

THE PORTALES VALLEY NEWS

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

Volume II

PORTALES, ROOSEVELT COUNTY, NEW MEXICO, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1915

Number 15

A. M. HOVE LOOKS OVER VALLEY AND HE SAYS IT LOOKS GOOD

Sees Many Things Make Him Believe That Portales Valley Was Given the Natural Advantages

Says That in Live Stock Production Lies the Greatest Income of the Farming Community

Mr. A. M. Hove, an old newspaper man of Carlsbad and at present connected with the publicity department of the Santa Fe railroad, was a caller at the News office this week. Mr. Hove is one of those broad minded men who, while he is extremely partial to his own home and the country surrounding it, is yet willing to give to other localities their full meed of credit for whatever advantages they may enjoy. He is also an enthusiastic good roads booster, in fact, he is a genuine booster for anything that has real merit in it. On this visit here he was shown through the country by Mr. S. E. Ward, manager of the mechanical department of the Portales Power and Irrigation company. In speaking of the country generally to the News man he said:

"I think your country is very attractive. The proportion of well-kept farms and neat farm homes is very large. White painted houses, red out buildings and clean front yards and roads speak well for the citizenship of the Portales Valley. Your great need at present is apparently more horny handed farmers to till the soil, as I see much splendid land still idle. But to attract desirable settlers requires united action by the people both in the country and the town. People in search of a place to make a home are influenced in their choice very largely by the character of the people of the community. Your epigram 'you can not saw wood with a hammer' is right to the point. The new settler, however, must be given a chance to make good and his neighbors possibly have the most interest in seeing that he makes good.

"Another thing that struck me is the fact that many are feeding stock. This is an industry for which this valley is especially adapted. The stock may be grown cheaply in the surrounding districts and the steer calves may be finished on farm grown feeds, providing a home market for the hay, fodder and grain. There is a better combination of feed grown anywhere and it may be all homegrown. The hog is receiving considerable attention. Alfalfa pasture, alfalfa hay in the winter and a little corn from the time the pig can crack a grain, makes pork cheaply and quickly. Your valley cannot be beat for raising pork. Portales poultry has won a name through the efforts of Mr. Reid and this industry is in no danger of being overdone, while meat is soaring out of sight. Chickens and turkeys ought to go out of Portales in car lots."

Mr. Hove further says that the future of Eastern New Mexico is dependant, largely, upon its live stock interests. Not that he believes that it should be turned over to the big cow men, but that each individual farmer should

gather around him all the cattle and hogs that he can raise feed for, being careful to get stock of good grade and in quantities only as large as he can with safety depend upon raising sufficient sustenance for. He believes, with the News, that no country, no matter how rich in soil and natural advantages, can hope to reach any permanent prosperity by raising produce for the market. He says to ship your crops to market in the hides of animals (This expression is one that was coined by Mr. Austin D. Crile, of Roswell, and its aptness is the only excuse for stealing it) and you will never be at a loss for a good market. In this manner you win both ways from the middle, your land is each year enriched by the litter from your feeding lot and you receive double the price for your feed that could be otherwise obtained. He believes that this is true of all the farming interests of the world, be it natural farming, irrigation farming or truck farming, be it Kansas, Iowa, Missouri, California, Germany or South America, the principle remains the same. There is no question but what Mr. Hove is playing the right hunch and the sooner the farmers of Eastern New Mexico follow his suggestions, the sooner will they begin to store up riches against that proverbial rainy day.

Sudan Grass Seed

The News has a quantity of state inspected and home grown sudan grass seed that it is offering for one-third the prices asked by seed houses and the Plainview association. However, the News advises its readers that they will find it cheaper and safer to pay even the highest price, one dollar per pound, than to put out the cheap condemned stuff that is sold for ten or fifteen cents per pound, or given away. You had much better not fool with sudan at all than to chance the uncertainties of rejected seed. You not only risk fouling your land with noxious weeds and Johnson grass, but the forage harvested from such mixtures is worthless and your labor lost. The government experts lay great stress on the necessity of getting only pure seed. Better be safe than sorry.

Wilcox Here With a Bunch

Jack Wilcox arrived this week from Fairbury, Illinois, with a bunch of mighty good looking farmers from that country. Mr. Wilcox owns a considerable tract of mighty good land that he is endeavoring to put some good stock farmers on a portion of it. Should he succeed in doing this he will have accomplished two good purposes, that of getting some of the best farmers in the north to help us to make of this country all that its natural advantages make possible. It will also bring among us a class of people worth much to country, in that they will, by their thrift and present day methods, teach our folks many things that will be of value to them.

Many Strangers Are Coming

Many strangers are constantly to be seen on the streets of Portales these days. The hotels are all crowded to their capacity and things begin to take on the appearance of real activity. As to the hotel proposition, their overcrowded condition has made it necessary for the Martin-Hansen company to arrange to care for the people they bring here. This all goes to show that Portales and the Portales Valley are attracting attention and that people of other states are beginning to learn that there is something doing here.

CHAMPION BUTTERMAKER OF THE WORLD WILL ORGANIZE COMPANY FOR CREAMERY PLANT

He Will Take Five Thousand Dollars of the Capital Stock Himself, Putting in the Cold Cash Against a Like Stock Subscription by Dairymen and Citizens of the County

This Gentleman Will be Here this Week Prepared to Talk Business and to Transact Business. The Proposition Has a Humming Like Prosperity and it Listens Mighty Good to Mr. Benny

At last we begin to hear a rumble that listens like a creamery. It is true that this noise is yet too far distant to be able to certainly recognize it as a full grown and vigorous milk agitator, capable of converting cow juice into perfectly good and edible butter. It might, also, develop that this noise with the pleasant sound is also but the forerunner of other and larger enterprises that are sure to follow in the wake of new enterprises. As a matter of fact, there is, even at this time, rumors of a packing house and cold plant, but this was not intended for publication and has nothing to do with this creamery matter.

The proposition for putting a creamery in at Portales is made by the man who manufactured the butter that grabbed the blue pennant at the Iowa state fair, and who is admitted to be the best in the United States. He will be here this week to canvas the situation and to see what may be accomplished in the way of an organization. He comes here with five thousand dollars, cash, and a firm belief in his ability to make good. He only asks that the people put up as much money as he does, each taking as much of the capital stock of the corporation as is represented by the amount of his subscription. This is not intended as a donation, but should be viewed as an investment, one that is of par value and one that will pay a fair rate of interest on the investment. With a cash capital of ten thousand dollars it will be possible to install an up-to-date and adequate creamery, leaving sufficient money in the "kick" to buy and pay cash for the cream until there was sufficient income to make the business self sustaining. This would be to start off on the right foot, to commence operations methodically and in a safe and sane manner, to eschew "wild-cattng," in short, to do business like business men. An investment of this character would be just as safe as would one in any line of endeavor. It is, also, within the range of human probabilities, that the installation of a creamery at this point would give such an added impetus to the dairy industry as would double and treble the receipts from this source. Also, it naturally follows, that each new enterprise established in a community makes the next one that much easier to land. Let every man in the county get in behind this movement and push it to a successful termination.

The Legislature is Still in Session and the Members are Drawing Their Salaries

The legislature is still in session, in fact, grave fears are entertained that it will not adjourn until it is, by law, compelled so to do. They have, thus far, been permitted to assemble in the apartments provided by the state for real lawmakers, and this without having to resort to a call on the governor for troops. The senate has passed a bill making it a crime to give publicity to the atrocities of a certain fanatical sect of natives at Las Vegas. The house has contented itself with ousting a few legally elected Democrats to make room for Republicans whose ideas will be handed to them each morning by Judge Mann. Other than this, and the statement by Mr. Crampton, that the conscience of this august assembly did not repose in the editorial rooms of the newspapers, it may be said that this particular bunch of masqueraders has not particularly distinguished itself, neither has it definitely located the conscience alleged to not be held in unlawful restraint by the press. Presumably, this conscience will never be located without the aid of detectives and a powerful microscope.

Amusements

Elocution and acting are as distinctly different as preaching and stump speaking. Almost anyone of ordinary intelligence can learn to recite and to suit the action to the word, the word to the action. They can be taught that just as a parrot can be taught to talk and without much more real insight into the character represented. The elocutionist is made and the actor is born. That is the difference. The successful actor must not be content to merely play the part; he must feel it and live it. The playwright creates the character. It is for the player to endow it with life. He must study the character itself more deeply than the mere lines. He must study the character together with the environment and say to himself, "What would I do, or say, and above all what would I feel if I were this man of the play?" To learn the lines of Hamlet is merely a feat of memory. To successfully act Hamlet is to have first realized what a man would feel whose father had been basely murdered by the lover of his mother, and himself apprized of the facts by the shade of his father.

If one presents Hamlet, or Richard, or Shylock as he sees others do it, he becomes merely a copyist, an understudy, a mimic. To act any role successfully it must be the actor's own personal conception of it based on a close study of the character.

This is the reason for the success that has attended the characterizations of Mr. Albert Taylor who plays an engagement at the Cosy Theater on February 5 and 6. He has been compared with Sol Smith Russell in Noah Vale and Hosea Howe. He has a quaint humor of his own and a mobility of feature much like Russell's but there the comparison ends. He never saw Russell play those roles and any habitue of the theater knows that he does not play them just as Russell did. The trouble with the sons of Joe Jefferson is that they play their father's roles in the same way he played them, and the inevitable comparison is to their disadvantage. Mr. Taylor's success in the roles made famous by Russell, Goodwin, Murphy and others, is due wholly to the fact that he does not copy them but gives his own conception of them. His support this season is stronger than ever before.

Money in Raising Hogs

One hundred and sixty-five dollars invested in sows and pigs in October, 1913, has made H. J. Farnham some money. He has sold 100 hogs averaging 234 pounds, a total of 23,400 pounds. The price received was \$7.40 per hundred pounds, the gross receipts being \$1731.60. The net proceeds from this sale was \$1450.00. Other smaller sales brings the money receipts up to \$1600.00. On February 1, 1915, Mr. Farnham has on hand twenty brood sows and ninety-six shoats easily worth \$600.00. Mr. Farnham's feed bill is as follows: Ten acres of alfalfa, twenty acres irrigated corn and forty acres of dry land maize. This crop carried everything to the present time. Over \$30.00 income per acre from ten acres alfalfa, twenty acres irrigated corn and forty acres dry land milo maize through the hog lot and on an investment of \$165.00 is worth while.

J. W. Hunter, district deputy for the Brotherhood of American Yoeman, spent Sunday with his family at Clovis.

STOCKFARMERS IN THIS COUNTY ALWAYS MAKE PLENTY GLUE

Because the Seller Makes a Profit Buyers Should Not Administer Kick to Opportunity

If You Buy, It's to Make Money, If You Make Money, You Should be Satisfied With Bargain

G. M. Williamson left last Monday for points in Texas on a hunt for a bunch of good cattle to buy and bring over here to distribute among the farmers of the county. Mr. Williamson says that the sales thus far the past year have been so universally satisfactory, both as to the business from his standpoint being profitable to himself and to Mr. Oldham, who is his associate, and to those farmers who have bought them, that they will continue bringing them in just so long as the demand continues. These gentlemen do not contend that they are in the business of buying cattle to put out among the farmers as a purely charitable proposition. They very frankly tell you that they expect to make a profit on them, and that in the event that the profit should cease their activities along these lines would cease too, but they do contend, and the truth appears to be plain to all, that each man who has bought cattle and hogs and put them on the farm, giving them the ordinary attention and care that is usually bestowed upon any industry, that in each and every case, the farmer has made a better profit than have those from whom the cattle was bought. What does it matter to a man if those from whom he buys makes a profit from the transaction if the investment proves a paying one to him? In this day and age people are not running over each other to perform thank you jobs for their neighbors. They expect to make something out of their transactions, as a matter of fact, the sky pilot, who endeavors to point out to you the road to heaven, would soon tire of his job unless there was profit in the undertaking. The world is a business proposition, from the time that the infant takes its first lesson in milking until the preacher tells his congregation what a generous and kind neighbor the deceased was, why then should you expect that the men who make it possible for you to make good on your farm should do this from purely philanthropic motives. However, this matter has another side to it. Granted that there is money in buying and selling cattle, if those farmers who buy them make good. If, by buying them, they are enabled to become independent, to pay their debts, does it not follow that they are thus enabled to become better citizens? That they are better enabled to care for and provide for their families? That, instead of being borrowers, they become depositors, how, then, have they been damaged by the fact that the man, or men, who sold them the stock, have made something out of the trade? The feeding of stock is the only sure means of making good on the farm, and this is true no matter where that farm is situated, what state draws the taxes from it, nor what the rainfall amounts to each year.

The Land of Broken Promises

A Stirring Story of the Mexican Revolution

By DANE COOLIDGE
Author of "The Fighting Front," "The Western," etc.
Illustrations by Don J. Levin

CHAPTER XXII—Continued.

"Let the Mexicans fight it out," he said. "They might resent it if you look on, and that would make it bad for us. Just wait a while—you never can tell what will happen. Perhaps the rurales and federales will stand them off."

"What, that little bunch?" demanded Bud, pointing scornfully at the handful of defenders who were cowering behind their rock piles. "Why half of them pelones don't know what a gun was made for, and the rurales—"

"Well, the rebels are the same," suggested the superintendent pacifically. "Let them fight it out—we need every American we can get, so just forget about being a Mexican."

"All right," agreed Bud, as he yielded reluctantly to reason. "It ain't because I'm a Mexican citizen—I just want to stop that ruck."

He walked back to the house, juggling his useless gun and keeping his eye on the distant ridges. And then, in a chorus of defiant yells, the men in the federal trenches began to shoot.

In an airline the distance was something over a mile, but at the first scattering volley the rebels halted and fired a volley in return. With a vicious spang a few stray bullets smashed against the reverberating steel tank, but no one was hurt, and the defenders, drunk with valor, began to shoot and yell like mad.

The bullets of the rebels, fired at random, struck up dust-jets in every direction, and from the lower part of the town came the shouting of the non-combatant Mexicans as they ran here and there for shelter. But by the trenches, and in the rear of the black tank, the great crowd of onlookers persisted, ducking as each successive bullet hit the tank and shouting encouragement as the defenders emptied their rifles and reloaded with clip after clip.

