleason on Tuesday afternoon at the Nazarine church. A large number of the friends of the family were present. A very appropriate solo was sung by Miss Mary Jane Owens, the girl companion of the deceased, Misses Mary Jane Owens, Ethel Fore, Amy Wilde, Ada Dearey, Alice Wetkins, and Leola Needham, were the pall bearers.

Mary Erma Gleason was born on July 10th, 1906, at Earl, Arkansas, and died at 4:30 A. M. on January 23, 1922. She had been ill only a few days with pneumonia.

She is survived by her parents and three younger sisters.

## MRS. ROSA CRAWFORD DIES OF PNEUMONIA

The funeral services of Mrs. Rosa Bolla Crawford, who died on January 21st, at 4 P. M., were conducted by Bro. E. E. Matney, at the Presbyterian church, on Sunday afternoon at three o'clock. A large number of friends and relatives of the deceased were present to pay tribute to a departed friend. E. B. McCaw, A. C. Keath, A. W. Wilde, F. G. Hartell, S. W. Gilbert, and T. A. Addington acted as pallbearers. Interment was in Woodbine cemetery.

Mrs. Crawford contracted pneumonia a few days before she was called to her eternal home by the maker, at the age of 50 years, two months and 29 days. She was born in Texas in 1871, and lived in this state until 1897, at which time, she moved to this section of New Mexico with her husband, Thomas Crawford, with whom she was united in marriage in 1888. She has resided here since that time and has made scores of friends among the people, whom she had met.

The deceased is survived by five children and her husband, and her aged father, who arrived before the death of his daughter.

## YOUNG PEOPLE ENTERTAINED BY REV. DAVIS

Rev. and Mrs. R. F. Davis, were host and hostess to the Young Men's Bible class and their lady friends at the Methodist pastor's home on Saturday evening. About twenty young people were present and a delightful evening was enjoyed by all present. Many amusing games were played, in which William Newcomb was the stellar performer. His introduction to the "Jones" family was worthy of much mention. After Ralph Terpening was returned to Mrs. Landis Feather by Rev. Davis because he could not hold enough, Rufus Rowan was discovered in a far corner, where he had hidden during the preceding game.

The musical portion of the evening's program was very interesting. Jimmie Bates, Raymond Sipple, Ralph Terpening, Leroy Meyers, Clinton Rice and Miss Hazelle Sipple were the members of the orchestra, which produced a great amount of the music. Freddie Brainard was persuaded to perform on the ivory-tipped music box, after a united attack by all present upon his stubbornness.

Cocoa, fruit salad and sandwiches were served to the guests who were: Mrs. Mary Abbott, Misses Celia Henriehson, Julia Holman, Hazel Sipple, Esther Schneider, Lorie Davis, Beatrice Davis, and Mrs. Mary Sue Feathers and Messrs. William Newcomb, V. A. Bishop, Ralph Terpening, Fred Brainard, Rufus Rowan, Lee Meyers, Ray Sipple, Landis Feather, Will Schneider, Charles Rhinehardt, Clint Rice, James Bates and Ralph Davis.

## MRS. WINGFIELD ENTERTAINS PRESBYTERIAN SOCIETY

The Presbyterian ladies were entertained by Mrs. Ed. Wingfield on last Thursday afternoon. About ten ladies were present to enjoy the interesting program of the meeting. Mrs. Laura Welsh was the leader, during the meeting.

By paying into Christmas Club systematically you will have a fund available next December.  
CITIZENS STATE BANK.

## HIGH SCHOOL JUNIORS ENTERTAINED.

Members of Third Year Class Succeeded in Giving Party, Without Being Molested by Seniors.

A large number of the High school students and faculty were highly excited during the latter part of last week, due to the Junior entertainment which was celebrated at the home of Miss Alva Dee Morthland on last Saturday night. The senior class were using their detective talents to discover all particulars concerning the affair. The Junior class were making plans for the occasion. The sophomore class sent an envoy to the seniors, stating that they offered their services as an ally. The Freshman class were anxious from fright and waited with gaping mouths the battle which was expected. The faculty, in all their pomp and dignity, were determined to suppress any hostile movement by either force.

When the appointed hour arrived on Saturday evening the juniors and several members of the faculty, who were the guests of the class, began to arrive at the Morthland home for the festivities. A total of thirty-five arrived and enjoyed the evening.

The Junior orchestra, composed of Phyllis Roth, piano; Keith McCrary, guitar; Guy Stevenson, drums; Lois Burns and Noah Garrett, ukuleles, furnished some delightful music, which was enjoyed by those present and the other classmen, who had assembled outside. The refreshments were closely guarded and a delegation was sent to confer with the outside forces in a peace conference. The party was soon over and the hostesses were renewed. The front gate to the stockade was rushed, but the only result of importance was the crushing of Bud Stoldt's foot in the door. A foraging party soon succeeded in securing some coats from the building. However, when it was discovered that the articles were the property of Miss Alva Givans, superintendent of city schools, a messenger was sent in double quick time to return the contraband of war.

Another notable feature of the evening was the daring attack on the weakest point of the Juniors' stronghold. The smallest and weakest force wandered a little too far from the regular forces and was brought to the earth by a brave charge of an opponent. Having overlooked the chance to do some thing to some of the larger boys of the Junior group, but lacking in bravery to attack until some little one appeared, this charge shows great generalship.

The occasion was a great event in the social affairs of the local High school. The class and the faculty were royally entertained by Miss Morthland, the hostess of the occasion. Each one present was attired in a peculiar manner. These unique costumes were very amusing to others present. Every type of person, from the ordinary hay pitcher to the royal families of Europe, was represented. Miss LaDue, as the Irish maiden, proved to be the stellar jig dancer of the group.

Delicious refreshments, consisting of fruit jello with whipped cream and many varieties of cake were served by the young ladies of the class.

The members of the faculty who were guests of the class of '23, were Mrs. Her, Misses LaDue, Alma Givens and Anna Kemp and Messrs. Cleo Kogar, Charles Rhinehardt and C. E. Newhouse. The following members of the class were present: Misses Elizabeth Solomon, Zanlada Mann, Bertha Shattuck, Phyllis Polk, Opal Martin, Lois Hnulik, Lois Burns, Juanita Cobble, Edna Schnoor, Nellie Jones, Mary Lillian Rogers, Mattie Mae Jackson, Henna Welsh, Vesta Frisch, Margaret Peemster and the hostess, Alva Dee Morthland, and Messrs. Clint Cole, Eddie Welsh, Tom Bullock, Fred Knowles, Guy Stevenson, Keith McCrary, Ralph Buell, Elwood Kaiser, Frank Morris, Hugh DeAutremont and Noah Garrett, president of the class of '23.

J. M. Proctor returned Wednesday from a trip into Oklahoma. He was in the new towns of Apperson and Whiz Bang. He says these towns are booming and that business is good in practically every line.

## ALL-YEAR NATIONAL FAIR.

Rev. Moon, of Hope, visited the Artesia Chamber of Commerce Monday. The purpose of this visit was to get money for the purpose of advertising the route from Dallas, Texas, through Pecos, Carlsbad, Artesia, Hope and into the new proposed National Park. Money is being collected for advertising purposes only for this new route. Pictures are being taken and advertising matter prepared. This advertising matter will soon be before the public and it will be a great benefit to all towns along the route.

G. E. Damewood, of Hope, has been given the secretaryship of the All-Year National Park Association.

## POLITICS INTERESTING WOMEN

The women in this section of the state are becoming interested in the political conditions and affairs of the county, judging from the number of women who have announced their candidacy for the various county offices. Three women have already published notices in the newspapers concerning their entrance in the race at the next primary election. Others are being urged to enter the campaign. The woman's vote influences the results of an election to a great extent, which fact has been fully demonstrated.

The ability of the women to hold public offices is being recognized by a large number of persons who were very skeptical concerning woman suffrage before they were granted this privilege.

The women have a great influence in the public school of Artesia, as five women are now connected with the executive department of the system. Miss Alva Givens is the superintendent of city schools, Mrs. Ethel James is principal of the grade building and Mrs. Frank Wilson is the principal of the junior high school. Mesdames C. Bert Smith and Frank A. Manda are members of the city school board.

## ALFALFA HAY MOVED AT RAPID RATE.

The shipments of alfalfa hay have been heavy during the past few weeks, according to a statement by George Flanders, sales manager of the Alfalfa Growers' Association. During the past week the association shipped from the Artesia station over thirty-five carloads of hay. About the same amount will be shipped this week.

As each car of alfalfa contains approximately twelve tons, over four hundred tons were shipped by the association during the week. Other hay dealers in the town are also shipping much hay at this time. The total tons shipped will exceed 600 tons during the past week. Over thirty cars of hay, sheep and hogs were shipped from Artesia in one day last week.

The best grade of alfalfa demands \$16.00 per ton, which is a much better price than was offered during the summer season. Large quantities of off-grade hay is also shipped, which brings from ten to fourteen dollars per ton. V. L. Gates, H. L. Paris, E. B. Bullock, Wilson Anderson and the Alfalfa Growers' Association are shipping the hay.

## "STUNT NIGHT" ON FRIDAY NIGHT.

The staff of the High school annual yearbook, the Rattler, assisted by the student body and the faculty, are to repeat the performance of last year and give a humorous program at the High school auditorium on Friday night for the benefit of the annual. Stunt night is always a very joyous occasion and much amusement is derived from such an affair.

The faculty, classes and individual students are mimicked and imitated in many various ways. All kinds of stunts are performed, much to the chagrin of the person who happens to be "hit".

The faculty won first prize last year in the presentation of the Mother Goose rhymes and will endeavor to repeat again this year. It has been rumored that Miss Givens and Mr. Newhouse will sing, while Mr. Rhinehardt will jig with Miss LaDue. Bud Stoldt, the ladies' man, will be sure to have a fuss with his best "fame". The basketball girls may suffer some derision in their actions on the court. These stunts and many others may appear for the approval of the public on Friday evening at the High school auditorium.

## Becomes Alderman.

M. H. Ferriman was chosen by the council last evening to fill the vacancy on the council caused by the resignation of Alderman Rowan.

Mr. Ferriman is a business man of ability and will be a valued addition to our town council.

A report is being generally circulated that Mr. Ferriman spent several thousand dollars in excess of his lawful campaign allowance. We doubt the truthfulness of this statement.

See Flor for good Tire service. Best prices on Tires.

## THE OIL FIELD

### Kansas New Mexico No. 1.

This well has recently been drilled about 300 feet below the Lakewood sand. The program is to drill to the Queen sand which should be reached at a depth of 1500 feet. Manager Crockett is optimistic over the outlook.

### Kansas New Mexico No. 2.

Work on this well has been progressing nicely. The Rocky Astroya sand is expected to be encountered in the next ten days.

### Sunshine No. 2.

This well is drilling at a depth of about 300 feet.

### New Mexico Kansas & Texas.

This well, which is commonly known as the Hawkins well, is on the Wallace Mercantile land in Sec. 10-19-20. The well has been cleaned out and now found to be in good shape. The present depth is about 300 feet. Within a short time heavier machinery will be installed and the Lakewood Rocky Astroya sands will be thoroughly tested out.

There is a general feeling of optimism among the local oil men. Several new tests have been planned for the near future. It is quite likely that the Pecos Valley will get a good pay this year.

### BELL DISCOVERY WELL AGAIN SHOWS OIL OVER DEPTH— TOTAL-BELL FLOWING BY HEADS

On last Friday a gas pocket was reached in the Bell well that caused the well to flow twice. It first flowed for several minutes, sending oil fifteen to twenty feet above the top of the derrick, then stopped for a few minutes when it again flowed and the flow was turned into the big tanks. It flowed for about twenty minutes, flowing 30 barrels of oil into the tank. Mr. Gallagher, the driller in charge, says that about twenty-five barrels of oil was wasted in the first flow. Mr. Gallagher waited about twenty minutes, expecting the well to flow again, then put the bailer into the hole and found that the oil had returned almost to its normal 1800 feet level. Since that time they have been drilling down to 2400 feet. The most of the formations have been very hard lime. Within the last few days this seems to have changed to a softer shale which is looked upon as a very favorable formation.

Work has been going on steadily at the Toyah-bell well since our last issue and they have been making satisfactory headway. The well has continued to flow occasionally and on Tuesday night three good flows carried a great deal of loose sand into the well, and the drill was not able to strike the bottom again until this afternoon, due to the necessity of cleaning out the hole. The formation found by the drill just before the last flow is described as very hard and very black, and is believed by the Ramsey Oil Company's geologist to be the second cap rock under which bigger production may be expected. B. Ramsey, president of the company, has established headquarters at the well.

A phone message from the well just as The Enterprise goes to press is to the effect that they are drilling in a black shale at 4422 feet.—Pecos Enterprise.

The First Baptist church, which was damaged by fire, a short time ago, is being repaired this week. A new ceiling is being put on the B. Y. P. U. room and the folding doors are being repaired. The work is under the direction of the insurance company.

Mr. W. M. Todd gave an address at the monthly meeting of the Parent-Teachers association of Hope, at the Methodist Church of that place last Saturday evening. He and Mr. Ralph, who accompanied him, got lost on their way some and had an exceedingly interesting experience before they reached Artesia.

## YOU ARE INVITED.

All owners or their agents or legal representatives of property on Main Street from the railroad to fifth Street are invited to a meeting to be held at the City Hall Thursday February 2nd at 7 p. m. At this meeting you will have an opportunity to give your views on the general manner and method of paying the portion of Main Street above described.

Signed J. E. Robertson, Mayor.



