

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, SEPTEMBER 16, 1915

Number 47

University of New Mexico Notes

Albuquerque, N.M., Sept. 16.—To more fully extend the usefulness of the New Mexico State University to the people of the state, President David R. Boyd announced today that in future the reference libraries of the institution, covering carefully arranged and catalogued information on a vast range of subjects will be obtainable on request from any responsible citizen. By years of careful collection, by exchange with other universities and with scientific societies, and in other ways the state university has assembled a huge library of reference works on various scientific subjects, on history, travel, art, literature, education, public business, etc. It is announced that in future a request for the use of pamphlets and books available on any special subject will bring the material by return mail, the only cost involved being payment of the outgoing postage when the material is returned to the university. A special library assistant has been detailed to attend to this department which, it is expected, will be used extensively. The offer of the university will be especially useful to debating societies, study clubs, women's clubs and similar organizations, in which a special program of study is being carried out. Individuals also may obtain this material with the understanding that books and pamphlets are for temporary use only and will be returned to the university in good condition. The library assistant in charge will give prompt information should the matter sought not be available in the university collections, and where it may be most rapidly obtained.

Methodist Church

The revival at the Methodist church closed last Sunday night. Rev. A. C. Fisher and wife were our splendid helpers in this meeting. They did very earnest and faithful work. Brother Fisher is not only a singer but he is a splendid gospel preacher and personal worker as well. Mrs. Fisher did most efficient work at the piano and with our young ladies. The young ladies which she organized at the beginning of the meeting increased from a very few to forty some odd. The meeting resulted in 31 additions to the Methodist church, and several names were given for membership in other churches. We feel like all of the churches of our town were greatly helped by the meeting. We appreciate the splendid help and co-operation of our members and of other churches in this meeting. Without their faithful service we could not have had the splendid meeting we had.

There will be the regular services at our church next Sunday. You are invited to worship with us.
A. C. BELL, Pastor.

"The White Terror"

Just a four-reel motion picture, yet it was one that every man, woman and child in Portales should have seen, shown at the Cosy theater last Saturday night. This picture brought to light the evils of child labor, the conditions in sweat shops and factories and also telling a smashing story of a newspaper's fight to better conditions in a typical American community. Mr. Beaver is now putting on a special line of feature pictures that are not only entertaining but educational as well.

Dr. Owens says, tell the people he now has a Peach cobbler at his shoe shop every day in the week except Sunday.

Better Live Stock

Both the farmers and the stockmen on the Pecos Slope are coming to see the advantage of growing better beef and dairy cattle, sheep, hogs and poultry. As prices are now, the well bred animal brings a much better return than the scrub grown at practically the same cost. C. O. Keiser, of Canyon, Texas, sold a hundred range cows at \$125.00 a head this spring and the purchaser considered this a bargain. These cows had cost little more to raise than cows that sold at less than half the money.

Owing to this increased interest in better cattle, sheep, hogs, horses and poultry, the Live Stock and Products Exposition, to be held in Roswell, New Mexico, October 4th to 9th, is assembling the largest and best exhibit of registered beef and dairy cattle, sheep, hogs, horses and poultry, ever shown in New Mexico, or the southwest. Last year this exposition had an extra fine stock exhibit, but will be greater this year.

This feature of the exposition is worth going to see. Yet there will be plenty of other instructive features in the way of products of the soil, machinery, school exhibit, art department and other things that indicate the possibilities of this country. There will be enough amusement night and day to make the stay at the fair enjoyable.

But as this is essentially a stock growing and stock feeding country, the stock department must appeal strongly to every progressive farmer and stock grower.
A. M. HOVE.

Woman's Club Notes

Following is the preliminary program for the State Federation meeting to be held in Portales, October 5th, 6th and 7th:

TUESDAY, OCT. 5.
10 a. m. — Executive board meeting.

2 p. m. — Business session.
8 p. m. — Addresses of welcome. Annual address of the president. Music by Portales.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 6.

9 a. m. — Business session.
1 p. m. — Luncheon with the Clovis Woman's club at Clovis.

8 p. m. — Cultural work of the Federation. Addresses by Dr. Roberts of Las Vegas, and Miss Hickey of Albuquerque. Music by the state. Reception by the U. D. C's.

THURSDAY, OCT. 7.

9 a. m. — Business session. Election of delegates to biennial.

2 p. m. — Home economics. Addresses by Miss Dora Edna Ross, of Las Cruces; Miss Manette Myers, of Santa Fe; and Mrs. Joseph Gawler of Elephant Butte.

Pyeatt-Wilkison Nuptial

On Wednesday night of this week Mr. J. P. Pyeatt and Mrs. Dora Wilkison were united in marriage at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. McMinn, Rev. F. G. Calloway officiating.

Mr. Pyeatt has lived in Portales for the past year and is proprietor of the second hand store.

The bride has only been here about two weeks, coming here from Prairie Grove, Arkansas, the former home of Mr. Pyeatt.

They will make their home in west Portales for the present. The News joins their friends in wishing for them a long and prosperous life.

A letter from Prof. R. A. Deen, superintendent of the Taiban Public schools, states that they are having a fine school at that place. He says that he has just enough to keep him busy. Also, he sends his regards to all his friends here.

ROOSEVELT COUNTY FAIR

PORTALES, NEW MEXICO, OCTOBER 5, 6, AND 7

This fair will be the largest and best ever held in Roosevelt County. Fair under strict business management. No large sums spent for advertising. We believe in giving the awards to the farmers. All awards will absolutely be paid on the last day of the fair. Live stock entries close October 1st. Make early entry to allow time to make arrangements for housing. Quarters will be disinfected according to state laws. Farm produce entries close October 5th at 12 o'clock noon, must be in place by 6 pm. Get entry blanks from your local committeeman or the secretary at Portales. Get busy, this is your fair, make it possible for your committee to send real prize winning stuff to Albuquerque.

COMMITTEE.

Among the social events of the season, none will be remembered more than the big barn dance given by A. L. Gurley and company on last Friday night which marked the opening of the large broom corn warehouse at this place. This was the largest gathering of its kind ever held in eastern New Mexico, over six hundred people in attendance. Two hundred coming from Clovis on a special train. The music rendered by the Jesse orchestra was excellent. This is said to be the best orchestra in the middle west.

Dan W. Vinson this week sent by express a crate of twelve cantaloupes to Mrs. John Banks at Bainbridge, New York, for which he received the sum of \$1.80. This is the third year that Mr. Vinson has shipped cantaloupes to this party and he has a standing order to ship a crate each year as long as the quality holds up to the present high standard. There is no use talking we have the quality and that is what is required.

J. B. Hext and family, arrived Sunday from McLean, Texas, and will again make Portales their home. They are among the first settlers of Roosevelt county and still own their place southeast of town. Mr. Hext says that he has done very well since he left Portales two years ago, but that he can do just as good if not better here and that this will be their home hereafter.

The News is in receipt of a copy of the Eagle-Investigator, published at Ochiltree, Texas, by Romulus W. Jones, he having taken charge of the paper last week. Mr. Jones is well known in Portales and vicinity and has many friends who wish him success in his new undertaking.

Secretary Wiley of the state fair commission had difficulty in making a Denver firm believe he knew what he was talking about, account of the unusual large order of tents to be used at the fair. This is the largest order ever received for tents by the Denver firm. The tents alone for one week will be \$1200.00.

A protracted meeting is now in progress at the Baptist church. The services are being conducted by Rev. H. B. Strickland, of Panhandle, Texas. Everybody is invited to attend these services.

Mrs. Walker, mother of J. W. Walker at Carter, New Mexico, died Tuesday. Interment was made in the Plainview cemetery Wednesday. The News extends our greatest sympathy to the family and loved ones in their sorrow.

W. E. Roberts, of Garrison, New Mexico, this week shipped two hundred, two and three year old steers to Kansas. These were sold for \$49.50 per head f. o. b. Portales. Mr. Roberts expects to ship five hundred to market next month.

Frank Hoelzle of Los Angeles, California, stopped over Tuesday night, looking after his property here. Mr. Hoelzle was manager of the Llewellyn Lumber company here several years ago.

Chas. Goodloe this week finished painting the residences of C. V. Harris and W. H. Ball, which adds greatly to the appearance of these structures.

Chas. Goodloe was this week appointed by the fair committee to have charge of arranging and shipping the display to the state fair at Albuquerque.

C. V. Harris and family, M. B. Jones and family and Bascom Howard left Wednesday morning in autos for a trip to Hollis, Oklahoma, where they will spend about a week.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Hardy, returned this week from Dallas, Texas, in their new Jackson automobile, presented to them by Mrs. Hardy's mother.

W. F. Knapp and family, left the latter part of last week for Clarksburg, Ohio, where they will make their future home.

Mrs. M. F. Ferguson, of Murray Kentucky, arrived Thursday for a visit with her daughter, Mrs. Dr. Dunaway.

Mrs. R. K. Puckett returned home Tuesday from a pleasure trip through California and the Expositions.

Mrs. J. L. Maxwell, of Bluffton, Texas, arrived Wednesday of this week for a visit with her son, W. I. Maxwell.

It is reported that Leon Jones is wearing a clean shirt the latter part of this week.

Operetta Will Be Repeated

The Federation committee of Women's Clubs of Portales, announce to the public that the operetta, "Bulbul," which was produced with such splendid results here last December, will be repeated as an entertainment feature for the state convention of clubs, which convene here October 5th, 6th and 7th. This second performance is again under the capable management of Mrs. S. E. Ward, and promises to be larger and better, more artistic and beautiful, if possible, than the former. Every detail is being carefully and skillfully provided for, and a most successful performance is now assured.

Some Rain—Some Lightning

A big rain fell last night and accompanied by severe lightning, doing some damage to electric and telephone company's wires.

Lightning come through on the electric wire of Judge Nixon's residence burning out the meter and stunning both Mr. and Mrs. Nixon. The current hit a large mirror in the room where they were sleeping breaking it all to pieces and shattered glass all over the room, cutting an ugly gash on Judge Nixon's arm and several other minor cuts on the body. Mrs. Nixon received the most painful injury, a piece of glass striking her on the head making a deep scalp wound. They were both blinded and stunned for a few seconds from the shock.

Some Nice Prizes

The fair committee are progressing nicely on the program and the premium list, and expect to have the list completed by the first of next week. The following cash prizes have already been decided on and we wish to say that either of them are worth competing for:

Display of dry farm products: 1st prize, \$25.00; 2nd, \$15.00; 3rd, \$10.00.

Irrigated products: 1st prize, \$25.00; 2nd, \$15.00; 3rd, \$10.00.

The committee says that there will be many others equally as good. Watch for the full list next week.

Shooting Score

Following is a partial list of the scores made by some of the boys of Company M this week. The two high men on this list get a free trip to Las Vegas to shoot in competition with the state, and we expect these boys to come marching home with the goods.

Name	Rapid Fire		Slow Fire	
	200 yds	300 yds	200 yds	300 yds
J. C. Compton, 1st lieutenant	47	46	64	64
Elbert Terry	55	44	59	62
Charley Thomas	47	45	57	59
John Maxwell	25	32	57	60
C. J. Whitcomb	43	37	61	50
Archie Williams	43	35	55	47
J. W. Williams	24	25	50	50
H. M. Compton	43	39	50	35

One of the greatest plays of the day. A 4-reel Imp drama. It is a realistic portrayal of the awful possibilities of capital punishment. Many remarkable scenes taken in Sing Sing prison which add to the grim realism of this powerful picture. The stirring action and the unexpected development of the plot, together with an insight into real detective work, make "Conscience" a play of intensely absorbing interest. See this great picture at the Cosy Saturday night, September 18.

Field Selection and Care of Seed

Demonstration proves that intelligent selection of kafir, milo, feterita and sorghum in the field for seed, increases the yield fully one-third, as compared to the methods in common use.

As most farmers know, the crops here mentioned belong to the sorghum family and that they therefore mix readily when grown side by side. By reason of this fact, the best and purest seed are found in the center of the field, rather than around the edges, where closely related crops are grown. Select heads well shaped and compact, rather than those that are loose and open of the "broom corn" type.

In kafir heads, the main stem or mid-rib should have several joints or seed bearing stems, and should extend well toward the tip of the head. These seed bearing stems should be short and well filled with seed.

Heads of all the crops named should be selected from medium sized, thrifty stalks, rather than those that are oversized, or abnormally large. Isolated stalks, grown far apart from other plants, are not the ones from which selections should be made, even if the head does appear attractive. The good head produced under field condition, where surrounded by many other is far better.

Do not select heads that may happen to grow near volunteer or chance stalks of any other members of the sorghum family, as they are likely to be mixed.

In all of this southwestern country, earliness is desirable, and it will therefore be found advisable to mark the first heads appearing in the crop, with a string that can be easily seen, so that they may be selected for seed when the crops mature, other things being equal. Be careful to select heads extending well out of boot.

Heads should be selected from the field as soon as fully matured, cut with stems only sufficiently long to be tied together and hung from rafters or other convenient places, or they may be placed in gunny sacks and suspended as above indicated. These seeds should be kept in the head until nearly planting time, when they should be threshed by hand. Care should be taken to protect seeds from rats, mice and birds, or insects.

Yours very truly,
H. M. BAINER,
Agricultural Demonstrator.

Creamery Meeting

A meeting of the subscribers to the creamery was held Tuesday and important business discussed. J. L. Blunt was awarded a five year contract as manager of the company and will supervise the work personally. Mr. Blunt is an experienced creamery man and will no doubt make a successful business out of it. The foundation of the plant is nearing completion and it is expected to be in preparation by the 15th of October.