The rifles rattled a continuous volley; spent bullets leaped like locusts across the flat; men ran to and fro, now crouching behind the tank, now stepping boldly into the open; and the defiant shouts of the defenders almost drowned the wail of the women. Except for one thing it was a battle—there was nobody hurt.

For the first half-hour the Americans stayed prudently under cover, buying themselves at the suggestion of a few American women in providing a first-aid hospital on the sheltered porch. Then, as no wounded came to fill it and the rebels delayed their charge, one man after another climbed up to the trenches, ostensibly to bring down the injured.

As soldiers and bystanders reported no one hit, and the bullets flew harmlessly past, their solicitude turned rapidly to disgust and then to scorn. Strange as it may seem, they were disappointed at the results, and their remarks were derogatory as they commented on the bravery of pelones and Mexicans in general.

From a dread of imminent attack, of charging rebels and retreating defenders, and a fight to the death by the house, they came suddenly to a desire for blood and battle, for dead men and the cries of the wounded; and all fear of the insurgents left them.

"Come away, boys," grunted the burly roadmaster, who up to then had led in the work; "we wasted our time on that hospital—there'll be no wounded. Let's take ourselves back to the house and have a quiet smoke."

"Right you are, Ed," agreed the master mechanic, as he turned upon his heel in disgust. "This ain't war—they Mexicans think they're working for a moving-picture show!"

"I bet you I can go up on that ridge," announced Hooker, "and clean out the whole bunch with my six-shooter before you could bat your eye."

But the superintendent was not so sure.

"Never mind, boys," he said. "We're worth a lot of ransom money to those rebels and they won't give up so quick. And look at this now—my miners coming back! Those are the boys that will fight! Wait till Chico and Ramon Mendoza get after them!"

He pointed as he spoke to a straggling band of Sonorans, led by the much-vaunted Mendoza brothers, as they hurried to save the town, and a cheer went up from the trenches as the federales beheld reinforcements. But a change had come over the fire-eating miners, and they brought other rebels in their wake.

As they trudged wearily into town and sought shelter among the houses a great body of men appeared on the opposite ridge, firing down at them as they retreated. The battle rapidly turned into a long-distance shooting contest, with the rebels on the ridges and the defenders in the valley, and finally, as the day wore on and a thunderstorm came up, it died out altogether and the rebels turned back to their camp.

Except for one lone federal who had shot himself by accident there was not a single defender hurt, and if the enemy had suffered losses it was only by some chance. But when the Sonoran patriots, holding up their empty belts, came clamoring for ammunition, the men by the big house

took in the real catastrophe of the battle.

Seventeen thousand rounds of the precious thirty-thirties had been delivered to the excited miners and now, except for what few the Americans had saved, there was not a cartridge in camp. Very soberly the superintendent assured the leaders that he had no more; they pointed at the full belts of the American guard and demanded them as their right; and when the Americans refused to yield they flew into a rage and threatened.

All in all, it was a pitiful exhibition of hot-headedness and imbecility, and only the firmness of the superintendent prevented a real spilling of blood. The Mexicans retired in a huff and broke into the cantina, and as the night came on the valley re-echoed to their drunken shoutings.

Such was war as the Sonorans conceived it. When Hooker, standing his guard in the corridor, encountered Gracia Aragon on her evening walk, he could scarcely conceal a grin.

"What are you laughing at, Senor Hooker?" she demanded with asperity. "Is it so pleasant, with a houseful of frightened women and screaming children, that you should make fun of our plight?"

"No, indeed," apologized Bud; "nothing like that. Sure must be bad in there—I stay outside myself. But I reckon it'll soon be over with. The Mexicans here in town have shot off all their ammunition and I reckon the rebels have done the same. Like as not they'll all be gone tomorrow, and then you can go back home."

"Oh, thank you for thinking about me!" she returned with a scornful curl of the lip. "But if all men were as open as you, Mr. Hooker, we women would never need to ask a question. This morning you told me I did not know what I was talking about—now I presume you are thinking what coward the Mexicans are!"

"Oh, I know! You need not deny it! You are nothing but a great big—Tejano! Yes, I was going to say 'brute,' but you are a friend of dear Phil's, and so I will hold my tongue. If it wasn't for that, I'd—"

She paused, leaving him to guess.

"Oh, I do wish he were here," she breathed, leaning wearily against the white pillar of an arch and gazing down through the long arcade.

"It was so close in there," she continued, "I could not stand it a minute longer. These Indian women, you know—they weep and moan all the time. And the children—I am so sorry for them. I cannot go now, because they need me; but tomorrow—if Phil were here—I would leave and ride for the line."

"Have you seen Del Rey today? No? Then all the better—he must be policing the town. It is only of him I am afraid. These rebels are nothing—I agree with you! No! I am not angry with you at all now! But tomorrow, just at dusk, when all is still as it is at this time, then, if Phil were here, I would mount my brave horse and ride out by the western pass."

She ended rather inconclusively, letting her voice trail off wistfully as she waited for him to speak, but something within moved Hooker to hold his peace, and he looked out over the town, without commenting on her plans. It was evident to him that she was determined to enlist his sympathy, and involve him in her wild plot, and each time the conversation veered in that direction he took refuge in a stubborn silence.

"What are you thinking of, Mr. Hooker?" she asked at last, as he gazed into the dusk. "Sometimes I scold you, but I never know what you think! I did not mean that when I said I could read your thoughts—you are so different from poor, dear Phil!"

"M-m-m," mumbled Bud, shifting his feet, and his face turned a little grim. "Ah!" she cried with ill-concealed satisfaction. "You do not like me to call him like that, do you? 'Poor, dear Phil'—like that! But do you know why I do it? It is to punish you for never coming near me—when I signed to you—when I waited for you—long ago! Ah, you were so cruel! I wanted to know you—you were a cowboy, and I thought you were brave enough to defend me—but you always rode right by. Yes, that was it—but Phil was different! He came when I sent for him; he sang songs to me at night; he took my part against Manuel del Rey, and now—"

"Yes!" commented Bud brusquely, with his mind on "dear Phil's" finish, and she turned to peer into his face. "So that is it!" she said. "You do not trust me. You think that I am not your friend—that I will serve you as he was served. Is that what you are thinking?"

"Something like that," admitted Hooker, leaning lazily against the mud wall. "Only I reckon I don't think just the way you do."

"Why? How do I think?" she demanded eagerly.

"Well, you think awful fast," answered Hooker slowly. "And you don't always think the same, seems like. I'm kind of quiet myself, and I don't like—well, I wouldn't say that, but you don't always mean what you say."

"Oh!" breathed Gracia, and then, after a pause, she came nearer and leaned against the low wall beside him.

"If I would speak from my heart," she asked, "if I would talk plain, as you Americans do, would you like me better then? Would you talk to me instead of standing silent? Listen, Bud—for that is your name—I want you to be my friend the way you did a friend to Phil. I know what you did for him, and how you bore with his love-madness—and that was my fault, too. But partly it was also your fault, for you made me angry by not coming."

"Yes, I will be honest now—it was you that I wanted to know at first, but you would not come, and now I am promised to Phil. He was brave when you were careful, and my heart went out to him. You know how it is with us Mexicans—we do not love by reason. We love like children—suddenly—from the heart! And now all I wish in life is to run away to Phil. But every time I speak of it you shut your jaws or tell me I am a fool."

"Ump-um," protested Bud, turning stubborn again. "I tell you you don't know what you're talking about. These rebels don't amount to nothing around the town, but on a trail they're awful. They shoot from behind rocks and all that, and a woman ain't no ways safe. You must know what they're like—these old women don't think about nothing else—so what's the use of talking! And besides," he added grimly, "I've had some trouble with your old man and don't want to have any more."

"What trouble have you had?" she demanded promptly, but Hooker would not answer in words. He only shrugged his shoulders and turned away.

"If Phil were here, he'd take me!" countered Gracia, and then Bud lost his head.

"Yes," he burst out, "that's jest what's the matter with the crazy fool! That's jest why he's up across the line now a hollering for me to save his girl! He's brave, is he? Well, why can't he come down, then, and save you himself? Because he's afraid to! He's afraid of getting shot or going up against Manuel del Rey. By grab, it makes me tired the way you people talk! If he'd done what I told him to in the first place he wouldn't have got into this jack-pot!"

"Oh my!" exclaimed Gracia, aghast. "Why, what is the matter with you? And what did you tell him to do?"

"I told him to mind his own business," answered Hooker bluntly. "And what did he say?"

"He said he'd try anything—once!" Bud spat out the phrase vindictively, for his blood was up and his heart was full of bitterness.

"Oh dear!" faltered Gracia. "And so you do not think that Phil is brave?"

"He's brave to start things," sneered Bud, "but not to carry 'em through!" For a moment Gracia huddled up against a pillar, her hand against her face, as if to ward off a blow. Then she lowered it slowly and moved reluctantly away.

"I must go now," she said, and Bud did not offer to stay her, for he saw what his unkindness had done.

"I am sorry!" she added pitifully, but he did not answer. There was nothing that he could say now.

In a moment of resentment, driven to exasperation by her taunts, he had forgotten his pledge to his partner and come between him and his girl. That which he thought wild horses could not draw from him had flashed out in a fit of anger—and the damage was beyond amendment, for what he had said was the truth.

CHAPTER XXIII.

There are two things, according to the saying, which cannot be recalled—the sped arrow and the spoken word. Whether spoken in anger or in jest, our winged thoughts will not come back to us and, where there is no balm for the wound we have caused, there is nothing to do but let it heal.

Bud Hooker was a man of few words, and slow to speak ill of anyone, but some unfamiliar devil had loosened his tongue and he had told the worst about Phil. Certainly if a man were the bravest of the brave, certainly if he loved his girl more than life itself—he would not be content to hide above the line and pour out his soul on note-paper. But to tell it to the girl—that was an unpardonable sin!

Still, now that the damage was done, there was no use of vain repining, and after cursing himself whole-heartedly Bud turned in for the night. Other days were coming; there were favors he might do; and perhaps, as the yesterdays went by, Gracia would forgive him for his plain speaking. Even tomorrow, if the rebels came back for more, he might square himself in action and prove that he was not a coward. A coward!

It had been a long time since anyone had used that word to him, but after the way he had knifed "dear Phil" he had to admit he was it. But "dear Phil!" It was that which had set him off.

If she knew how many other girls—but Bud put a sudden quietus on that particular line of thought. As long as the world stood and Gracia was in his sight he swore never to speak ill of De Lancey again, and then he went to sleep.

The men who guarded the casa grande slept uneasily on the porch, lying down like dogs on empty sugar-sacks that the women might not lack bedding inside. Even at that they were better off, for the house was close and feverish, with the crying of babies and the babbling of dreamers, and mothers moving to and fro.

It was a hectic night, but Bud slept it out, and at dawn, after the custom of his kind, he arose and stamped on his boots. The moist coolness of the morning brought the odor of wet grasswood and tropic blossoms to his

nostrils as he stepped out to speak with the guards, and as he stood there waiting for the full daylight the master mechanic joined him.

He was a full-blooded, round-headed little man with determined views on life, and he began the day, as usual, with his private opinion of Mexicans. They were the same uncomplimentary remarks to which he had given voice on the day before, for the rebels had captured one of his engines and he knew it would come to some harm.

"A fine bunch of hombres, yes," he ended, "and may the devil fly away with them! They took No. 9 at the summit yesterday and I've been listening ever since. Her pans are all burned out and we've been feeding her bran like a cow to keep her from leaking steam. If some ignorant Mex gets hold of her you'll hear a big noise—that'll be the last of No. 9—her boiler will burst like a wet bag."

"If I was running this road there'd be no more bran—not since what I saw over at Aguascalientes on the Central. One of those bum, renegade engine drivers had burned out No. 748, but the rebels had ditched four of our best and we had to send her out. Day after day the boys had been feeding her bran until she smelled like a distillery. The mash was oozing out of her as Ben Tyrrell pulled up to the station, and a friend of his that had come down from the north took one sniff and swung up into the cab."

"Ben came down at the word he whispered—for they'd two of 'em blowed up in the north—and they sent out another man. Hadn't got up the hill when the engine exploded and blew the poor devil to hell! I asked Tyrrell what his friend had told him, but he kept it to himself until he could get his time. It's the fumes, boys—they blow up like brandy—and old No. 9 is sour!"

"She'll likely blow up, too. But how can we fix her with these ignorant Mexican mechanics? You should have been over at Aguas the day they fired the Americans."

"No more Americans," says Madero, let 'em all out and hire Mexicans! The national railroads of Mexico must not be in the hands of foreigners."

"So they fired us all in a day and put a Mexican wood-passer up in the cab of old No. 313. He started to pull a string of empties down the track, threw on the air by mistake, and stopped her on a dead-center. Pulled on the throttle and she wouldn't go, so he gave it up and quit."

"Called in the master mechanic then—a Mexican. He tinkered with her for an hour, right there on the track, until she went dead on her hands. Then they ran down a switch engine and took back the cars and called on the roadmaster—a Mex. He cracked the nut—built a shoo-fly around No. 313 and they left her right there on the main track. Two days later an American hobo came by and set down and laughed at 'em. Then he throws off the brakes, gives No. 313 a boost past the center with a crowbar, and runs her to the roundhouse by gravity. When we left Aguas on a handcar that hobo was running the road."

"Ignorantest hombres in the world—these Mexicans. Shooting a gun or running an engine, it's all the same—they've got nothing above the eyebrows."

"That's right," agreed Bud, who had been craning his neck; "but what's that noise up the track?" The master mechanic listened, and when his ears, dulled by the clangor of the shops, caught the distant roar he turned and ran for the house.

"Git up, Ed!" he called to the roadmaster, "they're sending a wild car down the canyon—and she may be loaded with dynamite!"

"Dynamite or not," mumbled the grizzled roadmaster, as he roused up from his couch, "there's a derailer I put in at kilometer seventy the first thing yesterday morning. That'll send her into the ditch!"

Nevertheless he listened intently, cocking his head to guess by the sound when it came to kilometer seventy.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FIGHTS SLEEP AND HUNGER 112 HOURS

Miner Caught in Cave-In Forced to Keep Awake for Fear of Being Buried Alive.