# HARRIET and the PIPER

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

Copyright by Kathleen Norris

## DANCE—AND PAY THE PIPER

*My proposition is that you and I are quietly married tomorrow; you come back tomorrow night and announce it whenever you see fit. I may seem a little matter-of-fact about this, Miss Field, but I am hoping you understand. I am making you an unsentimental business offer. I need you in my life and I offer you certain advantages which it would be silly and schoolboyish for me to deny I possess. I have a certain standing in the community which even Mrs. Carter's madness has not seemed to impair seriously. The boy and the girl both love you, and you have my warmest friendship. Your position in my household will be as free and independent as was Mrs. Carter's. I do not know whether you will consider this a fair return for what I ask, for after all you are giving your services for life to the Carter household.*

Here you have a situation full of dramatic possibilities. Richard Carter, wealthy, distinguished, the father of Nina, 17, and Ward, 24, is proposing a marriage of convenience to Harriet Field, 28, and beautiful. She has been the social secretary of Mrs. Carter, who eloped, was divorced and died. Mr. Carter wants Harriet's capable hand at the head of his household affairs.

These affairs are complicated enough to be decidedly interesting. Royal Blondin, an attractive adventurer, has fascinated Nina. Ward wants to marry Harriet. Blondin has a hold on Harriet because of past relations between them. And Harriet, a nice girl with a conscience, is secretly in love with Richard Carter. So Harriet, who has danced, has many ways in which to pay the Piper. The question is: How does she pay? And a very interesting question it is.

It's especially interesting because Kathleen Norris answers it. She's been writing since 1910 and has won a wide public with a dozen or so popular novels. She is quite modern and up-to-date and this story is illuminating as to social conditions—besides being a fascinating love story.

### CHAPTER I

Richard Carter had called the place "Crowlands," not to please himself, or even his wife. But it was to his mother's newly born family pride that the idea of being the Carters of Crowlands made its appeal. The estate, when he bought it, had belonged to a Carter, and the tradition was that two hundred years before it had been a grant of the first George to the first of the name in America. Madame Carter, as the old lady liked to be called, immediately adopted the unknown owner into a vague cousinship, spoke of him as "a kinsman of ours," and proceeded to tell old friends that Crowlands had always been "in the family."

It was a home of creamy brick, colonial in design, and set in splendid lawns and great trees on the bank of the blue Hudson. White driveways circled it, great stables and garages across a curve of green meadows had their own invisible domain, and on the shining highway there was a full mile of high brick fence, a marching line of great maples and sycamores, and a demure lodge beside the mighty iron gates.

On one of the wide benches that were placed here and there on the descending terraces, in the late hours of an exquisite summer afternoon, Isabelle Carter had seated herself, and Anthony Pope, her cavalier, had thrown himself on the steps at her feet.

She was a woman worthy of the exquisite setting, and might well have turned an older head than that of the boy beside her. Brunette, with smooth cheeks deeply touched with rose, black eyes, and a warmly crimson mouth that could be at once provocative and relentless, she glowed like a flower herself in the sweet and enervating heat of the summer's first warm day. She was the tinnest of women, and the little foot, that in its transparent silk stocking and buckled slipper, was close to Anthony's hand, was like a child's.

The man was twice her size, and as dark as she, earnest, eager, and today with a troubled expression clouding his face. It was to banish that look, if she might, that Isabelle had deliberately stopped him here.

She had been behaving badly toward him, and in her rather irresponsible and shallow way she was sorry for it. Isabelle was a famous flirt, her husband knew it, everyone knew it. There was always some man paying desperate court to her, and always half-a-dozen other men who were eager to be in his place. Isabelle lived for this, went from one adventure to another with the naive confidence of a woman whose husband smiles upon her playing, and whose position is impregnable.

But this boy, this Anthony, was different. In the first place he was young—but twenty-six. In the second place he was, or had been, her own son's closest friend. Ward Carter was twenty-two, and his mother nineteen years older.

Anthony was young, and he was absurd, but he did not know it, and Isabelle began to feel the difficulty of keeping the whole world from discovering it before he did. He made no secret of his passion. He came straight to her in any company; he never looked at anybody else. To her own daughter Nina, seventeen years old, his attitude was almost paternal; he ignored Ward as if their friendship had never been.

nothing to Tony, and she had let the play go too far now to convince him that she did not return something of his feeling.

She looked down at him now, content to be alone with her and at her feet, and a hundred mixed emotions stirred her. His feeling for her was not only pitiable and absurd in him, but it was rapidly reaching the point when it would make her absurd and pitiable, too. Nina, instinctively scenting the affair, had already expressed herself as "hating that idiot." Ward had scowled, of late, at the mere mention of Tony's name. Even her husband, the patient Richard, seeing the youth ensconce himself firmly beside her in the limousine, had had aside his mild comment: "Is this young man a fixture in our family, dear?"

"You should be playing tennis, Tony," said Isabelle.

"Tennis?" A look of distaste crossed Anthony's face.

"Please—Cherie!" he begged. There was a silence brimming with sweetness and color. Tony laid his hand against her knee, groped until her own warm, smooth fingers were in his own.

"Does Mr. Carter play golf tomorrow?" he asked, presently.

"I suppose so!"

"And you—what do you do?"

"Oh, I have a full day! People to lunch, friends of Madame Carter—"

The boy laughed triumphantly.

"I knew you'd say that!" he said. "Now, I'll tell you about tomorrow. You and I are going to slip away, at about one o'clock, and go off in the gray car. We'll go up to—well, somewhere, and we'll have our lunch under the trees. We'll be back at about four, for the tea callers, and they may have you until I come back for dinner. After dinner we'll walk on the terrace—as we did two wonderful, wonderful nights ago, and perhaps—"

His eyes were rapt. "Perhaps," he said, "just before we go in, at the end of the terrace, you'll look up at the stars again—"

"Tony!" Isabelle interrupted, her face brilliant with color. "My dear boy—my dear boy, think where this is going to end. In all reason—in all reason—"

"Isabelle, what in God's name has reason to do with it?" He knelt before her, and caught her hands, and Isabelle had a terrified fear that Ward, or Nina, or any one else, might start up or down the terrace steps and see him. "The instant you realize what you and I are to each other, my darling," he said, "you begin to talk of reason. Love isn't reason, Cherie. It's the divinest unreason in the world! Cherie, there's never been another woman for me; there never will be! I can't live without you; I don't want to! You're frightened now, you don't know how we can manage it. But I'll find the way. The only thing that matters is that you must belong to me—you shall belong to me—as I to you in every fiber of my being—"

"Betty went home for a tub," Nina explained. "She's coming back. But, Mother," she added, with a faintly reproachful and whining intonation, "really, you ought to be there—"

Mrs. Carter knew this as well as Nina. But she found the child extremely trying in this puritanical mood. Granting that this affair with Tony did her, Isabelle, small credit, at least it was not for Nina to sit in judgment. Rebellious, Isabelle fondled the loving nose of the hound with a small, brown, jeweled hand, and glanced dubiously at Tony's uncompromising back.

"Trot back, Nina, love," said she to her daughter, cheerfully, "and ask Miss Harriet to come out and pour. I'll be there directly. We'll come right up. Run along!"

To Nina, in this ignominious dismissal, there was sweet. She adored "Miss Harriet," the Miss Field who had been her governess and her mother's secretary for the three happiest years of Nina's somewhat sealed young life. It would be "fun" to have Miss Field pour. Nina leaped obediently up the steps, with a flopping of thick braids and the scrape of sturdy shoes, and the sweet summer world was in silence again.

Isabelle sat on, stroking the hound, her soul filled with perplexity. Anthony's eloquent back gave her sudden understanding of his fury. "Ah, please, Tony," she pleaded, "what can I do?"

"Nothing!" he answered, suddenly pliant. "Nothing, of course." And he turned to her a boyish face stern with pain. "Of course you can do nothing, Cherie. I'm not such a—such a fool—" his voice broke angrily—"that I can't see that! Come on, we'll go up and have tea—with the Bellamys. And I—I'll be going tonight. I'll say good-by to you now—and perhaps you'll be good enough to make my good-bys to the others—"

The youthfulness of it did not rob it of real dignity. Isabelle, wretchedly mounting the steps beside him, felt her heart contract with real pain. He would go away—it would all be over



Isabelle Was a Famous Flirt, Her Husband Knew It, Everyone Knew It.

and forgotten in a few weeks—and yet, how she longed to comfort him, to make him happy again!

She looked obliquely at his set face, and what she saw there made her feel ashamed.

On the bright level of the upper terrace tea was merrily in progress. Miss Field had duly come down to preside, and all was well. Isabelle, as she dropped into a chair, gave a sigh of relief; everyone was amused and absorbed and happy. Everyone, that is, except the magnificent and sharp-eyed old lady who sat, regally throned, near her, and favored her immediately with a dissatisfied look. Old Madame Carter had her own good reasons for being angry, and she never spared any one available from participation in her mood.

She was remarkably handsome, even at seventy-five; with a crown of puffed white hair, gold-rimmed eye-glasses, and an erect and finely preserved figure. Her voice was theatrically deep and clear, and her manner vigorous and impressive.

"Well, my dear, your friends were naturally wondering what important matter kept their hostess away from her guests," she began. Isabelle shrugged and smiled carelessly, with an indifferent glance at the group.

"Harriet is managing very nicely," she said, contentedly, as Tony, with a somber face and averted eyes, brought her her tea.

"So Ward seems to think," observed Ward's grandmother with acidity. Isabelle laughed indifferently. Her son, slender and tall, and with something of her own eagerness and fire in his sunburned young face, was beside Miss Field, who talked to him in a quiet aside while she busied herself with cups and spoons.

"Perfectly safe there!" Isabelle said.

"I should hope so!" old Madame Carter remarked, pointedly. "At least if there's any of our blood in his veins—but, of course, he's all Slocum. They used to say of my Aunt Georgina that she never married because the only man she ever loved was beneath her socially—"

Isabelle knew all about Aunt Georgina, and she looked wearily away. "The Bellamys are coming in for awhile," she observed, with deliberate irrelevance, "and I hope they'll bring their Swami—or whatever he is, with them. He must be a queer creature."

"He's not a Swami, he's an artist," Tony said, drawn into a casual conversation much against his will. "Blondin—I've met him. I can't bear him, he makes me sick!"

He relapsed into gloomy silence, and Isabelle put into her laugh something affectionate and soothing.

"He evidently lives by his wits," she suggested, "which is something you have never had to do!"

Why don't you go to the club and dress now, and come back and dine with us?" she said, in an undertone.

"Do you want me?" he asked, sulkily.

"I'm asking you!"

For answer he stood up, and smiled wistfully down upon her, with a hesitancy she knew well how to interpret in his eyes. He had been longing so thirstily for just that permission, and she had been yearning so to give it! Happiness came back into both their hearts as he turned to go, and she gave him just a quick touch of a warm little hand in farewell.

Other guests had come in, and Miss Field was extremely busy, and Ward, helping her officially, was busy, too. "Fun to have you down here!" he said, in her ear.

Harriet Field had an aside with a maid regarding hot water. Then she gave Ward an indulgent, an older-sisterly glance. He was in years almost twenty-two, but at twenty-seven the young woman felt him ages her junior. He was a joyous, irresponsible boy, and he and his mother's secretary had always been good friends since the day, four years ago now, when the silent, somewhat grave Harriet Field had first made her appearance in the family. The young people loved her; Richard Carter occasionally said to his wife, "Very clever—very pretty girl!" which was perhaps as close as he ever got to any domestic matter, and Isabelle confided to her almost all her duties and cares. Nina, insatiably curious, had gathered no more than that Miss Harriet's father had been a college professor of languages, and that her only relative was a married sister, Linda, much older, who had four children, and lived in New Jersey.

She was a master of the art of keeping silent, this young woman, and but for her beauty she might have been as inconspicuous as she sincerely tried to be. But her simple gowns and her plainly massed hair only served to emphasize the extraordinary distinction of her appearance, and her utmost effort to obliterate herself could not quite keep her from notice. Old Mrs. Carter, who for reasons perfectly comprehensible in an old lady who had once been handsome herself, detested Harriet, and said to her daughter-in-law that in her opinion there was something queer about the girl.

She was of that always-arresting type that combines a warm dusky skin with blue eyes and fair hair. The eyes, in her case, were a soft smoky blue, set in thick and lanky black lashes, and the hair was brassy gold, banded carelessly but trimly about her rather broad forehead. Her mouth was wide, deep crimson, thin-lipped;

it was a mouth of secrets and of mystery, of character, a mouth that had known the trembling of pain and grief, perhaps, but a firm mouth now, and a beautiful one.

Looking at her, an artist would have fancied her a bold and charming and boyish-looking little girl, fifteen years ago, with that Greek chin and that tawny mane; would have seen her sexless and splendid in her early teens, with a flat breast and an untamed eye. And a romancer might have wondered what paths had led her, in the superb realization of her beautiful womanhood, at twenty-seven, to this subordinate position in the home of a self-made rich man, and this conventional tea table on a terrace over the Hudson.

"Nearly half-past five, Nina," she said, presently. "Go and change and brush, that's a darling! You look rather tumbled."

Nina, reaching for a mignon, obediently wandered away, and immediately the empty chair beside Harriet was taken by a newcomer, Richard Carter himself, the owner of all this smiling estate, who had come up from the little launch at the landing, had changed hastily into white flannels, Harriet saw at a glance, and had unexpectedly joined them for tea.

"Tea, Mr. Carter?" Harriet ventured.

He was watching his wife with a sort of idle interest. She had to repeat his invitation.

"If you please, Miss Field! Tea sounded right, somehow, to me today. It's been a terrible day!"

"I can imagine it!" Harriet's voice was pleasantly commonplace. But the moment had its thrill for her. This lean, tall, tired man, with his abstract manner, his perfunctory courtesies, his nervous, clever hands, loomed in oddly heroic proportions in Harriet's life. His face was keen and somewhat lined under a smooth crest of slightly graying hair; he smiled very rarely, but there was a certain kindness in his gray eyes, when Nina or Ward or his wife turned to him, that Harriet liked.