It is to the interest of every farmer to begin now and get in readiness to supply this plant the raw material to its full capacity, as this is a farmers institution and owned principally by the farmers and if they will cooperate with one another, there is no doubt that it will be the best paying business in the country.

R. K. Puckett returned from the expositions Thursday. He reports a fine time on the trip and many attractions at the fair. He stopped over 2 days in Amarillo and was accompanied home by his mother.

The PRICE

By FRANCIS LYNDE

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SYNOPSIS.

Kenneth Griswold, an unscrupulous writer, because of socialistic tendencies, holds up Andrew Galbraith, president of the Bayou State Securities, in the president's private office and escapes with \$10,000 in cash. By original methods he escapes the hue and cry and goes aboard the Belle Julie as a deckhand. Charlotte Farnham of Wahaska, Minn., who had seen him cash Galbraith's check in the bank, recognizes him, and decides to denounce him. She sees the brutal mate rescued from drowning by Griswold. She talks to Griswold and by his advice sends a letter of betrayal to Galbraith anonymously. Griswold is arrested on the arrival of the boat at St. Louis, but escapes from his captors. He decides on Wahaska, Minn., as a hiding place, and after outfitting himself properly, takes the train. Margery Grierson, daughter of Jasper Grierson, the financial magnate of Wahaska, starts a campaign for recognition by the "old families" of the town. Griswold falls ill on the sleeper and is cared for and taken to her home in Wahaska by Margery, who finds the stolen money in his suitcase. Griswold, her father, takes the trail. Margery asks detective, takes the trail. Margery asks her father to get Edward Raymer into financial hot water and then help him out of it. Griswold recovers to find the stolen money gone. He meets Margery's social circle and forms a friendship with Raymer, the iron manufacturer.

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

"Maurice, I've got to find that young woman if I have to chase her half-way round the globe, and it's tough luck to figure out that if you hadn't been in such a blazing hurry to get to the city to get your supper that night, I might be able to catch up with her in the next forty-eight hours or so. But what's done is done, and can't be helped. Chase out and get your passenger list for that trip. We'll take the woman as they come, and when you've helped me cull out the names of the ones you're sure it wasn't, I'll screw my nut and quit buzzing you."

The clerk went below and returned almost immediately with the list. Together they went over it carefully, and by dint of much memory-wrangling Maurice was able to give the detective leave to cancel ten of the 17 names in the women's list, the remaining seven including all the might-have-beens who could possibly be fitted into the clerk's recollection of the woman he had seen clinging to the saloon deck stanchion after her interview with the deckhand.

It was while he was waiting for the departure of the first north-bound train that he planned the search for the young woman, arranging the names of the seven might-have-beens in the order of accessibility as indi-



"I've Got to Find That Young Woman if I Chase Her 'Round the Globe."

ated by the addresses given in the Belle Julie's register. In this arrangement Miss Charlotte Farnham's name stood as No. 1.

Landing in Wahaska the next evening, Broffin's first request at the hotel counter was for the directory. Running an eager finger down the "F's," he came to the name. It was the only Farnham in the list, and after it he read: "Dr. Herbert C., office 8 to 10, 2 to 4, 201 Main St., res. 16 Lake boulevard."

Then he registered for a room and prepared to draw the net which he hoped would entangle the lost identity of the bank robber. After a good night's sleep in a real bed, he awoke refreshed and alert, breakfasted with an open mind, and presently went about the net drawing methodically and with every contingency carefully provided for.

The first step was to assure himself beyond question that Miss Farnham was the writer of the unsigned letter. This step he was able, by a piece of great good fortune, to take almost immediately. A bit of morning gossip with the obliging clerk of the Winnebago house developed the fact that Doctor Farnham's daughter had once taught in the free kindergarten which was one of the charitable outcroppings of the Wahaska public library. Two blocks east and one south, Broffin walked them promptly, made himself known to the librarian as a visitor interested in kin-

dergarten work, and was cheerfully shown the records. When he turned to the pages signed "Charlotte Farnham" the last doubt vanished and assurance was made sure. The anonymous letter writer was found.

It was just here that Matthew Broffin fell under the limitations of his trade. Though the detective in real life is as little as may be like the Inspector Buckets and the Javerts of fiction, certain characteristics persist. When he found himself face to face with the straightforward expedient, the craft limitations bound him. He thought of a dozen good reasons why he should make haste slowly; and he recognized in none of them the craftsman's slant toward indirection—the tradition of the trade which discounts the straightforward attack and puts a premium upon the methods of the deer-stalker.

Sooner or later, of course, the attack must be made. But only an apprentice, he told himself, would be foolish enough to make it without mapping out all the hazards of the ground over which it must be made. In a word, he must "place" Miss Farnham precisely; make a careful study of the young woman and her environment, to the end that every thread of advantage should be in his hands when he should finally force her to a confession. For by now the assumption that she knew the mysterious bank robber was no longer hypothetical in Broffin's mind; it had grown to the dimensions of a conviction.

With the patient curiosity of his tribe he suffered no detail, however trivial, to escape its jotting down. To familiarize himself with the goings and comings of one young woman, he made the acquaintance of an entire town. He knew Jasper Grierson's ambition, and its fruition in the practical ownership of Wahaska. He knew that Edward Raymer had borrowed money from Grierson's bank—and was likely to be unable to pay it when his notes fell due. He had heard it whispered that there had once been a love affair between young Raymer and Miss Farnham, and that it had been broken off by Raymer's infatuation for Margery Grierson. Also, last and least important of all the gossiping details, as it seemed at the time, he learned that the betwixting Miss Grierson was a creature of fads; that within the past month or two she had returned from a Florida trip, bringing with her a sick man, a total stranger, who had been picked up on the train, taken to the great house on the lake shore and nursed back to life as Miss Grierson's latest defiance of the conventions.

It should have been a memorable day for Matthew Broffin when he had this sick man pointed out to him as Miss Grierson's companion in the high trap. But Broffin was sufficiently human to see only a very beautiful young woman sitting correctly erect on the slanting driving-seat. To be sure, he saw a man, as one sees a vanishing figure in a kaleidoscope. But there was nothing in the clean-shaven face of the gaunt, and as yet rather haggard, convalescent to evoke the faintest thrill of interest—or of memory.

CHAPTER XV.
In the Burglar-Proof.

A week and a day after the opening of new vistas at Miss Grierson's "evening," Griswold-Raymer's intervention with the Widow Holcomb paved the way—took a favorable opportunity of announcing his intention of leaving Mereside. It figured as a grateful disappointment to him—one of the many she was constantly giving him—that Margery placed no obstacles in the way of the intention. On the contrary, she approved the plan.

"I know how you feel," she said, nodding complete comprehension. "You want to have a place that you can call your own; a place where you can go and come as you please and settle down to work. You are going to work, aren't you?—on the book, I mean?"

Griswold replaced in its proper niche the volume he had been reading. It was Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations," and he had been wondering by what ironical chance it had found a place in the banker's library.

"Yes; that is what I mean to do," he returned. "But it will have to be done in such scraps and parings of time as I can save from some bread-and-butter occupation. One must eat to live, you know."

She was sitting on the arm of one of the big library lounging-chairs and looking up at him with a smile that was suspiciously innocent and child-like.

"You mean that you will have to work for your living?" she asked.

"Exactly."

"What were you thinking of doing?"

"I don't know," he confessed.

Again he surprised the lurking smile in the velvety eyes, but this time it was half-mischievous.

"We have a college here in Wahaska, and you might get a place on the faculty," she suggested, adding: "As an instructor in philosophy, for example."

"Philosophy? that is the one thing

in the world that I know least about." "Oh, but I do mean it, honestly," she averred. "You are a philosopher, really and truly, and I can prove it. Do you feel equal to another little drive downtown?"

"Being a philosopher, I ought to be equal to anything," he postulated; and he went upstairs to get a street coat and his hat.

She had disappeared when he came down again, and he went out to sit on the sun-warmed veranda while he waited. He had already forgotten what she had said about the object of the drive—the proving of the philosophic charge against him—and was looking forward with keenly pleasurable anticipations to another outing with her, the second for that day. It had come to this, now; to admitting frankly the charm which he was still calling sensuous, and which, in the moments of insight recurring, as often as they can be borne to the imaginative, and vouchsafed now and then even to the wayfarer, he was still disposed to characterize as an appeal to that which was least worthy in him.

Passing easily to Miss Farnham the ideal from Miss Grierson the flesh-and-blood reality, he was moved to wonder mildly why the fate which had brought him twice into critically intimate relations with her was now denying him even a chance meeting. For a week or more he had been going out daily, sometimes with Miss Grierson or the trap, but oftener afoot and



"Open That Box on the Table, Please."

alone. The walking excursions had led him most frequently up and down the lakeside drive, but the doctor's house stood well back in its enclosure, and there was much shrubbery. Once he heard her voice: she was reading aloud to someone on the vine-screened porch. And once again in passing, he had caught a glimpse of a shapely arm with the loose sleeve falling away from it as it was thrust upward through the porch greenery to pluck a bud from the crimson rambler, adding its graceful mass to the clambering vines. It was rather disappointing, but he was not impatient. In the fullness of time the destiny which had twice intervened would intervene again. He was as certain of it as he was of the day-to-day renewal of his strength and vitality; and he could afford to wait. For, whatever else might happen in a mutable world, neither an ideal nor its embodiment may suffer change.

As if to add the touch of definiteness to the presumptive conclusion, a voice broke in upon his reverie; the voice of the young woman whose most alluring charm was her many-sided changeableness, as if she had marked his preoccupied gaze and divined its object: "You must have a little more patience, Mr. Griswold. All things come to him who waits. When you have left Mereside finally, Doctor Bertie will some time take you home to dinner with him."

For his own peace of mind, Griswold hastily assured himself that it was only the wildest of chance shots. Since the day when he had admitted that he knew Miss Farnham's name without knowing Miss Farnham in person, the doctor's daughter had never been mentioned between them.

"How did you happen to guess that I was thinking of the good doctor?" he asked, curiously.

"You were not thinking of Doctor Bertie; you were thinking of Doctor Bertie's only," was the laughing contradiction; and Griswold was glad that the coming of the man with the trap saved him from the necessity of failing any farther into what might easily prove to be a dangerous pitfall. It was not the first time that Miss Grierson had seemed able to read his inmost thoughts.

The short afternoon drive paused at the curb in front of Jasper Grierson's bank and a moment later he found himself bringing up the rear of a procession of three, led by a young woman with a bunch of keys at her girdle.

"Number three-forty-five-A, please," his companion was saying to the young woman custodian, and he stood aside and admired the workmanship of the complicated time-locks while the two entered the electric-lighted safety deposit vault and jointly opened one of the multitude of small safes. When Miss Grierson came out, she was carrying a small, japanned document box under her arm, and her eyes were shining with a soft light that was new to the man who was waiting in the corridor. "Come with me to one of the coupon rooms," she said; and

then to the custodian: "You needn't stay; I'll ring when we want to be let out."

Griswold followed in mild bewilderment when she turned aside to one of the little mahogany-lined cells set apart for the use of the safe-holders, saw her press the button which switched the lights on, and mechanically obeyed her signal to close the door. When their complete privacy was assured, she put the japanned box on the tiny table and motioned him to one of the two chairs.

"Do you know why I have brought you here?" she asked, when he was sitting within arm's-reach of the small black box.

"How should I?" he said. "You take me where you please, and when you please, and I ask no questions. I am too well content to be with you to care very much about the whys and wherefores."

"Oh, how nicely you say it!" she commended, with the frank little laugh which he had come to know and to seek to provoke. She was standing against the opposite cell wall with her shoulders squared and her hands behind her: the pose, whether intentional or natural, was dramatically perfect and altogether bewitching. "I was born to be your fairy godmother, I think," she went on joyously. "Tell me; when you bought your ticket to Wahaska that night in St. Louis, were you meaning to come here to find work?"

"No," he admitted; "I had money, then."

"What became of it?"

"I don't know. I suppose it was stolen from me on the train. It was in a package in one of my suitcases; and Doctor Farnham said—"

"I know; also he told you that you didn't find any money?"

"Yes; he told me that, too. We agreed that somebody must have gone through the grips on the train."

"So you just let the money go?"

"So I just let it go."

She was laughing again and the be-dazzling eyes were dancing with delight.

"I told you I was going to prove that you are a philosopher!" she exulted. "Sour old Diogenes himself couldn't have been more superbly indifferent to the goods the gods provide. Open that box on the table, please."

He did it half-absently; at the first sight of the brown-paper packet within the electric bulb suspended over the table seemed to grow black and the mahogany walls of the tiny room to spin dizzily. Then, with a click that he fancied he could hear, the buzzing mental machinery stopped and reversed itself. A cold sweat, clammy and sickening, started out on him when he realized that the reversal had made him once again the crafty, cornered criminal, ready to fight or fly—or to slay, if a life stood in the way of escape. Without knowing what he did, he closed the box and got upon his feet, eyeing her with a growing ferocity that he could neither banish nor control.

"I see you were a little beforehand with the doctor," he said, and he strove to say it naturally, to keep the malignant devil that was whispering in his ear from dictating the tone as well as the words.

"I was, indeed; several days beforehand," she boasted, still joyously exultant.

"You—you opened the package?" he went on, once more pushing the impetuous devil aside.

"Naturally. How else would I have known that it was worth looking up?"

Her coolness astounded him. If she knew the whole truth—and the demon at his ear was assuring him that she must know it—she must also know that she was confronting a great peril; the peril of one who voluntarily shuts himself into a trap with the fear-maddened wild thing for which the trap was baited and set. He was steadying himself with a hand on the table when he said: "Well, you opened the package; what did you find out?"