Ely, Minn.—Back from the tomb, from darkness, came Joseph Skusk when he was carried, conscious and practically unharmed, but exhausted, from the pit of Sibley mine, where he and five others were buried in a cave-in. For 112 hours Skusk fought sleep, terror, thirst and hunger in a dark hole 90 feet under ground and won. With him there was brought to the surface the body of an unidentified companion who had smothered in dirt. That Skusk's escape was miraculous is indicated by the situation in which he was found, one foot pin-



The Planks Overhead Allowed the Dirt to Fall Gradually.

loned by timbers and with an arch of timber overhead that kept off the direct fall of earth. Had it not been for the pinioned foot he probably would have tried to escape and been overwhelmed by a rush of earth. As it was, he could not leave the spot and the planks overhead allowed the dirt to fall but gradually.

This falling dirt, according to half a dozen broken sentences he spoke before doctors ordered him to keep silent, was Skusk's greatest trouble. In the darkness he could not see whether he was menaced by possible bigger falls, and as dirt sifted through and fell on his face, a handful at a time, he frantically brushed it away. He dared not sleep for fear it would fall and smother him.

SAD "GHOST" FOILS POLICE

Wraith of Man Killed Who Was on Railroad Tracks Upsets Old Neighbors.

Philadelphia.—On Garrett Hill, in Radnor township, the police are looking nightly for the "ghost" of a man who was killed several months ago at the railroad station at Radnor. The man lived at Garrett Hill, and has returned, his old neighbors say.

A number of residents say they have seen the wraith. It fits out of dark corners, they say, stares at them with sorrowful eyes, and then passes, moaning. A woman tells of being called to her door the other evening and of finding the man there facing her with his piteous stare. As she stood, she says, paralyzed with fear, he vanished.

So many tales of the "ghost" have reached the police that they have begun an investigation, on the theory that a crank or a maniac is annoying the residents. So far, however, no trace of a flesh and blood marauder has been found.

FALLS HEADLONG 80 FEET

Nevada Miner Is Victim of Many Accidents Within a Few Months.

Pioche, Nev.—Falling headlong for a distance of 80 feet down an incline in shaft No. 1 of the Amalgamated Pioche company, Ted O'Brien, a miner was seriously injured. In addition to a broken leg, he was terribly cut and bruised. O'Brien had been the victim of a series of accidents, all of which have happened within the last few months.

While working at the Prince mine a few months ago his foot was crushed and he was laid up for several weeks. Shortly after recovering from this misfortune a hand was crushed and again he was laid up. A week following his supposed recovery from this accident he was again retired to the sick list as a result of blood poisoning setting in. Physicians say that he will recover from the effects of the latest and most serious accident.

Sentenced to Jail for 60 Seconds.

Many, La.—Convicted of shooting Deputy Sheriff E. A. Force, Dr. Harvey Dillon, former president of the state board of health, was sentenced to 60 seconds in jail by Judge J. H. Boone here.

Girls Kill Four-Pronged Buck.

Bellefonte, Pa.—Center county has at least two Diana, Mary and Zilla, Sharer, who killed a deer. The girls dragged it a half mile to their home, skinned and dressed it. The buck and four prongs and weighed 160 pounds.



"I'd Fight, Too!" Spoke Up Gracia.

Confessions of a Mail Order Man

By Mr. M. O. X.

Revelations by One Whose Experiences in the Business Covers a Range From Olive Oil to General Manager

HOW ENORMOUS PROFITS ARE MADE.

I bought where I could get things the cheapest and where our money would go the farthest. Not satisfied with doubling the cost of an article: in other words making 100 per cent on your money, I began to scratch and dig for the little profits on the side, in addition to the big profits I made on the price.

For instance, I would advertise an article for sale in our catalogue at six dollars. This article would cost us in the house of the wholesale dealer, for example, \$2.50. By paying cash I would make two per cent additional and for quantity (I agreeing to take, say, 1,000 of this particular thing) I would obtain a discount of say five per cent.

This is how I would figure it out:

Cost of article\$2.50
Cash discount at 2 per cent05
Quantity discount at 5 per cent12 1/2
Discounts17 1/2
Net cost2.32 1/2
Selling price to YOU\$6.00
Our profit\$3.67 1/2

You can see for yourself that when I was making such profits it was but natural that I should deem it proper to spend the money on trips to Europe and up the Nile, etc. Of course, I had plenty of money to spend. Even way back when the concern was in its infancy I always made big money. And it made no difference what the financial barometer said about the money market. I was not bothered by bank failures nor by financial stringencies. I did not have to borrow any money. Of course not. You furnished it.

Good gracious, if you had furnished your local merchants with the cash you sent to me, in advance, they would all be millionaires, now, instead of plodding along trying to make both ends meet.

Take it, for instance, that you sent me an order for a lot of things including hardware. Did you ever wonder why the hatchets and hammers and other tools broke so easily or would not keep an edge? Did you wonder why the locks became broken and out of order? Did you wonder why nothing would work just as it should?

Your dealer in your own town buys goods that he feels sure will give service and be satisfactory. If not you can make him give you a duplicate that will fill the bill. But he is a different proposition. He has to be right there in his store to meet you face to face while my concern is a long ways off.

In groceries, too. It was my custom to buy up what we call "job lots" of any merchandise whatever. If a merchant went broke and went into bankruptcy I used to bid on his stock. I would buy it, for cash, for all the way from fifteen cents to forty or fifty cents on the dollar. He always wanted cash and was willing to sacrifice his goods at any price. Then I would take this stuff and parcel it out. All was fish that came to my net. I would offer some old junk that he had kept on his shelves for many years, as special bargains, and would quote descriptions as though the stuff were new, and yet make a price that sounded low. I would call an article "valued at" say \$5, and price it at \$2.50. It would have cost us about half a dollar or perhaps less.

Cases of tomatoes, corn, fruit and other canned goods were my specialty. Many and many a time have I dug up from the cellar or from the back of the shelves of some old merchant whom I bought out for cash at a very small price, a lot of old cans, bulged out, and rusted and looking as if they had been there for years. And they had, probably. I would set a boy to work cleaning and polishing these cans and then I would paste new labels on them. Sometimes there were no labels and then I could have a lot of fun deciding what labels to put on them. There were many surprises in store for those who bought such stuff at a "bargain." I would paste new labels on such cans as I could not tell the contents of, and ship them out to our customers.

Sugar, that had become wet, and which I had to break up with an ax, salt the same, prunes full of worms, corn meal alive with roaches, salt fish strong enough to float a ship, flour and crackers filled with vermin—yes, I bought all sorts of stuff and sold it at a great profit.

And clothing—there's where I made some of my greatest profits, for the clothing I sold, in a majority of instances, was made by half-grown Jewish girls and boys in what are known to the trade as "sweatshops."

The vest I sold as a part of your suit was probably cut by a sweating young Jew from Russia, who cannot speak more than a half dozen words of our language. He cuts them out in lots, a pile of cloth a foot deep and he cuts them with a big knife that looks more like a straw or hay knife—the kind you use to cut hay out of a stack with. It's the same way with the coats and trousers.

Then these pieces of cloth are sewed together by perishing young Jewesses. They get a few cents for sewing a vest. Another gets a few pennies for putting in the pockets. An-

other gets a similar amount for putting on a collar, etc. All this work is done by the dozen. So many cents per dozen.

The coatmakers are generally men, but some shops have women because they are cheaper. Most of the work is done right there in the shop so an inspector can watch the poor sweating men and girls at work and keep them speeded up. The poor slaves who sew the garments I sold have never placed a hand on a well-dressed man nor worn a well-fitting garment themselves.

It's the same with the cloaks and suits of the woman folks. All this stuff is cut out by the dozen at one time with a big knife—literally sawed out. The making is done in the same manner. If you could only see the dirt and filth of these foreign slaves who cut and sew the garments I sold you would shudder with horror at the prospect of placing the garments on your back.

Your own tailor or dressmaker, right in your home town, will make you a suit or a coat much better than the sweatshop workers and you can be sure that you are not going to catch any disease from it. You will find that it is sewed better, that it won't rip, that the buttons won't fall off, and that your pockets won't turn into gaping holes. Again you will find that the material is better and dependable, that the style is better, etc. In every way it will be more desirable.

It will be the same way with your hats and shirts and shoes. In fact you will discover that with everything I sold there will be something lacking.

It may look good for the first few times. Then it will fade, the rain will pull it out of shape, the seams will rip wherever there is an ordinary strain, and you will find out that it looks cheap and shoddy. It is.

Buy at home. Get the things that are dependable and worth having. Buy from your local dealers. It's cheapest for you in the long run, and you are not sending your money out of town. Be patriotic and spend your money at home. It's a good investment for you. It will advance your own interests.

WOODS OF VARIOUS STRENGTH

Investigation Has Shown That Presence or Absence of Tylose Makes a Great Difference.

The reason why one kind of wood is more durable than another is owing to the fact that one contains the substance known as tylose in more generous quantities. Tylose is the material which fills the pores of the wood and resists the entrance or action of decay. For instance, white oak is well suited and much used for barrel staves, where barrels are to contain liquid while, on the other hand, red oak, which is apparently of the same structure, is not at all suited for the purpose.

A close examination of the white oak reveals the presence of the tylose which seals all the little pores of the wood. Red oak has none of the tylose. For this reason a fence post of white oak will last much longer in service than one of red. Timber engineers who inject creosote and other substances into wood to retard decay long ago made lists of species that were hard to treat, and others which were easy.

The preservative fluids, we are told penetrate certain woods to a considerable depth when moderate pressure is applied; while others are almost impervious, no matter how great the pressure. Those hardest to penetrate by preservative fluids are those best supplied with tylose.

Eulogy on the Bob White.
The following is the eulogy on the Bob White, by William T. Hornaday, once director of the New York zoological park:

To my friend the epicure: The next time you regale a good appetite with bluepoints, terrapin stew, filet of sole and saddle of mutton touched up here and there with the high lights of rare old sherry, rich claret and dry monopole, pause as the dead quail is laid before you on a funeral pyre of toast and consider this:

"Here lie the charred remains of the farmer's ally and friend, poor Bob White. In life he devoured 145 different kinds of bad insects and the seeds of 129 noxious weeds. For the smaller pests of the farm he was the most marvelous engine of destruction that God ever put together of flesh and blood. He was good, beautiful and true; and his small life was blameless. And here he lies dead, snatched away from his field of labor and destroyed, in order that I may be tempted to dine three minutes longer after I have already eaten to satiety."

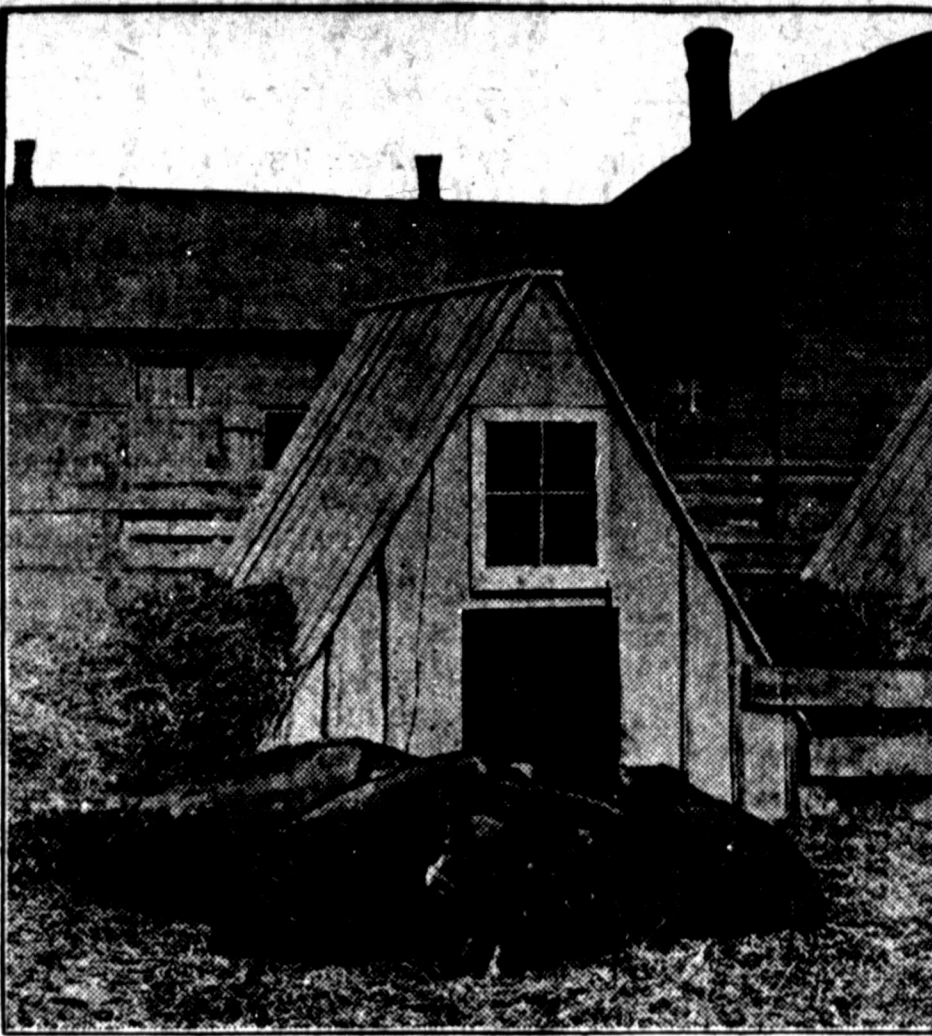
Then go on and finish Bob White.

Comfortable German Helmets.

German helmets brought to England as trophies of war have been much admired. Though made apparently of steel, they were as light almost as a cloth cap or a straw hat.

Round the inside, where the helmet touches, was a ring of metal "leaf springs" bound with leather, which lightly clipped the head to keep the helmet on without heavy pressure. The brass spike or knob that crowned the helmet was made useful as well as ornamental. There were large holes in it, which gave very good ventilation to the inside of the helmet—much better than the pinholes that are supposed to ventilate a bowler. In fact, the Germans seem to have succeeded in making a really comfortable bowler out of paper-thin steel.

EXCELLENT HINTS FOR SWINE BREEDER



Hog Cots Banked Up on Sides to Keep Animals Warm.

There is a great difference in opinion among farmers—and good farmers at that—as to the age at which sows should be bred. Some men breed gilts at ten or eleven months, while others do not breed until they are two years old.

Never select a brood sow with a long, lean, narrow head, and a wicked little eye. She is apt to be nervous and cross and a pig eater.