For Harriet he had hardly a dozen words a year. He merely smiled kindly when she thanked him for the Christmas gift that bore his untouched card; if she went to her sister for a day or two, he gave her only a nod of greeting when she came back. Now and then he asked with sharp interest about Nina's teeth or his mother's headache.

But Harriet had known other types of men, and for his very silences, for his indifference, she had begun to admire him long ago. She had not been born in this atmosphere of pleasure and ease and riches; she was not entirely unfitted to judge a man.

Isabelle was always breezily civil to her husband; he had long ago vanished as completely from among the vital elements of her life as if he were dead, perhaps more than if he were dead. She thought—if she thought about him at all—that he never saw her little affairs; she supposed him perfectly satisfied with his home and children and club and business, and incidentally with his beautiful figure-head of a wife. They had quarreled distressingly, several years ago, when he had bored her with references to her "duty," and her influence over Nina, and her obligations to her true self. But that had all stopped long since, and now Isabelle was free to sleep late, to dress at leisure, to make what engagements she pleased, to see the persons who interested her. Richard never interfered; never was there a more perfectly discreet and generous husband. Half the women Isabelle knew were attempting to live exactly as she did, to cultivate "suitors," and drift about in an atmosphere of new gowns and adulation and orchids and softly lighted drawing rooms, and incessant playing with fire; it was the accepted thing, in Isabelle's circle, and that she was more successful in it than other women was not at all to her discredit.

"And this is Miss Field, Mr. Blondin!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## GIRL'S BEAUTY BETRAYED HER

Fugitive From Justice, Once Convicted, Is Acquitted on Second Trial.

## COP KNEW HER FACE

Jury Accepts Defense That She Killed Man in Defense of Honor—Fled After First Trial—Fugitive a Year.

Knoxville, Tenn.—Maude Moore, whose beauty betrayed her after she had been a fugitive from justice for more than a year, is innocent of the crime of killing Leroy B. Hart, of which she was accused. A jury has just so decreed. It was her second trial.

The verdict of not guilty gives the dark-haired, gray-eyed young woman the freedom for which she risked every danger and sacrificed all—except her beauty.

She handed away her liberty with a rose in Washington. It was after she had been sought for many months. Using the name of Helen Hope, she had married William Stubbs and settled in Tacoma like a good little housewife with a kitchen and a garden and a husband who never suspected for one instant that he had married a girl who was being hunted the length and breadth of America as an escaped murderer.

Mrs. William Stubbs was pruning rose bushes when a Tacoma policeman strutted along the street. He was just an ordinary policeman with an Irish laugh and an Irish eye for every roguish little peach on the beat.

He noticed the quaint white bungalow. He observed the bonny beauty in the sunbonnet. He stopped and glanced up.

"Have a rose?" she asked, cheerfully. "Sure, and I thank you!"

### Remembered Her Face.

The Irish policeman took away the rose and the memory of a pair of clear gray eyes, a bee-stung mouth and a dazzling smile. The memory stayed with him for hours—until he walked into headquarters and a head-on collision with the likeness of the lady of his thoughts tacked on the wall under the caption, "\$2,000 Reward."

When the police came, Mrs. Stubbs confessed she was Maude Moore. They took her back to Knoxville and to trial for Leroy Hart's murder.

Maude Moore always had been a pretty girl. After graduation from business college she got a job in the first office she entered, a lawyer's. He beauty—then—was her trump card, Leroy Hart, just out of college, owner



"Have a Rose?"

of a flashy racing car, "money to burn," saw her and fell in love with her when she was twenty. When he suggested a spin one night and she accepted, Hart set his racer streaming toward the lonely highway known to Knoxville's sporty set as "Lover's Lane."

There, they said, she killed him. She was tried, convicted and sentenced to 21 years in the penitentiary.

### Then She Fled.

Though a higher court granted a new trial she flung a few clothes into her bag at her mother's home and stumbled into the darkness.

Rarely in a long list of famous man-hunts has there been such a hue and cry as followed. Her two bondsmen, R. E. Boring and Edward McNew, racing a forfeited \$10,000, spurred the chase, which soon became a clamoring wolf pack on Maude Moore's trail.

In the first moment of her flight she determined to blot out Maude Moore as completely as nature would let her. The glossy black hair was snipped away. The surviving curls were given a peroxide bath that bleached them yellow. Hours were spent in perfecting a mincing walk in place of the old free stride. The musical contralto died; in its stead was born a nasal treble.

Starves Self to Death to Save Money. Emporia, Kan.—Mrs. Katherine Swedenson, starved herself to death to save money, according to her neighbors. Mrs. Swedenson was found dying in bed at her home. There was no fire in the house, and Mrs. Swedenson was too weak to reach some food on the table. She owns some valuable farm property.

## CURFEW BELL IS STILL SOUNDED

Authorities of Lincoln's Inn, London, England, Keep Up Custom Established Centuries Ago.

At nine o'clock each night, the curfew is rung in London, England, writes a correspondent, as it has been for 800 years. This old-time custom is still a part of the duty of the chief porter of Lincoln's Inn. The bell which is tolled was originally brought from Calais by the ill-fated Robert Devereux, earl of Essex, in 1566. It is hung in the old Lincoln's Inn chapel, erected during the reign of James I, in the building of which Ben Jonson is said to have used his trowel. "At 8:45 each night I light my lantern and proceed to the bellry," said the chief porter—who in his modesty

wishes to remain anonymous. "As soon as the last stroke of nine has sounded I strike the bell 50 times. Why 50? Well, I don't know, except that it is the custom. The only time the curfew has not been sounded in Lincoln's Inn during the past 300 years or so was during the war after the bomb fell in Chancery lane in October, 1915. I rang the bell, as usual, at nine o'clock. The bomb fell 25 minutes later, shaking the whole place. Some people thought that the curfew was responsible, so it was suspended until the night of the armistice."

English footmen formed one of the earliest labor unions in 1700.



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as others see you"--also the daintiest and most  
serviceable toilet articles of all kinds.

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make you PROUD of your complexion. Our Hair  
Tonics cleanse the scalp and make the growth of  
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See the PRICE of our beauty makers and  
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Come to US for it.

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Between the Banks.

**LIVESTOCK INDUSTRY  
IS REVIVING IN  
ARTESIA VICINITY**

E. B. Bullock has shipped 250  
hogs from Artesia during the past  
few days. This shipment included  
fat hogs for the market and a car-  
load of stockers to be fattened in  
another section of the state. About  
two cars of hogs have been shipped  
to the market by Artesia swine  
brooders, every month for the past  
six months. Mr. Bullock states that  
the price received for the hogs have  
averaged higher than the Kansas  
City and Chicago markets. This is  
due to the excellent condition of the  
animals and the excellent markets  
which received the Pecos Valley  
stock.

The swine shipments last week  
were made to Flagstaff, Ariz., and  
Portales, N. M.

W. S. French, a well known sheep-  
man near Artesia, shipped approxi-  
mately 600 lambs to the Kansas City  
market, which demanded the top  
price of the market. The average  
weight of the lambs was 95 pounds,  
which is more than the average of  
many ewes.

The livestock industry in this  
section of the state is reviving to  
a large extent.

**VISIT ARTESIA**

Last Friday Sheriff Geo. Batton  
and Judge Fred E. Wilson, of Carls-  
bad, paid a visit to Artesia. Mr.  
Batton has announced his candidacy  
for re-nomination for the office of  
Sheriff of Eddy County. Mr. Batton  
has made an excellent sheriff and  
we can heartily recommend him  
to the Democratic voters at the Pri-  
mary which will be held soon.  
Mr. Batton has performed his duties  
as a sheriff in an honorable way  
and is no doubt entitled to a second  
term.

The City has received the fix-  
tures for the Ozark Trail marker.  
The lights will soon be installed.

**More About Mrs. Hanson.**

Mrs. H. P. Hanson writes the  
Advocate that she expects to visit  
the voters soon and that she wants  
them to know more about her  
and why she is a candidate for  
the office of county clerk. Mrs.  
Hanson states that her early edu-  
cation was acquired in Oklahoma  
and that she also took a business  
course in a Waco, Texas, business  
college. Having been in several  
different occupations the last few  
years, one being in the county  
treasurers office, five years being  
spent in that position.

Mrs. Hanson's husband died in  
1918 and left her with two small  
boys to care for.

Mrs. Hanson says that she  
would appreciate your vote at the  
primary to be held soon, and that  
a good word for her will be ap-  
preciated.

**DR. LOUCKS SAYS**

This is to announce that on Feb-  
ruary 1st, I shall be in a new loca-  
tion. I shall occupy all of the pre-  
mises in the rear of Joyce-Fruit's,  
or one-half block south from the  
monument. Those who don't know  
where the monument is will find it  
one-half block north of my estab-  
lishment. In my new quarters I shall  
have the room that my extensive and  
constantly growing business re-  
quires. The new place will be put  
in a condition regarding neatness,  
convenience and modern features  
that will reflect my fastidious taste  
and be worthy of such an important  
business in nature and extent as I  
shall carry on.

It will be with mixed feelings  
of pleasure and sadness that I an-  
nounce this change of location.  
Pleasure because I shall have the  
needed room and conveniences. Sad-  
ness because my attachments to the  
neighbors and friends around my  
old location are such that it is pain-  
ful to leave. From the beginning of  
my business career I have had their  
encouragement, sympathy and sup-  
port. I have smoked their tobacco,  
begged matches, tools and other  
things and taken care of their bat-  
teries at reasonable rates for cash.

I only hope our old associates  
and friendships may continue, and  
that they will patronize me in my  
new location as long as they have  
any money.

I wish also to state that the dis-  
tinction I have achieved in my busi-  
ness among them has not caused me  
to feel above one of them. I am  
really thankful for the opportunity  
of telling them this.

All who call upon me at my new  
place on or after February 1st will  
be received with a smile--a prohibi-  
tion smile.

Here goes.

SAVE  
YOUR EYES  
Consult  
Edward Stone

**OXY Acetylene  
Welding**

Difficult repairs of all kinds our specialty  
Better equipped to handle and guaran-  
tee our work at reasonable prices than  
any shop in the VALLEY.

TRY US OUT AND BE CONVINCED  
AUTO SUPPLIES and STANDARD  
TIRES at lowest price in history.

COLUMBIA STORAGE BATTERIES

**Artesia Machine Shop &  
Auto Hospital**

Rev. Z. E. Moore of Hope was a  
caller at this office Tuesday. Rev.  
Moore says that G. E. Damewood, of  
Hope has been chosen Secretary of  
the All-Year National Park Associa-  
tion.

Ben Lampton of Hagerman spent  
Sunday in Artesia with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Lockhead were  
down from Hagerman Monday.

**COAL PRICES have declined**

from \$1.00 to \$1.50 per ton.  
It looks like FEED  
will advance. Now is the time to buy.  
Also time to place your Fertilizer  
order. See

E. B. BULLOCK

FEED FLOUR COAL SEED

Miss Flossie Kincaid of Carls-  
bad was an Artesia visitor Thurs-  
day.

\$16.90 \$16.90

\$16.90

MICHELIN CORD TIRES 30 x 3 1/2  
STRICTLY GUARANTEED FOR

\$16.90

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**20% Discount  
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During the balance of this month we will sell all Tricotines,  
Silvertone Suitings, Wool Serges, Storm Serges and Fancy  
Skirt Patterns at

**1-5 off the Regular Price**

A large assortment of fine qualities and pattern to select  
from. Come in and look them over.

This is a chance at real Merchandise at Cut Prices.

**Ferriman Son & Co.**

ARTESIA, NEW MEXICO

**RED TOP CASINGS**

Have you noticed the Increased  
Number in Daily USE?

THERE IS A REASON--Ask About Them

Our Machine Shop and Welding Plants are Complete  
ALL WORK GUARANTEED

Pure Distilled Battery Water--FREE

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Machine Shop**



## HEALTHFUL HOME FOR THE POULTRY

Proper Housing Is Secret of Success With Chickens.

### GOOD HOUSE FOR 200 HENS

This Design Provides Fresh Air Without Draught, a Maximum of Light and Ample Protection From the Weather.

By WILLIAM A. RADFORD

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building work on the farm, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 1827 Prairie avenue, Chicago, Ill., and only inclose two-cent stamp for reply.

If the adult reader lived on a farm in his or her youth and daily "hunted the eggs," "hunted" was the right name for this youthful farm chore. For it was not until comparatively a few years ago that the importance of the farm poultry flock and its housing came to be realized. Chickens usually had the run of the place, the yard about the farmhouse and other farm buildings and the fields; they went to roost in trees, or wherever their inclinations suggested and made their nests in the stable mangers, hay loft and other desirable places.

But with the help of the state agricultural colleges farmers have been brought to realize that there is a good profit from poultry. The hens daily produce a crop of eggs that brings in a continuous flow of cash; also they furnish the farm home with healthful food, both eggs and meat. Properly cared for and housed, the farm poultry flock is most profitable.

Records of costs, production and receipts were carefully kept on the flocks of fifty-two West Virginia farms last year and the results astonished even the most optimistic poultry adherents. The average cash income above the cost of feeding was \$313.08, while one farmer with 160 hens had cash receipts of \$1,515, while the costs for feed were \$240, leaving a net return for labor, etc. of \$1,270. Successful poultry raisers and farmers now bend their energies to-

ward one point—production of eggs when prices are highest, which is during the last three months of the year. To do this they practice scientific feeding, close culling of the flocks so as to retain the layers and to quickly market the non-layers and maintain the flock during the cold weather in a well-constructed poultry house. In fact, management of a poultry flock is a science in itself.