"What did I find out?" He heard her half-hesitant repetition of his query, and for one flitting instant he made sure that he saw the fear of death in the wide-open eyes that were lifted to his. But the next instant the eyes were laughing at him, and she was going on confidently. "Of course, as soon as I untied the string I saw it was money—a lot of money; and you can imagine that I tied it up again, quickly, and didn't lose any more time than I could help in putting it away in the safest place I could think of. Every day since you began to get well, I've been expecting you to say something about it; but as long as you wouldn't, I wouldn't."

Slowly the blood came back into the saner channels, and the whispering demon at his ear grew less articulate. He took the necessary forward step and stood before her. And his answer was no answer at all.

"Miss Grierson—Margery—are you telling me the truth?—all of it?" he demanded, seeking to plun the soul which lay beyond the deepest depth of the limpid eyes.

Her laugh was as cheerful as a bird song.

"Telling you the truth? How could you suspect me of such a thing? No, my good friend; no woman ever tells a man the whole truth when she can help it. I didn't find your money, and I didn't lock it up in poppa's vault; I am merely playing a part in a deep and diabolical plot to—"

Griswold forgot that he was her poor beneficiary; forgot that she had taken him in as her guest; forgot, in the mad joy of the reactionary moment, everything that he should have remembered—saw nothing, thought of nothing save the flushed face with its glorious eyes and tempting lips: the eyes and lips of the daughter of men.

She broke away from him hotly after he had taken the flushed face between his hands and kissed her; broke away to drop into the chair at the other side of the table, hiding the flashing eyes and the burning cheeks and the quivering lips in the crook of a round arm which made room for itself on the narrow table by pushing the japanned money-box off the opposite edge.

It was the normal Griswold who picked up the box and put it on the other chair, gravely and methodically. Then he stood before her again with his back to the wall, waiting for what every gentle drop of blood in his veins was telling him he richly deserved. His punishment was long in coming; so long that when he made sure she was crying, he began to invite it.

"Say it," he suggested gently, "you needn't spare me at all. The only excuse I could offer would only make the offense still greater."

She looked up quickly and the dark eyes were swimming. But whether the tears were of anger or only of outraged generosity he could not tell.

"Then there was an excuse?" she flashed up at him.

"No," he denied, as one who finds the second thought the worthier; "there was no excuse."

She had found a filmy bit of lace-bordered linen at her belt and was furtively wiping her lips with it.

"I thought perhaps you might be able to—to invent one of some sort," she said, and her tone was as colorless as the gray skies of an autumn night-fall. And then, with a childlike appeal in the wonderful eyes: "I think you will have to help me a little—out of your broader experience, you know. What ought I to do?"

His reply came hot from the refining fire of self-abasement.

"You should write me down as one who wasn't worthy of your loving-kindness and compassion, Miss Grierson. Then you should call the custodian and turn me out."

"But afterward," she persisted pathetically. "There must be an afterward."

"I am leaving Mereside this evening," he reminded her. "It will be for you to say whether its doors shall ever open to me again."

She took the thin safety-deposit key from her glove and laid it on the table.

"You have made me wish there hadn't been any money," she lamented, with a sorrowful little catch in her voice that stabbed him like a knife. "I haven't so many friends that I can afford to lose them recklessly, Mr. Griswold."

"Damn the money!" he exploded; and the malediction came out of a full heart.

Her fingers had found the bell-push and were pressing it. When the custodian opened the door, Miss Grierson was her poised self again.

"Number three-forty-five-A is Mr. Kenneth Griswold's box, now," she announced briefly. "Please register it in his name, and then help him to put it away and lock it up."

Griswold went through the motions with the key-bearing young woman half-absently. Man-like, he was ready to be forgiven and comforted; and there was at least oblivion in her charming little shudder as the custodian shot the bolts of the gate to let them out.

"Brrr!" she shivered. "I can never stand here and look at the free people out there without fancying myself in a prison. It must be a dreadful thing to be shut away behind bolts and bars, forgotten by everybody, and yet yourself unable to forget. Do you ever have such foolish thoughts, Mr. Griswold?"

For one poignant second fear leaped alive again and he called himself no better than a lost man. But the eyes that were lifted to his were the eyes of a questioning child, so gullelessly innocent that he immediately suffered another relapse into the pit of self-deceptions.

"You have made me your prisoner, Miss Grierson," he said, speaking to his own thought rather than to her question. And when they reached the sidewalk and the trap: "May I bid you good-by here and go to my own place?"

"Of course not!" she protested. "Mr. Raymer is coming to dinner tonight and he will drive you over to Mrs. Holcomb's afterward, if you really think you must go."

And for the first time in their comings and goings she let him lift her to the high driving-seat.

CHAPTER XVI.
Converging Roads.

Matthew Broffin had been two weeks and half of a third an unobtrusive spy upon the collective activities of the Wahaskan social group which included the Farnhams before he decided that nothing could be gained by further delay.

Having his own private superstition about Friday, Broffin chose a Wednesday afternoon for his call at the house on the lake front. It was a resplendent day of the early summer, which, in the Minnesota latitudes, springs, Minervalle, full grown from the nodding head of the wintry Jove of the North. In the doctor's front yard the grass was vividly green, glad and joyful, and the buds of the clambering rose on the porch trellis were swelling to burst their calyxes.

Broffin turned in from the sidewalk and closed the gate noiselessly behind him. While he had been three doors away in the lake-fronting street, a small pocket binocular had assured him that the young woman he was going to call upon was sitting in a porch rocker behind the clambering rose, reading a book.

She had risen to meet him—time he had mounted the steps, and he knew that her first glance was appreciative. He had confidently counted upon being mistaken for a strange patient in search of the doctor, and he was not disappointed.

"You are looking for Doctor Farnham?" she began. "He is at his office—201 Main street."

Broffin was digging in his pocket for a card.

"I know well enough where your father's office is, but you are the one I wanted to see," he said; and he gave her the round-cornered card with its blazonment of his name and employment.

He was watching her narrowly when she read the name and its underline, and the quick indrawing of the breath and the little shudder that went with it were not thrown away upon him. But the other signs; the pressing of the even teeth upon the lower lip and the coming and going of three straight lines between the half-closed eyes were not so favorable.

"Will you come into the house, Mr.—" she had to look at the card again to get the name—"Mr. Broffin?" she asked.

"Thank you, miss; it's plenty good enough out here for me if it is for you," he returned, beginning to fear that the common civilities were giving her time to get behind her defenses.

"I guess we can take it for granted that you know what I want, Miss Farnham," he began abruptly, when he had shifted his chair to face her rocker. "Something like three months ago, or thereabouts, you went into a bank in New Orleans to get a draft cashed. While you were at the paying tellers' window a robbery was committed, and you saw it done and saw the man that did it. I've come to get you to tell me the man's name."

"I have told it once, in a letter to Mr. Galbraith."

Broffin nodded. "Yes; in a letter that you didn't sign. I've come all the way from New Orleans to get you to tell me his real name, Miss Farnham."

"Why do you think I can tell you?" was the undisturbed query.

"A lot of little things," said the detective, who was slowly coming to his own in the matter of self-assurance. "In the first place, he spoke to you in the bank, and you answered him. Isn't that so?"

She nodded again. "You know so much, it is surprising that you don't know it all, Mr. Broffin," she commented, with gentle sarcasm.

"The one thing I don't know is the thing you're going to tell me—his real name," he insisted. "That's what I've come here for."

In spite of her inexperience, which, in Mr. Broffin's field, was no less than total, Charlotte Farnham had imagination, and with it a womanly zest for the matching of wits with a man

whose chief occupation was the measuring of his own wit against the subtle cleverness of criminals. Therefore she accepted the challenge.

"I did my whole duty at the time, Mr. Broffin," she demurred, with a touch of coldness in her voice. "If you were careless enough to let him escape you at St. Louis, you shouldn't come to me. I might say very justly that it was never any affair of mine."

Matthew Broffin's gifts were subtle only in his dealings with other men; but he was shrewd enough to know that his last and best chance with a woman lay in an appeal to her fears.

"I don't know what made you write this letter, in the first place," he said, taking the well-thumbed paper from his coat pocket; "but I know well enough now why you didn't sign it, and why you didn't put the man's real name in it. You—you and him—fixed it up between you so that you could say to yourself afterwards what you've just said to me—that you'd done your duty. But you haven't finished doing your duty yet. The law says—"

"I know very well that the law says," was her baffling rejoinder; "I have taken the trouble to find out since I came home. I am not hiding your criminal."

Broffin was trying to gain a little ease by tilting his chair. But the house wall was too close behind him.

"People will say that you are helping to hide him as long as you won't tell his real name—what?" he grated.

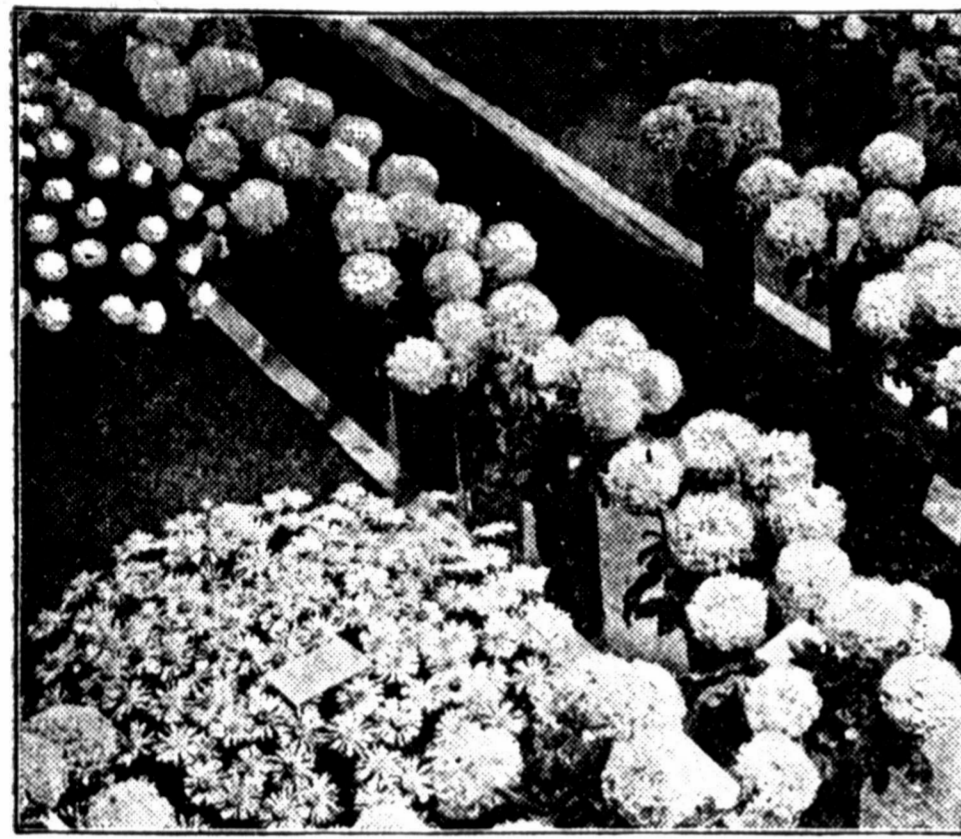
(TO BE CONTINUED.)



"Damn the Money!" He Exploded.

HOME BEAUTIFUL

Flowers and Shrubs
Their Care and Cultivation



Asters Suffer From Black Beetle.

SEASONABLE SUGGESTIONS

By EBEN E. REXFORD.
Keep watch of your asters, for "in such an hour as you know not" the maggot may attack them. It is better, however, to act on the belief that this enemy is sure to come, and take measures to head him off.
Work wood ashes into the soil about the plants, and remove a little soil immediately about the base of each plant and scatter tobacco dust there liberally. This will not injure the plant, but it may discourage the pest in its effort to get at the stalk of it. Of late, many collections of asters have been ruined by this grub.
The plant will look perfectly healthy today; tomorrow it will have a withered appearance and the next day it will be yellow, and if you take hold of its top and give a slight pull, off it will come close to the ground.
Examination will show that it has been eaten into at that point. Wood ashes are the best preventive of its attacks of anything I have used, and I

NEW HYBRID CARNATIONS

By L. M. BENNINGTON.
Thanks to the skill of the hybridist, we now have races of lovely, fragrant, ever-blooming carnations, dwarf and bushy in growth, that show buds and flowers in four or five months after the seeds are sown.
The flowers, too, are not only borne in abundance, but are of all the leading shades of color, from white through shades of pink to dark crimson, and from cream to bright yellow, as well as striped and blotched.
These new carnations are as easily grown as Japan pinks. The seeds may be sown in a box in the window during March or April, and the plants set out where they are to bloom when the weather becomes warm and settled.
Give them a sunny bed, and if you wish a fine show of flowers from each plant, pinch off the first stem that pushes up to bloom. This will cause the plant to stool out, and develop several stalks, each of which will bear a cluster of buds and flowers.
A rich, rather tenacious soil suits the plants, and they should stand eight inches apart in the row or bed.
For winter blooming sow the seeds in May or June and grow in pots, shift-



A Fine Example of New Striped Carnation.

ing into larger pots as the plants develop.
The seedlings are rarely troubled with rust, which is the bane of the florist's plants, grown from cuttings. The seeds mostly germinate in from five to seven days.