It is a good plan to feed a little grain to the growing pigs, even though they are running on good pastures.

In the South many hog raisers turn their young hogs out into the swamps along the rivers and creeks, and pay no attention to them during the entire summer, rounding them up in the fall, only to feed them two or three weeks before shipping them to market. Some surprisingly good results are obtained in this way, too.

Sows with a young litter should be watched carefully, for there are many sows that do not give enough milk to start the pigs off well. In such cases the youngsters should be fed a little whole cow's milk, warmed at first, and later skim milk, with a handful of oats in it.

The man who raises pigs for market, and pushes them along with some grain, shorts and oats, even while they are running in rich pastures, will bring them to perfection much more quickly than if they are allowed to run on grass alone, until fall.

Keep the box full of charcoal, salt and sulphur, where the pigs can get at it all the time. It may surprise you to find out how much they will eat, but it will pay to provide this food for them.

When pigs are old enough to eat they should be fed in a separate pen from that in which their mother is confined. A door just large enough to admit the pigs and keep out the mother should be placed in the partition, so the youngsters can come and go at will.

Sunshine and exercise are the indispensable rights of all farm animals.

Modern hog houses are, as a rule, too close, too warm and too comfortable.

Poor ventilation is the common fault and the inaccessibility to sunlight is an equally serious one.

It is a sad mistake to imagine that increasing the bulk of the feed for hogs by adding water will do them any good.

Clean food and clean quarters will keep the hogs healthy. Keep the troughs clean. Never feed any fermented food.

Among the feeds that should be given is skim milk, which is very good, as it contains a large amount of protein, and is bulky. Clover is an exceptionally good feed in the green state, and even clover hay steamed proves very nutritious. Oil meal cake contains much nutriment of the right kind. Where alfalfa can be had it is also good. Oats in various forms furnish the exact kind of nutriment most serviceable for the breeding animals.

The sow that is carrying pigs needs a large amount of protein food on account of the extra bodies she is building up. But care must be taken not to have too much protein in the food, as the starchy parts are also needed. The starch-forming elements should be five or six times the protein elements.

This is about the composition of oat meal. Bran is a highly nitrogenous feed and should be balanced with something else when it is fed. All plants that have pods are rich in protein and are thus good materials out of which to make food for breeding swine.

Young boars will usually make better growth if kept separated from the sows. There might be conditions or exceptions where this would not be true, but they will certainly be rare. Not only should the boar be separated from the sows when there are young pigs around, but at all other times. The most expensive way of keeping a boar is to let him run with the rest of the herd. He should be kept in a lot by himself, but this lot should be large enough to furnish ample green feed and plenty of exercise.

Pigs make the heaviest and cheapest gains in live weight during the first two months of their existence.

Changes in the character or quantity of the ration should always be made very gradually.

Do not judge a brood sow alone by the number of pigs she raises. Quality must always be considered. Six or seven good even pigs are often worth more than nine or ten uneven ones.

When you get a business sow keep her as long as she does well.

GOOD REMEDY FOR PARALYSIS IN HOGS

Colorado Expert Recommends Treatment for Ailment—Cause of Trouble.

(By GEORGE H. GLOVER, Colorado Agricultural College.)

Partial or complete paralysis of the hind legs of hogs is seen so often in swine herds that a common cause has been suspected but not definitely determined.

Inbreeding, parasites, and an unbalanced ration, have each in turn been assigned as the probable cause of this particular form of paralysis, and now it is quite generally attributed to a lack of phosphate of lime. This salt in a form that can be appropriated may be deficient in the ration or not properly appropriated by the tissues of the body, or again, it may be because of a drain on the system for phosphates to nourish the growing fetus or the young after birth.

It is a well-known fact that there is a deficiency of phosphate of lime in the bones and other tissue of pregnant animals and in those that are suckling their young. This is especially true of the sow. But this condition is not confined to pregnant animals. In one instance a herd of 44 hogs, of both sexes, and ages ranging from ten months to two years, nearly all of them were affected with partial or complete paralysis of the hind legs. The ration had been largely raw potatoes.

They appeared to suffer no pain, the appetite was quite normal. A balanced ration would probably have prevented this condition. The following treatment has been recommended and should be helpful in these cases. One tablespoonful of cod liver oil, 15 grains phosphate of lime and three drops of fluid extract of nuxvomica mixed with the food twice a day.

KEEP LAYING HENS MOVING IN WINTER

Throw Their Feed in Litter of Some Kind and Make Them Scratch for It.

Make your hens work for all they get to eat. Keep them moving about during the day as much as possible by throwing their feed in chaff, cut straw, shredded cornstalk or other material. Give them as much of a variety of grain as you possibly can.

Wheat, oats, cracked corn, barley and buckwheat are all good, but should be mixed together when fed. Never feed all of one kind of grain at one time. They like a variety. For green food, second cutting of clover is one of the best. Cabbage, carrots and mangel-wurzels can also be fed to advantage. They should be fed at least three times a week meat of some kind.

Beef scraps soaked and mixed with bran, enough to take up the moisture, answers this purpose. Skim milk added to the mash will give good results. Plenty of fresh water and grit should be where they can have access to it at all times.

Separate the Hogs.
Separate the breeding stock from the fattening hogs, also separate the larger from the smaller ones.

APPLE DESSERTS OF MERIT

Delicious Confections From Fine Fruit That is a Favorite With Old and Young.

Apple Dumpling Pie.—Fill deep pie pan heaping full of good tart apples, pared and quartered, put in a little water, cover closely, set on range to cook while making crust. Make a crust of one rounded cup flour, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, one dessertspoonful lard, salt, one-half cupful water. Mix lightly with a spoon, roll about one-half inch thick, cutting places for steam to escape. Cover apples with it, pressing dough down around the edges of the tin. Bake in a rather quick oven. Serve with the following:

Dressing for Pie.—One cupful sugar, one tablespoonful butter; add a little cream; season with nutmeg. Stir to a cream. To serve, cut in pieces as pie, turning crust bottom side up. Take apples out with a spoon, cover crust with apples, then cover apples with dressing.

Delicious Way to Bake Apples.—Peel and core apples and put in baking dish, filling each apple with sugar. Cover with hot water and stew gently, laying a few pieces of stick cinnamon and lemon peel on the top. When about half done sprinkle with a heaping tablespoonful of gelatin and place in oven until done. Serve cold with cream.

Old-Time Apple Pie.—Slice tart apples, lay them on a lower crust, cover them with maple sirup and very thin slices of salt pork; add a shake of red pepper. Cover with perforated upper crust and bake until apples are soft and strupy. The pork melts and disappears.

FOR VARIATION IN THE MENU

There Are Days When Fish Will Be Appreciated, and Baked Cod Can Be Recommended.

Here is a good way of baking cod: Have the fish skinned and backbone removed. Lay on an earthenware platter; open. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, dip oysters separately in melted butter, then in crumbs and lay on one-half of fish. When covered fold other side over, brush with beaten egg, moisten the crumbs with the butter. There will be some oyster liquor in the butter from dipping, but use it. Cover the fish with the crumbs so prepared. Do not put any water on the fish. Set pan of water under the platter to keep platter from cracking and have oven hot. A four-pound fish will require one-half pint oysters, one-half pint crumbs and one-quarter cupful of butter. Bake about forty minutes. Serve on the platter it is baked in. If you wish to bake the fish with the skin and bone on put plenty of strips of fat pork over it and baste with the drippings. Never use water for baked fish. Do not bake too long. When the flakes separate it is done. When baked on a platter, without the skin, it requires no basting.

Mock Angel Cake.

An inexpensive cake to cut up into little shapes and ice and decorate with different nuts and little candies is the mock angel cake. Sift together four or five times one cupful of sugar and one cupful of flour with three level teaspoonfuls of baking powder; mix with one cupful of hot milk and one teaspoonful of vanilla, and finally add the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs and bake in an ungreased pan for 40 minutes, or divide and bake in two layers. The crust of this will have a flavor like the real angel cake if half a teaspoonful of vanilla and about as much of almond extract is used. This may be iced with a white frosting or is good with chocolate.

Cold Catchup.

Cut four quarts of tomatoes fine, add one cupful of chopped onions, one cupful of nasturtium seeds that have been cut fine, one cupful of freshly grated horse-radish, three large stalks of celery chopped, one cupful of whole mustard seed, one-half cupful of salt, one rounding tablespoonful each of black pepper, cloves and cinnamon, a level tablespoonful of mace, one-half cupful of sugar and four quarts of vinegar.

Mix all well together and put into jars or bottle. It needs no cooking but must stand several weeks to ripen.

Little Meat Rolls.

From some cooked meat remove fat and gristle and put through the chopper. Season well and moisten with a little good gravy. Make a good, rich biscuit dough, roll out thin and cut into four or five-inch squares, spread each piece with some of the meat mixture and roll up as tightly as possible. Place close together in a greased pan, brush the tops with milk and bake in a quick oven. Serve with a good gravy.

Bolled Heart With Raisin Sauce.

Clean, wash and skewer an ox heart. Put in a stewpan, cover with cold water, bring quickly to the boiling point and let simmer until tender, by which time the liquor should be reduced to two cupfuls. Remove to a hot serving dish, pour raisin sauce around it and garnish with parsley.

Salmon Grab.

One can salmon, one-half cupful milk, two eggs, one-half cupful cracker crumbs, salt and pepper. Beat yolks of eggs and then add the other ingredients, adding the beaten whites last. Bake one-half hour. Slice cold and serve with or without mayonnaise dressing.

YOUR WELFARE

is at stake when you neglect the Stomach; Liver and Bowels. Poor health will soon overtake you. Keep up "to the mark" by assisting these organs in their work with the help of

HOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters

It makes the appetite keen and aids digestion. Try a bottle.

To Cleanse and Heal Deep Cuts



Have it on hand!

HANFORD'S Balsam of Myrrh

For Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Sprains, Strains, Stiff Neck, Old Sores, Open Wounds, and all External Injuries. Made Since 1846. Ask Anybody About It. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00. OR WRITE C. C. Hanford Mfg. Co. SYRACUSE, N. Y.

All Dealers

Bacteria in Coal.
Mr. C. Potter has recently shown before the Royal society in London that in certain conditions of exposure to the air charcoal, coal, peat and other amorphous forms of carbon undergo a slow process of oxidation produced by bacteria. It is suggested that this fact may account for the deterioration of stored coal, its gradual loss of weight, and its occasional spontaneous heating in ships' bunkers. If the bacteria are not the sole cause of these things they may induce them, chemical oxidation accompanying and continuing that begun by the organic agents. The carbonization of vegetable coals, says a French writer, is due to the intervention of microbes at the beginning of their fossilization. When the coal reaches the air again, other bacteria take up the work of fermentation that was interrupted millions of years ago.—Youth's Companion.

Came Natural.
Bacon—They say that president of the bank who got away with a lot of the money began his career as janitor of the institution.
Egbert—Never forgot his early training to clean up the bank, evidently.

Almost Human.
"I'm going on a strike," said the match.
"Better not," responded the old pipe. "You'll lose your head if you do."

A Difference.
"Authors nowadays don't live in attics, do they?"
"No; they prefer best sellers."

The Meat of Wheat

The average yearly consumption of wheat in the United States is nearly six bushels for every man, woman and child.

But—
Much of the nutriment of the wheat is lost because the vital mineral salts stored by Nature under the bran-coat are thrown out to make flour white.

In making Grape-Nuts FOOD

of choice wheat and malted barley, all the nutriment of the grains, including the mineral values necessary for building sturdy brain, nerve and muscle, is retained.

Everywhere Grape-Nuts food has proven a wonderful energizer of brain and brawn, and you may be sure

"There's a Reason"

THE PORTALES VALLEY NEWS

J. E. HENDERSON, Editor and Proprietor

Published as second-class mail matter November 14, 1913, at the post office at Portales, New Mexico, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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

ADVERTISING RATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, ONE DOLLAR FOR ONE YEAR

WHY SO MANY CLASSES?

Just why there should be so much jangle and jar over the classification of the counties for fixing the salaries of the officials is rather a difficult problem for the common "geezer" to fathom. It strikes the ordinary individual as absurd that the salary of an individual, or set of individuals, should be based, as to amount, on the taxable value of the property of the employer. A county may be richer than its neighbor yet, owing to its orderliness and its lack of property transfers, furnish much less employment for its sheriff and clerk than the community with less wealth. It may also be true that much wealth may be confined within small areas and small taxable values scattered over many miles of territory. It is also possible that large tax incomes may be represented by few entries, while half that amount may consume many pages. It appears to be much more reasonable to have but one class, paying the same salaries in all counties. In such communities as have an unreasonable amount of work to do, the commissioners should furnish sufficient deputies to handle the excess. The News believes in good salaries, in fact, high salaries. It is unreasonable to expect a high order of efficiency in the administration of county affairs unless inducements are offered that will attract high grade talent. There is no justice in paying a district judge \$4,000.00 or \$5,000.00 a year and the county treasurer, or clerk, \$2,000.00. It requires no higher intelligence to properly perform the duties of the one than it does of the other. True, the training may be along different lines, but the mind that is capable of grasping the one is also equal to the intricacies of the other. The News believes that some three or four of the offices, provided for in the constitution, might, without impairing the service, be consolidated into one which, when so consolidated, should be as well paid as the others. The more this salary matter is agitated, the more reasonable and feasible appears the old fee system. Under that system those who had business with the officers were the ones who paid their salaries, and there is much of justice and common sense in such an arrangement. Surely there is no occasion for delaying for three or four years salary legislation that the constitution provided must be enacted by the first legislature.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS

Senate bill No. 25, introduced by one native son, Gallegos by name, provides, among other things: "That it shall be unlawful for any person to have in his possession, or to use, any air gun," etc., and further provides a penalty for its violation. This was a cruel jest for the native son to perpetrate on the members of the house and his own conferees in the senate. How, thus robbed of their means of offense and defense, could they longer endanger the seats of the few remaining Democrats who have, thus far escaped the missiles of the weapons this bill seeks to prohibit. It's really cruelty to animals, you know.

"NEW MEXICO, THE LAND OF OPPORTUNITY."

"New Mexico, the Land of Opportunity," is the title of a publication issued by A. E. Koehler, Jr., and made the official souvenir of the Panama-California exposition at San Diego. This is a very attractive and instructive publication and gives much information that would be difficult to obtain from any other source. The author very kindly sent the News one of these books which is highly appreciated and for which we extend thanks.