Shown in the accompanying illustration is a good, but not expensive poultry house that will furnish adequate quarters for a flock of 200 chickens. This house is 14 feet wide and 90 feet long, which gives each hen slightly more than four square feet of space. The house is divided into five sections, each of which may be closed to the next one. Thus the pullets, which, when they are about to lay, should not be allowed to run with old hens, may be kept separate, and the flock can be divided so that none of the diseases hens are subject to will sweep through the whole house should they get a start.

This house is of frame construction, set on a concrete foundation. It should be located on a well-drained site, preferably a piece of ground that slopes toward the south. One side has many windows, and this side should face the south so as to get the full benefit of the sun on the short winter days. The concrete floor should be covered with litter and the feed scattered in it, thus forcing the hens to exercise in order to get their feed. The feeding should be done regularly at stated hours, and should be a balanced ration, composed of such food as the hens get in summer when they are allowed range over the farm. The windows provide ventilation, which is essential for the health of the flock. However, care should be taken on cold and windy days not to allow the outdoor air to come in so as to hit the chickens directly. A cold draught sweeping through the house causes roup, or influenza, which in a short time will kill many of the birds.

The floor plan that accompanies the

exterior view of the building shows how and where the equipment should be placed. The roosts are located at the back of the house, where there is less light. Plenty of room should be provided on the roosts so the hens will not be crowded. Beneath the roosts are removable dropping boards so that the manure may be removed frequently. Cleanliness is important in a poultry house. The walls should be kept well whitewashed, and the litter on the floor changed frequently. The nests should be a foot square, with about the same amount of head room. They should be filled with hay or straw that is as soft as possible, so that the hens will be comfortable.

Greater egg production is secured in the winter time by installing electric lights in the house. The poultry on the American farm originated in tropical and semi-tropical countries and to be normal should not be kept in the dark more than six or seven hours. Many farmers have installed electric lights, which are automatically turned on early in the morning—about 4 o'clock—by an alarm clock, which throws a switch. A feed of grain has been scattered in the litter after dark the evening before, and as the lights flash on, the hens will fly from the roosts and go to work gathering their breakfasts. It is exercise that keeps them laying—exercise coupled with proper feed. An inactive hen gets fat and does not lay as well as a hen that is kept on the move by her desire for food.

As was stated, there is a good profit in a farm poultry flock, which on the average farm should number at least 200 hens and roosters. But in order to reap this profit adequate quarters must be provided.

### MYSTERY WANTS SOLUTION

Why Are the Haberdasheries in the Big Cities Constantly on the Verge of Trouble?

Among the curiosities of our urban landscape are the haberdasheries which are just about to move away, or fall, or go out of business. As long as the memory of man runneth, from their windows, blossoming with shirts of all colors, has flashed that same categorical imperative: "Must Move Out at Once"—"Must Raise Money at Once"—"It's All Over, Our Loss Your Gain"—and so on.

And yet they persist, and nothing seems more permanent! You go away—to Europe, the Andes, the South pole. Wars rage, empires rise and fall. You return to find friends disappeared, old bachelors married, the old house replaced by some towering

hotel, but there, in this apparently unstable and dissolving world, stand these Gibraltar of trade—"going at once!"

What is there in the nature of a shirt—seemingly so sober, settled and domesticated a bit of civilized life—which lends itself to this apparently breathless manner of vending? asks Leslie's. Perhaps the explanation lies not in a shirt, but in a mere fashion, which starts somehow, none knows why, like a big headline in the San Francisco papers, with the result that in that interesting town you will find men of parts and of solid culture editing newspapers which look as if they were written by delirious highwaymen!

**Glorious Evening of Life.** Mastery of the body comes through mastery of the mental. Age does not depend on the years, but rather upon the mental attitude toward the years. We grow old and lose vitality when we cease to be mentally alive and refuse new ideas.

The evening of life should be sweetest, the calmest, the serene, the youngest and the most glorious. It is then that we are riper in experience, more balanced, keener in judgment, cleaner in perspective, our characters more beautiful, our tempers sweeter and our spirits more jubilant than in bodily youth.

We have begun to live when we know nothing is permanent but change and that we must continually be setting up within us a renewing process of mind and heart.—Exchange.

**The Other Half.** "How'll you have yo' aigs, boss?" asked the colored waiter in a country hotel.

"I don't want any eggs," said the traveler, who had had a bad night. "Every time I stop at one of these cheap hotels all I hear is eggs, eggs, eggs. Haven't you anything else on the bill of fare?"

"Well, boss," said the waiter, hopefully, "we's got bacon."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

## HOME TOWN HELPS

### GIVE THOUGHT TO THE BIRDS

New York Authority Urges Prospective Home Builders to Remember Feathered Friends.

Home owners, in planting trees, shrubs and vines, should take into consideration the idea of growing plants that will attract birds, according to Professor Alan F. Arnold of the New York State College of Forestry, who finds that there is a possibility of many of our native birds disappearing altogether for lack of food and shelter.

The list of trees, shrubs and vines attractive to birds includes many of our most ornamental plants. There is no more valuable evergreen tree for ornamental purposes than the native red cedar; it also provides the best shelter and nesting sites for birds, while they find food in the berries and insects commonly found on the tree.

The native flowering dogwood and the Chinese flowering crabapple are two particularly beautiful trees that are favorites with the birds. The gray-stemmed dogwood, honyesuckle, American elder and sheeberry are also serviceable to the birds, and ornamental. The Virginia creeper, one of the most popular vines, furnishes nesting sites for birds and draws the attention of the birds away from grapes, apples and peaches.

"If one has a place where plants of a wilder sort can be introduced," said Professor Arnold, "and wishes to make a special point of attracting birds, there is a great variety of native plants that could not perhaps be used for more finished effects, but here would be just the thing."

### CIVIC DUTY SHARED BY ALL

Cultivation and Spread of Public Spirit and of Patriotism Must Not Be Evaded.

Civic responsibility, when the qualifying age is reached, rests on all alike. Furthermore, the notion of one's public duty has during the last few years broadened considerably. Young and old are learning that voting, though a serious and weighty affair, is but one small part of a citizen's duty. A citizen's business is to mind the law and help to see that others mind it.

A citizen's business is to be a good neighbor, to pay his debts, to collaborate in works of neighborhood benefit, to assist effort for the general social welfare.

He has not done enough when he has made himself rich. He may build himself a home of great costliness and beauty. He may surround himself with the appurtenances of ease and leisure. These things are legitimate rewards of honest, earnest toil.

But if he is a good citizen, he cares not merely to have, but to share. Children taught to be unselfish in their games and diligent in their studies have had their primary and fundamental lesson in citizenship.

The habits they acquire, of industry and generosity, will make them in their mature years beloved and respected, as examples of public spirit and of patriotism.—Philadelphia Ledger.

### Beauty is Civic Asset.

If we want to draw self-supporting outsiders to the city as a place of residence, beauty attracts more quickly than anything else, asserts the Indianapolis News. A good many hold to the view that this argument applies only to the more wealthy districts. There is nothing more false than this. It applies equally to the working home districts. There are working home districts in this city which, if left alone, will remain beauty spots. The houses are set back from the sidewalk sufficiently to admit of flower beds and lawns, which in summer are most attractive. These districts should be protected by a zoning law that would not permit a grocery store or a garage to get into their midst.

Analysis of the situation will show that by spending a little money the taxable value of certain districts can be raised so it will cost the public nothing and a beauty spot will be added to the city.

### Argument for Clean Streets.

We notice in the description of the New Jerusalem, as given by St. John in Revelation, that there are streets, and it is very certain that these streets are perfectly clean and that it will be required of all who would be a dweller in eternity that they must be of cleanly habits.

We may depend that in the final day of reckoning that it will count heavily against people who make a practice of throwing paper or other refuse in the street or spitting in improper places, for it will be taken for granted that they would in like manner defile and litter up the city of our God and will not be wanted.—Cleveland Plain Dealer Correspondence.

### Doing Well.

"I guess my daughter has taken a course in housework at college." "Heh?" "She writes that she is on the scrub team."

## Highway Improvement

### SCIENTIFIC ROAD BUILDING

Test Being Made in Illinois to Determine What Pavement Can Be Used on Highways.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Some time within the next few months a new road 2½ miles long is to be broken up in what is probably the most extensive study of road service ever undertaken in the United States. The road is located in Illinois, about 12 miles southwest of Springfield, and parallels the Washb railroad. In the test road there are no curves. The grades vary from zero to four-tenths of 1 per cent, with an average grade of one-tenth of 1 per cent, the maximum and minimum grades extending over very short distances. The subgrade soil is uniformly a brown silt loam, except for two small stretches where it more nearly approaches gumbo.

There are seven general types of paving in the road, the idea being to have represented the chief materials used in road making, so that engineers may study the effect of known and measured traffic of varying degree upon each kind of road. The seven types are:

Portland cement concrete. Three and four inch lug brick constructed monolithic and with a Portland cement concrete base.

Three and four inch lug brick constructed semi-monolithic and with a Portland cement concrete base.

Three and four inch bituminous filled lug and lugless brick on Portland cement concrete base.

Three and four inch bituminous filled lug and lugless brick on macadam base.

Asphaltic concrete with and without binder course on macadam base. The road, known as the Bates experimental road, was constructed by the division of highways, Illinois department of public works and buildings, in co-operation with the bureau of public roads, United States Department of Agriculture. Actual work was



Instrument Set Up for Obtaining Information on Deflection of Pavement, Showing Method of Loading Ames Dial and Apparatus for Receding Pressure Cells.

begun on the road in June, 1920, and it was finished some time ago. Since its completion the state and federal government engineers, by numerous daily observations, have been measuring the effect of heat, cold, moisture, and other elements upon its surface and on the subgrade. These observations have been taken on 63 sections, and much information has been obtained which will be valuable in building roads in the future.

This information is of the utmost value. Knowing the conditions of traffic which are to be met, it will afford a means by which a proper paving can be selected to meet those conditions. It may lead to the saving of millions of dollars each year by preventing the construction of pavements that are found to be incapable of resisting modern traffic.

Why some types of pavement fail and others hold up will be largely determined by the test. Why a roadway cracks also is being studied. At different times each section is observed and all cracks noted. In addition, a considerable number of cracks have been measured by a micrometer.

### PAVE ROADS IN WASHINGTON

Number of Miles to Be Improved Totals \$23, at an Expenditure of \$6,630,000.

Road paving and improvement contracts have been let in Washington to the number of 60 since March 10, last, according to James Allen, state highway commissioner. The contracts, including an added 10 per cent for engineering and incidentals, total \$6,630,000. The number of miles included is 323.53.

**Employ Ex-Soldiers on Roads.** Fifty per cent of the men employed on the new highway projects in Minnesota are ex-service men, according to report received by the American Legion employment bureau at Minneapolis.

**Road Rules in France.** Motorists in France have been given more liberal use of the roads by a decree issued by President Millerand. Heretofore barnyard stock had the right of way along country roads.

## THE KITCHEN CABINET

Copyright, 1922, Western Newspaper Union

### DISHES WE ALL MAY TRY

Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies. She seeketh wool, and flax, and worketh willing with her hands. —Proverbs.

As this is the season when steamed puddings, rich sauces and hearty dishes appeal, the following will be found suggestive:

**Fig Pudding.**—Take one cupful each of raisins, chopped suet, chopped figs, sweet milk, and molasses. Sift with two and one-half cupfuls of flour, one teaspoonful each of soda, ginger, cinnamon and nutmeg. Add to the dry ingredients the molasses, milk, suet and fruit which has been dredged with flour. Pour into a greased mold and steam three hours—in smaller molds one hour will be sufficient. Serve hot with any liquid sauce desired.

**Cheese Salad.**—Soak one tablespoonful of gelatin in one-third of cupful of cold water, add one cupful of boiling water, one-half teaspoonful of salt and set aside to harden. When the mixture is rather stiff beat with an egg-beater until fluffy. Fold in one-half pound of good strong American cheese, one-half of a can of pimientos cut in bits and one cupful of whipped cream. Let stand until set. To serve, heap lightly on head lettuce, place half a peach at the side, with a spoonful of boiled dressing on top.

**Date Pudding.**—To one quart of boiling water add one cupful of sugar, a few grains of salt, then when boiling add one-half cupful of graham flour mixed smooth with a little of the quart of water; boil well and add one pound of dates which have been pitted and cut in bits then cooked until smooth; add one-half cupful of walnut meats and one teaspoonful of vanilla. Mix all together and serve with cream. This makes six large servings.

**Cocoa Angel Food.**—Beat the whites of five eggs until foamy, add one-quarter of a teaspoonful of cream of tartar and beat until stiff; stir in lightly one cupful of sugar. Sift together one teaspoonful of cornstarch, one-half cupful of flour and one-fourth of a cupful of cocoa, one teaspoonful of vanilla. Mix well, then pour into an angel food pan and bake one-half hour. Cover with boiled frosting to which has been added fruit and nuts.

**Belgian Hash.**—Take one-half cupful of prunes, one-half cupful of currants, one-half cupful of sugar, one-half nutmeg, salt, pepper to taste, three-quarters of a cupful of vinegar and one-quarter of a cupful of water. Soak two pigs' feet and cook in the above mixture (after chopping) until all the liquor is absorbed.

It is an old maxim in the schools, that flattery is the food of fools; yet now and then your men of wit will condescend to take a bit. —Jonathan Swift.

### WITH GRAPE JUICE

As a drink grape juice is acceptable at any time of the year, but there are so many delectable dishes that may be prepared from grape juice, their name is legion.

**Grape Fruit Salad Dressing.**—Take a cupful of heavy cream slightly sour, whip and when nearly stiff add five tablespoonfuls of grape juice and a few grains of salt. Use with any fruit salad, but is particularly good with canned pears, celery and lettuce which has been dipped in French dressing.

**Grape Juice Frosting.**—Put three tablespoonfuls of grape juice in a pint bowl and stir in confectioner's sugar till the mixture is thick enough to spread. From one to one and one-half cupfuls of sugar will be sufficient.