MULCH YOUR PLANTS

If the season is warm, and the soil seems likely to dry out rapidly, water your plants well, and mulch about them with road dust. This will prevent the rapid evaporation of moisture from about the roots of the plants. Larger plants can be mulched with grass clippings from the lawn.

would change the location of the bed yearly.
Another aster trouble to guard against the black beetle. This pest comes suddenly, does its ruinous work rapidly, and often injures your plants beyond the prospect of recovery before you are aware of its arrival. Here is where the necessity of keeping watch of them comes in.
When the first beetle is discovered prepare an emulsion after the following formula: One-half pound of any good, white soap, reduced to a liquid by melting.
One teaspoonful of kerosene
Let the soap, to which a little water may be added while it is melting, come to a boil, then add the kerosene, remove from the stove and stir vigorously while the mixture is cooling. A sort of jelly will result. Use a part of this to ten parts of water. Stir well to make sure that the emulsion unites with the water and apply as a spray. Use it liberally all over the plant, and repeat the application frequently. Prompt and persistent efforts are needed to rout this voracious enemy

FLOWER LIST FOR AMATEUR

By L. R. O'BRIEN.
Among the most desirable plants for the amateur I would place the sweet pea first.
This flower has great value both for garden decoration and also for



Snapdragon One of the Old-Fashioned Favorites.

cutting. If care is taken not to allow it to develop seed, it will blossom during the entire season.
Plant at least three inches deep and as early as possible. Be sure and give a support of brush or of wire netting. The brush is preferable.
Among the old standbys is the petunia, which begins to bloom in June and keeps on blooming until frost. The flowers are showy and easily grown.
Phlox drummondii and the verbenas are both profuse bloomers with a wide range of color and no garden should be without them.
Nasturtium, calliopsis, the poppy and marigold are old tried and true favorites and should not be overlooked.
The most fragrant of flowers, the mignonette, the pansy, the ten week stock, the aster and the snapdragon should all find a place in the garden, however small it may be. A corner of bachelor's button, the ragged robin, requires little care and makes a glorious splash of color.
These are all old favorites, all are good, easily grown, and all are kinds that the beginner in gardening will soon get on friendly terms with.
When the lilacs have finished blooming, all the seed clusters should be cut away.

DRY FARMING TILLAGE

Very Much Depends on Farmer and Equipment at Hand.

Medium Sandy Loam, Free From Hardpan and Clay is Best Adapted—Works Up Easily and Holds the Moisture Well.

While perhaps 320 acres or a half section is as much as an ordinarily be tilled under dry farming methods by one man, very much depends upon the man and equipment. It is a serious mistake for anyone to undertake to farm more than he can attend to without slighting any of his work. The soil best adapted to dry farming is a medium sandy loam, free from gravel, hardpan and clay, writes F. A. Randall of Idaho in Orange Judd Farmer. It works up easily and holds moisture well. For its proper cultivation we need disk, moldboard plows, harrows, press drills and roller. The disk plow is used in sagebrush and moldboard plow for the older soils. My plan is preparing storage for water is deep plowing by summer fallow method, close harrowing and continuous harrowing after rains. This keeps the surface soil loose, freely admitting all precipitation and prevents rapid evaporation. It also keeps the fields very free from weeds.

The practical crops grown are wheat, oats, barley, potatoes, alfalfa and peas. Plowing must be deep. I plow nothing less than 7 inches, the large majority of my farm is stirred to a depth of 10 inches at each operation. By so doing I provide a deep reservoir for water storage. Plowing to this depth, of course, requires power and here is where I differ in judgment from many of my neighbors. We have horse power, mule power gasoline tractors and steam engines. I have tried all and am thoroughly convinced that there is no power equal to good mules.
Now, good plowing means something more than deep plowing. Half the advantages of deep plowing may be lost by careless plowing. I insist that every furrow turned is never more in width than the size of the share. There must be no cut and cover proposition, but all dirt must be completely turned. If the ground is weedy or not in good condition, I frequently plow the field a second time.
I begin sowing winter wheat from August 15 to September 23. Spring wheat is sown just as early as it is possible to get in the fields after the frost is out. The grain is drilled in, not broadcast, and nothing but the press drill used. With it the seed is sown at a more even depth and the surface packed over the seed, giving it a much better covering and seed bed. Disk and harrow are used to pulverize the soil. From three to five harrowings are given the field, the number of operations depending on the ground and the amount of rainfall.
I do not use the disk unless the ground is hard, weedy or sodded. For ordinary harrow, the spike or drag harrow is always preferable. The weeder is another handy tool that comes into play whenever weeds become bothersome. The surface soil is worked up to a mulch, usually from 1 to 2 inches deep, and must be carefully harrowed after every hard rain to prevent its packing or forming a crust. If the field is very dry I use the roller for the purpose of packing the surface, but under ordinary conditions, or where the soil contains any trace of moisture, the harrow is better. The surface packer is a splendid tool to use on heavy soil, but it does little or no good on light soils. I harrow wheat at least three times after it is up. If the ground crusts after a rain, it is necessary to harrow, and if the seeds are getting a start on the grain it is necessary to harrow. In fact, you cannot harrow too much.

Best corn, O. B. Carter, 2nd, W. Alexander.
Hickory king corn: 1st, Ted Williams; 2nd, J. H. Short.
June corn: 1st, J. W. Stigall; 2nd, William Bates.
Best millet, J. W. Stigall.
Best Sudan grass, A. B. Cares.
Best cane, B. C. George.
Best pop corn, Wm. Shepherd.
Nicest fruit display, Mrs. Henry George; 2nd Miss Lottie Ares.
Nicest can of peaches, Mrs. Vin Gardner; 2nd Mrs. A. B. Ares.
Nicest display of flowers, Mrs. D. Page; 2nd, Mrs. Jewel.
Stock show—All purpose colt: 1st, Ben Hindsley; 2nd, W. H. Nicklas; 3rd, E. F. Noe.
All purpose yearling colt: 1st, W. H. Landess; 2nd, Ben Hindsley.
Draft colts: 1st, J. D. Wooten; 2nd, J. D. Wooten.

VAST IMPORTANCE OF WATER

Controlling and Limiting Factor in Crop Production—Supplies Vegetable Matter in Soil.

When a soil becomes thin, nature does not transport mineral fertilizers from some other quarter, but produces vegetation which increases the soil's power to hold moisture when the material has rotted. Some of the natural store of plant food is made available through the decay of vegetation, but the most important office of this material is to improve the physical condition of the land and its water holding power.
Water is the controlling and limiting factor in crop production and good farming fundamentally and always provides for a supply of vegetable matter in the land.

Means More Moisture.
The live-stock farmer can supply his land with organic matter and at the same time get cash returns from the soil's products. Grass is grazed on some of the land. The vegetable matter goes back to other land in the form of manure. In either case the percentage of humus is kept high, and that means more moisture in droughty summer and higher productive power.

Holds Important Place.
Dry farming, the science of moist ure conservation, holds an important place in the scheme of things as they are—and must be—if the world is to feed and clothe its millions.

Saves Moisture.
Corn cultivation saves moisture.

That Knife-Like Pain

Have you a lame back, aching day and night? Do you feel sharp pains after stooping? Are the kidneys sore? Is their action irregular? Do you have headaches, backaches, rheumatic pains—feel tired, nervous, all worn-out? Use Doan's Kidney Pills—the medicine recommended by so many people in this locality. Read the experience that follows:

An Oklahoma Case

C. L. Cutter, E. Main St., Watonga, Okla., says: "I had kidney and bladder disease for a year and was laid up for weeks. My back was so lame and painful at times that I could hardly move and I had almost given up hope of being cured when I heard of Doan's Kidney Pills. They restored me to good health and during the past few years I have not had a sign of the old trouble."

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

Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right.
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty.
Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress After Eating.
SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.
Genuine must bear Signature



University of Notre Dame

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA
Thorough Education—Moral Training—Twenty one courses leading to degrees in Classics, Modern Letters, Journalism, Political Economy, Commerce, Chemistry, Biology, Pharmacy, Engineering, Architecture, Law.
Best corn, O. B. Carter, 2nd, W. Alexander.
Hickory king corn: 1st, Ted Williams; 2nd, J. H. Short.
June corn: 1st, J. W. Stigall; 2nd, William Bates.
Best millet, J. W. Stigall.
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Draft colts: 1st, J. D. Wooten; 2nd, J. D. Wooten.

GINGERBREAD OF OLD DAYS

Was a Luxury That Filled an "Aching Void" in the Down East Boy.

What memories this reference to the five-cent ginger cake of commerce will arouse in the minds of men approaching or past middle age who passed their boyhood in the country!
At all public gatherings where concessions were given for the serving of refreshments it was the chief feature in the order of the day down to a period of much later than half a century ago. And then it seems to have disappeared, suddenly and mysteriously, after the manner of the disappearance of the bootjack and the passenger pigeon, and like them probably never to return.

Who among us whose hair has grown thin atop or disappeared altogether cannot recall the bill of fare of the refreshment vendors in those earlier and simpler days at fairs, town meetings and Fourth of July celebrations? The assortment was not elaborate, but it was filling and satisfying, and one got a good deal for his money, says the Biddeford (Me.) Daily Journal.

Most conspicuously displayed were those ginger cakes, everywhere locally known as "baker's gingerbread," to distinguish it from homemade gingerbread, which lacked the delicate color, the spicy fragrance, the workmanlike finish and pleasing regularity of the imported article. Then there were coffee served in big mugs; crackers and cheese, baked beans and brown bread, not infrequently homemade doughnuts, and always raw oysters.

The gingerbread and the oysters were the things that took with the crowd; for only on such occasions were these viands readily attainable. What country boy has not watched some older person order a saucer of raw oysters, cover them with vinegar and cayenne pepper and then absorb them as if the manner born, without admiring the grace and nonchalance with which the trick was done and wishing for the time to come when he might venture to give such an exhibition?

His consolation lay in a "sheet" of that famous baker's gingerbread, and if he was particularly well fixed financially, a piece of cheese to go with it. Those were, indeed, happy days, when a piece of gingerbread and a hunk of cheese at a total expense of six cents, would fill an aching void which in these degenerate days is hardly satisfied with a six-course dinner.
It may be assumed that the men who made that famous gingerbread are not all dead. Here and there throughout the country there must be several survivors who retired for well-earned rest after long service in the best interests of hungry humanity. This being the case, it is barely possible that the recipe for those ginger cakes is not irretrievably lost.

Another Little Bedtime Story.
"Good gracious!" cried Peter Rabbit, "what is the cause of that uproar going on up in the air? There! That was the S. O. S. call! Somebody must be in trouble, and—"
"Oh, that is old Doc Stork," replied Sammy Jay. "He is carrying twins to the wildcat's house, and the dear little strangers do not wish to go."—Kansas City Star.

On the whole, it is better for the small boy to soil his fingers with mamma's jam than to have them blown off by the cannon cracker.

If a young man has money to burn it is easy to induce some girl to strike a match.

The best throw one can make with dice is to throw them away.

MOTHER OF SCHOOL GIRL

Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored Her Daughter's Health.

Plover, Iowa.—"From a small child my 13 year old daughter had female weakness. I spoke to three doctors about it and they did not help her any. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had been of great benefit to me, so I decided to have her give it a trial. She has taken five bottles of the Vegetable Compound according to directions on the bottle and she is cured of this trouble. She was all run down when she started taking the Compound and her periods did not come right. She was so poorly and weak that I often had to help her dress herself, but now she is regular and is growing strong and healthy."—Mrs. MARTIN HELVIG, Plover, Iowa.

Hundreds of such letters expressing gratitude for the good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has accomplished are constantly being received, proving the reliability of this grand old remedy.

If you are ill do not drag along and continue to suffer day in and day out but as once take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a woman's remedy for woman's ills.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

BLACK LEG

LOSSES SURELY PREVENTED by Carter's Blacking Balls. See advertisement elsewhere.

The Bonnie Conductor Lassie. Edinburgh, Scotland, has two dozen women street car conductors who are a thorough success in the new line of work. Other tramways are already recruiting girls and training them to be conductors. It is said that girls working in the English cartridge factories are so fired with patriotism that some of them work thirty hours in a stretch without any rest. Miss Elizabeth Lister has been appointed a stationmaster in South Wales, the first woman to act in that capacity. In the north of England and in Scotland and Wales the men workers are being supplanted in the fields by women, who can be seen following the barrow or digging and hoeing.

Small Comfort. Asker—He calls me a donkey! Should I challenge him? Tellit—You might—to prove it!

Sympathetic Turn. "The first time Cholly took his auto out it turned turtle." "No wonder; he's such a lobster."

The United States produces more talc and soapstone than all of the rest of the world combined.

The chap who suspects his neighbor is not above suspicion.

It doesn't look as if the fool killer will ever be able to take a vacation.

Food for the Business Trenches

It takes the highest type of nerve and endurance to stand the strain at the battle front of modern business.

Many fail. And often the cause is primarily a physical one—improper food—malnutrition. It is a fact that much of the ordinary food is lacking in certain elements—the mineral salts—which are essential to right building of muscle, brain and nerve tissue.

Grape-Nuts

made of whole wheat and barley, contains these priceless nerve- and brain-building elements in highest degree.

Grape-Nuts food is easy to digest—nourishing—economical—delicious, and as a part of the menu of modern business men and women helps wonderfully in building up the system for strenuous demands—and keeping it there.

"There's a Reason" for GRAPE-NUTS

Sold by Grocers everywhere.



THE PORTALES VALLEY NEWS

J. E. HENDERSON, Editor and Proprietor

Entered as second-class mail matter November 14, 1915, 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

FROM TEXAS

"The political pot is boiling." The cooking is to be done a year hence, but the pot is boiling now. A United States senator is to be chosen as Mr. Culberson's term expires in 1916, and other prominent offices, state and national, are to be filled. So the bees are swarming and many are the bonnets in which they are buzzing. Hon. Joseph Weldon Bailey is being urged by friends to become a candidate for the senatorial honors. Much pressure is being brought to bear upon him, but whether he will yield I will not even guess.