THE AUTOMOBILE TAX

As at present administered, there is no justice in the law which compels the owner of an automobile to pay a state tax, separate and in addition to his property tax, on his machine. There is, in truth, no more of right in taxing a vehicle whose motive power is gasoline, than there is in taxing vehicles which are propelled by horses or burros. However, if we are going to make the owners of gasoline cars stand and deliver, then in each county where the loot is extracted, there should it remain. It is believed that if this law should be so amended as to cover the swag so obtained, into the road fund of the county in which it was lifted, and to be expended for road betterment, giving them some supervision over its expenditure, then and in that event, much that now appears unjust would be corrected, and the hold-up lose much of its present unpopularity. Automobile owners are not, as a rule, hilariously jubilant over their enforced donations to the El Camino Real. This is a matter that the legislature might, at its convenience, and when not too busy ousting legally elected Democrats from office, give some thought to.

"The Praetorians"

Mr. A. L. Elmore is now in Portales and will make this his home. He has been appointed deputy and general organizer with Portales selected as his headquarters.

FRATERNAL INSURANCE

The Praetorians are a fraternal life insurance order and has a larger reserve per member than any fraternal order in the United States.

PORTALES COUNCIL

A fine council will be organized in a few days. Some of the best citizens have come into the order and are well pleased.

J. B. SAVAGE, State Manager

Roswell, New Mexico

Representing THE PRAETORIANS

Home Office: DALLAS, TEXAS

The Silo

A silo is a means of preparing breakfast food for cattle.

It is a huge pickle jar made of wood or cement with a conical roof. When the farmer desires to put up a nice mess of winter fodder for his stock he cuts a few carloads of green stuff, chops it fine, salts it a little, packs it into the silo and dumps rocks in on top of it to squeeze it down. He then seals up the silo to keep out the air and lets it mediate by itself until early winter. In December he opens the door and discovers that he has manufactured a food that the cattle would cry for if they need to. The product is called ensilage. It is rapidly becoming the most popular sort of upholstery for the cattle on ten thousand American hills. A cow who holds a meal ticket at a silo can usually be distinguished by her proud and contented look in March.

The silo enables the farmer to preserve the green feed which would otherwise become monotonous and passed by the middle of the winter. The lack of air prevents the fodder from spoiling and the pressure extracts a large amount of unnecessary juice. This juice trickles down into the bottom of the silo, where it ferments and acquires a strong, impulsive disposition which has endeared it to more than one desperate sarm hand in a prohibition state. With the aid of a long gimlet and a spigot a man with no regard for the property of others can ruin a silo full of food and a perfectly good digestion at the same time by taking fodder toddlers through the winter.

Silos were introduced in this country about forty years ago and have become very popular of late. A tall, round silo with a conical roof is a very picturesque addition to the landscape around the American farm and the traveler in a prosperous neighborhood might easily imagine that he was in the French chateau district. However, the difference between a silo and a round chateau tower with a conical roof is the fact that the silo raises cattle while the chateau never raises much besides Hades.

The silo is very profitable to the farmer and enables him to raise more stock at less expense. Those who have noticed any decrease in the price of beef and milk on this account will kindly step three paces to the front. — Santa Fe New Mexican.

Dr. Swearingin's Dates

Dr. Swearingin, of the firm of Doctors Presley & Swearingin, specialists, Roswell, New Mexico, will be in Portales, at Neer's drug store, on the 20th, 21st and 22d of each month, to treat diseases of the eye, ear, nose and throat, and to fit glasses. 1-tf

Notice of Foreclosure Sale

No. 1041
Whereas, on the 14th day of November, 1914, in a certain cause pending in the district court of the Fifth judicial district of the state of New Mexico, in and for Roosevelt county, wherein A. A. Rogers is plaintiff and F. T. Burke and the Portales Lumber company are defendants, said cause being numbered 1041 upon the civil docket of said court, the plaintiff recovered a judgment and decree upon six promissory notes and a mortgage given for their security, executed and delivered by F. T. Burke to the Portales Irrigation company on the 20th day of December, 1909, and duly assigned to the plaintiff herein, said judgment running against the land hereinafter described, and being for the sum of \$209.00, which said judgment at the date of sale hereinafter mentioned will amount to the sum of \$667.04 with all costs of suit; and, whereas, in said decree said mortgage in favor of the plaintiff, securing said debt was foreclosed upon the following described property, to-wit: The south one-half of the southwest quarter and the southwest quarter of the southeast quarter of section thirteen in township one south of range thirty-four east of the New Mexico meridian, New Mexico; and whereas, in said decree the undersigned, S. E. Ward, was appointed special commissioner and directed to advertise and sell said property according to law, and to apply the proceeds of such sale to the satisfaction of plaintiff's said judgment and demands. Therefore, by virtue of said judgment and decree and the power vested in me as such special commissioner, I will, on the 20th day of February, 1915, at the hour of 2 o'clock, p. m., at the northeast front door of the court house, in the town of Portales, New Mexico, sell said property at public vendue, to the highest bidder for cash, for the purpose of satisfying said judgment, interest and costs of suit.
Witness my hand this 19th day of December, 1914.
S. E. WARD, Special Commissioner.

Notice of Foreclosure Sale

No. 1011
Whereas, on the 2nd day of September, 1914, in a certain cause pending in the district court of the Fifth judicial district of the state of New Mexico, in and for Roosevelt county, wherein A. A. Rogers is plaintiff and W. J. EnEarl, Lillie A. EnEarl, Hugh M. Klivingston and Stark Brothers Nurseries and Orchards company are defendants, said cause being numbered 1011 upon the civil docket of said court, the plaintiff recovered a judgment and decree upon six promissory notes and a mortgage given for their security, executed and delivered by Mitchell M. Bounds, S. J. Bounds and Z. Othridge Bounds to the Portales Irrigation company on the 20th day of December, 1909, and duly assigned to the plaintiff herein, said judgment running against the land hereinafter described, and being for the sum of \$174.29, which said judgment at the date of sale hereinafter mentioned will amount to the sum of \$1797.63, with all costs of suit; and
Whereas, in said decree said mortgage in favor of the plaintiff, securing said debt, was foreclosed upon the following described property, to-wit: The southwest quarter of the southwest quarter of section five in township two south of range thirty-five east of the New Mexico meridian, New Mexico; and whereas in said decree the undersigned, S. E. Ward, was appointed by the court as commissioner, and directed to advertise and sell said property according to law and to apply the proceeds of such sale to the satisfaction of plaintiff's said judgment and demands. Therefore, by virtue of said judgment and decree and the power vested in me as such special commissioner, I will, on the 19th day of January, 1915, at the hour of 2 o'clock p. m., at the northeast front door of the court house, in the town of Portales, New Mexico, sell said property at public vendue, to the highest bidder, for cash, for the purpose of satisfying said judgment, interest and costs of suit.
Witness my hand this 19th day of December, 1914.
S. E. WARD, Special Commissioner.

Notice of Foreclosure Sale

No. 1046
Whereas, on the 14th day of November, 1914, in a certain cause pending in the district court of the Fifth judicial district of the state of New Mexico, in and for Roosevelt county, wherein A. A. Rogers is plaintiff and Eleanor Dyrart, John C. Dyrart, Anna Robinson, Thomas McBride Dyrart, Eleanor Dyrart, executrix of the estate of Boyd W. Dyrart, deceased, and all unknown claimants of interest in the premises hereinafter described are defendants, said cause being numbered 1046 upon the civil docket of said court, the plaintiff recovered a judgment and decree upon six promissory notes and a mortgage given for their security, executed and delivered by Thomas H. Turner and Ella Turner to the Portales Irrigation company on the 20th day of December, 1909, and duly assigned to the plaintiff herein, said judgment running against the land hereinafter described and being for the sum of \$1630.86, which said judgment at the date of sale hereinafter mentioned will amount to the sum of \$1638.04, with all costs of suit; and, whereas, in said decree said mortgage in favor of the plaintiff, securing said debt was foreclosed upon the following described property, to-wit: The northeast quarter of the northeast quarter of section twenty-eight in township one south of range thirty-four east of the New Mexico meridian, New Mexico; and
Whereas, in said decree the undersigned, S. E. Ward, was appointed by the court as special commissioner, and directed to advertise and sell said property according to law and to apply the proceeds of such sale to the satisfaction of plaintiff's said judgment and demands. Therefore, by virtue of said judgment and decree and the power vested in me as such special commissioner, I will, on the 20th day of February, 1915, at the hour of two o'clock, p. m., at the northeast front door of the court house, in the town of Portales, New Mexico, sell said property at public vendue, to the highest bidder, for cash, for the purpose of satisfying said judgment, interest and costs of suit.
Witness my hand this 19th day of December, 1914.
S. E. WARD, Special Commissioner.

FARMERS..

NOW is a good time to form a Banking Connection, while you are marketing your crops, and by opening a deposit account now, you will be in line to ask for an accommodation during the lean months next spring and summer. It is our earnest endeavor to help build up the Farmers and Stock Farmers of this county.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK
Portales, New Mexico
Member Federal Reserve System

WE HAVE..

Inquiries for farms and small ranches. List your places with us. We have Farms, Hotels, Stores, Etc., in different places to trade for New Mexico Lands. SEE US. "DO IT NOW."

WE ALSO WRITE INSURANCE
"WE KNOW HOW"

Braley & Ball..

Kohl's Garage
...AND REPAIR SHOP...

Automobile repairing and automobile supplies. Red Top Tires for Fords and Firestone Non-Skids. All guaranteed and worth the money. Don't wait until your machine is ready for the scrap heap. A little work now will save you much money later.

KOHL'S GARAGE
LOUIE KOHL, Proprietor

THE PORTALES LUMBER COMPANY
FOR
....All Kinds of Building Material....
G. W. CARR, Manager

Bring in Your Catalogues
We'll Duplicate the Goods and Prices
Whitcomb & Larrabee, Jewelers

SEE US BEFORE BUYING YOUR LISTERS
SEE US BEFORE BUYING YOUR LISTERS

Humphrey & Sledge

HARDWARE AND IMPLEMENTS

SEE US BEFORE BUYING YOUR LISTERS
SEE US BEFORE BUYING YOUR LISTERS

At Cosy Theatre

Friday and Saturday Nights

THIS WEEK



Mr. Albert Taylor and Company

Presenting, "The World and His Wife" Friday Night, and "Tess of the Storm Country" Saturday Night. These two plays have been pronounced by critics to be the greatest of modern successes. Admission, 50 Cents

The C. B. Cozart Grain Co.

DEALERS IN

Seed, Coal, Grain, Cotton Seed Meal and Cake. We Pay Highest Market Price for Your Grain and are Always on the Market.

TELEPHONE NO. 75

W. S. ODELL, : : Manager

TRAVEL WITH

RUNAWAY JUNE

The interesting, perilous road of love, and mystery and adventure. Attack with her the world-old question of money between husband and wife.

RUNAWAY JUNE

The Great Photo-Play Serial
BY GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER

Third Installment at the Cosy on Monday Night, February 8th

METHODIST REVIVAL CLOSED THURSDAY NIGHT AFTER VERY SUCCESSFUL MEETING HERE

(Communicated)

The great McIntosh-Anderson evangelistic campaign came to a close with the Thursday night service. No man could witness the great crowds that have been in attendance, from day to day, without the deep conviction that the churches of Portales are a unit in the great purpose of the meetings, and that all have been possessed with a great earnestness of purpose.

Evangelist McIntosh, the first week, preached especially to the churches. He showed the necessity of asking God what he wants one to do, rather than the following of one's own inclinations. God will, many times, want the christian to do the thing that that seems hard but, if the duty is accepted and its performance put into execution, the way is made clear and easy and results will always be forthcoming. He urged, as the first need of the great meeting with which God has blessed the entire community, is a consecrated church membership, a membership that is asking, as Saul did, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" His sermons have been interspersed with the characteristic humor and unique application that has made Mr. McIntosh one of the most distinctive, popular and successful evangelists in the south. Enthusiasm has taken hold of the people and the whole community is awakened, religiously, as never before in the history of Portales. The great audiences have been visibly moved, from time to time, as the little Scotch-Irish preacher held up the Christ as the only means of salvation.

The different pastors of the town report a quickening of the spiritual life of their membership, and Sunday schools and church services are being largely attended, and a new consecration has taken possession of hundreds of people, in addition to the scores who have accepted Christ and united with the different churches.

Mr. Anderson, the musical director, completely won the hearts of the people. He is a big fellow in physique, in voice and in heart. He fairly draws the music from the choir and great congregation. The songs, "Be a Hero, A Volunteer for Jesus, Joy Bells in Your Heart, How Sweet is His Love," and "The Little Church in the Wildwood," will linger in the minds of our people for many years to come.

May God's choicest blessings rest and abide with Brothers McIntosh and Anderson, and may their efforts be crowned with success wherever they may labor in His vineyard. The evangelists leave Saturday for Clovis, New Mexico, where they begin another great co-operative revival Sunday

Presbyterian Church

Drs. Gass and Winder will be here to stay with us a few days. Mr. Winder will address the Sunday school at 10 a. m., and Dr. Gass will preach at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. It is earnestly desired that every member of the Sunday school and congregation be present. We invite everyone to come and worship with us.

HUGH M. SMITH, Pastor.

Baptist Notes

Last Sunday was a good day with us. Seven new members were added to the church, five for baptism, one by letter and one by restoration. We will have our regular services next Sunday. Subject for the morning hour, "Communion." In the evening, "Setting our affections on things above." We will administer the ordinance of baptism. You are welcome to our church.

W. E. DAWN, Pastor.

State Federated Club Bulletin

The Legislative Department is maintaining a headquarters at the capitol. The record of the Federation bills are here found and a warm welcome given to all club women of the state. Mrs. A. A. Kellam, of Albuquerque, makes visits to the capitol whenever necessary to insure that our measures are well placed and having the very best influence brought to bear for their welfare.

We have two bills now before the House. House bill No. 79 by Hon. Nestor Montoya, entitled, "An Act requiring at least one woman on each of the boards having the control and management of the state educational, reformatory and penal institutions."