**Rice Cooked in Grape Juice.**—Combine one and one-half cupfuls of grape juice with one-half cupful of water in a double boiler, bring to the boiling point, adding one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt and a generous cupful of brown rice or the unpolished rice. Steam until tender and serve warm with cream, or if molded it may be served cold. Raisins may be added if more nutriment is desired.

**Grape Juice Tapioca.**—Take two and one-half cupfuls of water, one-cupful of grape juice, one-third of a teaspoonful of salt and three-fourths of a teaspoonful of sugar and bring to the boiling point. Stir in two-thirds of a cupful of tapioca and one-third of a teaspoonful of ground cloves, or a few drops of clove extract. Cook gently until the tapioca is clear, stirring occasionally, then add the juice of one lemon. Chill and serve with sliced bananas or whipped cream with grape juice.

During the winter when the fresh grapes are not obtainable, or are too expensive, we need the acids and mineral salts found in the grape juice to counteract the hearty foods needed for heat.

**Cocoa Nut Sundae.**—Put plain vanilla ice cream in tall sherbet glasses and pour over a rich cocoa sauce. Sprinkle with shredded almonds or chopped toasted Brazil nuts.

Neer's Maxwell

## DAIRY HINTS

### SANITARY HOUSE FOR DAIRY

Necessary Where Milk Is Handled, Because of Its Susceptibility to Contamination.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

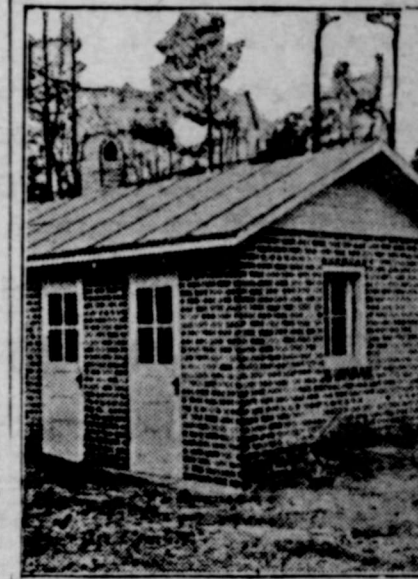
Because of the delicate nature of milk and its susceptibility to contamination by dirt and odors, dangerous to the health of the consumer and likely to cause loss to the producer, a dairy house constructed on sanitary principles and properly located is a necessity on every farm that sells milk.

The regulations of the different states vary, but it is usually found desirable to have such building a short distance from the barn, or if it adjoins the stable, to have only an outside entrance. Prompt removal of the milk to facilitate cooling and prevent contamination is always necessary. A concrete, brick or tile house with asbestos or slate roof, although comparatively costly, is fireproof, durable and sanitary and requires few repairs. Other materials that may be used are stone, cement blocks and wood.

The floor of the milk house is particularly important, and concrete, because of its ability to withstand moisture, decay and wear, is the best material. Although dressed tongue-and-groove lumber may be used for the inside walls, cement plaster makes the best finish. Light is important, and window space should be equal to at least 10 per cent of the floor space. To keep the air sweet and dry good ventilation is needed. In some climates windows and doors will provide it, but in most localities other means, such as a ventilating flue, will be found necessary. Flies and other germ-carrying insects must be kept out with screens so arranged that they will not interfere with the operation of the windows and doors.

Plentiful supplies of cold and hot water, for cooling and for cleaning and sterilizing, are a necessity if a high-class product is to be turned out. The unavoidable spilling of milk and the use of quantities of water demand an adequate drainage system that will carry the waste well away from the house. Most local and state health departments have specific regulations on this subject.

All of these problems of dairy-house construction are discussed in detail in Farmers' Bulletin 1214, "Farm Dairy Houses," just issued by the dairy division of the United States Department of Agriculture, copies of which has been added fruit and nuts.



A Good All-Around Milk House for Dairies.

which can be obtained free of charge. In this bulletin plans and pictures are given of nine types of houses, suitable for farms having from ten to several hundred cows; for dairies where milk is sold in cans or bottles or is made into butter; and for those using hand or power machinery. Those who are interested in any particular plan may obtain blue prints from the division of agricultural engineering, bureau of public roads, United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

### SOY BEAN HAY AS ROUGHAGE

Tennessee Station Finds It Superior to Corn Stover in Producing Milk and Butter.

The Tennessee station compared soybean straw and corn stover as roughage in the production of milk and butter. The ration containing soybean straw was found superior to that containing corn stover. This ration produced more pounds of milk and butter fat and produced them more cheaply than the cornstover ration. In every case there was less loss in milk and butter fat during the feeding of soybean straw than during the feeding of corn stover. It was concluded from these tests that soybean straw is a valuable addition to the roughage in the feeding of dairy cows.

### PROTECT YOUNG FRUIT TREES

Mice Can Be Discouraged by Trampling Down Snow—Rodents Burrow in Grass and Refuse.

Protect young fruit trees from mice. Wire screens about the trees are good. Tramp the snow well about each tree. This will often discourage the mice working around it. They like to burrow in grass and other refuse near the tree under the snow and eat the bark.



# The Ukraine



Types of Ukrainian Women.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

In their latest uprisings against the soviet government, the Ukrainians or "Little Russians" are but justifying anew a reputation as fighters that has stuck to them since the dawn of European history. Theirs is one of the richest sections of the old Russian empire and not only have they been called upon to defend their title many times, but at others they have fared forth against the Poles, the Russians of the North, the Tatars and the Turks, seemingly for the mere joy of fighting.

In recent years the Ukraine has quieted down so that casual students at the time of the Russian revolution hardly realized that there was such a distinctive section left.

The Ukraine has had a troublesome career. The wild Scythians helped to feed ancient Greece and her colonies from its endless steppes. A thousand years ago Kiev was already becoming an important place. When the Saxons still ruled England, in the long ago, the banks of the Dnieper were a meeting-place for many races, drawn thither by commerce. Religious differences had not yet arisen, for all were worshippers of idols. Even then a Slav people were safely established here, sowing and reaping their harvests and sending their surplus grain down this river to the Black sea.

The name Ukraine means "border-marches." For centuries it was the bulwark that protected Poland and Lithuania from the Tatars, Turks, and other migrating Orientals. As a result it has had cruel taskmasters. The native population was largely Cossacks—a wild and unruly people at that time. They were not originally a tribe, but were men who went forth into the wilderness to find freedom. The vast steppes, covered with grass to the height of a horse, within which a multitude of game lurked, lured them on.

There were Poles and Lithuanians and Russians and even Turks among them. They became marvelous shots, riders, and swimmers; their horses were famous for their swiftness and endurance. Their differences gradually blended in a unity of purpose and principle.

### Crude Republican Government.

The name Zaporogians was applied to the community that was the heart and soul of the great Ukraine. Their government was crude, but very republican in form. Each year the old officers laid down their duties in the presence of a general assembly, even in that day called the rada, and new ones were then chosen.

As any member of the tribe could be elevated to the highest office, it permitted each one to aspire to this dignity. The highest official was known as the "hetman." If unpopular, he was sometimes choked to death—an effective, if cruel, displacement.

They carried on an intermittent warfare with Tatars on the east, stealing their cattle and occasionally sacking the unprotected towns. Again, their warring excursions would be directed against the Turks to the southeast, in the Balkans. When tired of this they turned northward to the Slavonic population.

These early Ukrainians were ever at war with somebody and for somebody. They fought with Poland against Russia, with Russia against Poland, with Poland against Turkey, with Turkey against the Tatars. They assisted in placing an unfrocked monk upon the throne at Moscow. They were simply natural warriors who rejoiced in that occupation. The warrior shaved his head except for a wisp on the crown, which was allowed to grow long enough to wind around the ears.

Although professing the Orthodox Greek faith, they were the brigands and corsairs of Christianity. Though nominally subjects of Poland for a long time, the Ukrainians were constantly involving Poland in trouble with the Tatar and Turkish rulers.

At times they even captured Polish peasants and sold them as slaves to the Tatars, who in turn passed them on to Persians.

### Lovers of the Soil.

The Little Russians have worked hard and fought hard, and they have emerged a fairly united and still vigorous people. The population increases more steadily than that of Great Russia, as the people are greatly attached to home and do not care to wander far from their native villages. They are great lovers of the soil and cling to it with a passionate tenacity.

The Ukraine includes old southeastern Russia, with the exception of the province known as Bessarabia, which partakes of the character of the Balkan states and is peopled with Rumanians and Bulgarians. The great seaport of Odessa and the surrounding country were added to it under its new alignment after the break-up of the Russian empire.

The Ukraine does not reach much north of Kiev or east of Kharkov, but it is a large state in itself, about as large as the German empire, with some twenty-five or thirty millions of people living in it.

The largest city of the real Ukraine is Kiev, around which national life centers probably because of the deep religious associations in connection with the shrines and many holy places. It was at one time the capital of all Russia. Kharkov is the leading commercial town in it unless Odessa, on the Black sea, is considered.

There is a lure about the limitless stretches of the steppes in the Ukraine. In wide, level spaces, or in gentle undulations, they reach out until sky and horizon meet in a barely perceptible line. Parts of it remind one very much of our own western prairies. In spring and winter it is an ocean of verdure, with the varied shades of green of the growing vegetation interspersed with flowers of many hues; later, in the autumn, after the crops are harvested, it becomes a brown waste of stubble and burned-up pastures; in winter it is a white, glistening expanse of snow.

### Windmills in General Use.

Windmills are exceedingly common and dot the landscape on every hillside. Silvery gray they appear from age, as all are built of wood, and they are usually unpainted. Many of them seem ready to fall to pieces from age. The general use of windmills is due not so much to lack of water, for they will be found near streams, but the flatness of the country does not give enough fall to allow the use of water-power. They are used to grind grain.

Kiev is the holy city of the Ukraine and hundreds of thousands of pilgrims visit it each year. The natural landscape is heightened at all times in its pictorial effect by the picturesque groups of pilgrims, staves in hand and wallets on backs, who may be seen clambering up the hills, resting under the shadow of a hill, or reverently bowing the head at the sound of a convent bell.

The pilgrims made it a point to visit the ghastly catacombs in which are rows upon rows of the skulls of reputed monks. Access is had by narrow steps, and then through labyrinthine subterranean passages one descends deeper and deeper into the bowels of the earth, winding hither and thither along a pathway. Finally there begins a series of niches, in which repose the bodies of the saintly recluses.

The pilgrims pass each holy tomb, reverently kissing the shriveled hands laid out by the monks for that purpose. They do not distinguish between the holy and hollower, but pay a tribute to each one impartially in order to conciliate all.

Much contagion must be spread by this insanitary method of homage. No doubt many an infection, and possibly even great pestilences, could be traced directly to this spot where the indiscriminate osculation of church relics is practiced.

# BLACK FOOT

By Edward Louis Hoyt



Chapter I.  
**M**Y DEAR SIR, would you not like some clothes to wear and something to eat, free of all cost?"  
 "I wouldn't mind it," replied the little ragged, unshaved, cold and hungry wanderer.  
 "Well then," said the tall slim gentleman with the high forehead and sharp features, "come along with me. I will show you where you get your moneys worth and som-thing for nothing."



"I will call in my assistance for you to look over, then their will be less danger of shooting one of your friends."  
 In came a tall slim gentleman. He looked something like Black Foot. They must of been brothers. The first mans name was Jimmy Wells.  
 Next was Russel Towers a man of about 45 years of age and 5 feet 3 inches tall. Dark complexion but clean shaven. When he approached I noticed that he walked very lightly and panther like. In my mind I called him the panther.  
 Dorothy Carter was the next to come in.  
 This was the first time that John fell in love at first sight. You could see him catch his breath and open his eyes as he greeted her with a smile.  
 She was a young lady of about twenty. She was of medium height with a silky complexion and light hair, beautiful blue eyes and dressed well.  
 "Those people," said Black Foot to John who was gazing after Miss Carter as she went out with the other two assistance, "are very much help to me. The lady isn't really a helper because I class her as my daughter."  
 "Now I think I will leave you to retire. Breakfast at eight o'clock."  
 After John was once more left to himself he sat down in a chair to think of his adventure from five o'clock until now and to think of what the future might be. "What did it all mean? Was Black Foot an escaped convict or president of some crooked trust company? Was Black Foot trying to hide his identity? No that couldn't be, he was down town this evening when he picked me up."  
 "Well I am going to make use of that bed," said John after every thing was still for the night. "I'll try anything once."  
 He lay abed until two o'clock a. m. however without sleeping a wink.  
 Presently he turned his head towards the center table and saw a book which he immediately rose to read. Howbeit he read to the middle of the second chapter when bur r-r-r-r-r-r-r.  
 "Hello! some night walker has stepped into the house."  
 "O o o o o o h m"  
 "My God! what can that be? Is some one killed already?"  
 John went over and pressed the button which stopped the bell from ringing, took up his revolver and started in serch of the intruder.  
 In the upper floor he could find nothing so he started down stairs and was in the front part of the house when he could hear some one moving about. Then a light could be seen in the room to the left. John tiptoed up to the door and was about to turn the light on.  
 "Bang!" a flash of fire could be seen and a heavy thump was heard.  
 "D-n you! I'll learn ye t' sneak up an' try t' catch me," said a large black whiskered yegg with a red bandanna handkerchief across his face. "If ye'd a mind yer own business ye wouldn't been a corpse."  
 The yegg picked up his treasure and revolver and started out but when right in the door way he dropped his gun which caused John to wake up.  
 "Hands up, you fool," John commanded, "do you think I can dye as easy as all of that. If you lower them one bit, I'll shoot. Turn to your right there and keep front of my light."  
 "Hello! sit in that chair," John said, after they were in Black Foot's room, "and keep them hands up too."  
 "Here he comes now, prisoner. Keep them hands up."  
 "Ha! Ha! It's you again is it. you get down stairs and out of the house as fast as you can. If you come back here again there will be trouble," suggested Black Foot as he entered the room. "I see you have made good so far, John. Tell me about what you done. I heard some body shoot."  
 "Well I couldn't sleep so I got up and started to read a book. My bell began to ring so I went over and shut it off, picked up my revolver and then I heard a groan so upon investiga—" "What! You heard a groan."  
 "Yes."  
 "Follow me."  
 They went across the hall and into a large room, from there into a smaller one and then through a room about ten feet by ten feet and into a small hall like enclosure.  
 There upon the floor was the panther like man Russel Towers laying dead with a knife wound just under the left arm.  
 "Help me carry him to that little room," John was asked.  
 Black Foot then went back and pressed a button which caused the dead man to disappear through a trap door but left the carpet on which he was laying.  
 "You shall except the position that the dead man had once occupied."  
 "Me! and get stabbed in the ribs," answered John. "I should guess not."  
 "You shall. Remember that mark on your arm."  
 "Oh! Well," said John, "if you insist why alright."  
 "Well," said Black Foot, "It's three o'clock