Our border has been the scene of much confusion recently. The conduct of the Mexicans is what is to be expected of a people whose majority are both ignorant and superstitious. For one, I am unalterably opposed to teaching foreign people their mother tongue in our American public schools. Let them be taught English and if our institutions are not good enough for them, let them return to their native heath. We now have a trial progressing in Corpus Christi in which the Federal courts are trying a number of official and private citizens on a charge of conspiring to defraud the U. S. government in election of its officers. The prime feature of the charge is, buying Mexican votes and voting Mexican citizens. The trial is being watched with interest. Let us hope there may come of it such amendment of our suffrage laws as will disfranchise the dangerous element in politics. Our institutions have cost labor, treasure, sacrifice, blood and life. They are worth preserving.

A most remarkable demonstration was had in Dallas today, 8th inst. It was a street pageant in honor of the Southern Methodist University. The newspapers gave first attention to it. The transportation companies gave free service to the participating militia. A regiment of infantry, a troop of cavalry, a battery of field artillery, machine guns, fire department, social orders, school organizations, city government, Governor Ferguson, and a host of civilians formed the parade. Where in history is a similar case. It augurs well when a people make an adoration of great educational institutions. And this is the institution of the south, although opening its doors to students for the first time the 23rd of the present month.

I want to congratulate New Mexico on many grounds. May I live among you some time? Hold on to your governor, I am impressed with him as with but few persons I have met. Also, hold on to your determination to make your state second to none of its sisters of the union.

D. F. FULLER.

Carrollton, Texas, Sept. 8, 1915.

In the beginning there are two roads that lead to wealth—the one by way of the brain, the other through the palms of willing hands. When the one cooperates with the other the two become a team that is irresistible, the two roads are converged into one, and the goal lies straight ahead.

The American dollar is now said to be the standard in financial markets of the world. Sounds good and reads well, but for the love of Peggy give us an opportunity to use it instead of talking about it.

FOR GROCERIES

...COME TO THE WHITE HOUSE GROCERY...

"WICHITA'S BEST" FLOUR

We offer you groceries and other eatables that will stand the test—that will register 100 per cent pure. It is economy to buy such goods.

...The White House Grocery Co...
Telephone Number 21

Notice of Contest

F. S. 0950—Cont. 0236

Department of the Interior, United States Land Office, Fort Sumner, New Mexico, August 18th, 1915.

To Alice McDaniel, of record address, Lacy, New Mexico, contestee:

You are hereby notified that Isabella Patterson, who gives Portales, New Mexico, as his postoffice address, did on June 16th, 1915, file in this office his duly corroborated application to contest and secure the cancellation of your homestead entry serial No. 0950, made June 2nd, 1911, for north-west quarter of section 25, township 1 north, range 23 east, N. M. P. M., and as grounds for his contest he alleges that the said Alice McDaniel never has at any time, established her residence on the said land; that she has wholly abandoned the same.

You are, therefore, further notified that the said allegations will be taken by this office as having been confessed by you, and your said entry will be canceled thereunder without your further right to be heard thereon, either before this office or on appeal, if you fail to file in this office within twenty days after the fourth publication of this notice, as shown below, your answer, under oath, specifically meeting and responding to these allegations of contest, or if you fail within that time to file in this office due proof that you have served a copy of your answer on the said contestant either in person or by registered mail. If this service is made by the delivery of a copy of your answer to the contestant in person, proof of such service must be either the said contestant's written acknowledgment of his receipt of the copy, showing the date of its receipt, or the affidavit of the person by whom the delivery was made stating when and where the copy was delivered; if made by registered mail, proof of such service must consist of the affidavit of the person by whom the copy was mailed, stating when and where the post office to which it was mailed, and this affidavit must be accompanied by the postmaster's receipt for the letter.

You should state in your answer the name of the postoffice to which you desire future notices to be sent to you. A. J. EVANS, Register.

Date of 1st publication, August 26, 1915.
Date of 2nd publication, September 2, 1915.
Date of 3rd publication, September 9, 1915.
Date of 4th publication, September 16, 1915.

To the Taxpayers

of Roosevelt County

The Taxpayers Association of New Mexico invites you to become a member and participate in the benefits which will accrue to you, your county and the state from the work of this association.

This is your business; Help attend to it.

Dues in the association, three-fourths of 1 per cent of your last year's taxes; with a minimum of \$1.50 a year. For further information, address,

Taxpayers' Association of New Mexico
Box 601. Albuquerque, N. M.



Put That Box on the Table, Please.

The walking excursions had him most frequently up and down lakeside drive, but the doctor's feet stood well back in its enclosure, there was much shrubbery. Once he heard her voice: she was reading to someone on the vine-screened porch. And once again in passing, he caught a glimpse of a shapely arm the loose sleeve falling away as it was thrust upward high from the porch greenery to pluck from the crimson rambler, adding its graceful mass to the clambering vines. It was rather disappointing but he was not impatient. In the space of time the destiny which had intervened would intervene. He was as certain of it as he is of the day-to-day renewal of his strength and vitality; and he could afford to wait. For, whatever else might be in a mutable world, neither an

The Reference Libraries of The University of New Mexico

Are available for use by the people of the state.

Persons interested in special lines of investigation for papers, debates, club studies, etc., may obtain from the University for temporary use pamphlets and books on taxation, economics, civic affairs, public business, commerce, education, art, history, travel and a wide variety of subjects. The only charge will be for postage to and from the University. An inquiry will bring prompt information whether or not material upon the subject in which you are interested is available.

Address DAVID R. BOYD, Pres. University of New Mexico Albuquerque, - - New Mexico

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

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We receive and test cream any day, any quantity. Highest cash price paid over the counter. : : :

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NURSE and MIDWIFE
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I am agent for the Sweet-water Marble Works. Call on me for anything in this line. Telephone No. 104.

..Inda Humphrey..

Owens' Shoe Shop

I now have a first-class shoe repairer and can do your work promptly. Work and material guaranteed.

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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.

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Office second door south of postoffice

GEORGE L. REESE

Attorney at Law
Practice in all courts. Office up-stairs Reese Building

SAM J. NIXON

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Portales, - - New Mexico

COMPTON & COMPTON

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

DR. W. L. JOHNSON

Chiropractor
Office at present, at Mrs. Johnson's boarding house.
Phone 86 Portales, New Mexico

DR. W. E. PATTERSON

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

DR. N. F. WOLLARD

Physician and Surgeon
Office in Sam J. Nixon building. Residence Phone 169. Portales, New Mexico

PRESLEY & SWEARINGIN

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

DR. H. R. GIBSON

Osteopath
Will be in Portales on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday of each week. Office at Travelers Inn.

DR. L. R. HOUGH

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

D. W. WILEY

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TELEPHONE NO. 133
First class work guaranteed, and your patronage will be appreciated.

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First National Bank

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$75,000.00

Every department of this bank is highly organized and in charge of efficient officers with years of banking experience, who are anxious to give personal attention to accounts both large and small.

Member Federal Reserve Bank, District No. 11

W. H. Braley & Son

...INSURANCE...

"We Know How" Portales, New Mexico

Kohl's Garage

...Telephone Number 45...

It is better to have your little auto troubles fixed now than to wait until they grow into big ones. If you want the best tire values we are at your service. Come and prove it.

KOHL'S GARAGE

LOUIE KOHL, Proprietor

Buy Your Goods from News Advertisers

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

Bring Us Your Prescription Work

..Same Store in the Same Location..

Listen

The "Rent Habit" is a bad habit to break, but don't let it break you.

BUILD YOU A HOME

PORTALES LUMBER COMPANY

A full line of Wall Paper, Paints, Varnishes, Oils, Brushes, Glass, etc. It will pay you to figure with us.

C. Goodloe & Company

OPPOSITE THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

When you think paint, think Goodloe, he does Paper Hanging, House Painting and Sign Work.

READ THIS

..For Your Stomach's Sake..

Be good to your stomach, for without it you will not go far. Keep it in prime condition by consuming quality foodstuffs, and bear in mind that the cheap, adulterated grades are an abomination and a lasting physical injury. Your stomach cannot thrive on impurities, and your lease of life and physical usefulness is dependant mainly on the care you give your digestive organs.

Carlton Butter Wednesday and Saturday of each week

When you buy Flour, Sugar, Teas, Coffee, Canned Goods, Bottled Goods, or anything on earth for the table, "for the stomach's sake" get something that is high grade and keep ever in mind the fact that we sell goods that are pure and strong in health productive qualities, and our prices are RIGHT.

New Car of RED STAR Flour in Transit

Deen-Neer Company

Telephone 15, Formerly Portales Drug Company Building

Richland Fair Prizes

Following are the prize winners at the Richland fair held Wednesday, September 8th:

Bread: Mrs. Geo. Beeman.
Biscuits: 1st prize, Mrs. J. L. Swafford; 2nd, Mrs. A. L. Wilson.
Cake: Devil's food, Mrs. Stratton; sponge cake, Lottie Cares; chocolate, Mrs. A. L. Wilson; cocoonut, Mrs. Ted Wilson; pink and white, Mrs. C. F. Cares; angel food, Mrs. A. B. Cares.

First best display of farm products, A. B. Cares; 2nd, Ted Williams; 3rd, J. A. Vick; 4th, J. H. Short.

Best display of truck, Mrs. A. B. Cares; 2nd, Mrs. Ted Williams.
Best sample broom corn, H. W. Davidson; 2nd, E. Watts.

Red maize: 1st, A. W. Stokes; 2nd, T. A. Payne.

White maize: 1st, J. H. Short; 2nd, B. C. George.

Kaffir: 1st, Frank Beeman; 2nd, Ben Hensley.

Feterita: 1st, D. A. Gordon; 2nd, S. Nevels.

Largest kershaw, J. A. Vick.

Largest pumpkin, J. P. Owenby.

Best peanuts, W. A. Turner.

Largest watermelon, A. B. Cares; 2nd, A. L. Wilson.

Best cantaloupes, A. B. Cares.

Best Irish and sweet potatoes, A. B. Cares.

Ten largest watermelons: 1st, E. E. Propps; 2nd, S. Nevels; 3rd, E. E. Propps; 4th, A. B. Cares.

Best corn, O. B. Carter; 2nd, J. W. Alexander.

Hickory king corn: 1st, Ted Williams; 2nd, J. H. Short.

June corn: 1st, J. W. Stigall; 2nd, William Bates.

Best millet, J. W. Stigall.

Best Sudan grass, A. B. Cares.

Best cane, B. C. George.

Best pop corn, Wm. Shepherd.

Nicest fruit display, Mrs. Henry George; 2nd Miss Lottie Cares.

Nicest can of peaches, Mrs. Win Gardner; 2nd Mrs. A. B. Cares.

Nicest display of flowers, Mrs. J. D. Page; 2nd, Mrs. Jewel.

Stock show—All purpose colt: 1st, Ben Hindsley; 2nd, W. H. Nicklas; 3rd, E. F. Noe.

All purpose yearling colt: 1st, W. H. Landess; 2nd, Ben Hindsley.

Draft colts: 1st, J. D. Wooten; 2nd, G. W. Thromer; 3rd, C. T. Battle.

Draft yearlings: 1st, Roy Terrill; 2nd, Fred Hodges.

Sucking mules: 1st, Mrs. L. M. Austin; 2nd, B. C. Sharry; 3rd, W. H. Nicklas.

Best driving horse, W. J. Taylor.

Best saddle horse, C. W. Fulton.

Poultry—Barred rocks: 1st, B. C. George; 2nd, Frank McBeath.

White chickens, A. B. Cares.

Spring chickens, Mrs. Ted Williams.

The largest man on the ground was C. D. Cain of Elida. The tallest man was Sam McBeath of Richland. The oldest woman was Mrs. C. F. Cares, who won the prize on the pink and white cake. The oldest man was Grandpa Kimmons. The largest family from Portales was Mr. Sandefer. The families of Frank Beeman and Mr Burns tied for the largest family on the grounds. W. F. Page won for second largest family. Charley Maxwell won the prize for fanning the most batters in the ball game.

Notice to Hunters

Hunters are notified that the season is still closed on quails and that in all cases where the evidence of violations of the game and fish laws can be secured, prosecutions will follow, and this without fear or favor. You are also notified that it is unlawful to hunt without first having a license therefor.

DEPUTY GAME WARDEN.

OUR BANK IS YOUR BANK

Deposit your money with us. It is safe. Pay your bills by check. It is safe, convenient, businesslike, and each cancelled check is a receipt.

Substantial men own this bank; substantial men are its depositors; substantial men have made it what it is and will make it greater.

This bank wants YOU in the ranks of its substantial friends. It is your bank in theory—make it so in practice.

Portales Bank & Trust Co.

Portales, New Mexico, U. S. A.

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PORTALES, NEW MEXICO

The Portales Barber Shop

I have opened up on the corner opposite the Portales Bank & Trust company, and solicit your patronage. First-class work guaranteed. Call and see me.

W. A. STEPHENSON, Proprietor

New Laundry...

Get your laundry done in your home town. I am now ready to do your laundry work in the old barber shop opposite Faggard's grocery store. First class work guaranteed. All Hand Work.

YEE HING, Proprietor

SEE ME..

For all kinds of mower repairs. Full line McCormick and Deering knives and pistons complete, and repairs carried in stock. Other makes ordered without delay. We also handle full line of best carriage and wagon paints.

J. L. FERNANDES
BLACKSMITH & MACHINE SHOP

WHY NOT BUY A WAGON?

Just Received a Car Peter Schuttler Wagons

....J. B. Sledge Hardware Company....

Store Phone 12. Home Phone 159

Read the advertisements in the News

What Do You Want IN JEWELRY

We are here to supply your wants, regardless of what they may be, and we will do so as acceptably as any house in the country.