House bill No. 49, introduced by Floor Leader, Judge Mann, entitled, "An act defining juvenile delinquent persons and providing for the punishment of persons responsible for or contributing to the delinquency of children." This bill makes the parent or guardian responsible for a ward under sixteen years, or anyone contributing to the delinquency of such child, upon trial and conviction, to a fine not to exceed \$200 or imprisonment three months, or both.

The Federation has other bills to come before the legislature but they have not yet been introduced.

MRS. W. E. LINDSEY,
Ch'm'n. Legislative Dep't.

We have many inquiries from parties in Missouri, Oklahoma, Arkansas, Texas, Kansas, Iowa and many other states, who want to trade farms, hotels and various business enterprises for property in New Mexico. Those who have irrigated, shallow water or deep water lands, who would like to make a trade of this kind are requested to call into the office and list it with us. Braley & Ball.

13-tf

We write insurance on farm property and grains. Most favorable terms to insured and at slight cost. Braley & Ball. 13-

WANTS

WANTED—To trade West Texas land in artesian and shallow water belt for residence in Portales and land in Portales Valley. J. S. Long. 14-tf

FOR SALE—A span of good work mules. See Tom Taylor 14-tf

FOR SALE—Two highly bred registered Jersey bulls. H. C. Bedinger.

FOR SALE—One horse and buggy. J. B. Sledge. 4-tf

ED. J. NEER is agent for the Clovis Green house Parties desiring cut flowers may give their order to him.

SUDAN grass seed for sale. Curd's Second Hand store. 11-tf

FOR TRADE—A good young jack, for serviceable automobile. J. W. George.

TO TRADE—Painting for 12 foot wind mill and tower and galvanized tank. Chas. Goodloe. 13-tf

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

Horses and Automobiles to trade for land. See A. E. Siegner at Travelers Inn. 12-tf

BROOM CORN—Any one having small lots of broom corn bring it to the Portales Broom factory. 6-tf

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

FOR SALE—Three colts, one coming two years old and two yearlings, good draft mare colts. See or address L. L. Brown, Portales, N.M. 4-5p

WILL PAY CASH—I will buy and pay the cash for chickens, turkeys, eggs, beef hides and all country produce. Bring your stuff to me. Curd's Second Hand store. 2-tf

NEER'S TOILET CREAM will cure chapped hands and chapped lips. It is my own prescription and I can assure you that there is none better. Price, 25c at Neer's drug and furniture store.

FOR SALE—Eight head of Jersey cattle and three head of horses. Good terms. For particulars see John W. George. 11-tf

FOR SALE—Registered Jersey bull, two good milch cows, two heifer yearlings, 24 head of shoats, one Charter Oak range and household goods. W. E. Brown, Portales, N. M. 8-tf

The Portales Bank and Trust Company

There is just enough "fellowship" in our bank to make you feel that you are amongst home-folks when paying us a visit. We always like to meet you for a little talk-fest.

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

EGBERT WOOD

(Successor to Portales Drug Company)

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

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

Patronize the News Advertisers

ED J. NEER UNDERTAKER AND EMBALMER

LICENSED BY STATE OF NEW MEXICO

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

PAINTS!

We always carry a complete line of the B.P.S. brand of paints, varnishes, floor oils, etc.

Dr. J. S. Pearce's Pharmacy

Things to Eat

We have a full line of fresh, new things to eat.

PRICES RIGHT!

Come in and let us have a part of your business.

Strickland & Bland

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

Box 344 Portales, New Mexico

WASHINGTON E. LINDSEY

Attorney at Law

United States Commissioner. Final Proof and Homestead Applications. Office second door south of postoffice

DR. W. E. PATTERSON

Physician and Surgeon

Office at Neer's Drug Store. Office phone 67 two rings, Residence 65

GEORGE L. REESE

Attorney at Law

Practice in all courts. Office up-stairs Reese Building

PRESLEY & SWEARINGIN

Specialists

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

DR. L. R. HOUGH

Dentist

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

COMPTON & COMPTON

Attorneys at Law

Practice in all courts. Office over Humphrey & Sledge Hardware. Portales, New Mexico.

You Are Next

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

The Sanitary Barber Shop

"CASCARETS" FOR SLUGGISH BOWELS

No sick headache, sour stomach, biliousness or constipation by morning.

Get a 10-cent box now. Turn the rascals out—the headache, biliousness, indigestion, the sick, sour stomach and foul gases—turn them out to-night and keep them out with Cascarets.

Millions of men and women take a Cascaret now and then and never know the misery caused by a lazy liver, clogged bowels or an upset stomach.

Don't put in another day of distress. Let Cascarets cleanse your stomach; remove the sour, fermenting food; take the excess bile from your liver and carry out all the constipated waste matter and poison in the bowels. Then you will feel great.

A Cascaret to-night straightens you out by morning. They work while you sleep. A 10-cent box from any drug store means a clear head, sweet stomach and clean, healthy liver and bowel action for months. Children love Cascarets because they never grine or sicken. Adv.

Impressionistic.

Rankin—I understand our friend Daubensplatter won first prize at the cubist art exhibition.

Phyle—Yes, he won a thousand dollars.

"But I did not know he belonged to that school."

"He doesn't, but the committee got his picture upside down by mistake and the judges thought it was a masterpiece.—Youngstown Telegram.

SYSTEM FULL OF URIC ACID—THE GREAT KIDNEY REMEDY,

Two years ago I was very sick and after being treated by several of the best physicians in Clinton, I did not seem to get any better. I was confined to my bed. Seeing Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root advertised, I resolved to give it a trial. After using it for three weeks, I found I was gaining nicely, so I continued until I had taken a number of bottles. I am now restored to health and have continued my labors. My system was full of uric acid, but Swamp-Root cured me entirely. I am sixty years old.

Yours very truly,
W. C. COOK,
Clinton, Iowa.

1208 Eighth Ave.
State of Iowa }
Clinton County }

On this 13th day of July, A. D. 1909, W. C. Cook, to me personally known appeared before me and in my presence subscribed and swore to the above and foregoing statement.

DALE H. SHEPPARD,
Notary Public.
In and for Clinton County.

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

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

The Cause.

In a discussion of modern poets, W. B. Trites, the Philadelphia novelist, condemned Alfred Noyes.

"Noyes' peace poems!" he said. "Oh, those peace poems!"

He then added with a shudder: "It is now universally admitted that the irritation and suffering caused by Noyes' peace poems are responsible for the present world-wide war."

TAKES OFF DANDRUFF HAIR STOPS FALLING

Girls! Try This! Makes Hair Thick, Glossy, Fluffy, Beautiful—No More Itching Scalp.

Within ten minutes after an application of Danderine you cannot find a single trace of dandruff or falling hair and your scalp will not itch, but what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use, when you see new hair, fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—growing all over the scalp.

A little Danderine immediately doubles the beauty of your hair. No difference how dull, faded, brittle and scraggy, just moisten a cloth with Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. The effect is amazing—your hair will be light, fluffy and wavy, and have an appearance of abundance; an incomparable luster, softness and luxuriance.

Get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any store, and prove that your hair is as pretty and soft as any—that it has been neglected or injured by careless treatment—that's all—you surely can have beautiful hair and lots of it if you will just try a little Danderine. Adv.

Perils of the Season.

"Don't you worry about the danger Willie may run into with his new skates and sled?"

"Not as much as we used to. Now we are devoting our worry to what father is going to do with his new automobile."

The PSYCHOLOGY of MASS FORMATION

BY NIKOLA TESLA

WHEN I was a boy and chance or an unavoidable predicament made it necessary for me to walk past a graveyard after dusk of an evening, I began whistling as I approached and continued until my lips were swollen—or walked a mile out of my way to get well around it.

But even with all my whistling in a boyish attempt to prod a recalcitrant courage, my legs nevertheless were pretty wabby and my knees action was not of the showing class. My heart, too, ungallantly huddled up in a corner and went on strike, so that there wasn't much blood in circulation to keep me warm, and quite as a matter of course I got "cold feet."

In the nervous tension my scalp contracted so that my hair felt as if it was so many pricking needles, goose flesh writhed in creepy lines over my body, while my spine seemed like nothing so much as an animated icicle and my nerves were rasped by the demon of fear, for, mind you, every one of those dim-limbed gravestones was a potential ghost that might at any instant raise its uncanny arms and sweep awesomely out and claim me for its own.

Did you ever pass a graveyard at night when alone? And didn't you feel just about that way when you did?

Much as I might wish to be a boy again, I should not ever care to have to pass a graveyard at night—alone.

There has been so much said and written pro and con in discussing the tactics of the Germans in sending their forces at the enemy in what is known as the "mass formation" that it seems as if little could be added to the argument.

But there is a human side to this policy that so far has not been presented; not to my knowledge, at least.

It is a simple phase of the question that has to do with the element of human nature; the mental process of the mass, as disclosed by the individual as its unit.

Why is it that the man who quakes with fear at the approach of an impending battle quite often, as the records show, is the one who goes in at the charge with apparently the daredevil recklessness and disregard for danger that distinguished him among his comrades as the man unafraid or as being "crazy with the heat"—of battle?

However, before he attains to this degree of courage and comes eventually to be stricken with battle fever he must have been divorced from his sense of fear by some process or association aside from his conscious control. Fear and the concrete evidence of bravery are seldom if ever combined in any hazardous undertaking, and especially in the case where the individual faces the enemy in battle or other mortal danger—unsupported and alone.

And that brings us again to the weird and fear-specters that take form in the dreadful dark, along the silent and deserted road at the edge of the ghost-haunted graveyard.

It is interesting, and not a little amusing, now that I (and we are all pretty much alike in that respect) look back over the years and coldly analyze the mental attitude in which under the curtain of night I hesitatingly approached, tremblingly passed and thankfully left behind those harmless and sacred villages of the dead at the time I was an impressionable lad.

For, you see, when fortune favored me with companions on the infrequent occasions of my nocturnal journeys past the old graveyards, even if it were only a small boy not yet old enough to recognize the possibilities of a ghost in a dusk-shrouded tombstone, my courage always retained enough stamina to carry me through the otherwise nerve-shredding ordeal—without having to resort to the expedient of whistling myself out of breath, at any rate.

There might be prowling ghosts over there in the lowering dark of the somber aisles running through the shrubs and the weeping willows—but what fellow should be afraid of ghosts with a faithful comrade touching elbows at his side?

However, on occasions when there was a company of us, four or six or more boys, that walked together along the graveyard road, why, there just simply were no ghosts at all.

But if one of us had by some fortuity become separated from the main body and suddenly realized that he was stark alone among the momentous possibilities of his ominous surroundings, his false keyed bravado would instantly have lost its grip and hit bottom with a plunk.

The chances are, as a matter of fact, that he would have been "scared stiff"—too stiff to get out of his tracks—for the moment, at least. And, quite unblushingly, I am assuming that that boy must have been myself.

And, as for any of us to have ventured in the circumstance to go in there alone—quite unthinkable, I assure you.

But what, you are asking, has all this to do with the question of the German general staff's tactics when storming a fortress or charging the battle line in sending their troops at the enemy in close order or "mass formation"?

Well, the man is the boy and the boy is the man, and the mental attitude of the soldier in relation to battle is precisely that of the boy and the night-velled graveyard.

With this difference, all boys, unless it be the occasional exception that proves the rule, are



EVERY ONE OF THOSE DIM-LIMBED GRAVE-STONES WAS A POTENTIAL GHOST

TOUCHING ELBOWS WITH FELLOW COMRADES TO THE SENSE OF FEAR IS MOMENTARILY ALLAYED

less degree when we mentally place ourselves within range of the enemy's flesh-mangling shrapnel, parrying the vicious thrust of a bowel-ripping bayonet or dodging the decapitating swing of a cavalryman's saber.

And there are many of us who, if we were about to be placed in such a position, would—flinch, to say the least. And then there are those, no one will ever know what proportion of the whole, who when ordered into action would drop out, flop over and play "possum or just plain "beat it," providing he could do so without attracting the attention of his more loyal comrades or being detected by his officers, which last eventually he knows would result in a quick dealt penalty of death.

Even if so disposed, such a getaway could, of course, be effected only in a thin line of troops advancing in open or extended order, where the chances of opportunities for detection would be minimized, and where, too, such action would be likely to occur, because the individual is deprived of the moral support and psychological encouragement of elbow-touching comrades to spur him on.

It is in the cognizance of this element in human nature, which is concrete rather than abstract, that the German commanders show their fine understanding of this phenomenon of temperamental idiosyncrasy, the mental attitude, if you please, of the soldier facing the enemy, for, after all, the soldier is only the average citizen in uniform.

And this particular attitude of the soldier is the story, all over again, of the boy and the dark and the graveyard road. Alone and unsupported, he is the victim of fear. Touching elbows with fellow compatriots, the sense of fear either is momentarily allayed, or shame prevents an open display of it. Almost any man would accept the challenge of the risk in such environment rather than be called a coward by his comrades—or to be shot as such by a watchful officer.

It is the understanding of this fact, for it is a fact, not a theory, that justifies and possibly compensates the Germans in their tactics of charging the enemy en masse.

And then, too, the military experts, and even the layman, has learned that with the great advances made both in offensive and defensive means in modern warfare, the battles are won by masses rather than by the individual as the unit. When a certain objective is aimed at the commanders, having millions of men in hand and more in reserve, coldly calculate the sacrifice of many men to reach it, and to do so hurl men in solid masses at the enemy with the purpose of breaking him by sheer weight of numbers.

The battle value of the individual as developed in wars of the past, when musket, bayonet and saber were prominent factors, is largely lost in the face of ultra-modern machinery devised for wholesale killing, which demands the co-operation of masses rather than the distinguishing activities of the individual. Such machinery makes for barbarism and brutal slaughter rather than civilized warfare, if war can be considered a civilized institution, but in this day of a blood-red continent it is a part of the game, and we must perforce accept it.—New York Press.

INDIAN TROOPS IN ACTION

Although mainly Mohammedan, the Indian native army embraces men of the most varying religions, sects and races. Its normal strength in round figures is 160,000 men, but this does not include (about) 22,000 imperial service troops, 35,000 reservists and 39,000 volunteers.

The officers, of course, are British, but every regiment has its native officers, known respectively as risaldars, subahdars and jemidars. A risaldar is the native commander of a troop of cavalry, while the subahdar and jemidar rank respectively as captain and lieutenant—among themselves, that is, for in no circumstance does a native captain exercise any command over a British lieutenant. The Indian soldiers whose names are most familiar to the British public are the Sikh, the Rajput, the Gurkha and the Pathan.