"With Dorthys arm through his"



now and if you can't sleep, you may stand guard the door off these rooms at the hall don't let anyone in with out notifying me. You do this now and don't leave until I tell you to which will be about six thirty in the morning. Remember: don't refuse to obey instructions."  
 "Just as you say," answered John and was standing gaurd at the door in less than two minutes.  
 He was on gaurd but an hour when the silence was broken.  
 "If I'm interrupted many more times to-night there will be a few more dye before morning," crack—crack—crack—"don't you yell or I will cause your heart to stop beating with this knife," "crack—crack."  
 John left the post and went to the door of the little room ten feet by ten feet. He peeked through the key hole.  
 There before his eyes was Dorothy Carter taking a sound whipping from Black Foot whom had a whip in one hand and a knife in the other.  
 "Black Foot," said John as he entered, "lay off with that whip and drop that knife."  
 "You get to hell out o here and be quick about it."  
 "Nothing doing."  
 The furniture was upsetting and the rugs were tore up within five minutes after they had engaged in a struggle. Back and forth they went across the room. Black Foot with knife in hand and Johns hand clasped on his wrist the whip laying on the floor. Johns hold was beginning to slip when bur-r-r-r-r-r the bell started ringing.

Chapter II.  
 Up town in the police station at 4:20 am were three men, a millionaire dealer in real estate, Mr. Henry Cogan; chief of police, Mr. King; and a detective, Mr. Cole.  
 "Mr. Cole, last night," said Mr. King, "disguised as a burglar and I went into Mr. Westmores residence and got evidence as to Mr. Westmores making counterfeit money, therfor we have reasons to believe that that is where the money you have come from. Have you had any business with him lately?"  
 "No," replied Cogan, "but I have had business with a close friend of his."  
 "Well Mr. Cole," said King, "don't you think that it would be advisable for us three to be going before Westmore gets away? Have you the warrant?"  
 "You bet I have."  
 They were half way to Westmores residence before detective Cole broke the silence.  
 "By the way Mr. Cogan did you ever get track of your daughter?"  
 "No I haven't Mr. Cole."  
 "Listen," cried King as they stepped on the front porch of the Westmores house, "what's that noise?"  
 "Sounds like somebody is having a quarrel," replied Cogan.  
 "They are in this room here," said the detective, as he followed the noise from the bell.  
 There before them was John Bruce with his hand still on Westmores wrist just as they had, stopped struggling. In the corner was Dorothy Carter shaking with fright.  
 "What's all this noise about," demanded King. "Westmore you are under arrest for havelag in your posession counterfeit money."  
 John was the first to speak.  
 "Why this noise was caused by Black Foot and I struggling to see whether he should whip Miss Carter or not, with the whip you see laying on the floor."  
 "While your at it officer," said John, "You might as well arrest him for the murder of Russel Towers early this morning."  
 "Have you any proof."  
 "This trap door here."  
 "Oh! My daughter! My daughter! My dear daughter."  
 "Papa! meet Mr. Bruce. He saved my life a little while ago."  
 "Hello! my son! Hello!"  
 "Are you coming Black Foot," cried John as he walked with Dorothy arm through his and her other through Henry Cogons, her father.



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 1 1/2 cups granulated sugar, 2 1/4 cups flour, 1 cup water, 2 level teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder, 1 teaspoon lemon, yolks of 9 eggs. Then mix in the regular way.

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Now you can buy Kellys for the same price you will have to pay for other tires that always sold for less.

ARTESIA AUTO CO. The Advocate Phone No. 15 7

Every meal where our Bakery good are present is a Treat Indeed

"GET THE HABIT"

**City Bakery**

G. Roy Sallee, Prop.

**We Like the Meat We Sell--**

We wouldn't hesitate a moment to eat any part of meat we sell. We know positively that it is all right or we wouldn't sell it. Our meats are the choicest that money and experience can procure. Once you get the habit and you will eat no other. Its the talk of the town, the fine grade of BEEF and PORK from those big corn fed steers and hogs at our shop.

An Early Order Brings An Early Delivery

QUALITY, SERVICE, HONESTY AND PRICE

**CITY MARKET**

FREE DELIVERY

PHONE 37

FRED LINELL, Mgr

**ARTESIA ADVOCATE**

Published every Friday at Artesia, New Mexico by J. R. Hoffman & Wm. Stranahan, Owners.

Entered at postoffice at Artesia, New Mexico, as second class mail in 1903

**TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION**

One Year ..... \$1.50  
 Positively in Advance  
 Names dropped as soon as delinquent

**ARIZONA TO REQUEST THE EXTRADITION OF DUKE CITY BANKERS**

Holbrook, Ariz., Jan. 18.—Papers requesting the extradition of J. M. Reynolds, L. M. Reynolds, Guy L. Rogers and J. E. Cox were sent to Governor Thomas E. Campbell at Phoenix last night, it was announced here today. These men were indicted recently by a grand jury here in connection with the failure of the Holbrook State bank. It is understood that the men declined to come to Holbrook and stand trial unless their extradition was asked for. The men are all Albuquerque bankers.

Sheriff Batton left the first of the week with a prisoner for Santa Fe and an insane Mexican for Las Vegas while in Santa Fe Mr Batton attended a meeting of all of the sheriffs of the state. This meeting was called by the Governor for the purpose of devising ways and means for stricter enforcement of the prohibition law in New Mexico.—Carlsbad Current.

**CLASSIFIED**

Runabout Ford for sale or trade for cattle.

H. J. GRUNDMAYER.

FOR SALE—A few White Leghorn roosters from last years breeding pen, trap nested 248 eggs strain, \$2.00

J. G. BUSCH.

FOR SALE—First class Barred Rock eggs for hatching. O. S. MATIESON, east of Santa Fe tracks.

FOR SALE—Thoroughbred Rhode Island Red and Brown Leghorn cockerels. GEO. R. BENZ, at the section house.

FOR SALE—Pulverized barnyard manure, delivered, \$2.00 per ton. Artesia Dairy, Phone 219

FOR SALE—Six residence properties from 4 to 9 rooms. Cash or terms. Will take good Ford car as payment on one. See A. M. TARHEI, Artesia, N. M.

FOR SALE—Homestead shack, new, 10 x 12, at a bargain. Write R. L. MORRISON, Carlsbad, N. M., Gen Del.

FOR SALE—This year's popcorn hand tipped, hand cleaned, every grain a popper, 5 cents per pound for 10 pounds or over.

J. G. BUSCH.

FOR SALE CHEAP One Stag Sulkey Plow, in good condition.

One riding lister.  
 One double harrow.  
 One Orchard cultivator.  
 One Orchard Disc.  
 One Power Spray machine.  
 One set work harness.  
 Two Gray Mares 8 years old.  
 Two gray Mules 8 years old.  
 One Brown Mule 4 years old.  
 One No. 8. Bowser belt drive feed mill.  
 One Blacksmith vise.  
 Five White geese.  
 Forty Rhode Island Red chickens.  
 Enquire of L. R. SPERRY.

SALESMEN WANTED to solicit orders for lubricating oils, greases and paints. Salary or Commission. Address THE HARVEY OIL CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

FOR RENT OR SALE—Farm and stock ranch; 400 acres, barn, artesian well, fences, corrals; 4 miles north of Artesia. Also, 163 acres, good grass, plenty water and shade, good for sheep or cattle; 8 miles south of Artesia.  
 S. RAMSEY, Owner.

The Lakewood National Bank located at Lakewood, in the State of New Mexico, is closing its affairs. All note holders and other creditors of the association are therefore hereby notified to present the notes and other claims for payment. G. H. Sellmeyer, Pres. Dated December 31, 1921.  
 Dec. 6 March 3.

If you have a farm or ranch to sell or trade list it with me. W. E. Thompson, Medford, Okla.

FOR SALE—Homestead shack, 12x14 at a bargain, 4 miles south, 3 miles west of Artesia, address J. E. Quinlan, Artesia, N. M.

Don't Come if You Like Something Free  
 Our Surprise Day Saturday, Jan. 28  
 Hours from 1 to 5 p. m.  
 Palace Drug Store  
 Come and Bring Your Friends With You  
 FREE  
 Don't Come if You Hate to see others Happy  
 Like to be Exclusive  
 Don't Come if You

A representative crowd of people assembled Sunday at the dedication of the American Legion flag pole, that organization presenting the flag to the town of Hagerman. The service, though striking in simplicity, was marked in its effect and was deserving of a larger attendance. Post Commander Michelet presided, and Ben A. Lampton, formerly first lieutenant in the A. E. F., spoke in behalf of the Legion.—Hagerman Messenger.

Sheriff Batton and Aseistant Prosecuting Attorney Fred Wilson left by the dawn's early light for Santa Fe, Monday, where they will attend the conference of the peace officers of the state with the United States Attorney General tomorrow. This conference is one of a series announced by Attorney General Harry Daugherty. The Carlsbad delegation was joined at Roswell by District Attorney Dillard Wyatt and Sheriff Johnny Peek.—Carlsbad Argus.

A good time assured at "Stunt Night" tonight at High School Auditorium. Benefit High School "Rattier."

John B. Muncy departed Monday night for Albuquerque, to be gone several days on business. He will visit El Paso and Juarez during his absence.

**See Our Decline in Prices Compare Them to A Year Ago**

Best guaranteed paint now	\$3.50	A Year ago	\$5.75
Linseed Oil now	1.50	A Year ago	3.50
White Enamel now	3.75	A Year ago	6.00
Best Barn Paint now	1.75	A Year ago	2.75
Kalsomine now per pkg	.75 c	A Year ago	1.00

**Big Jo Lumber Company**

**Dr. Loucks Says:**  
 Don't buy a Pig in a Polk Or In plain old U. S. See what you buy  
 WHEN he moves into his new place 1-2 block south of the monument, Feb. 1, he will put on sale a  
**Guaranteed storage Battery For \$19.75**  
 COME in and see the interior machinery of one and then you will be better prepared to give one the proper attention with the result you will get better and longer service from it. The Doctor will be pleased to explain the workings, etc., of them.

**We have reduced the price of Coal.**  
 We handle only the best Colorado COAL.  
 Phone 46 **JOYCE-PRUIT CO.** Phone 47  
 ARTESIA, N. M. ARTESIA, N. M.



# Reduced Prices



## LOWEST PRICES IN HISTORY OF FORD BUSINESS

Effective January 16, 1922

Touring (Standard)	\$348.00
Touring Car (Starter and Demountable Rims)	443.00
Runabout (Standard)	319.00
Runabout (Starter, Demountable Rims)	414.00
Chassis (Standard)	285.00
Chassis [Starter, Demountable Rims]	380.00
Coupe [Starter, Demountable Rims]	580.00
Sedan [Starter, Demountable Rims]	645.00
Truck, 1-Ton [Pneumatic Tires]	430.00
Tractor	625.00

F. O. B. Detroit

We are only able to get a limited Number of Cars for Stock  
 "Only one Touring in Stock at Present  
 Place Your Order Now

# Artesia Auto Company

## JOB HUNTS OF AN EX-SERVICE MAN

By John E. Burgett.

Washington, D. C.—Ex-service men have about as much chance of a government job in Washington as the ex-Kaiser has of being made Commander-in-Chief of the French Army.

Charges and countercharges have been made concerning the employment of the ex-service men in Government positions in Washington, and the above is my deliberate conclusion after my own experience as a job hunter.

I came to Washington July 8 last in search of employment and have been searching since without success. I have my application in the Veterans' Bureau, the Shipping Board, Department of Commerce (Solicitor's Division), the Department of the Interior, and in the State Department. I have been to all of these places several times in my search for employment and have always gone with the very best recommendations, and endorsements possible. My qualifications have not been questioned by any one to whom I have applied, but I have always met with the very courteous answer that there were no appointive vacancies at this time. Courtesy seems to be the big asset of most Government heads and, too, perhaps, the letters I carried with me from the Senators and Congressman from my state may have had a lot to do with my reception, but anyway they all are courteous, but they all give you the same old line, no vacancies.

It is true, there are no vacancies here for the ex-service man but there are several thousand positions filled by non-military citizens who have sat on these jobs so long that they have begun to think they own the Government and their removal would be a national calamity.

Every Department will ask you if you have a Civil Service Status. If you answer in the negative, they will inform you that you must have as all departments are under Civil Service. But—when you inquire at the Civil Service Commission about chances of examination you are told that there exists a list of many thousand eligibles who will be used before any more examinations are held.

Confusion in Veterans' Bureau.