We probably have it in stock—just the thing you have been wanting—and if we sell it to you, you can RELY UPON ITS QUALITY.

C. J. WHITCOMB

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NEW AND SECOND HAND GOODS

Buys and sells all kinds of second hand goods. Watkins Remedies for sale. Our motto is "Courteous Treatment and Low Prices for Cash."

Next Door to J. B. Crow's Tin Shop

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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.

Dr. Swearingin's Dates

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

Will, also, be in Elida the 25th of each month. 1-tf

If you want pencils and tablets, come to C. M. Dobbs. We handle all kinds at the right prices.

All the latest weaves and shades in silks, at Harris'.

Naco Corsets

Please Particular People



The Corset is the basis of the beautifully fitting gown. Naco Corsets will make your gown appear at its best.

NACO CORSETS are fitted over living models by experts and are correct.

The National Corset Co., Kalamazoo, Mich., makers, warrant Naco Corsets not to Rust, Tear or Split. Your money back if not satisfactory after four weeks actual wear.

Warren-Fooshee & Co.
THE HOME OF GOOD

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

SEEING LIFE with JOHN HENRY & George V. Hobart



John Henry and the Troupers

IF YOU'LL look real close you'll find Splashburg on a map of the middle West.

It's a railroad junction where careless travelers change cars and wait for the other train, which is always late.

A week ago I happened to be one of those careless travelers, marooned in Splashburg, and having a wicked hour or two to kill I strolled over to the Commercial House.

Steb Stephens is the name of the head clerk at the Commercial House in Splashburg. Steb has been throwing keys at the wall for a long time and he knows how to burn the beefers.

He played the Big Time once. Yes, years ago he was a bell hop at the old Willard in Washington and after that he jumped to Chicago as night porter at the old Sherman House; so what Steb doesn't know about the hotel business isn't worth whimpering over.

Steb gave me a brief outline of his life's history and was just starting in to tell me about the battle of the Civil War in which his father was shot and who shot him when a feverish old party with Persian rug trimmings on the end of his chin squeezed up and began to let a peep out of him about the pie he had eaten for dinner.

"Calm yourself," said Smiling Steb, "and tell me where it bit you."

"Bit me! Bit me!" snarled the Old Party with the tapestry chinpiece. "Nothing of the kind, sir! I want you to know, sir, that your pie wasn't fit to eat, sir!"

"Cut it out!" suggested Steb. "Cut it out, sir! How can I cut it out when I've eaten it, sir? It's an outrage, and I shall leave this hotel tomorrow," said Omar Khayyam.

"With the exception of \$31.72, balance due, that will be about all from you," said Steb.

"I'll see the proprietor," said the Old Party, moving away with a face on him like four dollars in bad money.

"We get it good and plenty every day," said Steb, and just then something about six feet tall, wearing a slouch hat and a gilt mustache, fell against the counter, grabbed the register and buried a stub pen in its pages.

After looking over the result, I decided the stranger's first name must be Spider, because it looked like one on the register.

"Bath?" queried Steb. "Only during a hot wave," said Spider.

"Going to be with us long?" inquired Steb. "Say, Bub, you're wearing medals

"At 7:45 over the D. L. & Q.," said Steb.

"What's next?" inquired Willie.

"At 8:10 over the H. B. & N.," Steb answered.

"Which gets there first?" Willie asked.

"The engineer," sighed Steb.

"Oh, you droll chap," said the pickle-pusher; "give me some toothpicks."

Then Sweet William went over to the big window, burrowed into a chair, stuck his feet up on the brass rail, ate toothpicks and thought he was it.

"When I got back to Steb he was dealing out the cards to a lady from Reading, Pa.

Her husband had been up in the air with a bum automobile, and when he came down he was several sections shy.

She was traveling for his health.

"My room is immediately over the kitchen," she informed Steb.

"The cook hasn't made a kick up to now," Steb went back at her.

She started a get-back, but her indignation choked her so she gave Steb the Society stung with both eyes and bounced out.

Steb bit the end of a penholder and said the rest internally.

Just then a couple of troupers trailed in.

They were with the "Bandit's Bride Co.," and the way had been long and weary.

"What have you got—double?" asked the villain of the piece.

"Two dollars and up!" said Steb.

"Nothing better?" inquired Low Comedy.

He was making a crack, but nobody caught him.

"Four dollars, with bath," Steb suggested.

"Board?" asked the villain.

"Nothing but the sleeps and a fresh cake of soap," said Steb.

"Ring down!" Low Comedy put in.

"Why, we lived a whole week in Pittsburgh for less than that."

"You can turn the same trick here if you carry your own cake and sleep in the Park," said Steb.

"What's the name of this mint?" asked the villain.

Steb told him.

I followed the two troupers out to the dinky barroom, because it looked about eight to one they'd pull a few wheezes and I'd get a few gufs.

"The woods for ours! Isn't this a bird of a place for a show to get stranded?" groaned the Low Comic, as he gave the Reub bartender the high sign, and the latter pushed forward two glasses and a black bottle.

"I tell you, Mike," the Juvenile went on, "I'm too delicate for this one-night

Hamlet in New York this winter, I'd like to know? Eight weeks since we left Chicago, three shows to the bad, and still a thousand miles from the Great White Way. Say, Mike, at this rate it'll take about 629 shows to get us to Jersey City. Are you hep?"

Mike laughed. "It's the old story, my boy; we're a sad bunch of plowboys on this old farm of a world when we haven't a little mazuma in the vest pocket. I've got a new bit of recitation spiel I cooked up last night when I couldn't sleep. It's called 'Knock and the World Knocks With You,' and I'll put you Jerry to it right now before it gets cold:

Knock, and the world knocks with you, Boost and you boost alone! When you roast good and loud You will find that the crowd Has a hammer as big as your own!

Buy, and the gang is with you; Reneg, and the game's all off; For the lad with the thirst Will see you first If you don't proceed to cough!

Be rich and the push will praise you, Be poor and they'll pass the ice, You're a warm young guy When you start to buy— You're a slob when you lose the price!

Be flush and your friends are many, Go broke and they'll say ta, ta! While your bank account burns You will get returns, When it's out you will get the ha!

Be gay and the mob will cheer you, They'll shout while your wealth endures; Show a tearful lamp And you'll see them tramp— And it's back to the woods for yours!

There's always a bunch to boost you While at your money they glance; But you'll find them all gone On that cold gray dawn When the fringe arrives on your pants!

"You've got the game of life sized to a showdown," was the Juvenile's comment.

At this point Jabe, the Reub bartender, pointed a freckled finger at



"Let a Peep Out of Him About the Pie He Had for Dinner."

Mike and butted in with: "Say, you be the fat cuss that cut up with that troupe at the O'pry House last night, been't you?"

"No, I'm the skeleton man with a circus," Mike answered, and the bartender roared with delight.

"I was at the O'pry House last night," Jabe informed them, "and I most laughed myself sick to the stomach at this yere fat cuss takin' off that Dutch policeman—ha, ha, ha, ha!"

Jabe looked at the Juvenile. "You was putty good, too," he admitted, "takin' off that newspaper reporter and rescuin' the girl from the burnin' structure, but you didn't do no tunny fall and bust your galluses like this fat cuss—ha, ha, ha, ha!"

"Get him to unhook the laugh; he's a good steady listener," whispered the Juvenile, and Mike started in.

"Fine town this," Mike began. "All the modern improvements, eh? Cows wear nickel-plated bells, streets paved with grass, and the river has running water."

"Ha, ha, ha, ha!" Jabe roared. "Reminds me of a place we struck out in Missouri last winter," Mike went on. "Same style of public architecture, especially the town pump. But the hotel there was the hit with us. It was called the Declaration of Independence because the proprietor had married an Englishwoman and wanted to be revenged. At supper time I ordered a steak, and they brought me a leather hinge covered with gravy, so I got up to add an amendment to the Declaration of Independence. The head waiter was an expugillist, so he put the boots to me and covered my amendment with bruises. Then he made me eat the leather hinge, and for two weeks I felt like a garden gate and I used to slam every time the wind blew."

Jabe's laugh shook the building.

"The proprietor of that hotel was so patriotic," Mike continued, "that he wouldn't number the rooms like an ordinary hotel. Every room was named in honor of a President of the United States. That evening there happened to be a rush while I was standing near the desk, and I heard the clerk say: 'Front, show these gentlemen up to John Quincy Adams and tell the porter to take that trunk out of the alcove in Thomas Jefferson. Front, go and put down that window in Rutherford B. Hayes, and here, take this whisky up to Abraham Lincoln. Front, what's all that racket in James Buchanan? Here, take these cigars to U. S. Grant, and turn off the gas in Teddy Roosevelt.' But I nearly fainted when he said, 'Front, run a sofa into James A. Garfield, and take this lady up to George Washington.'"

When I quit them to take my train Mike had worn finger marks on the side of the black bottle and Jabe had signed a verbal contract to go on the stage as the Juvenile's dresser.

All of which goes to prove that Splashburg isn't so bad provided you don't have to wait very long for a train out.

GOLD'S SIREN LURE FOR MEN

Hardship and Death Dared by Thousands That They May Gain Riches Quickly.

It was in 1898 that the rush of gold seekers to the Klondike reached its flood. The ninety-eighters probably never will know the fame of the forty-niners, but they have a place in the long history of the gold hunters, the men of all nations, ancient, medieval and modern. The book has a hundred chapters telling of failure and of death to every one lightened with the story of success.

H. M. Cadell recently visited the Klondike and there made a study of present conditions. He describes them and adds an interesting account of the early day rush to the Northwest territory. The Smithsonian Institution has put Mr. Cadell's report into print. It is an interesting document. Some of the happenings in the Klondike were duplicates of like happenings in California and Australia during the first years of the surface washing in those fields. These duplications show that human nature is unchanging.

Men went to the Klondike daring hardship and death that they might get rich quick. Some of the gold seekers were quickly successful. A large percentage of the successful ones almost literally threw their money away. Easy come, easy go. This sort of thing has marked gold mining in all ages. The Klondike is not what it was, but human nature stays the same. The discovery of gold at the North pole would start a northern migration that would take no account of the insuperable obstacles of distance and cold. The lure is irresistible.—Chicago Post.

Orchids.
The exportation of orchids from the Philippine islands is increasing. In March, 1914, 10,000 plants were consigned to a San Francisco firm and arrived in excellent condition. During May, 5,000 plants were shipped to the same firm. The consignments included four varieties—Sollerians, Amables, Studianas and Sanderians.

Nothing to Be Said.
Judge—You admit, then, that you stole the loaf of bread?
Woman Prisoner—Yes, your honor.
Judge—What have you to say for yourself?
Woman—Nothing, your honor. If it was lace or jewelry, I might plead kleptomaniac, but we can't try that when it's bread.

Correct.
"In what state does it cost the most to live?"
"In the state of matrimony."—Boston.

Stationary Post.
Victims for cabinet changes in Europe are coming to favor the New York idea of a "stationary post."—Boston Advertiser.

Its Kind.
"I see where they have a little Thimble theater in New York. What kind of plays have they?"
"Oh, I dare say, they are sew, sew."

Getting into debt is like dropping from a balloon. Getting out is like climbing a greased pole.

CALOMEL MAKES YOU SICK, UGH! IT'S MERCURY AND SALIVATES

Straighten Up! Don't Lose a Day's Work! Clean Your Sluggish Liver and Bowels With "Dodson's Liver Tone."

Ugh! Calomel makes you sick. Take a dose of the vile, dangerous drug tonight and tomorrow you may lose a day's work.

Calomel is mercury or quicksilver which causes necrosis of the bones. Calomel, when it comes into contact with sour bile crashes into it, breaking it up. This is when you feel that awful nausea and cramping. If you feel sluggish and "all knocked out," if your liver is torpid and bowels constipated or you have headache, dizziness, coated tongue, if breath is bad or stomach sour, just try a spoonful of harmless Dodson's Liver Tone.

Here's my guarantee—Go to any drug store or dealer and get a 50-cent bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone. Take a spoonful tonight and if it doesn't

straighten you right up and make you feel fine and vigorous by morning I want you to go back to the store and get your money. Dodson's Liver Tone is destroying the sale of calomel because it is real liver medicine; entirely vegetable, therefore it cannot salivate or make you sick.

I guarantee that one spoonful of Dodson's Liver Tone will put your sluggish liver to work and clean your bowels of that sour bile and constipated waste which is clogging your system and making you feel miserable. I guarantee that a bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone will keep your entire family feeling fine for months. Give it to your children. It is harmless; doesn't gripe and they like its pleasant taste.

The Invitation.

"Hello, Mabel!"
"Oh, hello, George!"
"How are you, Mabel?"
"Just fine! How're you, George?"
"Same. Say, Mabel, let's go through the park this afternoon. What say?"
"Well—ah-ah-ahem—I—I—ah—I'm kind of—well, I'm kind of tired, George."

"Then you won't go?"
"I'm so sorry, but, George, you understand just how it is, don't you, George, dear?"

"Yes, I guess so. I suppose I'll have to ride with someone else, then."
"Ride?"

"Yes, my new eight-cylinder roadster came this morning."

"Oh, George! Did it really? Isn't that just splendid? Say—ah—George, I guess I'm not as tired as I thought I was."

"Well, I wouldn't take any chances if I were you, Mabel. It doesn't pay. I'll take someone else."

"But really, dear, I'm not tired a bit. Honestly."

"It's sweet of you to say that, but I don't want to take advantage of your kindness. Good-by, Mabel."

Mabel slammed the receiver viciously on the hook. "Darn it!" she muttered. "Why didn't he say so in the first place?"—Michigan Gargoyle.