It was the Sikh, of course, who put up such a tremendous fight against England years ago, but who, once conquered, has ever since proved the loyalist of the loyal. Originally of Hindu origin, the Sikhs as a religious sect were founded by Nanak Shah in the fifteenth century, and reached the zenith of their military and political power under the famous Ranjit Singh (1780-1839). The Sikh is not born a Sikh, but is admitted or initiated as one when he reaches early manhood,

from which date he never cuts his hair, and always wears an iron bangle on his wrist. By their religion, the Sikhs are forbidden to use tobacco in any shape or form. Equally at home in the saddle or on foot, the Sikh is a magnificent fighting man, and an awe-inspiring figure with his big beard, and great mustache curled up behind his ears.

"Rajput" means literally, "son of a king," and the Rajputs are an intensely proud, reserved and silent race. They are the world's finest horsemen, bar none, though they do not disdain to serve in infantry regiments. They are very tall, upstanding men of magnificent "presence" and haughty demeanor, for they never forget or allow the spectator to forget that they are of royal blood. Inside his turban the Rajput carries a steel circlet with sharp edges, and this he can hurl or throw with such deadly accuracy and force as to decapitate an enemy at many yards distance.

Kipling has made us familiar with the Gurkha, who is "blood-brother" to the Highlanders, and the most cheerfully bloodthirsty little "devil" going. The Mongol bloodst shows itself in his broad, flat features and squat frame, and the contrast between him and the lordly Sikh or Rajput is comical in the extreme.

STOMACH MISERY GAS, INDIGESTION

"Pape's Diapepsin" fixes sick, sour, gassy stomachs in five minutes.

Time it! In five minutes all stomach distress will go. No indigestion, heartburn, sourness or belching of gas, acid, or eructations of undigested food, no dizziness, bloating, or foul breath.

Pape's Diapepsin is noted for its speed in regulating upset stomachs. It is the surest, quickest and most certain indigestion remedy in the whole world, and besides it is harmless.

Please for your sake, get a large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin from any store and put your stomach right. Don't keep on being miserable—life is too short—you are not here long, so make your stay agreeable. Eat what you like and digest it; enjoy it without dread of rebellion in the stomach.

Pape's Diapepsin belongs in your home anyway. Should one of the family eat something which don't agree with them, or in case of an attack of indigestion, dyspepsia, gastritis or stomach derangement at daytime or during the night, it is handy to give the quickest relief known. Adv.

Of More Importance.

Mr. Arthur H. Engelbach, in his collection of anecdotes of the British bench, tells this story about Lord Brixfield, who was among the last of the Scotch judges who rigidly adhered to the broad Scotch dialect.

"Hae ye any counsel mon?" he said to Maurice Margot, when placed at the bar.

"No," was the reply.

"Do ye want to hae any appointit?" continued the judge.

"No," said Margot; "I only want an interpreter to make me understand what your lordship says."

SALTS IF BACKACHY OR KIDNEYS TROUBLE YOU

Eat Less Meat if Your Kidneys Aren't Acting Right or if Back Hurts or Bladder Bothers You.

When you wake up with backache and dull misery in the kidney region it generally means you have been eating too much meat, says a well-known authority. Meat forms uric acid which overworks the kidneys in their effort to filter it from the blood and they become sort of paralyzed and loggy. When your kidneys get sluggish and clog you must relieve them like you relieve your bowels; removing all the body's urinous waste, else you have backache, sick headache, dizzy spells; your stomach sours, tongue is coated, and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine is cloudy, full of sediment, channels often get sore, water scalds and you are obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night.

Either consult a good, reliable physician at once or get from your pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to clean and stimulate sluggish kidneys, also to neutralize acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder weakness. Jad Salts is a life saver for regular meat eaters. It is inexpensive, cannot injure and makes a delightful, effervescent lithia-water drink.—Adv.

Serum Cure for Tetanus.

Doctor Doyen, the famous French surgeon, announces the discovery of a serum that will cure tetanus or lockjaw. The inventor is a physician in the Ardennes, and the secret of his success lies in keeping the patient with head downward at an angle of 45 degrees after injecting the serum into his loins. Doyen says he cures 90 per cent of his cases.

LOOK YOUR BEST

As to Your Hair and Skin, Cuticura Will Help You. Trial Free.

The Soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal. These fragrant super-creamy emollients preserve the natural purity and beauty of the skin under conditions which, if neglected, tend to produce a state of irritation and disfigurement. Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. XY, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Why Men Swear.

Georgia Wood Pangborn, writing a story in the Woman's Home Companion, says of one of her characters: "He's a man, and can't cry, so he has to say damn."

Important to Mothers
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the

Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fitch*
In Use For Over 30 Years.
Children Cry for Fitch's Castoria

Your own phonograph always sounds better than your neighbor's.

Always sure to please, Red Cross Ball Blue. All grocers sell it. Adv.

Gossip generally means taking two and two and making three.

Dr. Marden's Uplift Talks

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN.

MAKING OF CONVERSATION A FINE ART.

"Talk, talk. It does not matter much what you say, but chatter away lightly and gayly. Nothing embarrasses and bores the average man so much as a girl who has to be entertained."

Thus a noted society leader, who had been very successful in the launching of debutantes, was recently advising one of her proteges.

I know of no other one accomplishment which will do so much to advance a girl socially as to become a superb conversationalist. It is indicative of intelligence, education, good breeding and culture. It will make a girl popular in spite of plain features. There is no other one quality which will give a girl such power over others, which will make her so popular, as to be able to fascinate people with her conversation. The good conversationalist is always the center of attraction in any company.

A girl who can talk well, who has the art of putting things in an attractive way, who can interest others immediately by her gift of speech, has a very great advantage over one who may know more than she but who cannot express herself with ease or graciousness.

There is no other one thing which enables us to make so good an impression, especially upon those who do not know us thoroughly, as the ability to converse well. To be a good conversationalist, able to interest people, to rivet their attention, to draw them to you naturally, by the very superiority of your conversational ability, is to be the possessor of a very great accomplishment, one which is superior to all others. It not only helps you to make a good impression upon strangers; it also helps you to make and keep friends. It opens doors and softens hearts. It makes you interesting in all sorts of company. It helps you to get on in the world. It helps you into the best society, even though you may be poor. The way to learn to talk is to talk. The temptation for young people who are unaccustomed to society, and who feel diffident, is to say nothing themselves and listen to what others say; but good talkers are always sought after. Everybody wants to invite Miss So-and-So to dinners or receptions because she is such a good talker. She entertains. She may have many defects, but people enjoy her society because she can talk well.

Conversation, if used as an educator, is a tremendous power developer; but talking without thinking, without an effort to express oneself with clearness, conciseness or efficiency, mere chattering or gossip, the average society small talk, will never get hold of the best thing in a girl. It lies too deep for such superficial effort.

Nothing else will develop a girl's brain and character more than the constant effort to talk well, intelligently, interestingly, upon all sorts of topics. There is a splendid discipline in the constant effort to express one's thoughts clearly, and in an interesting manner. We sometimes meet people who are such superb conversers that no one would ever dream that they have not had the advantages of the higher schools. Many a college graduate has been silenced and put to shame by people who have never even been to a high school, but who have cultivated the art of self-expression.

Now and then we meet a real artist in conversation, and it is such a treat and delight that we wonder why the majority of us should be such bunglers in our expression, why we should make such a botch of the medium of communication between human beings, when it is capable of being made the art of arts.

No matter how expert you may be in any other art or accomplishment you cannot use your expertness always and everywhere as you can the power to converse well.

MAN WHO CAN DO THINGS IS IN DEMAND.

When Mayor Mitchel of New York was discussing Colonel Goethals, who has won world-wide renown for his masterly construction of the Panama canal, for the head of the police department, he said he wanted the biggest man in America for the job.

The man who is in most demand everywhere today is the man who can do things, the man with a vigorous initiative and the quality of fine leadership, the man who can create something, the man with resourcefulness, the man of productive power.

There are plenty of men who can do routine work, who can follow prescribed lines, carry out in detail a program which others make, but the man of original force, of constructive energy, who can get out of the beaten track and blaze away for others is as rare as he is valuable.

There is always a big premium on the man of original ideas, progressive methods, the man of productive force, the thinker. There is an advertisement up at the door of every house of human endeavor for such a man. Great business concerns are scouring the country for men of this

stamp; large combinations are looking for them as leaders. Merchants need them, insurance companies are looking for them; they are wanted everywhere in the business world, in all walks of life.

The world wants leaders, men with great executive ability, men with stamina, men who have an abundance of iron in their blood and lime in their backbone. It needs aggressive men, men whose blood is full of positive force, men of grit and stamina—these are the men who make things move.

The man who is wanted everywhere today is a born winner, the man who is victory organized, the man who has the habit of victory. These natural winners have great self-confidence as well as determination. They have colossal self-faith in their ability to overcome obstacles.

These great positive, forceful characters are optimistic. Their ability is not weakened by doubts and fears and hesitations; they do not worry; they are not able to do the things they undertake. These are the sort of men that accomplish the great things of the world, the giants that turn neither to the right nor to the left, who do not go over, around or under obstacles, but through them, and are always equal to the occasion.

If you are ambitious to be something more than an average individual, if you expect to step out of the crowd and stand for something in particular, you must not do things as everybody else does them; you must inject superiority into everything you do; you must be original, inventive, resourceful.

If you expect to become an important figure in the world of commerce, a captain of industry, instead of a common soldier in the field of labor, you must put your shoulder to the wheel.

Some of the best people ever known—good companions, splendid friends and extremely agreeable—have never accomplished anything worthy of their ability, simply because they had no stamina, or grit. They were tame, commonplace; they lacked the fire, force, the originality and the push that accomplish things.

People whose blood is full of positive force are the leaders, the aggressive men who get to the front. They do not lag and loiter behind, waiting to be attacked. They take the initiative and push ahead, regardless of obstacles. They go through life taking it for granted that they shall control their surroundings; they are convinced that there is but one power in the universe, and that they are a part of that power. They act as if they had their trolley pole upon the great trolley wire of infinite power, and that they are equal to any task, no matter how great.

As Others See Us.

The genial professor stood on the hotel veranda, the center of a group of young people, when the office door opened and the business man from Boston hurried down the steps for his usual morning walk.

"Ah, good morning!" beamed the professor. "Glorious morning for a walk, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes, certainly—very nice, yes, indeed," replied the other, absently. Then, stopping suddenly, as if arrested by the compelling warmth of the greeting, he called out, "Oh, by the way, professor, here's my Transcript—thought you might like to look at it, you know! Never mind returning it when you're through, for I've finished it. Oh, that's all right. You're quite welcome, I'm sure. Say, read that editorial on the tariff! It's got the whole situation in a nutshell. Well, good morning! It is a nice day, isn't it?"

The spectators watched with amusement as the professor carefully folded the paper and put it in his pocket beside its exact counterpart. "I couldn't explain to him that I already had one," he remarked, thoughtfully. "It would have deprived him of so much pleasure, and," he added, as if to himself, "he has so little."—Youth's Companion.

Eagle Taken by Fishermen.

While herring fishing about fifteen miles from Fley, Yorkshire, England, a few days ago, the crew of one of the boats observed a large bird approaching, which, after hovering a short time, alighted upon the masthead. One of the lads on board, immediately commenced climbing the mast, thinking to secure a prize, but on the lad approaching it took wing. He had not descended far, however, before the bird returned to its previous position, apparently much exhausted. The lad again sprang up the mast, and on reaching the top attempted to grasp the bird, but his majesty was not to be taken without a struggle, for he stuck his talons deep into the boy's hand, making the blood flow most freely. The boy, clinging tightly to the mast with his legs, threw out the other hand, seized the bird by the throat, and succeeded, after a little flapping of the wing and attempting to bite, in strangling him. He then tied him round his neck, and came down, a bloody victor, to the deck. The bird was an eagle of a darkish brown color, speckled with white, of beautiful plumage, but excessively lean, about two feet long, measuring from tip to tip of wing a little more than five feet.

Principal Products. Teacher—What is the elephant hunted for, Emerson? Bright Pupil—Magazine articles.—Puck

Too Reminiscent.

"Miss Jennie did not seem to like my song at all."

"No wonder, when she has a telephone job."

"What has her job to do with my singing?"

"Very much, when you selected, 'I Hear You Calling Me.'"

CALOMEL IS MERCURY, IT SICKENS! STOP USING SALIVATING DRUG

Don't Lose a Day's Work! If Your Liver Is Sluggish or Bowels Constipated Take "Dodson's Liver Tone."—It's Fine!

You're bilious! Your liver is sluggish! You feel lazy, dizzy and all knocked out. Your head is dull, your tongue is coated; breath bad; stomach sour and bowels constipated. But don't take salivating calomel. It makes you sick, you may lose a day's work.

Calomel is mercury or quicksilver which causes necrosis of the bones. Calomel crashes into sour bile like dynamite, breaking it up. That's when you feel that awful nausea and cramping.

If you want to enjoy the nicest, gentlest liver and bowel cleansing you ever experienced just take a spoonful of harmless Dodson's Liver Tone. Your druggist or dealer sells you a 50-cent bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone under my personal money-back guarantee that each spoonful will clean your

sluggish liver better than a dose of nasty calomel and that it won't make you sick.

Dodson's Liver Tone is real liver medicine. You'll know it next morning because you will wake up feeling fine, your liver will be working, your headache and dizziness gone, your stomach will be sweet and your bowels regular. You will feel like working; you'll be cheerful; full of vigor and ambition.

Dodson's Liver Tone is entirely vegetable, therefore harmless and cannot salivate. Give it to your children! Millions of people are using Dodson's Liver Tone instead of dangerous calomel now. Your druggist will tell you that the sale of calomel is almost stopped entirely here.

The Third Generation.

John Barrymore tells this story about his little nephew, Sammy Colt, the son of his famous sister, Ethel. This story illustrates how the desire of the theatrical artist for "exclusive business" is probably transmitted from one generation to another.

"I was present one night last week when my sister was putting her youngsters to bed," says Uncle John. "She has reared them like old-fashioned children, and taught them to say their prayers at night. This night Sammy hesitated, and there was a worried look on his face. He had got no further than 'Now I lay me,' when he stopped.