Director C. R. Forbes of the Veterans' Bureau, promised in a public statement some months ago that he would use about six thousand employees and of this six thousand some twelve hundred have seen military service. His Bureau is under Civil Service, and the long eligible list is acting as a barrier to any who may apply and his promise is but so much empty talk. The women employees in this department are so

thick that they walk over each other and in the offices of this building there exists the worst confusion that I have ever experienced in any business office. It seems to be the rule to consider any paper or record lost when wanted and the big surprise to me is how they ever get a claim properly adjusted. One man told me that his records had been lost on three different occasions and new papers had to be filed each time at great effort and annoyance to him.

Government Employees in Fur Coats

Ex-service men in Tatters.

Stand in front of any office in Washington either morning or evening and you will be able to see why there are no jobs here for the ex-service man. Thousands upon thousands of persons who never saw a day of hardship in their lives swarm in and out of these buildings. Many of them have other members of their family working with them in Government employ and do not necessarily need to work themselves, but do so for the extra money they can have to spend for luxuries, or at least, in the unnecessary satisfaction of an unnecessary want. I really believe there are more expensive fur coats in Washington than in any other city in the world, and most of them worn by Government employees while thousands of ex-service men are going about in tatters, without shoes, and hungry.

During the war in any group of soldiers you could find men to do anything you wanted done from digging a ditch to writing a peace treaty. No civilians were necessary to do the large bulk of the clerical work of the army, all such positions being filled from the ranks. Now the war is over but these same men with the same capabilities are asking for the same work and receiving the excuse that trained men are needed now and ex-service men will not be able to carry on work requiring brain power.

It is not a matter of political endorsement for if it were I am sure I would have had a job long before this. I have had endorsements from Senators and Congressmen; good letters that should have received consideration. These men have told me to suggest anything and they would do it, but nothing that I have been able to suggest has been of any avail. We meet with the same old excuses every time until it begins to look like they all rehearse the same tune.

None seem to be able to tell exactly where the trouble lies, but I sincerely believe the responsibility of not giving the ex-service men rests in the individual heads of the different departments. That is to say, the high-grade assistant directors and the sub-bosses of all kinds I believe that it seems a matter of a conspiracy to keep ex-service men out of Government positions for fear they will be displaced themselves in the future by these veterans. I believe that it seems a matter of self-preservation to them and thus they excuse their actions.

Former Fighters in Dire Want.

It is appalling to see the actual want that exists among our former fighters. While waiting for a friend one day I went into one of Washington's many beautiful little parks and sat down on a bench. On the other end of the bench selected by me I noticed a man about thirty years of age who was looking over the want ads in a local paper and instantly recognized another "job-hunter," like myself. Seeing the little bronze button in his coat lapel, I recognized that he also was an ex-service man and I spoke to him. He looked up with a good-natured grin.

"So you, too, are looking for a job, are you?" he said.

"Well, I hope you have more success than I have had." He told me of his attempts to get located, and his experiences—were a great deal like my own only he had no one to vouch for or recommend him and the courtesy I had been shown had been withheld most of the time when he sought a job. He told me that he had quit a good job early in 1917 to enlist and shortly afterward the firm he worked for failed. When he returned from France, he had not immediately started looking for a job, as he believed that he had a bit of a furlough coming to him and had visited with relatives for about a month. He then took the only job offered that of "chambermaid to a bunch of cows," as he expressed it thinking that soon another and a better place would be open to him from some of his friends who knew him prior to the war. Weeks stretched into months and finally the dairyman for whom he was working decided to cut down his force and he found himself deprived even of this employment. He had worked at odd jobs for a time had come here only to be disappointed and disillusioned.

His clothes were neat but badly worn. I could not but think of the first snow fall and what it would do to this boy in his scanty raiment. I asked him if he was able to eat regularly and he answered that he had been able to keep going so far, but unless things "broke" better for him soon he would have to beg, steal, or starve, and, said he, "I won't beg nor will I starve." I left him then and have not seen him since, but the other day I noticed that a man had been arrested for stealing a loaf of bread, and I wondered if my friend of the park bench had been reduced to that stage so soon.

On Armistice Day in the evening after we had witnessed the impressive ceremonies for the Unknown Hero and had seen representatives of many nations bow their heads in homage, I talked to another ex-service man. He was on the same street car with me and noticing my little bronze emblem he started up a conversation by asking if I had seen the parade. I told him I had and we entered into a speculation, as thousands of others were doing at that time, as to whose body it might have been that we had followed to the grave that day.

"Say," he finally said, "I some-

times think it were better if the whole bunch of us had been killed or died. If we had, folks would have remembered us and our graves, at least, have received attention."

I wondered immediately at the bitterness in his voice, and upon inquiry I found him to be a job-hunter without work since harvest time and never having been steadily employed since his discharge from service in 1919.

Flappers in Limousines; Veterans in Rags.

Another time I stood in front of one of the Government departments (name on request) and got into conversation with an ex-gob. He had been out of work for a long time, and his story was much like the others I have told. The only difference was that his clothes were in rags and his shoes had ceased to be of much protection to his feet. He had not eaten but once that day and it was most four-thirty in the afternoon. His prospect for supper was slim, he told me, as he had but two thin dimes to his name, but he thanked goodness he had a good bed for that night, as he had met one of his buddies who was still in the service, and who had promised to fix him up with a bunk at some one of the Naval stations around Washington. That buddy busted a rule, I'll bet, to accommodate his unfortunate brother, but he showed his soul to be white and his willingness to take a chance to help a friend in distress.

While we stood there, the hour arrived for quitting work, and we idly watched the string, almost endless it seemed, of women and men who came hurrying out, and to our astonishment, several women employees were met by their closed cars, driven by their negro chauffeurs. Warm robes were tucked about their knees by these very deferential servants and they were whisked away to the comforts of home which must be magnificent indeed if they match the splendor of their equipage.

And beside the curb, in significant, tattered and hungry, I looked at this former fighting man and could not keep back a sigh of sympathy at the contrast presented here. The lady with her skirts; the boy with his rags; the lady with her servants; the boy with his two thin dimes; the lady with her comfortable and beautiful home; the boy with no place to lay his head. At six o'clock or thereabout, that evening, this lady no doubt would sit down to a bountiful table surrounded by all the joys and pleasures of a well-appointed home. She would, no doubt, toy with her food and have the choice of many different selections. And then about the same time I can see this little ex-sailor as he pulls a stool up to the high counter of some cheap restaurant and pays out his two dimes for a bowl of soup and a cup of coffee, and I do not think that he will toy much with his food but in all probability will bolt it without thought to the niceties of good manners and conventions; he will bolt it as only a hungry man can.

There is no work for us to provide us with the bare necessities of life, it seems, there is work to provide these ladies with the luxury of expensive motor cars and livered servants. There is no place for the ex-service men who need work, but there are places for several thousand flappers who are here against the wishes of their parents because they like the jazz parties and the luxuries of cute clothes and fur coats. There are no jobs for our former fighters but there are plenty Washington early in 1917 and grabbed the pen while we went into the training camps and grabbed the guns.

Nation's Dependents Now a Problem

And so they trudge on patient but weary, looking for work that their hunger may be satisfied, and their bodies properly clothed. And whenever I close my eyes, I see their pathetic procession marching on five hundred thousand strong, looking, ever looking, for their place in the sun. I seem to hear the "swish-swish" of their water-soaked shoes; I can see the hopeless look on their faces; I can hear their silent condemnation of a system that permits such an outrage. Go into the cheap lodging houses of your city, look at them in the bread lines of charity, see them curled on the cold iron benches of your public parks, watch them mob the windows of your free-employment bureaus every day. They are the same boys of yesterday who were so very necessary to you and to their country, but who are today merely considered a "problem." They are your army of defenders of but a short time ago but today they stand so many of them, alone, forgotten, and forlorn. Their neat khaki uniforms are replaced by the rags and tatters of want. Their boyish grins are wiped out by the pinch of an empty stomach. They are everywhere. See them, talk to them, and learn whether they have a real grievance or whether their story is but fancy.

Cleaning and pressing, hat work. We call for and deliver. Phone 61. McCRAW TAILOR SHOP.

**Insurance!**  
 Equitable Life  
 Hudson Fire  
 E. N. BIGLER

**Sanitary Barber Shop**  
 The best equipped shop in the state.  
 Your patronage solicited and appreciated.  
 Agent Beatty Laundry

**The Best Little Cafe in the Valley**  
 The highest quality at the lowest price. Quick Service  
**Little Gem Cafe**

**Cunningham Bros. Barber Shop**  
 4 of US. No Waits  
 Candies, Cigarettes, pipes and Tobaccos. Come in you are always welcome.

**Pecos Valley Abstract Company**  
 C. E. SHUMAKER, Secretary  
 Office with Keinath & Son

**Cannon Garage**  
 for your Auto Repair Work  
 Gasoline  
 Oils and Greases  
 Tires, Tubes and Accessories  
 West Main St.

**Moving!**  
 Moving that piano today? \$2.50 will move it. Only piano truck in the city.  
 Dray Work of all kinds \$1 per load.  
 Phone 6—Joyce-Fruit Co. and leave your order.  
 C. Y. KUYKENDALL

**Vandagriff Bros. Pool Hall**  
 Billiards and Pool  
 Cigars and Cold Drinks  
 We welcome you to our hall

**Most Satisfying OUR Merchants Lunch AT 35c**  
 The Best Eats in Town  
**Newport Cafe**  
 Proctor & Son Proprietors

**V. A. BISHOP—**  
 Long Distance Hauling  
 Hay loaded on cars. Rates reasonable. Orders left by phone at Byfords Restaurant. P. O. Box 644.

**J. D. ATWOOD—**  
 LAWYER  
 Roswell

**HARDWICK HOTEL**  
 Headquarters for Oil Men.  
 Artesia, New Mexico

**WOODMEN OF THE WORLD**  
 Walnut Camp No. 28.  
 Meets every second and fourth Thursday of the month at 7:30. Visiting Sovereigns welcome. Watch this paper for special meetings.

**I. O. O. F. LODGE**  
 Artesia, - N. M.  
 Meets Every Tuesday Evening.  
 Watch this paper for special meetings, etc.

**Tom McKinstry,**  
 Auctioneer  
**Hagerman :-: N. M.**  
**J. J. CLARKE**  
 Dentist  
 Office in Telephone Bldg. Artesia, N. M.

**W. E. RAGSDALE**  
 Auctioneer  
 Services guaranteed to please you or no pay. Arrange for me to cry your sales

**H. AUSTIN STROUP, M. D.**  
 Physician and Surgeon  
 Phone, Res. 217 Office 67

**J. H. JACKSON**  
 Attorney at Law  
 Notary Public  
 Rooms 1-2-3 Sipple Building

**S. E. FERREE**  
 Attorney at Law  
 Notary Public  
 Office back of First National Bank.  
 Artesia, - N. M.

**AMERICAN LEGION**  
 Meets Second and Fourth Wednesday of each month  
 Dances each first and third Saturday at I. O. O. F. Hall

Take your watches to the jeweler. Take your horses to a horseshoer. Take your shoes to shoemaker. I repair shoes. That's my business.

**I. T. GEORGE**  
 LOCATED—First door west Artesia Auto Company.

You'll enjoy a nice game on the best of tables at  
**Seals' Billiard Parlor**  
 Cigarettes, Cigars and Drinks

**ARTESIA DAIRY**  
 Pure Milk and Cream  
 Phone 219  
 J. M. Jackson, Prop.



**SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASS ENTERTAINED BY MRS. SOLOMAN.**

Mrs. E. E. Soloman entertained her Sunday school class of the First Baptist church at her home on last Friday evening. An exceedingly delightful evening was enjoyed by the little girls and their little boy friends, who were the guests of the class.

Mrs. Soloman was assisted during the evening by Misses Elizabeth Soloman and Janaida Mann, who served fruit jello and cake to the guests. "Irran" pie, a new dessert, was also served. When the pies were opened each girl found a pretty powder puff and the boys discovered a metal whistle.

The following were present: Helen Mann, Nellie Mae Horne, Julia White, Ida Cole, Gladys Cole, Edna Riess, Pauline Weisheit, Maude Awaat, Helen Cogsdail, Paul James, Charles McNeil, and Andrew White.

**MRS. C. M. COLE ENTERTAINS.**

One of the pretty affairs of the week was the dinner party given by Mrs. C. M. Cole on Tuesday in honor of Mrs. George Ferris, of Ladonia, Missouri. A noonday luncheon was served to the guests and the afternoon was devoted to sewing, music and conversation. The following ladies were the guests of Mrs. Cole during the day: Mesdames Joe Jess, May Alexander, R. V. Young, Dayton Reecer, J. A. G. White and the honored guest, Mrs. George Ferris.

**BIRTHDAY PARTY.**

A birthday party was given for Mrs. Joseph Goodale and Mr. Homer Sidwell, whose anniversary days were the same, last Tuesday at the residence of the former.

The moving spirit in the program of festivities was Mrs. Cue, a sister of Mrs. Goodale, who is here on a visit.

A sumptuous repast was served which included a cake adorned with fifty-three burning tapers for Mrs. Goodale. The tapers may or may not have represented her age.

All of Mrs. Goodale's relatives and most intimate friends were present, including the Syferd family and all connected with the restaurant. Mr. Sidwell is the restaurant chef.

Our Christmas Club makes SAVERS AND NOT SPENDERS. CITIZENS STATE BANK.

Miss Leah McClay will return home on Sunday from Norman, Oklahoma, where she has finished her school work for the A. B. degree. Miss McClay completed her university work during the past semester at the University of Oklahoma.

We repair Watches carefully and guarantee satisfaction. A. F. ROSELLE.

Our vulcanizing covers all Rim Cuts Cord Tires Blow Outs. PIOR TIRE CO.

Our Christmas Club is conducted to accommodate those wanting to save money for any purpose. CITIZENS STATE BANK.