One Led to Another.
"I tried to get you over the telephone half a dozen times yesterday morning, but the line was busy every time."

"Yes, my wife called up a neighbor to ask her a question, and before they got through each had asked the other not less than one hundred questions."

One Left.
"The fag system is obsolete in schools now, isn't it?"
"Yes, except the brain fag."

Speech and Silence.
Speak fitly, or be silent wisely.—George Herbert.

When you meet a self-made man he always wants to tell you all about the job.

WILL AEROPLANES STOP WAR

Orville Wright is Moved to Say He Likes to Think So, Anyhow.

Did you ever stop to think that there is a very definite reason why the present war in Europe has dragged along for a year with neither side gaining much advantage over the other? The reason, as I figure it out, is aeroplanes. Orville Wright writes in Collier's. In consequence of the scouting work done by the flying machines, each side knows exactly what the opposition forces are doing.

There is little chance for one army to take another by surprise. Napoleon won wars by massing his troops at unexpected places. The aeroplane has made that impossible. It has equalized information. Each side has such complete knowledge of the other's movements that both sides are obliged to crawl into trenches and fight by means of slow, tedious routine rather than by quick, spectacular dashes.

My impression is that before the present war started the army experts expected it to be a matter of a few weeks or, at most, a few months. Today it looks as if it might run into years before one side can dictate terms. Now, a nation that is willing to undertake a war lasting a few months may well hesitate about engaging in one that will occupy years.

The daily cost of a great war is of course stupendous. When this cost runs on for years the total is likely to be so great that the side which wins nevertheless loses. War will become prohibitively expensive. And the scouting work in flying machines will be the predominating factor, as it seems to me, in bringing this about. I like to think so, anyhow.

Dangerous Situation.
"Awful situation at the jail."
"Dear me! What is it?"
"They have the measles there, and all the prisoners have broken out."

Some horses are better mud runners than others. It is so with human beings.



"Remember Those Nice White Doorknobs We Ate for Breakfast Next Morning?"

for asking questions, now ain't you?" answered Spider. "You just push me into a stall and lock the gate. I'm tired."

"Front! Show this gentleman to 49!" said Steb, sidestepping to avoid punishment.

Then Sweet William, the Boy Drummer, hopped into the ring for the next round.

Willie peddles pickles for the fun he gets out of it.

It is Willie's joy and delight to get a ginger-ale bun on and recite "Ostler Joe."

When trained down to 95 flat, Willie can get up and beat the clapper off "Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night."

"Any mail?" inquired Willie.

All the mail that Willie ever gets is a postal card from the pickle factory every two weeks asking him if the people along his route have all lost their appetites.

"No literature for you," Steb answered.

"Strange," said Willie, "my lady friends are very remiss, aren't they?"
"Yes; it looks like they were out to drop you behind the piano," said Steb.

stand gag. I'm going to New York to build a theater."

"What with?" sneered Low Comedy.

"With a reporter I know on one of the papers," the Juvenile chuckled. "Say, what was the name of that town we played night before last?"

"Murphy's landing, wasn't it?" Mike answered.

"Stranded here in this jay town!" The Juvenile grabbed the black bottle and upset it again. "Say, Mike, what we need is a guardian. And while we're at it let's pick out one with money so we can wire him for a little price to help us out on occasions like this. The next manager that wins me away from the stockyards will have to wear a gold-plated overcoat and stand in the wings every night where he can throw ten-dollar bills at me when I make my exit. No more slob impresarios for mine, with nothing in their inside pockets but a date book and a hearty appetite."

"Same here!" Low Comedy nodded.

"The next manager that picks me out will have to drag me down to his bank and let me pick his coupons off the shelf before I'll sign."

"Bumped good and hard, here in the tall grass," the Juvenile complained again, "and not a cookie in the lunch-basket. Say! It has me winging, all right, and that's no idle hoot! This is the third troupe that blew out its mainspring for us this season, and I'm beginning to believe we ought to get vaccinated. How am I going to do

Post Toasties

Bully Good—Breakfast, Lunch or Supper

Ready to eat direct from package with cream and sugar—sometimes add fruit.

A genuine treat that meets favor with guests and home folks.

Sold by Grocers
Everywhere!

Post Toasties

TO RESTORE DEPLETED ORCHARD SOILS



Peach Trees Systematically Headed Back, Developing Strong Stocky Limbs—Must Be Propped Up, However, When Loaded With Fruit.

(By C. L. LEWIS, Horticulturist, Oregon Experiment Station.)
The best way to restore depleted orchard soils and put them in the best condition to nourish old trees is by sowing them to cover crops. Although young orchards flourish best under clean cultivation, this is because the plant food in the soils is made available more rapidly. Thus it is seen that cultivation, while it hastens the growth of young trees in new soils, burns out the humus and nitrogen content, making the soils poor in plant food and lumpy in texture. As the age of the orchard increases the trees show lack of nourishment by the size and quality of their fruit, and it is with difficulty that average crops of fully matured fruit can be grown. It is at this stage of the orchard's progress that cover crops are needed to give new life to the soil.
By cover crops we mean crops which are sown in the summer or fall and allowed to grow during the winter to be plowed under in the spring. They are designed to overcome the defects caused by tillage. The cover crops will add organic matter which, in decaying, forms the humus and nitrogen.

They improve the physical condition of the soil and restore it to its former state of tilth, heat and moisture.
In growing cover crops it is important that they be planted not later than the last week in August or the first week in September. It is equally important that the seed be drilled in, as it comes up more uniformly than when broadcasted. It is surprising to see how well the seed germinates when drilled in, even though the ground is very dry.
There are three classes of cover crops, those which furnish nitrogen, those which work up soil material into plant foods, and those which furnish fiber and organic matter. Of the first class vetches and clover are most frequently used as cover crops. Mustard, rape and cowhorn turnips are types of the second class, while oats, rye, etc., are quite commonly used to put fiber into the soils.
It is a mistake to postpone the sowing of cover crops until the fruit has been gathered. Any ordinary method of harvesting the fruit will not seriously damage the cover crop, though some care is necessary.

DESERT AUTO IS NO CAMEL

These Men Forget to Provide Water for Their Desert Ride and One Dies.

Failure to think about evaporation in an automobile radiator brought death to one man and frightful tortures to two others, who arrived in Los Angeles from the desert and told of their sufferings. The trio—James S. Roche and John H. Welsh, attorneys, and James G. Clarke, a real estate dealer—left here Sunday in an automobile for El Centro, in the Imperial valley.
Monday morning the car stopped in the sand. The radiator was empty and they had no water. Roche and Welsh started after a mirage which they believed was the Salton sea. Clarke waited a day, and then, believing them dead, made his way to Mineral Springs, where he was resuscitated after falling himself in a faint and organized a rescue party. They found Roche unconscious and Welsh dead. Roche said they drank lubricating oil.—Philadelphia Record.

Magic Washing Stick

This is something new to housewives—something they have wanted all their lives, but never could get before. It makes it possible to do the heaviest, hardest washing in less than one-half the time it took by old methods, and it eliminates all scrubbing and muscular effort. No washing machine is needed. Nothing but this simple little preparation, which is absolutely harmless to the finest fabrics—white, colored or woolen. It makes the hardest task of the week a pleasant pastime—a delightful occupation. You will be delighted at the clean, spotless, snow-white clothes that come out of the rinsing water; and all without any effort on your part. The Magic Washing Stick does it all—and remember, without injury to the most delicate goods, colored or white, woolens, knits, lace curtains, etc. Contains no acids, no alkalis, no poisonous ingredients to make its use dangerous. 15 washings 25 cents.
Sold by all Druggists and Grocers everywhere. If yours doesn't handle it, show him this ad—he'll get it for you. Or send 15c in stamps to A. S. RICHARDS CO., Sherman, Texas.—Adv.

Family Days.

Family occasions ought to be celebrated frequently, even if the celebration is the simplest form of little festival. Bringing the family together helps to promote affection. Whatever the event, birthday or wedding anniversary or a welcome home from a journey, it ought to mean something to every member of the family, and can be made an occasion that will remain bright in memory when the family circle is broken.

SELF SHAMPOOING

With Cuticura Soap is Most Comforting and Beneficial. Trial Free.

Especially if preceded by touches of Cuticura Ointment to spots of dandruff and itching on the scalp skin. These supercreamy emollients meet every skin want as well as every toilet and nursery want in caring for the skin, scalp, hair and hands.
Sample each free by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. X.Y., Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

A Matter of Surprise.

"Don't you think women ought to vote?" asked Mr. Meekton's wife.
"Well, Henrietta, there's no doubt in my mind that you ought to vote. But if your opinion of some of the other women is correct, I don't see why you should want to intrust them with such a responsibility."

Whenever You Need a General Tonic

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

Something Just as Good.

"Let's get up a piscatorial excursion."
"Why not have just a good old fishing party?"

Wash day is smile day if you use Red Cross Ball Blue, American made, therefore the best made. Adv.

When a homely girl has her picture taken she acts as if she considered the artist responsible for her looks.

Mother Knows What To Use



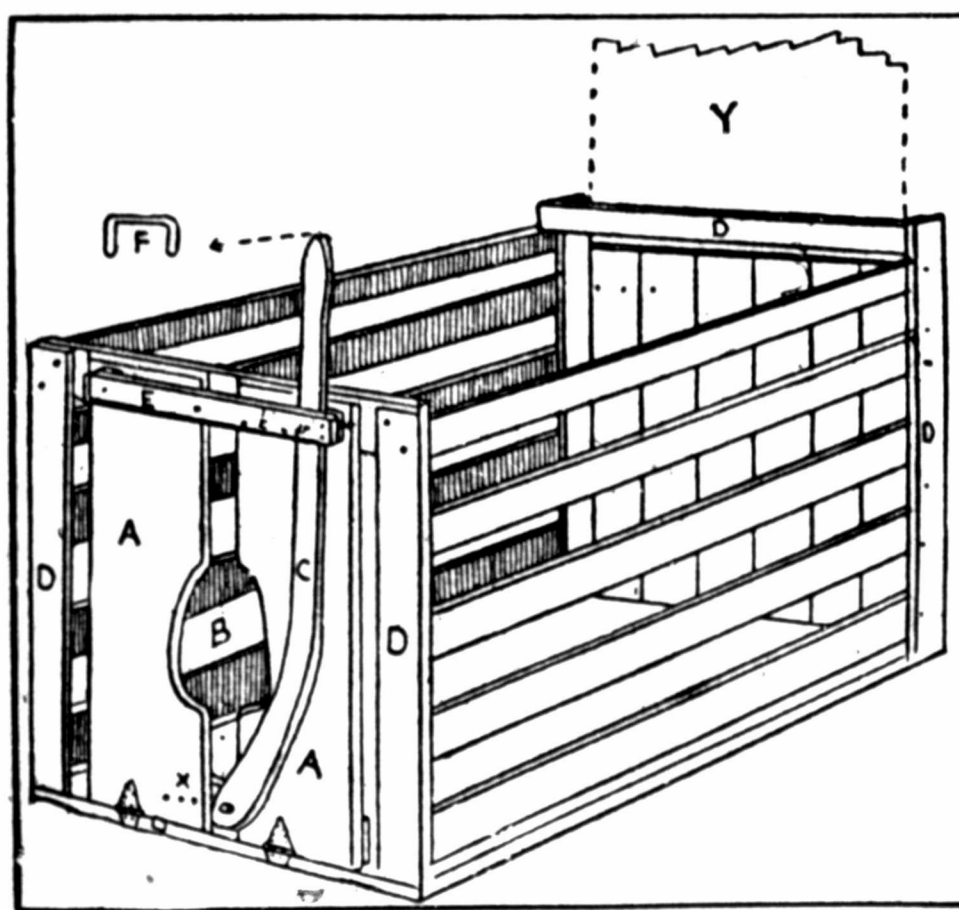
To Give Quick Relief

HANFORD'S Balsam of Myrrh

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

All Dealers

CONVENIENT DEVICE FOR RINGING HOGS



Ringling Trap for Swine.

A ringling trap for hogs is a convenience which a group of farmers may construct and use in common. The frame is of two-inch by four-inch pieces, D. D., lapped and bolted at corners as shown. When the lever C is pulled forward it partially closes the opening B, and firmly holds the hog with head through the opening. By having holes in the upper piece C the lever can be held in place with a spike nail.

SMALL FRUITS IN GROWING ORCHARD

Soil Should Be Rich in Nitrogen and Mineral Elements—Harvesting Is Hard Task.

Small fruits are an ideal intercrop for the growing orchard and are very profitable as well.

Soil requirements are similar to that of apple trees, and with the constant cultivation which is necessary for success no extra work of this kind need be done in the orchard. The minimum instance of intercrop from the young trees is four feet.

The soil should be rich in nitrogen and the mineral elements, and should contain plenty of humus. The humus in the soil is one of the greatest aids in maintaining abundance of moisture. Stable manure, with the addition of a small amount of some phosphate fertilizer, is the best. It should be applied at the rate of 5,000 to 10,000 pounds per acre. With the exception of a pure sandy or heavy clay soil, small fruits will thrive on any soil.

Harvesting the small-fruit crops is usually a difficult proposition. In sections where there is plenty of cheap labor, especially foreign women, this problem is minimized.
An acre of strawberries will bring 3,000 quarts if taken care of, and considerably higher yields have been known. Because of susceptibility to frosts, strawberries are not a sure crop in some localities, but if well mulched in the fall, as they always should be, the blossoms can be held back as much as three weeks. Use pedigreed plants. A little observation will show that there is a great deal of difference in the bearing qualities of individual plants, and this apparently plays a large part in determining the bearing qualities of strawberry plants.