"'Say, mudder,' he complained, 'I don't funk I'll say that prayer. I heard another fellow say it today, and if we aren't careful it will get all over town the first thing we know.'"

IS CHILD CROSS, FEVERISH, SICK

Look, Mother! If tongue is coated, give "California Syrup of Figs."

Children love this "fruit laxative," and nothing else cleanses the tender stomach, liver and bowels so nicely.

A child simply will not stop playing to empty the bowels, and the result is they become tightly clogged with waste, liver gets sluggish, stomach sour, then your little one becomes cross, half-sick, feverish, don't eat, sleep or act naturally, breath is bad, system full of cold, has sore throat, stomach-ache or diarrhoea. Listen, Mother! See if tongue is coated, then give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the constipated waste, sour bile and undigested food passes out of the system, and you have a well child again.

Millions of mothers give "California Syrup of Figs" because it is perfectly harmless; children love it, and it never fails to act on the stomach, liver and bowels.

Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly printed on the bottle. Adv.

Arduous Listening.

"Grand opera in English has been found as hard to understand as it is in a foreign language."

"Still, I prefer to hear it sung in a foreign tongue."

"It requires less exertion on my part. When I hear grand opera sung in English I am constantly leaning forward and trying to catch a word."

SAGE TEA DARKENS GRAY HAIR TO ANY SHADE. TRY IT!

Keep Your Locks Youthful, Dark, Glossy and Thick With Garden Sage and Sulphur.

When you darken your hair with Sage Tea and Sulphur, no one can tell, because it's done so naturally, so evenly. Preparing this mixture though, at home is messy and troublesome. For 50 cents you can buy at any drug store the ready-to-use tonic called "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy." You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. By morning all gray hair disappears, and, after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully darkened, glossy and luxuriant. You will also discover dandruff is gone and hair has stopped falling.

Gray, faded hair, though no disgrace, is a sign of old age, and as we all desire a youthful and attractive appearance, get busy at once with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur and look years younger. Adv.

After the War.

The manufacture of wooden legs is a useful industry, but extraordinary activity in their production is not a sign that the world is industrially prosperous.—Kansas City Journal.

It's Off.

"How about you and that telephone girl?"

"She has sent me back my solitaire." "Ring off, eh?"

Death Lurks In A Weak Heart

If Yours is fluttering or weak, use RENOVINE. Made by Van Vleet-Manfield Drug Co., Memphis, Tenn. Price \$1.00

Not a Cannibal. Little Dorothy, whose father owned a canning factory, went to Sunday school for the first time, but soon came running home screaming at the top of her voice.

"Why, Dorothy," said the father, "what is the matter?"

"Oh, daddy!" she cried. "Don't let them do it, will you?"

"Do what, my child?"

"Don't let them can me!" she sobbed.

"Can you? What do you mean?"

"Why, the teacher said for everybody to sing, 'Can a little child like me,' and then I ran away 'fore they did it!"

Lost. "Does your husband ever lose his temper?"

"Not any more. He lost it permanently about two years after our marriage."

The Wise Fool. "Time works wonders," observed the sage.

"So could I if I were as tireless as time," responded the fool.

YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU Try Murine Eye Remedy for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Irritated Eyelids. No Smarting, Just Eye Comfort. Write for Book of the Eye by mail Free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Never mind about giving the devil his due; just try to keep him from getting you.

Millions of particular women now use and recommend Red Cross Ball Blue. All grocers. Adv.

A joke is seldom as funny the morning after as it was the night before.

Women Everywhere

Praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Women from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from all sections of this great country, no city so large, no village so small but that some woman has written words of thanks for health restored by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. No woman who is suffering from the ills peculiar to her sex should rest until she has given this famous remedy a trial. Is it not reasonable to believe that what it did for these women it will do for any sick woman?

Wonderful Case of Mrs. Crusen, of Bushnell, Ill.

BUSHNELL, ILL.—"I think all the trouble I have had since my marriage was caused by exposure when a young girl. My work has been housework of all kinds, and I have done milking in the cold and snow when I was too young to realize that it would hurt me. I have suffered very much with bearing down pains in my back and such miserable pains across me, and was very nervous and generally run down in health, but since I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound my back never hurts me, my nerves are stronger, and I am gaining in health every day. I thank you for the great help I have received from your medicine, and if my letter will benefit suffering women I will be glad for you to print it."—Mrs. JAMES CRUSEN, Bushnell, Illinois.

A Grateful Atlantic Coast Woman.

HODGON, ME.—"I feel it a duty I owe to all suffering women to tell what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for me. One year ago I found myself a terrible sufferer. I had pains in both sides and such a soreness I could scarcely straighten up at times. My back ached, I had no appetite and was so nervous I could not sleep, then I would be so tired mornings that I could scarcely get around. It seemed almost impossible to move or do a bit of work and I thought I never would be any better until I submitted to an operation. I commenced taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and soon felt like a new woman. I had no pains, slept well, had good appetite and was fat and could do almost all my own work for a family of four. I shall always feel that I owe my good health to your medicine."—Mrs. HATWARD SOWERS, Hodgdon, Maine.

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills.

No one sick with woman's ailments does justice to herself if she does not try this famous medicine made from roots and herbs, it has restored so many suffering women to health. Write to LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO., (CONFIDENTIAL) LYNN, MASS., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

SPONH'S DISTEMPER CURE For PINK EYE DISTEMPER CATARRH FEVER AND ALL NOSE AND THROAT DISEASES Cures the sick and acts as a preventive for others. Liquid given on the tongue. Safe for brood mares and all others. Best kidney remedy; 50c and \$1 a bottle; \$5 and \$10 a dozen. Sold by all druggists and horse goods houses, or sent, express paid, by the manufacturers. SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Chemist's, GOSHEN, INDIANA

The Wretchedness of Constipation

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

DEFIANCE STARCH

is constantly growing in favor, because it does not stick to the iron and it will not injure the finest fabric. For laundry purposes it has no equal. 16 oz. package 10c. 1-3 more starch for same money. DEFIANCE STARCH CO., Omaha, Nebraska

10 ACRE TRUCK FARMS

\$1 cash and \$1 weekly—no interest, no taxes. In the Little Rock-Fine Burd District of Arkansas. Close to markets and railroads. Very productive. Send for literature. Treatment Land Co., 217 Beacon, Wichita, Kan.

"The Law of Financial Success"

a book with real bread and butter value, complete the postpaid. May mean thousands of dollars to you. The Fidelity Company, Box 609, Fresno, Cal.

WANTED to hear from owner of good farm for sale. Send description and price. Northwestern Business Agency, Dept. A, Minneapolis, Minn.

**Barrios, Wagons and Farm Trucks,
Charter Oak Stoves and Majestic Ranges
Cole's Hot Blast Heaters, Aluminum, Gran-
iteware, Tinware and Leather Goods**

Hardy Hardware Co.

Telephone Number 91

**Listers, Feed Mills, Corrugated Iron,
Roofing, Nails, Barbed Wire, Ammu-
nition, Windmills, Pump Cylinders,
Lubricating Oils and Dry Cell Batteries**

School Notes

Miss Grinstead has been unable to take up her work this week on account of sickness. Professor Brown has taken her place and Miss Irene Smith has taken Mr. Brown's place as teacher of the seventh grade during Miss Grinstead's absence.

J. F. Jones visited the school Tuesday and conducted a very interesting discussion in the Senior English class on Burke's Speech on conciliation.

Professor Long visited the Clovis schools last week and has some very nice things to say about the school work being done in that place.

Miss Eulalia Wollard and Allan Sanders are new students in the freshman class this week.

The Sophomores and Juniors enjoyed (?) an examination in geometry Wednesday.

Messrs. J. B. Priddy and R. K. Puckett were visitors at the school Monday.

Roads Begin to Look Good

Roosevelt county, without question, the busiest road builder in the whole state just now. The work on the road along the railway is progressing. The grading of the roads west is making progress. The roads of a country is the best evidence of the character of the people. Well kept roads coming into a town speak in strong terms of progressive business men and good farmers.

Rev. J. H. Messer, at one time pastor of the Methodist church at this place, but now pastor at Clovis, was in Portales this week meeting old friends and, incidentally, attending the McIntosh-Anderson revival.

Judge G. L. Reese was in Farwell, Texas, this week where he tried a law suit.

Charley Hart returned the first of the week from Arizona where he purchased two hundred head of nice cattle.

We write insurance on farm property and grains. Most favorable terms to insured and at slight cost. Braley & Ball. 13-

John Luikart and family this week returned from Oklahoma where they have been visiting friends and relative for the past two months.

Clyde Knapp and family have returned from Ohio, where they have been visiting for the past two months. Mr. Knapp is now busy at his old job with the Warren-Fooshee & Company.

J. T. Wilcox, of Fairbury, Illinois, arrived this week with a bunch of prospectors to look over our valley. Mr. Wilcox has many friends here who are always glad to see his smiling countenance.

We have many inquiries from parties in Missouri, Oklahoma, Arkansas, Texas, Kansas, Iowa and many other states, who want to trade farms, hotels and various business enterprises for property in New Mexico. Those who have irrigated, shallow water or deep water lands, who would like to make a trade of this kind are requested to call into the office and list it with us. Braley & Ball. 13-tf

Dr. Swearingin's Dates

Dr. Swearingin, of the firm of Doctors Presley & Swearingin, specialists, Roswell, New Mexico, will be in Portales, at Neer's drug store, on the 20th, 21st and 22d of each month, to treat diseases of the eye, ear, nose and throat, and to fit glasses. 1-tf

Insurance, Real Estate and Loans

See
COE HOWARD

**DR. N. F. WOLLARD
Physician and Surgeon**

Office in Sam J. Nixon building. Residence Phone 69. Portales, New Mexico

Some Clubbing Offers

The El Paso Herald and the Woman's Home Companion, both publications for one whole year \$7.00. The El Paso Herald and the Metropolitan Magazine, both publications for one year \$7.00. The El Paso Herald and the Sun-set Magazine, both publications for one year \$7.00. The El Paso Herald and the American Magazine, both publications for one year \$7.00. The El Paso Herald and the Santa Fe New Mexican, both publications for one year \$8.00.

The above combinations at the remarkable low prices are good temporarily only. Therefore, if you intend to take advantage of any of the offers, kindly send your check or money order to the El Paso Herald, and indicate which one of the offers you desire. 14-tf

C. V. Harris and family returned this week from Arkansas, where they had been visiting with relatives and friends.

H. C. McCALLUM....

**Dray and Transfer
Baggage & Express**

Telephone 104

Prompt and careful attention is given to all work intrusted to my care. Will appreciate your patronage and serve you to the best of my ability.

Portales, New Mexico

Notice of Foreclosure Sale

Whereas, on the 14th day of October, 1914, in case number 1033 on the civil docket of the district court of Roosevelt county, New Mexico, wherein Frances E. Nixon is plaintiff and James R. Rittenbury, Martha E. Rittenbury and Haskell B. Rittenbury are defendants, the plaintiff recovered a decree of Foreclosure of the two certain mortgage deeds sued on in said cause for the sum of fourteen hundred and ninety-five dollars and fifteen cents (\$1495.15) for which said amount the court decreed plaintiff held a lien against the properties hereinafter described and that said lien and mortgage deeds were executed and delivered to plaintiff by the respective defendants to secure their joint and several note and said mortgage deeds were on the aforesaid date by order of the court foreclosed and the hereinafter described lands of the defendants was ordered sold to satisfy the above named sum of \$1495.15, and the undersigned was appointed special commissioner to sell the following described lands to satisfy the above named amount:

The southeast quarter of section eight in township five south of range thirty-four east N.M.P.M. together with the improvements thereon being the same lands ordered sold in said decree and all the right, title and interest of the said James R. Rittenbury and his wife, Martha E. Rittenbury, in and to the said last described land will be sold on the date hereinafter mentioned to satisfy the above named amount; and all of the right, title and interest of the defendant, Haskell B. Rittenbury in and to the southeast quarter of section nine in township five south of range thirty-four east, N. M. P. M., together with the improvements thereon situated will be sold on the date hereinafter mentioned to satisfy above named amount adjudged a lien and foreclosed against the said lands in favor of the plaintiff.

Therefore by virtue of said decree and the power vested in me as special commissioner, I will on the 6th day of February, 1915, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. at the northeast front door of the court house in the town of Portales, Roosevelt county, New Mexico, sell said described real estate at public vendue to the highest bidder, for cash, for the purposes aforesaid.

Witness my hand this 6th day of January, 1915.
JAMES A. HALL,
Special Commissioner.

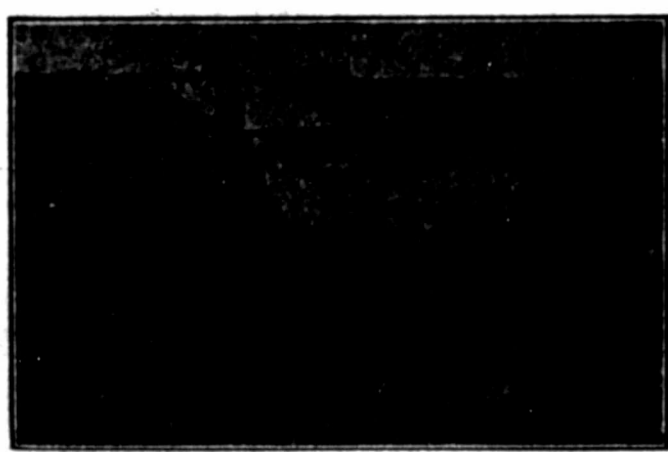
Home Made ..CANDIES..

Our home made candies are pure, clean and wholesome. Why not get the best, the home made, the kind we have, exclusively?

AT THE
Kandy Kitchen

Patronize Home Dealers and Be Safe

Portales Power & Irrigation Co.



There is Real Economy in the Big, Central, Power Station, and You, Mr. Farmer, may get the Benefit of this Economy



TIME TO GET BUSY

It is now but a short time til Spring and those of you who have not yet signed your power contracts should do so at once. Under the new rate schedules, you may get power this year considerably cheaper than heretofore. The new rates also make it an object for you to sell water to your neighbors. Come into the office and let us talk the matter over. Those who own farms adjoining places where our equipment is in operation, may make arrangements with us for getting water for irrigation purposes.

Portales Power and Irrigation Co.