A large audience was present at the Methodist church on Sunday evening, when Rev. J. C. Jones, presiding elder of the Roswell district, in the denominational organization, preached the sermon.

If you need Shuttles, bobbins, needles or other parts for your sewing machine, I can supply you. A. F. ROSELLE.

Our Christmas Club is conducted to accommodate those wanting to save money for any purpose. CITIZENS STATE BANK.

An unusually large number of pupils are out of school this week on account of the epidemic of bad colds which is now raging. Many are out with a sore throat or a harsh cough, while some of the cases are real serious. A few cases of pneumonia and influenza are among the absent cases.

Our Christmas Club makes SAVERS AND NOT SPENDERS. CITIZENS STATE BANK.

Mr. Roy Sloan, former proprietor of Roy's Confectionary and billiard parlor, is now a merchant in Mexia, Texas. He opened his business at that town on Tuesday of this week. Mexia is the oil center of Texas and is a thriving city of thirty thousand persons.

Joe Clayton left last week for Los Angeles where Mrs. Clayton and daughter, Thelma, are making their residence. After a few weeks in California, Mr. Clayton will return to Artesia and make final arrangements for moving to California permanently.

**ASSOCIATIONAL B. Y. P. U. PROGRAM.**

The Pecos Valley B. Y. P. U. organization will meet with the local Baptist Young Peoples' Union on Sunday evening at the Baptist church for their regular quarterly program. Representatives from Roswell, Carlsbad, Hagerman, Hope and Loving will be present to participate in the program.

Special music will be a feature of the program, to which the entire public are cordially invited. The organization, with Mr. Walter N. Casey, of Roswell, as president, is making rapid progress and the program will be very interesting to all.

**E. M. KEARNEY.**

The office of County Clerk is one of the most important to the property owning public and has no similarity to any other office in the county, the records and files of this office pertain almost entirely to the title of your property and it is very important to have someone in charge who is competent to tell you whether or not your papers are legally and properly drawn before they are placed on record which will save you additional expense and possibly a law suit.

In Mr. Kearney we have an the qualifications for the office of county clerk that could be expected of anyone. During his 24 years experience with the records and files of County Clerks offices in Texas, Oklahoma and New Mexico, eight years of which time has been in Eddy County, he has seen and read many thousands of the different kinds of records and papers and understands them all thoroughly.

Mr. Kearney worked as Deputy County Clerk of this county for three years and is now working as Deputy Tax Assessor, on a small salary. His work in both positions has been entirely satisfactory and asks the people to please give him a trial at something better.

Owing to his financial and physical condition with a family to provide for, he may not be able to meet all the voters of the county, but he earnestly asks that everyone give his claims thorough investigation before casting their vote.

He awaits your decision to be handed in at the Democratic primary to be held this spring.

By paying into Christmas Club systematically you will have a fund available next December. CITIZENS STATE BANK.

Leon Hise was overtaken by misfortune last week when he stepped upon a rusty nail. He is able to be on the streets.

The United States Income Tax Collector Roberts, was in Artesia during the first of the week interviewing the local citizens concerning the profits and excessive incomes during the past year. Hotel Hardwick appeared to be some noted stock exchange, judging by the large number of men who were awaiting an interview with Mr. Roberts.

Miss Lelia Williams was unable to teach in the Junior high school during the first of the week. Miss LaDue substituted for her as teacher.

Dr. E. E. Mathes has been in Albuquerque and Clovis where he was in conference with leaders of the Presbyterian denomination, concerning the New Era movement, being advanced by that denomination.

Mr. Judson Doss is in Albuquerque this week, where he was ordered to report to the government vocational board.

Mrs. L. K. Watt and Miss Margaret Feemster spent the week end in Roswell, the guest of Miss Bobbie Bond.

BABY Carriage, White Ivory, for sale W. W. FERRIMAN.

FIRST CHRISTIAN CHURCH Bible School at 10:45 A. M. We understand there will be preaching service at 11 A. M., but we are not in a position to announce the subject.

**FORD 13 PLATE STORAGE BATTERY FOR \$25.00 ARTESIA AUTO CO.**

Granville Powers and family of Scholle, N. M., spent last Friday with Mrs. Powers' sister, Mrs. I. C. Keller of this city. They made the trip from Scholle by auto.

**STATE LAND SELECTIONS**

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office, Roswell, New Mexico, January 14, 1922.

Notice is hereby given that the State of New Mexico, by virtue of Acts of Congress, has selected, through this office, the following lands:

List No. 8715. Serial No. 049718. SE 1/4 SE 1/4 Sec. 1 N 1/4 NE 1/4 NE 1/4 Sec. 20 T. 16-S. R. 28-E., N. Mex. Mer. 80 acres.

List No. 8716. Serial No. 049719. SE 1/4 NE 1/4 Sec. 20 T. 16-S. R. 28-E.; N 1/4 NE 1/4, SW 1/4 NE 1/4 Sec. 14 T. 18-S. R. 29-E., N. Mex. Mer. 160 acres.

Protests or contests against any or all of such selections may be filed in this office at any time before approval. EMMETT PATTON, Register.

**IN THE PROBATE COURT, EDDY COUNTY, NEW MEXICO**

No. 432. In the Matter of the Estate of Herbert O. Stahl, Deceased.

NOTICE OF THE HEARING OF ADMINISTRATOR'S FINAL REPORT. Notice is hereby given that John C. Stahl, Administrator of the Estate of Herbert O. Stahl, deceased, has presented to and filed in said Probate Court his Final Report as said Administrator; and that the 5th day of February, 1922, at 10:00 A. M. of that day, at the Court house in the Probate Court room at Carlsbad, Eddy County, New Mexico, has been fixed and appointed by the Court for the hearing of said Report, when and where all persons interested in said Estate or said report, may appear and file his exceptions in writing to the said Report and contest the same.

Dated this the 9th day of January, 1922. D. M. JACKSON, County Clerk.

**STATE LAND SELECTIONS**

Department of the Interior, United States Land Office, Roswell, New Mexico, Dec. 27, 1921.

Notice is hereby given that the State of New Mexico, by virtue of Acts of Congress, has selected, through this office, the following lands:

List No. 8725. Serial No. 049872. NE 1/4 NE 1/4, W 1/2 E 1/2 Sec. 11 T. 18-S. R. 29-E., N. M. Mer. 200 acres.

Protests or contests against any or all of such selections may be filed in this office at any time before approval. EMMETT PATTON, Register.

**NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION**

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Roswell, New Mexico, January 4, 1922.

NOTICE is hereby given that Mabel J. Kepple, of Lakewood, New Mexico, who, on January 16th, 1916, made Homestead, No. 036745, for NE 1/4 NW 1/4, S 1/4 NW 1/4, NW 1/4 SW 1/4, Section 31, Township 17S, Range 27 E, N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make five year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before S. W. Gilbert, at Artesia, New Mexico, on the 15th day of February, 1922.

Claimant names as witnesses: Perry C. Logan, of Artesia, New Mexico; John J. Clarke, of Artesia, New Mexico; George W. Lewis, of Artesia, New Mexico; Raleigh L. Paris, of Artesia, New Mexico. EMMETT PATTON, Register.

**NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION**

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Roswell, New Mexico January 4, 1922.

NOTICE is hereby given that Annetta R. Pearson, Assignee of Willis G. Guthrie, who, on March 16, 1916 made desert entry No. 031604, for NW 1/4, Section 8, Township 16S, Range 25 East, N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make five year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before S. W. Gilbert, at Artesia, New Mexico, on the 7th day of February, 1922.

Claimant names as witnesses: John Olsen, Jesse I. Funk, Azile Funk, Horace B. Worley, all of Lake Arthur, New Mexico. EMMETT PATTON, Register.

**Notice For Publication.**

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Roswell, New Mexico, January 3, 1922.

NOTICE is hereby given that James H. Naylor, of Artesia, New Mexico, who, on Feb. 9, 1916, made Desert land entry No. 025358, for W 1/2 NE 1/4 E 1/2 NW 1/4 Section 12, Township 17S, Range 25 East, N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make five year Act of March 4th 1915, Purchase Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before S. W. Gilbert at Artesia, New Mexico, on the 7th day of Feb. 1922.

Claimant names as witnesses: Joseph B. Atkeson, Robert K. Caraway, Walter Swisher, Price Stephenson, all of Artesia, N. M. Emmett Patton, Register

**PRIMARY ELECTION ANNOUNCEMENTS**

**COUNTY CLERK**

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of County Clerk of Eddy County. My candidacy is announced subject to the will of the Democratic Primary.

INEZ E. JONES, Carlsbad, N. M.

**FOR COUNTY CLERK**

I hereby announce my candidacy for the office of Clerk of Eddy County. My announcement is subject to the will of the Democratic Primary.

LELIAETTA C. HANSON, Carlsbad, N. Mex.

**SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS:**

I hereby announce my candidacy for superintendent of schools of Eddy County, subject to the decision of the Democratic Primaries. Your support will be appreciated.

MRS. A. A. KAISER, Carlsbad, N. M.

**FOR SHERIFF:**

I hereby announce myself a candidate for re-election to the office of Sheriff of Eddy County, New Mexico, subject to the decision of the Democratic Primaries when the same shall be held.

GEORGE W. BATTON.

**FOR COUNTY TREASURER:**

I hereby announce myself as candidate for re-election to the office of Treasurer and Collector of Eddy County, subject to the decision of the Democratic Primaries when the same shall be held.

AUD E. LUSK.

**FOR COUNTY CLERK.**

I hereby announce my candidacy for the nomination to the office of County Clerk of Eddy county. My nomination is subject to the will of the Democratic primary.

E. M. KEARNEY.

**FOR ASSESSOR:**

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for re-election to the office of Assessor of Eddy County, subject to the decision of the Democratic Primaries when the same shall be held.

JOE JOHNS.

**FOR COMMISSIONER DISTRICT NO. 2:**

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for re-election to the office of County Commissioner from District No. 2, Eddy County, subject to the decision of the Democratic Primaries when the same shall be held.

HOLLIS G. WATSON.

**MR. JOHN ANNOUNCES**

Joe Johns, present county assessor asks the voters of Eddy County through the columns of the Advocate, for their support at the Primary for the Democratic nomination to the office of County Assessor.

Mr. Johns served the people one term and has successfully and impartially handled the office to the satisfaction of all concerned, and there is no doubt about Mr. Johns' being entitled to a second term based on his excellent record the last two years.

**MR. WATSON ASKS RE-NOMINATION**

Hollis G. Watson, present County Commissioner, from this district asks the voters to give him the nomination for Commissioner for the second term. Mr. Watson has efficiently served the county. Always looking after the interests of his constituents in a broad and fair way. There is no need for us to try and tell the people who Mr. Watson is as he has been a resident of Eddy county for a number of years and is well and favorably known. We can safely say that Mr. Watson numbers his friends by his acquaintances. Here's hoping Mr. Watson receives the nomination and is elected to fill the responsible office he seeks.

Charter No. 8782 Reserve District No. 11  
REPORT OF CONDITION OF  
**THE LAKEWOOD NATIONAL BANK**  
AT LAKEWOOD, IN THE STATE OF NEW MEXICO,  
AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS ON DECEMBER 31ST, 1921.

RESOURCES

Loans and discounts, including rediscounts.....	\$43,670.94	\$43,670.94
Deposited to secure circulation (U. S. bonds par value) .....	6,250.00	6,250.00
Other Bonds, Stocks, Securities, etc. ....		900.00
Banking House .....		3,000.00
Lawful reserve with Federal Reserve Bank .....		1,526.67
Cash in vault and amounts due from national banks		8,604.43
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer and due from U. S. Treasurer .....		312.50
<b>TOTAL .....</b>		<b>\$64,964.54</b>

LIABILITIES

Capital stock paid in .....	\$25,000.00
Surplus fund .....	5,000.00
Undivided Profits .....	\$943.64
Reserved for interest and taxes accrued .....	900.00
Less current expenses, interest, and taxes paid .....	43.64
Circulating notes outstanding.....	6,250.00
Individual deposits subject to check .....	25,970.90
Certificates of deposit due in less than 30 days (other than for money borrowed).....	1,100.00
Total of demand deposits (other than bank deposits) subject to Reserve .....	\$27,070.90
Liabilities other than those above stated .....	900.00
<b>TOTAL .....</b>	<b>\$64,964.54</b>

STATE OF NEW MEXICO, COUNTY OF EDDY, SS:

I, G. H. Sellmeyer, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

G. H. SELLMAYER, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 9th day of January, 1922.

(SEAL) E. L. D. LARSH, Notary Public.

CORRECT--ATTEST: TOM RUNYAN, F. W. DAURON, Directors.

WARNING:—I had a coat taken out of my home Monday. Party was seen to leave the house with coat. If this coat is not returned by Monday night at 9 o'clock parties will be placed under arrest. W. J. Gardner and family of Sweetwater, Texas, and S. R. Gardner of Sweetwater, Texas, are visiting at the home of R. T. Caraway. The Gardner's are brothers of Mrs. Caraway.

**KEEP THIS IN MIND----**

Someday when the Drain Pipe at your House Gets stopped up, or freezes--

**Rose Drain Pipe Solvent**

Will Clean It Out In A Jiffy. Only Costs

**ONE DOLLAR**

For a Big Can

**Barinard-Corbin Hardware Co.**

Artesia :--: New Mexico

**CHEVROLET**

Service

**HAVING** bought the complete stock of Chevrolet parts from W. L. Wyman I am in position to Give Satisfactory Service on parts to any point in the Pecos Valley. Phone your Chevrolet wants to

**Harves Garage, Artesia**

H. S. WIDNEY, Proprietor Phone 38

**LET us help you figure that material bill for House, Barn, Shed, or Repairs. Now is the time to build for 1922.**

**KEMP LUMBER COMPANY**

Phone 14