Economical Food Producer.
The dairy cow is an economical producer of human food. No other animal can produce the same quantity of digestible food as economically as can the cow.

Two Kinds of Hogs.
The brood sow and the fat hog require different kinds of feed. The man who tries to keep both in the same lot will not have the best success.



Give the Children The Goody That's Good For Them

The best way in this world to spend a nickel for refreshment is to get

WRIGLEY'S

wholesome, impurity-proof chewing gum. It's made clean and kept clean. It's wrapped in waxed paper and sealed. Its two delicious flavors are always fresh and full strength.

It is the longest-lasting, most beneficial and pleasant goody possible to buy. It aids appetite and digestion, quenches thirst, sweetens mouth and breath.

Write for free copy of "WRIGLEY'S MOTHER GOOSE," a handsomely illustrated booklet in colors that will amuse young and old and remind you of this Perfect Gum.

In it the WRIGLEY SPEARMEN have acted all the old familiar Mother Goose scenes to the "tune" of new jingles. Address Wm. Wrigley Jr. Co., 1312 Kesner Building, Chicago.

"Chew it after every meal"



Saves Steps.

When the best and happiest housekeeper known to the writer was asked to tell the secret of her speed in housework she replied: "I never iron with a cold iron, cut with a dull knife or go to my kitchen to prepare a meal without a clean small hand towel pinned to my apron belt on one side and a similar dish towel pinned on the other. Try it, and you will be surprised to see how much time and how many extra steps you will save."

Good!

In that new banana which Burbank has evolved the skiddy skin is eliminated. This may be a gain for the banana and the public, but it's a painful loss for the professional funmaker.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

These United States.

The United States has 3,000,000 square miles of territory, 1,903,000,000 acres of land. There are 878,000,000 acres of land in the farms of the country, but 478,000,000 acres of this area are unimproved and unproductive.

Baby's Eyes.

Do sound a warning to mothers about letting tiny babies lie flat, gazing straight at the sky. Unless a baby is sitting up in its carriage, the top should always be over its face.

Safest Marriages.

The safest marriages are declared by a statistician to be those contracted with men under twenty-four or more than thirty-four years of age.

Probable.

"Pa, who started the saying that a man's wife is his better half?"
"Some man's wife, I reckon."

Kind acts are never stepping stones to misfortune.

Some Jealous.

Patience—Is she jealous of her husband?
Patrice—Is she? Say, she's jealous if he finds a hair in the butter that isn't hers!

The jailbird may be deserving of sympathy, but seldom merits glorification.

By the time a woman is old enough not to care how she looks, she has wasted enough smokeless powder to blow up a ship.

Red Cross Ball Blue, made in America, therefore the best, delights the housewife. All good grocers. Adv.

Even after a man swears off he is apt to keep right on swearing.

What kind of roofing shall I buy?
The General says: You can buy a cheap unguaranteed roofing and save a few dollars in initial cost—or you can pay this slight difference and get a roofing guaranteed by the world's largest manufacturer of roofing and building papers. The final cost is what counts and you'll find it cheaper in the long run to buy

Certain-teed

Roofing

This roofing is the highest quality possible to make and it is guaranteed 5, 10 or 15 years, for 1, 2 or 3 ply respectively. When once laid Certain-teed must remain intact at least for the period of the guarantee and the guarantee is a definite insurance against all roofing troubles.

Shingles

(Slate Surfaced)
These shingles are surfaced with genuine red or green crushed slate, making a most artistic and durable roof covering. Guaranteed 10 years.

For sale by dealers everywhere at reasonable prices

General Roofing Manufacturing Company

World's largest manufacturers of Roofing and Building Papers
New York City Chicago Philadelphia St. Louis Boston Cleveland Pittsburgh
Detroit San Francisco Cincinnati Minneapolis Kansas City
Seattle Atlanta Houston London Hamburg Sydney

Ordinarily a young man refers to his father as "the old man." But if he desires to be particularly polite, he refers to him as "the old gent."



W. N. U., Oklahoma City, No. 35-1915.

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

FALL DRY GOODS AT ..WARREN-FOOSHEE & COMPANY'S..

The Right Styles, at the Right Time, and at Right Prices

Boys Suits	
Knickerbocker suits, age 4 to 8, price	\$3.00
Knickerbocker suits, age 4 to 8, price	4.00
Knickerbocker suits, age 4 to 8, price	5.00
Knickerbocker suits, 8 to 17, at	2.50
Knickerbocker suits, 8 to 17, at	3.00
Knickerbocker suits, 8 to 17, at	3.50
Knickerbocker suits, 8 to 17, at	5.00
Knickerbocker suits, 8 to 17, at	6.00
Knickerbocker suits, 8 to 17, at	8.00
Boys' knee pants, 8 to 17, at	.75
Boys' knee pants, 8 to 17, at	1.00
Boys' knee pants, 8 to 17, at	1.25
Boys' knee pants, 8 to 17, at	1.50
Boys' knee pants, 8 to 17, at	2.00
Nice line boys school caps to go for	25c
A little better grade cap for	35c
A nice school cap for boys at	50c

Men's Clothing	
Men's Schloss Bros. Suits, at	\$25.00
Men's Schloss Bros. suits, at	22.50
Men's Schloss Bros. suits, at	20.00
Men's Schloss Bros. suits, at	18.50
Men's Schloss Bros. suits, at	16.50
Men's Lion Brand suits for	13.50
Men's Lion Brand suits for	12.50
Men's Lion Brand suits for	10.00
Men's Lion Brand suits for	8.50
Men's Whip Cord suits for	5.50

Men's Hats	
Nobby Stetsons	\$4.00
" "	5.00
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Staple Stetsons	6.50
Men's No Name hats	3.00
Beaver hats	3.00
Link Fur hats	2.50
Woodmen hats	1.50
Texan hats	1.25
Nobby caps	1.50
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Ladies' Coat Suits
Now in stock in the new fall styles and colors. The prices range from **\$12.50 to \$25.00**

Wool Dress Goods	
38 inch Blue Serge, at	50c
42 inch Blue Serge, at	60c
48 inch Blue Serge, at	\$1.00
48 inch Blue Serge, at	1.50
50 inch Imported Novelty	1.50
36 inch Messaline Silk	1.50
36 inch Messaline Silk	1.00
40 inch Crepe de Chine	1.50
36 inch Silk Novelties	1.00
36 inch Suiting	.50
35 inch Suiting	.35

Ladies' Waists
Are pretty, new and worth the money. **\$1.25 to \$2.50**

Middy Blouses
in all sizes and at popular prices

All Men Agree on the Excellence of OUR SHOES

As they honestly earn the good opinion of the wearer. They fit unusually well, because they are made right and are supreme in style. In our Fall stock we have the "stand-bys" of comfort, as well as all the advance styles for young men and those who care to dress young.

PRICES: **\$3.50, \$4.00, \$4.50, \$5.00**

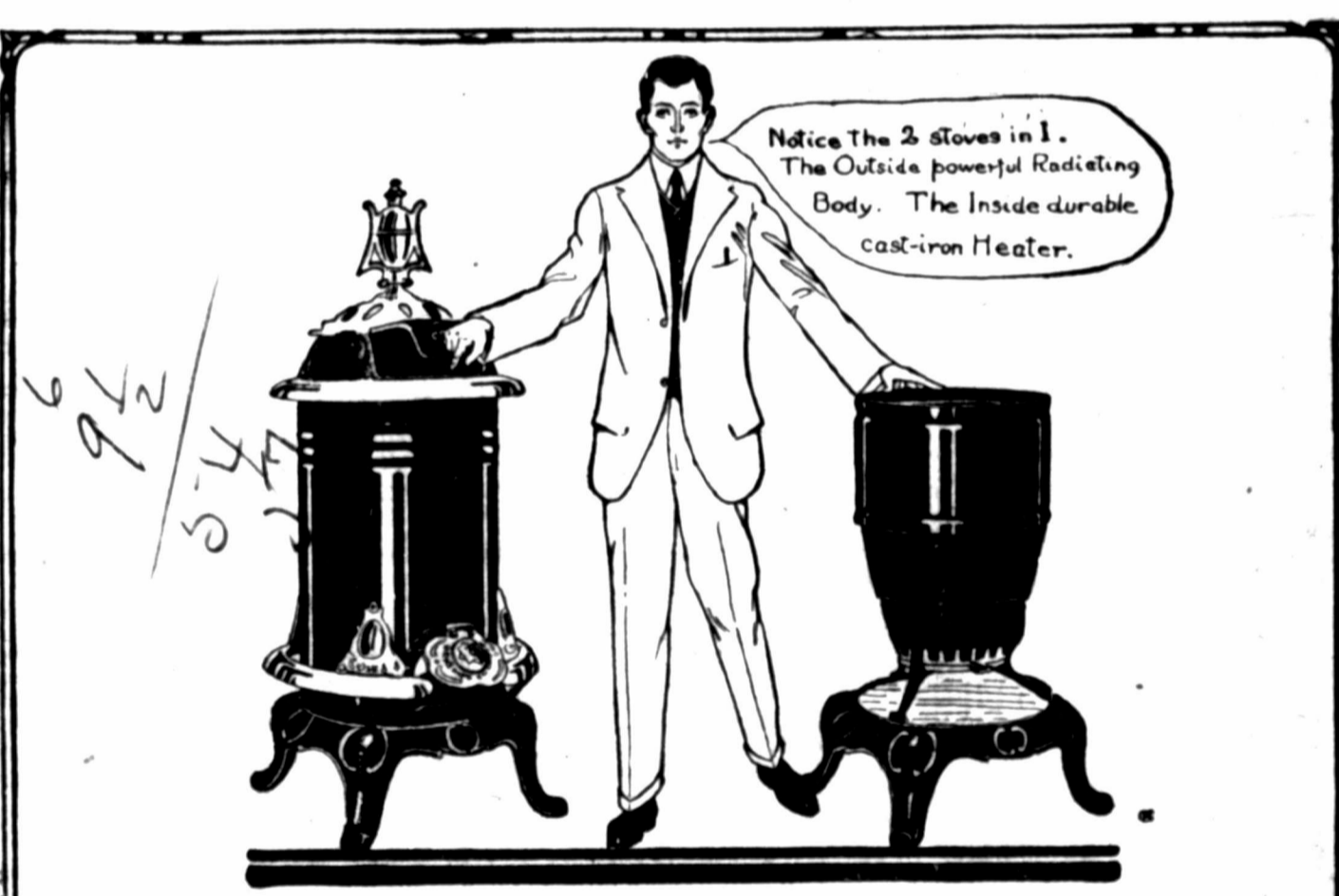
School Shoes For Girls
An array of patent, gun metal and kid, made in plain toe, Baby Doll or Tip shoes, button or lace. All sizes and at popular prices. **\$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00**

Ladies fashionable Novelties
Collar and cuff sets, feather boa's, hand bags, beauty pins, etc. All new. See them.



THE PRICE
An absorbing story of a social rebel, who steals from the rich to aid the poor. His adventures in evading the police after a daring bank theft, how he eventually saves himself morally, gives up and "pays the price" for his crime, are told with a crispness and originality seldom equaled. Just a little different from most stories you have read. That is why you will like

Big line of comforts and blankets at Harris'.
Egbert Wood, made a business trip to Amarillo this week.
Mrs. C. C. Henry left Tuesday for her home in Fort Sumner.
Go to C. V. Harris for your school shoes.
Judge G. L. Reese is attending court at Roswell this week.
All latest weaves and shades in silks, at Harris'.
Rev. Strickland, of Panhandle, Texas, is visiting his brother, O. S. Strickland this week.
Outings and flannels, from 7 to 10 cents at Harris'.
Lester Wilkinson, the Bryant candy man, was transacting business in Portales this week.
Mrs. C. M. Dobbs is visiting with her daughter, Mrs. Taylor, at Texico this week.
Harris has the noblest line of dress goods in town.
Horace Holt, brother-in-law of Ike Maxwell, arrived this week from Bluffton, Texas, and will locate here.
Mrs. Egbert Wood and children left Monday for a visit with relatives and friends in Alamogordo, New Mexico.
Chas. Wilson, an insurance adjuster, of Denver, Colorado, was transacting business in Portales the first of the week.
Clyde Boucher, left this week for Waco, Texas, where he will enter Baylor University for the coming year.
The truck grower, E. P. Kuhl, was in town Wednesday of this week with eighteen different kinds of produce.
Miss Thenie Mc Oldham left the first of this week for Clarendon, Texas, at which place she will enter college.
W. H. Braley, was in Roswell Friday and Saturday of last week looking after the interests of his insurance companies and paying some losses.



Two Stoves for the Price of One
We offer you only reliable goods made by reliable manufacturers. Honest prices and honest values is our motto. If there is one place where quality counts it is here.

Cole's Original Hot Blast

is a double stove—a heavy durable heating stove slipped inside of the powerful radiating body which radiates all the heat. This remarkable construction makes an absolutely air-tight stay-tight heater which holds fire from Saturday night until Monday morning. This guaranteed stay-tight construction in connection with our Hot Blast fuel saving draft makes our guaranteed great fuel economy possible.

The Many Feet of Leaking Joints
made temporarily tight with stove putty explains why imitation hot blast heaters and stoves with other fuel saving devices are not guaranteed to remain air-tight always, as is **Cole's Hot Blast**.

Cole's Hot Blast burns any fuel—soft coal, hard coal, or wood. It is a powerful radiator of heat. It gives a sizzling hot base. It gives a guaranteed fuel economy. You can't afford to be without this remarkable heater. Come in and see it today.

"Cole's Hot Blast makes your coal pile last."
To avoid imitations look for Cole's.

..Hardy Hardware Co..
Portales, : : New Mexico

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